

# THE JOYFUL MESSAGE

EDITED BY A. E. BIRD

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# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE PAST	E. E. Nichols 3
"A DEEP THAT KNOWS NO SOUNDING"	A. E. Bird 5
"THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS"	J. W. Wilkinson 8
A LITTLE CHILD'S TESTIMONY	- 10
"BUT I OBTAINED MERCY"	W. F. Kettle 11
THE EVENING AND THE MORNING	W. Lumb 13
SINCERE, BUT DECEIVED	E. G. Clarke 16
THE PERSON THAT IS BEYOND	E. S. 17
WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE?	E. Mayo 19
STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!	S. J. B. Carter 22
THE PAINTED NAME	H. R. Wilkinson 27
THE UNKNOWN GOD	E. M. R. 30
"A TIME ACCEPTED"	E. A. Elliman 33
LIGHT	S. J. B. C. 36
AT SYCHAR'S WELL	- 37
THE BLOOD OF CHRIST	W. H. O. 38
THAT WHICH IS UNCHANGING	W. Sidney 40
JOHN 3. 16	- 41
NOTHING	E. Mayo 42
THE TWO WEEKS' OLD SEPTUAGENARIAN	F. Hassall 45
THE WORLD OR CHRIST—WHICH?	S. J. B. C. 46
A GREAT PREPARATION	A. E. Bird 51
THE MIDNIGHT SUN	J. N. 56
HIS HAND UPON YOU	J. G. Mathison 59
ARRESTED	R. A. Rait 62
ONLY A TRACT	- 64
TWO SERIOUS QUESTIONS	D. L. Higgins 65
FAITH'S RESOURCES	- 67
GOD'S SIGNALS ARE UP	L. O. Labett 68
YOUR OWN SOUL	W. Findlay 70
A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE!	E. Mayo 75
JESUS!	- 78
A LIGHT WANTED	J. G. Mathison 79
THE PERSON OF CHRIST	C. H. S. 81
THE POWER AND ATTRACTIVENESS OF THE NAME OF JESUS	H. R. Hellyer 82
WATCH!	S. J. B. C. 83
"FORGIVEN!"	- 84
ARE YOUR SINS FORGIVEN?	- 85
"HE SAID IT"	T. Holliday 86
DESTITUTION	Geo. Cutting 89
A WARNING VOICE	- 90
DOES GOD CARE FOR ME?	K. T. 92
THE SINNER'S NEED HIS RECOMMENDATION	S. J. B. Carter 94
"HOW TIME FLIES!"	A. E. Bird 99
"ARISE!"	S. J. B. C. 101
A MOTHER'S PRAYER	- 102
TO-DAY, OR TO-MORROW?	E. E. Nichols 104
A DEBT OF BASE INGRATITUDE	J. R—d 106
MAN'S WAY AND GOD'S WAY	E. Mayo 108
THE WELL OF ETERNAL SATISFACTION	P. E. H. Woodcock 112
BOUND BY HIS OWN CHAIN	L. O. Labett 114
WHAT IS YOUR LIFE-AIM?	- 115
HEAVEN'S JOY	J. G. D. 116
THE DANGER OF DELAY	S. Kennedy 116
CHRIST HAS DONE IT ALL!	F. A. Hughes 123
THE BELIEVER'S FINALITY	S. J. B. Carter 126
TIME IS SHORT	- 127
HAVE YOU FACED THE OTHER SIDE?	Geo. Cutting 128
A KNOCK AT THE DOOR	W. Findlay 132
THE OLD CLOCK	- 134
HE SANG IT MANY TIMES BEFORE	F. Waterfall 137

# Contents

THE WORLD-PAST ; THE WORLD-PRESENT	THE WORLD-FUTURE	PAGE
	<i>E. Mayo</i>	140
THE WAY OF PEACE - - - - -	<i>M. M. Dawson</i>	147
WHAT IS YOUR PERSUASION ? - - - - -	<i>S. J. B. Carter</i>	151
YOUTH - - - - -	<i>S. Rutherford</i>	151
PROVISION MADE ; POSSESSION MISSED - - - - -	<i>C. J. C.</i>	152
"THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH" - - - - -	<i>W. Lake</i>	154
"THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD" - - - - -	<i>E. Mayo</i>	156
"AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT" - - - - -	<i>J. G. Mathison</i>	161
GRACE ABOUNDING - - - - -		163
"SO GREAT SALVATION!" - - - - -	<i>A. E. Bird</i>	164
"BOUGHT WITH A PRICE" - - - - -		166
TEN DAYS IN A LIVING TOMB - - - - -	<i>T. Holliday</i>	171
THE SECRET OF TRUE HAPPINESS - - - - -	<i>S. J. B. Carter</i>	177
"WHOSOEVER" - - - - -	<i>H. McMinn</i>	178
"THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET, AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH"	<i>S. J. B. Carter</i>	179
"IT HAS MADE <i>Me Think!</i> " - - - - -	<i>F. S. Marsh</i>	180
STANDING BY THE CROSS OF JESUS - - - - -	<i>Wm. Turner</i>	183
"IF YOU BUT KNOW HIM!" - - - - -	<i>C. Butler-Stoney</i>	185
NO ROOM FOR JESUS - - - - -	<i>R. Casselli</i>	186
A DISREGARDED WARNING - - - - -	<i>E. E. Nichols</i>	188
CHRIST'S DEATH THE PROOF OF GOD'S LOVE - - - - -	<i>Geo. Cutting</i>	190
CALVARY'S THREE CROSSES AND THEIR DEEP MEANING	<i>E. Mayo</i>	195
RESEARCH AND REASONING - - - - -	<i>T. H. Sutton</i>	199
"THEY LAUGHED HIM TO SCORN" - - - - -	<i>J. W. Wilkinson</i>	204
THE SHELTERING ROCK - - - - -		206
YOUR DESTINY—WHAT IS IT? - - - - -	<i>F. S. Lynes</i>	210
WHAT DEATH CAN NEVER TOUCH. IS IT YOURS? - - - - -	<i>A. E. Bird</i>	213
"WOUNDED FOR ME, SIR?" - - - - -	<i>E. E. Nichols</i>	219
FAITH - - - - -	<i>A. B.</i>	220
WHO WILL SHOW US ANY GOOD? - - - - -	<i>W. Lawrence</i>	221
A WONDERFUL PHYSICIAN - - - - -	<i>B. G. Hardingham</i>	226
THE BLOOD OF JESUS - - - - -	<i>Wm. Reid</i>	228
AFAR OFF - - - - -	<i>C. Deayton</i>	229
THE TRUE LIGHT - - - - -	<i>J. G. Mathison</i>	232
WORDS FITLY SPOKEN - - - - -	<i>H. R. Wilkinson</i>	234
"TO COMFORT ALL THAT MOURN" - - - - -	<i>A. E. Bird</i>	237
TRUE WEALTH - - - - -	<i>F. S. Marsh</i>	243
IS YOUR NAME ENREGISTERED IN HEAVEN? - - - - -	<i>A. J. B.</i>	245
THE SWELLING OF JORDAN - - - - -	<i>E. A. Elliman</i>	246
WHAT IS HEAVEN? - - - - -	<i>S. J. B. Carter</i>	250
JOHN WESLEY'S CONFESSION - - - - -	<i>E. E. Nichols</i>	251
THE GREAT AWAKENING - - - - -	<i>K. T.</i>	253
TRANSLATION OF AN OLD GERMAN HYMN - - - - -		255
THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE - - - - -	<i>H. Mc. Minn</i>	256
"THE END" - - - - -	<i>The Late Jas. Tulloch</i>	257
A WISHED-FOR IMPOSSIBILITY - - - - -	<i>E. Mayo</i>	259
NO LIMIT - - - - -	<i>Geo. Cutting</i>	261
WHITHER BOUND? - - - - -	<i>C. Deayton</i>	262
THIRTY-FIVE MORE DAYS TO GO—WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE YEAR? - - - - -	<i>L. P. Trevvett</i>	267
SAVED - - - - -	<i>W. Sidney</i>	268
"AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT" - - - - -	<i>F. Hill</i>	270
THE BELIEVER'S SINS - - - - -		273
THE GREAT ASSIZE - - - - -	<i>F. S. Marsh</i>	274
IS YOUR NAME REGISTERED? - - - - -	<i>A. J. Ellis</i>	275
"CHRIST MY HOPE" - - - - -	<i>W. B. Harris</i>	277
SADNESS AND GLADNESS - - - - -	<i>Wm. Turner</i>	280
"HE WENT LOWER THAN I!" - - - - -	<i>W. Lake</i>	282
HIS LAST MESSAGE - - - - -	<i>A. E. Bird</i>	283
THE VALUE OF ONE SOUL - - - - -	<i>The late W. Newman</i>	285

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## THE PAST

**I**T has often been said, and truly so, that “Facts are stubborn things.” Too often the facts connected with a man’s past history, and the reaping in the future of that which has been sown, are either ignored or sought to be forgotten. But a wise man will look facts in the face; and if they are unpleasant, he will see if there is any way of escape from the consequences which are likely to follow. Among the writings of the so-called St. Jerome this sentence is found:—

“The past is gone from us for ever; it is gathered and garnered. It belongs to us no more. No single word can ever be unspoken, no single step retraced.”

Weigh this sentence well, dear reader, and take it to heart, if, as yet, you have never seriously considered your past.

Looking back on the year now gone by, we do well to remind ourselves that it has passed from us for ever—its joys or sorrows, its pleasures and pains, its acts and deeds are all numbered with the past. However much we may desire to recall a wrong word, or undo a misdeed—that lies beyond our power. The history of your past, *if you die in your sins*, remains written in that unfailing record kept on high, to be brought up at the judgment of the GREAT WHITE THRONE!

Blessed are they who have already faced their past history in the presence of God, and know the value (in His sight) of the blood of Jesus

Christ His Son, which cleanses from all sin. For such the past has been settled by grace. No dark cloud obscures *their* horizon, no guilty fear haunts them as to the consequences of their past; and, as to the future, it is bright with hope. And though the judgment seat of Christ is ahead (2 Cor. v. 10), they do not fear the issue, for it will but bring to light the perfection of the work that has put their guilty past away, never to be remembered more. Yea, it will bring to light, as never before, the infinite grace of God that took account of it, and fully provided for its removal in the death of His beloved Son. But not only this; there will be a recounting of the mercies innumerable that have followed the believer throughout his earthly path, triumphing over every obstacle. Indeed, each saved one will be presented by Christ before the presence of God's glory with exceeding joy.

*Have you had the past out with God*, dear reader? In view of the judgment-seat of Christ, the Apostle Paul could say, "We are manifested to God." Let me then implore *you* to have no reserve, for He knows all. You need have no fear, for He waits to be gracious.

Think not of making a new start in the coming year (should it open to you) in *your own* energy and strength. To attempt it would only be to fail afresh. Make a new start, indeed, but *let it be with God*, in absolute distrust of yourself. Let Him whisper in your ears those sweet words, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins" (Isa. xlv. 22).

“Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and *let him return unto the Lord*, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for *He will abundantly pardon*” (Isa. lv. 7).

“Then oh, what rapture will it be  
With all the host above,  
To learn throughout eternity  
The wonders of His love!”

E. E. NICHOLS.

## “A DEEP THAT KNOWS NO SOUNDING ”

**W**HEN Nansen, the explorer, tried to measure the depth of the ocean in the far North, he used a long measuring line, and when he discovered it had not reached bottom, he wrote in his record, “DEEPER THAN THAT.” The next day he tried a longer line only to have to write again, “DEEPER THAN THAT.” Several times he tried until finally he fastened all his lines together and let them down, but his last record was like the first, “DEEPER THAN THAT.” He left without being able to ascertain the depth of the ocean at that point.

This illustration may serve to afford some idea of what is infinitely greater and more profound than anything else that could possibly engage our attention, and that is the mighty love of God. Who can fathom its depths? Let us refer to a few passages of Holy Scripture wherein this most interesting and wonderful subject is

brought to our notice. First, we will cite that wonderful verse so well known, which has been so greatly used to tens of thousands of precious souls the wide world over. It contains the truth of the Gospel in a most clear and concise manner. Martin Luther aptly referred to it as the "Gospel in miniature." Every word is full of deep and precious meaning, and demands our attention: "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).

"God so loved." How great was that? Surely it surpasses human comprehension. Scripture alone can supply the answer: "That He gave His only begotten Son." Who can comprehend the greatness of such a gift? Surely only the Giver Himself!

"Of twice ten thousand gifts divine,  
No gift like this could ever shine.

\* \* \* \*

O gift of love unspeakable!"

All that God could devise for the blessing of guilty sinners He has done. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). "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).

"O the love of God is boundless,  
Perfect, causeless, full and free!  
Doubts have vanished, fears are groundless,  
Now I know that love to me.



Love, the source of all my blessing ;  
Love that set itself on me ;  
Love, that gave the spotless Victim ;  
Love, told out at Calvary.”

Will you not, dear reader, appropriate it for yourself? “Love that set itself *on me*.” How wonderful! May you be led to bow before that glorious Person, who is Himself the full expression of that mighty love—

“’Twas love displayed by Jesus,  
When alone at Calvary.”

May your heart be won by such amazing love! You will then be one more added to that great company of the redeemed saints of God who have tasted something of the exhaustless depths of that ocean of divine love, that love which many waters cannot quench nor the floods drown. “God *is* love.” Love divine could have no other source.

The more those who through grace have tasted something of its blessed sweetness for themselves the more wonderful does that love become known to them, as in its ever increasing preciousness it fills our hearts with adoration and praise, and leads us to exclaim, with deep emotion, “Deeper than that!” “*Deeper than that!*” “DEEPER THAN THAT!”

“Sing aloud to God, our strength!  
Sing with wonder of His love!  
Who can tell its breadth or length,  
Who below, or who above?  
Who its depth and height can measure?  
’Tis a rich unbounded treasure.”

## “THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS”

“*Who hath despised the day of small things?*”—  
ZECHARIAH iv. 10.

“*The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*”—PSALM li. 17.

ONLY a heart that's broken,  
Only a tear-dimmed eye ;  
From a repentant sinner  
Only a feeble cry ;  
But God who dwells in heaven,  
In mercy will impart  
The peace and joy of pardon,  
To every contrite heart.

Only a foolish lambkin  
Wandering from the fold ;  
Blindly in by-paths straying,  
Hungry, and lame, and cold :  
But sought for by the shepherd,  
As Christ who came in grace,  
To seek the lost and fallen,  
And fold in love's embrace.

Only a wounded sparrow,  
Lying with broken wing ;  
Dying, alone, and helpless,  
Only a worthless thing :  
But God who sees in secret,  
Whose love through Christ is known,  
Both sees the fallen sparrow,  
And careth for His own.

Only a storm-tossed vessel,  
Driven before the gale ;  
Far from the nearest harbour,  
Stripped of its only sail ;  
Only a praying seaman,  
Trusting his Saviour God ;  
Knowing He never slumbers,  
Whose feet the waters trod.

Only a humble cottage,  
High on the wind-swept moor ;  
Only an aged woman,  
Dwelling amongst the poor ;  
Only a well-worn Bible,  
Telling of God unseen ;  
But raiment, food, and shelter,  
The Lord to her has been.

Only a lowly Infant,  
Once in a manger laid ;  
Yet He was King of glory,  
By whom the world was made :  
In love all thought surpassing,  
He came to seek the poor,  
To share the wealth of heaven,  
With Him for evermore.

Only a nameless tombstone,  
Marking a grave unknown ;  
But He, who died on Calv'ry,  
Will ne'er forget His own :  
The Lord Himself is coming,  
In triumph then will claim  
The broken-hearted sinner,  
Who called upon His Name.

*Paignton.*

J. W. WILKINSON.

"Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God  
AS A LITTLE CHILD, he shall not enter therein."  
—MARK x. 15.

"There be four things which are LITTLE upon the  
earth, **BUT THEY ARE EXCEEDING WISE.**"  
—PROVERBS xxx. 24-28.

"**THINGS WHICH ARE DESPISED**, hath  
God chosen, yea, and things which are not,  
to bring to nought things that are : **THAT NO  
FLESH SHOULD GLORY IN HIS PRESENCE.**"—  
1 CORINTHIANS i. 28-29.

"But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor  
and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My  
word."—ISAIAH lxvi. 2.

## A LITTLE CHILD'S TESTIMONY

A PREACHER resident in a large city had prepared and preached, as he supposed, a most convincing sermon, for the benefit of an influential member of the congregation, who was known to be of an infidel turn of mind. The sinner listened unmoved to the well-turned sentences and the earnest appeals, which, however, left him unaffected. On his return from church he saw a tear trembling in the eye of his little daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and he inquired the cause.

The child informed him that she was thinking of what her Sunday school teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

“And what did she tell you, child?”

“Why, she said He came down from heaven, and died for poor me,” and in a moment the tears gushed from eyes which had looked upon the beauties of only seven summers.

In the simplicity of childhood she added, “Father, should I not love One who has *so* loved me?”

The proud heart of the infidel was touched. What the eloquent plea of the preacher could not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done.

In giving an account of his Christian experience, he remarked: “Under God I owe my conversion to a little child, who first convinced me by her artless simplicity that I ought to love One who has *so* loved me.”

**"BUT I OBTAINED MERCY"**

**D**URING the wars in Europe of 1810-15, when Napoleon was in the zenith of his power, a young French soldier was found asleep at his post while in the presence of the enemy. He was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to death. The mother of the boy, in great sorrow, sought to obtain mercy from the great Napoleon, he only having the power to grant a pardon. After passing many guards and officials, the mother finally reached the presence of the Emperor. With many tears, the mother, in love for her son, pleaded for pardon; claiming the boy's youth, and fatigue after a long march, as the cause of his having fallen asleep while on outpost duty. The Emperor Napoleon listened for a few moments and said no mercy could be given, this offender must suffer the penalty of his crime. As an example to others he must be shot at dawn the next day. Turning his back on the mother, he turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties, and left the room.

Dear reader, how different is the Creator God in His loving attitude towards us—we were not only sinners, but rebels against God. "But God, who is rich in mercy" (Eph. ii. 4), never turns a deaf ear to any anxious soul seeking a pardon. God in mercy has sent His Son to a world full of sin, corruption and violence. The Lord Jesus Christ gave Himself a ransom for all, so that you might obtain a pardon. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23); thus all need forgiveness of sins, and all need mercy.

The publican shows us the way (Luke xviii. 13), when he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," or a better rendering, "THE sinner." The Lord says that this man went down to his house justified.

The Apostle Paul, once a religious Pharisee persecuting the assembly of God, obtaining letters of authority from the High Priest, was about to extend his activities to Damascus, when on the way the Lord met him with a light from heaven, "above the brightness of the sun," and, falling to the earth, he heard the words of the Lord Jesus from heaven saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" showing how closely the Lord was attached to His saints on earth. Yet in spite of all this persecution the apostle says in 1 Timothy i. 13-16, "but I obtained mercy," and now, knowing the Lord in glory, the remainder of his life is to be used in winning souls for Christ; so he continues, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

Dear reader, if the "chief of sinners" could obtain mercy, why not you? You have a never-dying soul, and before you enter eternity you will certainly need mercy. The great Napoleon needed this mercy for himself. If he did not obtain it here, he, with myriads of others, at the great white throne, will stand before God (Rev. xx. 11-15). The resurrected dead, small and great, all classes will be there, and like the mother of the boy in the narrative find there is then no final appeal, it being too late for ever

to obtain mercy. All whose names are not found written in the book of life will be cast into the lake of fire. Obtain mercy while it is available. "Behold, Now is the accepted time; behold Now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). The writer has obtained it, and tens of thousands of others. Have you?

*New York.*

W. F. KETTLE.

## THE EVENING AND THE MORNING

*"The evening and the morning were the first day."*—GENESIS i. 5.

*"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening."*—PSALM civ. 23.

**M**AN'S activities and God's go in *opposite* directions. Man begins his work in the morning and ends with evening. Life has its morning and its evening. Youth is the morning of life, old age the evening. Youth is the time of hope and of energy. The young look forward with hope to something bright and satisfying. They go forth to life's labour with this in view. The pursuit of the goal is often very arduous. The years seem to go very slowly, the goal of happiness seems distant, and the heart often sickens at the prospect of much labour, long waiting, and then perhaps disappointed hopes. And even when the object is attained, the thing possessed somehow does not appear as it did when shadowed in the mirror of the future. Possession often dispels the charm, even as it did

with Solomon. And before long the shades of evening begin to gather, and night threatens to envelop the fair prospect in gloom. Thus it is with everything here—morning, evening, night, then the grave!

With God it is otherwise. He begins with darkness and ends with eternal day. In creation it was *evening and morning*. From a state of darkness and chaos He brought forth the present creation in all its varied and perfect detail.

In His dealings with fallen man His ways are on these lines. He takes him up in the evening when his sun is set, and brings him into the light of redemption, resurrection, and an eternal day.

He took up Israel in Egypt at the darkest moment. They were in hopeless servitude. The most powerful nation on earth held them in a tight grip, and there was none to plead their cause. God came in and delivered them, and on the shores of the Red Sea they could sing songs of redemption—a new day had dawned for them.

When Christ was on the cross it was truly night. The disciples had had great expectations, but these were all shattered. As the darkness of death closed around Him, it seemed as if God's greatest blow at the enemy's power had failed. But the third day brings in a *new day*. Death is for ever overcome, Divine love is triumphant, and everything for God is now possible.

In the conversion of a sinner God begins with the night of conviction and works towards the morning of assurance and peace. "Weeping



may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" (Psalm xxx. 5). The prodigal son (Luke xv.) experienced a sunset: "I perish with hunger," ere a new day dawned for him in the Father's house. It is ever thus, otherwise grace would not be known or appreciated. But how sweet the discovery, that when we have done our worst and lost everything, God meets us with His "best"!

Has the reader found that all his efforts, his strivings after goodness, his best resolutions have ended in hopelessness and night? If so, you are ready for the good news—that God has been working from the opposite end, and that the death of Christ has brought to an end before your God your history of failure and defeat, and a triumphant morning of redemption has dawned. "In whom (Christ) we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. i. 7). This is the basis of righteousness on God's side, and of peace on our side.

Let us urge you to face the "evening" crisis now, and then the eternal morning will be your happy portion. And whilst the day has not yet actually broken, nor the shadows fled away, yet the Day Star will have arisen in your heart—Christ will become enthroned in your affections, opening up to your soul boundless possibilities for happiness, and prospects reaching beyond the grave—"rejoicing in hope of the glory of God."

## SINCERE, BUT DECEIVED

SEVERAL years ago a woman and her child were travelling by rail in North Dakota, United States of America. A fierce blizzard was raging as she neared her destination. Not being certain about her station, a commercial traveller assured her that he knew the neighbourhood thoroughly, and would make it his business to see that she was set down at the right place. She accepted his testimony, and seemed to be at rest. At a certain point she was told that the next station was hers.

On stoppage of the train the commercial assisted her to get out. The train sped onwards. Not long after this the conductor announced the station at which the woman had said she wanted to alight.

“I put her off at the last station,” said the commercial.

That stop was a water tank, and no one lived within miles of it. The train was backed. The woman and child were discovered frozen to death. She accepted wrong advice, and, alas, perished! The man who advised her was sincere enough, but he was wrong.

There is one, and one way only, to heaven—but one way of salvation. Many, however, do not believe it. They say there are many, and if a man is sincere it will be all right. Oh, be not deceived and perish like that poor woman! She believed, but her sincerity never got her to the place she wanted. Oh, the delusion under which some people live! Listen to God's Word:

“Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved” (Acts iv. 12). How many say a man is all right if he is sincere in his belief and lives up to his profession! But this is the devil’s lie. It is a delusion. Jesus said, “I am the door: by *Me* if any man enter in, he shall be saved” (John x. 9). One door, and only one.

E. G. CLARKE.

## THE PERSON THAT IS BEYOND

**A** SERVANT of the Lord, on reaching the railway station, from which he expected to depart from the place where he had been labouring, found he would have some time to wait for the train. An aged man was sitting upon one of the seats, and he seized the opportunity of speaking a word for his Lord and Master to him. After a little conversation about his health, etc., he inquired, “*Have you a hope beyond?*” To this question the dear old man replied, “*A hope beyond! Why I know the Person that is beyond!*”

After obtaining his address, this servant of Christ wrote to the Christians he knew in the town, desiring that some one should visit the aged one to whom he had been speaking; and it was the writer’s privilege to do so. He had little of this world’s goods, and the poor cottage in which he had been living he had to leave. His wife had died and the authorities decided that

he must leave it. As he had no one left to care for him, it was arranged that he should go to live with a married son. This he did, but not to remain there long: his strength rapidly failed. But the things of time no longer engaged his thoughts. His affections were set on "things above" (Col. iii. 2). To a Christian friend who called sometimes to see him, he used to talk so very sweetly of the "Person beyond" that it was refreshing to listen to him. Once he remarked in answer to an inquiry as to his health, "I am nearing the sight of His blessed face!" And a few days afterwards he left the table to sit beside the fire; and suddenly, he was "with Christ which is far better!"

Dear reader, have *you* a hope beyond? Can you say with this dear soul, "I know the PERSON that is beyond?" "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, . . . yea He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend" (Song of Solomon v. 10, 16). It is the lowly Jesus, who "once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18); whose atoning death will be the basis of that wonderful song of Revelation i. 5, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

E. S.



## WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE ?

**H**APPINESS—HAPPINESS.—Who does not desire it, long for it, seek for it? Who, *who*, WHO? Why everybody, of course. Whether young or old, rich or poor, high or low; all, *all* are in quest of it, and strive ardently to obtain it. But, the question asked at our heading is, “*Who are the happiest people?*” Yes, *yes*, WHO indeed? The question is one of vital importance to the whole world, and we have a *right* to demand a *definite* and reliable answer. Where, oh, where can there be found *true, satisfying, and lasting* happiness? As one looks round, the ways of procedure greatly vary. Persons are apparently deceived by the bent and trend of the human mind and heart of the seekers regarding this great and much wished for experience. In the commercial life of the world I have many times heard it said that, “the man of *one* object is the man who succeeds.” In countless instances this has been proved true. Hence I am convinced that the saying can be verified a hundredfold in the life history of every saint of God.

It has been truly stated that the closing hours of any person indicate the kind of life lived in endeavouring to possess happiness. Just hear what some of them have to say in the solemn moments ere crossing the border! Each person named figured conspicuously among the world's notables. First there is VOLTAIRE, the renowned French infidel. He wrote, “I wish I had never been born.” Then he did not know what true

happiness was, and Why? *Why?* He discovered at the end of his days that infidelity is *destructive* and not *constructive*. Infidelity takes away from the seeker *everything* and gives *nothing*. Now think of the brilliant poet BYRON. He wrote, "The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine *alone*." Think, oh, think, of that great intellect writing thus! For a brief moment he retreats from the whirl of *pleasure* and unbosoms to us his inmost feelings. Was he a happy man, think you? No, *no*, it is absent in carnal pleasure. Is happiness secured in money? I emphatically answer, No! GOULD, the American millionaire, had plenty. But when *dying* he said, "I suppose I am the most miserable person on earth." Listen to Lord Beaconsfield (I knew the doctor who attended him); he wrote, "Youth is a mistake, manhood a struggle, old age a regret." Did he, think you, obtain true happiness? A thousand times No. Oh, what a life's conclusion! "A *mistake—a struggle—a regret*." So in this day they *all* agree. VOLTAIRE, the literary infidel; BYRON, the pleasure-loving poet; GOULD, the multimillionaire; BEACONSFIELD, the famous politician. One and *all* confirm Solomon's verdict, "ALL is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Where than is happiness to be found, and who are the happiest people? It has been said that "MONEY is a universal *provider* for everything but *happiness*, and a passport everywhere but to heaven." With what attractive profusion has Satan dazzled his inviting allurements before our eyes! Each of us possesses a nature that

can willingly be ensnared thereby. But, *but*, there is a day of reckoning. All these indulgences have their gratifications, but smiles are often taken for happiness, and tinsel for gold. Before some the deceiver presents wealth. Many are absolutely enchained in business, day and night; they are over head and ears in work, and have *no* time to attend to anything else. The happiness of all such appears to be in such enclosed absorption. We have now to answer this sobering, solemn question, "WHO are the happiest people?" With unbounded and exultant experience the writer can truthfully assert it is found, "*In Christ alone.*" No book but the Bible can tell us fully about true happiness, and *how* to get it. What does it teach? It teaches that, until the burden of sin is lifted we can never be *thoroughly* happy. *One* sin pressing upon the conscience is enough to spoil the happiness of a lifetime, to say nothing of the happiness of eternity. So long as the future is dark you can never be *thoroughly* happy. What can relieve all this, and make the life bright and happy? It must be the knowledge of Christ as *your own* personal Saviour. If you put your case in His hands you may be certain of this: He will make you *happy* and see you through, blot out your sins, and give you a title to heaven without a flaw. If you are Christ's your eternity is bright, and you may well rejoice. So long as the sorrows and troubles of life weigh you down, and crush your spirit, you will never be *truly* happy. What a moment when you can joyfully say:—

“ My *past* is forgiven, my *future* is bright, my *present* is victory.” Then, and not till then will you be found among the *happiest*. But remember that these three things are to be found in Christ *alone*. Taste for yourself, and you will say—

“ None other name for me ;  
There’s love, and light, and lasting joy,  
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.”

Coventry.

E. MAYO.

**“ STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! ”**

(*A lesson from the level railway gates’  
warning.*)

“ STOP ! ” thoughtless sinner, stay !  
God’s warning heed—obey,  
For right across thy way  
The death track runs to-day.

“ LOOK ! ” is the course all clear ?  
“ LOOK ! ” as thy soul is dear ;  
Say not : “ There’s naught to fear ”—  
Death may be very near !

“ LISTEN ! ” afar—around—  
Echoes a warning sound !  
Haste ! Get on God’s safe ground,  
In Christ alone ’tis found !

S. J. B. CARTER.



## THE PAINTED NAME

**S**T. BEES' Head is a rocky redstone promontory on the Cumberland coast. Here and there amongst the wilderness of boulders, which have crashed around its foot, there are huge slabs with smooth surfaces, which have afforded amateur sculptors the opportunity of practising the art of stone carving. Whilst scrambling amongst these rocks one August afternoon, I was greatly interested in observing innumerable names, which were cut everywhere. Some had evidently been incised many years ago, for they were almost obliterated. Other names were crisp and new.

Some previous visitor to the locality had evidently been of a reflective turn of mind, for, at some risk to himself, he had climbed some distance up the face of the cliff, and had painted, in shining white letters, a NAME of unusual significance. It was the one word—

### J E S U S .

As I looked at it, gleaming in the August sun, these words came vividly before me: "God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME: that at the NAME OF JESUS every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Phil ii. 9-11).

Many, alas ! would like the Name of JESUS to perish, but it will " endure for ever."

As I passed on amongst the boulders, I was confronted by another spectacle, which brought another Scripture to my mind. The mangled body of a sheep lay wedged in between the vertical cliff and a huge slab of rock. The poor creature had evidently been seeking some green morsel on a ledge above, and having lost its footing, had been dashed to pieces far below. The words of the Prophet Isaiah came before me : " All we like sheep have gone astray " (Isa. liii. 6).

Remarkable that during one short walk one should have been so forcibly reminded of the wandering of man from God, on a way that leads to destruction ; and also of the high uplifted Name of JESUS, the One who only can save men from death and perishing in their sins.

How precious is the Name of Jesus, far transcending every other name ! It is the Name of Him who has given Himself for us ; the only name which has present and eternal value ; name painted on the cliff side, carved on tombstone, printed on greeting cards, published on poster, preached in public places, whispered in hospitals, sung in the nursery. Name so much despised, yet so honoured ; so much derided, yet so revered ; so little valued, yet so precious ; so much belittled, yet so loved. The Name which cheers and comforts the suffering and consoles the weary. Name of man's only Saviour, faithful Friend, true Neighbour. Name once

inscribed over Calvary's cross amid the shadows of Golgotha, but now sounding out from the Throne above, and written eternally upon the heart of each redeemed one.

Well might the Apostle Peter exclaim : " There is *none other name* under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved " (Acts iv. 12). Some names have come down to us from dim ages past, but those who carried them are dead. The Name of JESUS has been here nearly two thousand years, but HE LIVES. His voice is still heard, for He says : " I am He that liveth . . ." (Rev. i. 18). This is why the conscience-stricken sinner is heard, why the needy and suffering are heard, why the weary and heavy-laden are heard. It is because Jesus lives, not distant, not unapproachable, but ever vigilant and attentive to every movement of repentance and contrition. The One who once said : " Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give your rest " (Matt. xi. 28), still sends out that blessed invitation. He who once cried : " If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink " (John vii. 37), still makes His voice heard in the same way. The psalmist once wrote : " Oh, that men would praise the LORD for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men ! " (Ps. cvii. 8).

Sometimes men are surprised when reminded that Jesus does live. His Name is buried in legends and superstition, buried in religious ceremonials and convocations, but JESUS *lives*, and lives for evermore ! The Gospel still calls to us to hear His voice.

Dear reader, have *you* bowed to the Name of JESUS? If not, oh, do so, *now*!

“JESUS! life-giving sound,  
 The joy of earth and heav'n;  
 No other help is found,  
 No other name is giv'n,  
 In which the sons of men can boast,  
 But His who seeks and saves the lost.”

*Winchester.*

H. R. WILKINSON.

## THE UNKNOWN GOD

A FEW years ago I was making a journey to Australia, and on leaving Liverpool, I was given a quantity of Gospel tracts, which I was to make use of on the voyage. Amongst them there was one with the title, “THE UNKNOWN GOD.”\* Not having read it, or seen it before, I put it on one side; the others I distributed as I had opportunity.

At Colombo, a Jew and his wife boarded the steamer. On passing through the lounge some days later, the wife was sitting alone, and beckoned me to come and sit with her, as she wished to speak with me, having learned that I was a Christian, for she also loved the Lord Jesus. After some little conversation, she confided to me some of her early history. She said, “I want you to pray for my husband, whom, no doubt, you are aware, is a Jew. Five years

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\* By H. Gill.

ago my only sister lived a happy life together with my widowed mother, a most devoted Christian. From a child I had been brought up by her, in the fear of the Lord, and both my sister and I had, through her, learnt to love the Saviour, and fully trusted the Lord Jesus Christ. A year ago, to our great grief, she died, and although left with ample provision, neither my sister or I felt we could go on living in the home that brought us so many memories of our dear one. We agreed to go abroad, travelling, and on our travels a few months ago I met my husband. We had been much together. On his suggestion to me of marriage, and my acceptance, I had an uneasy feeling, for I could not shake out of my mind words of warning which my mother had given me when alive: 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers' (2 Cor. vi. 14). I told him this, but he would pay no attention to it. I thought perhaps I could win him for the Lord. This, of course, I have so far failed to do. He will listen when I talk, and I read to him the fifty-third of Isaiah, and other chapters of the Bible. He says he cannot believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, as I do, and will not believe that He is, or could be, the Son of God, or that His death had any value, or dealt with our sins."

She asked me to pray for him, and if the Lord gave the opportunity, I might be given a word for him. One afternoon in my cabin I became very concerned about him, and prayed that the Lord would tell me what to do, and He gave me the impression that He would give me an opportunity, to give him the booklet, "The Unknown God."

I took the little booklet, intending to go on deck, but on going out of my cabin the very first person I met was Mr. L——, the Jew. We exchanged a few words, and then I said I had had him much on my mind, and wanted him to read a little book, that I was going to give him. On thanking me, he asked what it was about, and I replied, "It is about One who is unknown to you, but One that wants you to know Him." He took the book, and I did not see him again until the day that I disembarked at Melbourne, when he, in the company of his wife, came to me, and with real feeling said, "I am so glad to be able to tell you that little book, *The Unknown God*, has been used to open my eyes completely, and though I thought nothing could shake my faith, or turn me away from the faith of my fathers, yet the wonderful light from God has come into my soul, and Jesus the One who was crucified, *was, and is, the Son of God*, and He is a Prince and a Saviour in the glory. I now believe in Him, and rejoice in the knowledge of Him as my Saviour."

They were going on to New Zealand, and we shortly after parted, and I have never seen them since, but I have no doubt of the reality of his confession or conversion. What a wonderful result from the reading of a tract! E. M. R.

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The foregoing is an account given me of the blessing which resulted from the tract mentioned, and should be an encouragement to those who seek to serve the Lord in the spread of the Glad Tidings by these means.—  
J. G. MATHISON.

“ A TIME ACCEPTED ”

“ **WE**, then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain. (For He saith, I have heard thee in *a time accepted*, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee: behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.) ” 2 Cor. vi. verses 1 and 2.

A short time ago, news arrived of a man in a Surrey village who was dying of cancer, but who was apparently quite unaware of the real nature of his disease, or of the near approach of death.

Worse than all, however, there was no evidence that he was prepared to die; but Christian friends were praying earnestly for his salvation. Approach to the man was not easy, since the doctor had advised that he should not be told of his danger, and his relatives could not suggest an opportunity of seeing him until the disease had progressed to the stage that necessitated his remaining in bed. The man was of strong physique, however, and though in violent pain, insisting in keeping about, and the doctor was administering a drug in ever-increasing doses, which, whilst producing temporary relief, was also effecting lengthening spells of a confused frame of mind.

How solemn if eternal issues are not faced while God in grace is providing for every soul “ an acceptable time ! ”

This man’s case was urgent, and a few friends who knew something of the heart and power of God, prayed earnestly for the desired opportunity

to speak to him about the Saviour God, who would have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth (1 Tim. ii. 4).

The answer was quickly given in a manner unexpected, for impossible as it had seemed, the man himself invited two Christian men to pay him a visit. Waiting on God for the opportune moment, they arrived at the house on the first day that the sufferer had taken to his bed, and at an hour in the evening when his mind was clear. This was by no human arrangement, but undoubtedly the ordering of God.

The man greeted them cheerfully and began to talk on everyday topics, apparently still ignorant of the brevity of his remaining days on earth; but with hearts waiting on the Lord, the visitors were able to divert the conversation to more serious and vital considerations, and the dear man was confronted with the danger of dying without Christ. His close attention to every word that followed was most pathetic, and he gladly consented to a suggestion that a passage of Scripture should be read to him.

By the aid of a candle-light in that simple cottage bedroom, and in the presence of his anxious wife, Psalm ciii was slowly read to the dying man. As the reading proceeded, it seemed indeed that "the power of the Lord was present to heal."

Few words were spoken by way of explanation, but the visitors cried to God that the entrance of His Word might give light. As they rose from their knees, the strong man (for many years a warder in a mental hospital), now in the attitude



of prayer, was weeping like a little child, the tears coursing down his cheeks as he sat up in bed.

Gripping the hands of his visitors as they left, he thanked them with sincerity for the time spent together and expressed the wish to see them again. This was not to be granted, however, and the hour spent thus proved to be the *last opportunity* to that soul for the quiet consideration of God's offer of salvation.

The days that followed were marked by intense pain and mental distress ; but in a brief interval of relief which preceded his death, he calmly, and with a deep joy, declared his faith in the Lord Jesus, and told his wife and sister that he was going to be with Him, adding that the Lord had already appeared to him in a dream and that he had had a vision of heaven.

Within a fortnight of the reading of Psalm ciii on that memorable night, he was released from the body of suffering, “ absent from the body, present with the Lord ” (2 Cor. v. 8).

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy Name. . . . who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies. . . .

“ He hath not dealt with *us* after our sins; nor rewarded *us* according to our iniquities.”

Reader, have you used your God-given opportunities by turning in repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ?

He has *not* ignored our sins and iniquities,

and if He can “remember them no more,” it is because He had dealt in righteousness with His own beloved Son our Lord Jesus Christ about them, “who gave Himself a ransom for all,” “who suffered for sins, the Just for us, the unjust, to bring us to God,” “who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification.” “The blood of Jesus Christ His [God’s] Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

Why not place your whole confidence now in such a God while your acceptable time is present, while it is still the “day of salvation” for you, and be able to say in the language of another?—

“In peace let me resign my breath  
 And Thy salvation see;  
 My sins deserve eternal death  
 But Jesus died for me!”

E. A. ELLIMAN.

## LIGHT

(PSALM xcvi. 11–12.)

**L**IGHT

**I**s sown for the righteous and—

**G**ladness for the upright in

**H**earth. Rejoice in

**T**he Lord.

S. J. B. C.

**AT SYCHAR'S WELL**

(JOHN iv.)

**J**ESUS, the Saviour of the world,  
Once sat on Sychar's well ;  
The depth of love that brought Him there  
No creature tongue can tell.

With journey weary, there He won  
A weary sinner's heart ;  
A Prophet He,—all she had done  
He told her every part.

She heard Him tell of God, who gives  
The living water free,  
A well within that satisfies  
To all eternity.

'Twas true that Jacob's well was deep ;  
But ah ! far deeper still  
The well of love in Him who did  
On earth His Father's will.

He who will judge in righteousness  
In that appointed day,  
Had come to seek and find His sheep  
Who wandered far away.

The Father gave that sheep to Christ,  
She heard the Shepherd's voice ;  
And none can pluck them from His hand  
O'er whom He doth rejoice.

Delivered, saved, she there beheld  
Her Saviour, face to face,  
Destined to dwell in His bright home,  
Blest trophy of His grace.

## THE BLOOD OF CHRIST

**I**T is most precious to God, because it speaks of the life given up of His own beloved Son, and it is precious to the soul redeemed by it.

It has met every claim of the throne of God—Christ raised from the dead is the great proof of this.

It provides a meeting-place with God and the sinner who trusts it. "*Christ Jesus : whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in HIS BLOOD . . .*" (Rom. iii. 24-26).

By it the believer is cleansed from all sin before God. "**THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST** *His (God's) Son cleanseth us from all sin*" (1 John i. 7).

It purges the conscience from dead works. "*For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh : How much more shall **THE BLOOD OF CHRIST**, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God ?*" (Heb. ix. 13, 14).

By it peace has been made, and believers have it. "*Having made peace through the **BLOOD OF HIS CROSS** . . .*" (Col. i. 20). "*Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ*" (Rom. v. 1).

**By it sinners are justified.** “*God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more, then, being now justified by HIS BLOOD, we shall be saved from wrath through Him*” (Rom. v. 8, 9).

**By it we are sanctified.** “*Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with HIS OWN BLOOD, suffered without the gate*” (Heb. xiii. 12).

**By it those who were far off are made nigh.** “*But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by THE BLOOD OF CHRIST*” (Eph. ii. 13).

**By it believers have access into the Holiest.** “*Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by THE BLOOD OF JESUS*” (Heb. x. 19).

**By it will be the subject of Heaven's song throughout the countless ages of eternity.** “*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in HIS OWN BLOOD, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen*” (Rev. i. 5, 6).

Well may we sing :

“Of all the gifts Thy love bestows,  
Thou Giver of all good!—  
E'en heav'n itself no richer knows  
Than Jesus and His blood.”

## THAT WHICH IS UNCHANGING

**T**HE writer of a well-known hymn wrote years ago :—

“Change and decay in all around I see.”

Truly we can add that changes, many and varied, still mark the present day. This being so, we can well understand a thoughtful person inquiring : “Is there anything available that is unchanging ? ”

There is, but it is not to be found in the ways and doings of men. The believer’s precious treasure—the Bible—is unchanging. “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away” (Matt. xxiv. 35). The testimony rendered in the early days of Christianity is the unchanging testimony of to-day. It presents God as the unchanging One, and Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as “The Same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever” (Heb. xiii. 8).

In those early days the Gospel was sounded forth, and many souls were convicted, and confessed Jesus as their Saviour and Lord. We read of some who “turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God ; and to wait for His Son from Heaven” (1 Thess. i. 9, 10). The same glorious “Gospel of God concerning His Son Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. i.) is still being proclaimed, and souls are being saved. There is no other way to obtain salvation. “For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved” (Acts iv. 12). When Jesus was here upon earth, He said : “Come unto Me, all ye

that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Is your heart weary and burdened with all the unrest and uncertainty around? If so, Come to Jesus now. We read of "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth" (Luke xxi. 26). But "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

Dear reader, I affectionately plead with you to pause for a moment. Look both ways—*backward*, and remember that "God requireth that which is past" (Eccles. iii. 15)—*forward*, and raise the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?" Eternity with the LOST? or in the realms of glory where Jesus is? Which?

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). Will you, or will you not decide for Christ, and confess Him as your Saviour and Lord?

"Come! for night is gath'ring quickly  
O'er this world's fast fleeting day;  
If you linger till the darkness,  
You will surely miss your way."

W. SIDNEY.

### JOHN 3. 16.

**GOD** so loved the world that He gave His  
**Only** begotten  
**Son**, that whosoever believeth in Him should not  
**Perish**, but have  
**Everlasting**  
**Life.**

## NOTHING

AN ARRESTING WORD FOR ALL

**T**HIS arresting word, NOTHING (meaning not anything), with its many ramifications, one must confess, is rather startling, and the mind upon first consideration finds it a little perplexing to comprehend *nothing*. How can I have or be *nothing*? I trust we shall see as we proceed, calling upon our thinking powers to reflect thereon. For many years we have been familiar with the words, "Oh, to be *nothing, nothing*," as also, "*Nothing* in my hands I bring."

There comes to my mind just here an incident of an opportune character which occurred in the life of King William of Prussia. A clergyman was commanded to preach his first sermon before him, and was promised a text. The clergyman was most anxious all the week. No text came, but go he must. Arriving at the Chapel Royal, he inquired whether a message had been sent by the King. He was informed that he would find it in the pulpit. What did he discover? He found a piece of blank paper. Holding out the wordless text, he said, "Sire, you have indeed given me the truest subject that a preacher ever had! You bid me make a sermon out of *Nothing*. Well, Sire, out of nothing God made the world; out of *you*, when you know that you are *nothing*, the Lord can make a saint of God. Out of *me*, who am *nothing*, the Holy Ghost can make a messenger to you, from the King of Kings."



We will now turn to a few Scriptures that will corroborate the subject with divine fact. Job wrote, "God hangeth the earth upon *nothing*" (Job xxvi. 7). Solomon wrote, "Treasures of wickedness profit *nothing*" (Prov. x. 2). What a proverb this, one that calls for a halt for our souls to ponder over! Daniel makes a bold statement, "All the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as *nothing*" (Dan. iv. 35), emphasizing the great truth that God doeth according "to His will, . . . and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?" John remarks, "Man can receive *nothing*, except it be given him from heaven" (John iii. 27). Paul tells the Corinthians, "If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth *nothing* yet as he ought to know" (1 Cor. viii. 2). How important these passages are for us *all*! Paul also writes to his son Timothy, referring to what he was to teach, "If any man teach otherwise . . . he is proud, knowing *nothing*" (1 Tim. vi. 3, 4); then immediately adding, "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought *nothing* into this world, and it is certain we can carry *nothing* out." No, not anything. Passages in Romans iii. bear impressively upon this question of *nothing* by stressing the person. We read, "There is *none* (no one) righteous, no, *not one*; there is *none* that understandeth; there is *none* that seeketh after God. They are *all* gone out of the way . . . there is *none* that doeth good, no, *not one*." What a humble levelling down all this is, and applies most searchingly to *every* living soul! What a blessed moment when the light of God shining

into the soul reveals this convicting truth to our inward consciousness !

If, then, we are *nothing*, God and Christ should be *everything now*, and for ever ; all the fascinating scenes and allurements that appeal to our senses naturally must of necessity pass as the greater revelation, and ecstatic joy of the spiritual realm is entered upon, and we find our all in the glorious Son of God, basking now and for ever in the ocean of God's changeless love. Surely in the contemplation of such a blessed scene we should all willingly confess our *nothingness*, so that the Lord Jesus in His majestic and glorious attractiveness, may satisfy and ravish our hearts eternally. Jesus, the true Messiah, was "cut off," having *nothing* (see Dan. ix. 26), but, soon He will sway the sceptre of universal power and manifested glory, bringing everything under His universal control.

Listen to our Lord's words in Luke vii. concerning the two debtors. What welcome words they are to every anxious soul—"When they had *nothing* to pay, he frankly forgave them both." *Nothing* to pay. All unsaved ones, whether 50 or 500 penny debtors, are absolutely bankrupt. Oh, happy the moment when the truth of this shines into the soul, and so makes us willing to *receive* what God in super-abounding grace is offering so freely to the *whole world*. How that great massive word "*Whosoever*" confirms God's amazing and undeserved grace ! I sincerely trust that every reader will be willing now to accept the position that Christ is everything, and apart from Him we are *Nothing*.

“ Oh, to be *nothing*, NOTHING !  
Painful the humbling may be,  
Yet in the dust I'd lay me,  
That the world might my Saviour see.  
Rather be *nothing*, NOTHING !  
To Him let our voices be raised !  
HE is the fountain of blessing,  
He *only* is meet to be praised.”

Coventry.

E. MAYO.

## THE TWO WEEKS' OLD SEPTUAGENARIAN

**A** SEPTUAGENARIAN is a man or woman between the ages of 70 and 80 years. One day we were visiting the homes of people, who are constantly seen at the Gospel preachings, to inquire as to the impressions they had received. A smiling couple of contented looking people warmly invited us to enter their home. They were evidently delighted to see us. After a little general conversation, the old man said, “ I am only a child two weeks old. I attended the preaching a fortnight ago, when you pressed so very much the necessity of coming to Jesus and trusting Him as your own Saviour, in order that the precious blood of Christ, God's Son, might cleanse us from all sin. I had for years been trying to cleanse myself from sin, and realized more and more the impossibility of the task. I was much moved by the simplicity of God's way of cleansing poor sinners, and thought much about it as I lay in bed that night. In the morning I picked up the booklet you gave

me, the title of which is *What Meanest Thou?* by C. A. C. The reading of this brought me to the point of, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus [Jesus as Lord], and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved' (Rom. x. 9). This I have done, and now I have started a new life. I am now a child of God, aged two weeks." His wife beamed on him with joy as he told this story of his conversion: she had been converted previously. They had both been Seventh-Day Adventists.

*Jamaica.*

F. HASSALL.

### THE WORLD OR CHRIST—WHICH?

**L**AUGH, and the world laughs with you,  
 Weep—you may weep alone;  
 If rich, it will court your favour,  
 If poor, it will treat you unknown!  
 Sing, and its hills will echo,  
 Sigh, and 'tis lost in air;  
 The world will share your pleasure—  
 But will it your grief and care?  
 Feast, and your halls are crowded,  
 Fast—it will pass you by,  
 Prosper, the world will love you—  
 Fail, it may leave you to die.

(Adapted.)

\* \* \*

But Christ can bless and rejoice you,  
 If your heart will but let Him in:  
 He died to save and to keep you,  
 That His love your heart might win.  
 To-day He's the same—and to-morrow,  
 Whatever the circumstance be—  
 The same both in joy or sorrow,  
 None so faithful and true as He!

S. J. B. CARTER.

## A GREAT PREPARATION

**H**OW familiar is the word, concerning, as it does, all persons in every sphere of life!

The child at school (though, perhaps, little conscious of it at first) has commenced his studies in *preparation* for a future day when he will leave school, and have to earn his own living. Up till then he is dependent upon others, but now he has to face the world and launch out for himself.

As he grows older, the scholar finds his studies become more difficult and call for more earnest attention and concentration, as the time left to him for this is rapidly becoming less and less.

The man of business looks ahead and makes *preparation* for the future, when he hopes to retire, and consequently he is anxious to save as much money as possible in order that he may be able to live comfortably when such a time may arrive. Then there are numerous Insurance Companies. Life policies are taken out by persons in anticipation of a good yield at the date of maturity, either for the personal benefit of the individuals themselves, or, after their decease, for the benefit of their dependants.

Another instance of great significance at the present time is apparent in the vast "*preparations*" that are being made by the nations of the world to-day. A lack of confidence exists universally, and much concern is felt on all hands. For what are they *preparing*? Ah! is it not becoming more and more patent to any thoughtful person? How the hearts of men are already

“failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth ! ”

In view of the serious times in which we are found, and the universal unrest, statesmen have deemed it prudent that the public shall be made acquainted more fully with the state of things as they exist amongst the various nations, so as to be *prepared*.

Yet there is one matter of infinitely greater importance to every person in the universe, than any other matter that could possibly engage our attention, and whilst multitudes down through the centuries of time have taken heed to it, and made the necessary “*preparation*,” on the other hand, alas ! tens of thousands pay no heed to it, and many even scoff at it ! Oh ! what can it possibly be ? Pause and reflect, if you have never done so before !

We would inquire, “If men consider it so essential that we should be aware of what is transpiring in the world as affecting us in regard to the *things of time*, is it not of far greater importance to be *prepared* in view of matters that concern us all not only for time but for *eternity* ? ”

Down through the ages God’s warning message has stood out in bold relief upon the pages of Holy Scripture :

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD ”

(Amos iv. 12).

Not one of us will be absent from that great meeting ! “For it is written, As I live saith the Lord, *every* knee shall bow to me, and every

tongue shall confess to God. So then everyone of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv. 11, 12).

"Then *how* shall I meet Him?" may well be the language of the earnest inquirer. Certainly not on the ground of our own supposed meetness, for "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23).

The only sure standing ground for our souls is on Christ, "who suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18).

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

"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly . . . God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 6-8).

The believer delights to say from the heart:

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.  
On CHRIST, THE SOLID ROCK, I stand;  
*All other ground is sinking sand.*"

Such have no fear at the thought of having to meet God, for they have already had to do with Him, and have trusted for their soul salvation in the One who has come forth from God, and whom He presents as His salvation to the ends of the earth. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under

heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

"In Him we read the Father's love  
And find eternal peace,  
We meet in Him a Saviour-God,  
And fear and terror cease."

How many vaguely regard heaven as a place to which all go or hope to go when they die, but who have little or no concern, nor make any "preparation" for the future whilst they are here.

A little girl once said to her mother :

"My teacher tells me that this world is a place in which God lets us live awhile that we may prepare for a better world ; but, mamma, I do not see anybody *preparing*. I see *you preparing* to go in the country, and auntie is *preparing* to come here, but I don't see anyone preparing to go there.

"Why don't they get ready?"

When Ben's master died, they told him that he had gone to heaven. Ben shook his head :  
"I 'fraid massa no go there."

"But why, Ben?"

"'Cos when massa go North, or go a journey to the Springs, he talk about it a long time, and get ready. I never heard him talk about going to heaven ; never see him get ready to go there."

How sad to live for our pleasure and ease and leave God out of our lives ! Thousands are doing so. The Scriptures abound with accounts of such, one notable instance out of many being recorded in Luke xii. :



“The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully : And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits ? And he said, This will I do : I will pull down my barns, and build greater ; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up *for many years* ; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, THIS NIGHT thy soul shall be required of THEE : then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided ?” (verses 16–20).

Is not this man a sample of many others who, whilst making great “preparations,” in regard to their life in this world, alas ! often fail to realize their aspirations, for that unwelcome visitor death intrudes and overturns all their plans !

But how happy to take account of those who are *prepared*, and, who, notwithstanding the sorrow and pressure here, know God as the One who “shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away” (Rev. xxi. 4).

Dear reader, were you to be called to leave this world to-day (and who can tell ?) would it be true of you : “Absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord ?” (2 Cor. v. 8.) Oh, blessed reality for every one who *has PREPARED TO MEET HIS GOD !*

## THE MIDNIGHT SUN

TOWARDS midsummer, people sometimes visit the North Cape of Norway to view the midnight sun, which does not set for several weeks, and the sight from that headland is said to be magnificent. The sun descends to within three of its diameters of the horizon, and then begins to rise, which, in clear weather, casts brightness in England all night across the northern sky. At midsummer some years ago, a friend of mine was on a visit to Norway, and at that time I was admiring this light at midnight from a railway station in England; and, when thinking of him, I was surprised to see twenty workmen come suddenly upon the platform with picks, shovels, and so forth. I asked one of them what it all meant. He replied:

"We have come, sir, to wait for the sun to rise, so that we may do some special work at points and crossings, in the station-yard, before trains begin to move about in the morning; and it will be light enough for us to begin about two o'clock."

I remarked, "*I* am waiting for *that* sun, too, and for *another* as well. Are *you* waiting for *two*, or only for one?"

"I am waiting for *two*," he replied.

"But," I added, "are you really waiting for, and expecting the Son of God from heaven, to take you to be for ever with Himself?"

"I *am*, sir," said he; "for He is my Saviour and best Friend."

“ Praise His Name for *that* ! and He *may* come before that sun rises over those lovely hills yonder ; for He says, ‘ Behold, I come quickly.’ And just as surely as that bright morning star, shining over there, indicates a brighter sun-rising, in about three hours’ time, so surely *we* have the Day Star arisen in our hearts, to assure us that the Lord will soon rise up from where He now sits, on His Father’s throne in glory, to take us, His own, out of this dark world to the brightness of His eternal glory, to share all with Himself.”

Some weeks later, when the sun had risen and set a good many times, I met this same man, and asked him if he were still waiting for the Lord from heaven, when, with a bright smile, he replied, “ Yes.”

On asking another man who was with him the same question, there was on his face a sad, down-cast, and sorrowful look, as he replied, “ I am afraid not, sir.”

What a contrast ! One person knowing his sins put away for ever by the blood of Christ, and expecting the Lord to come and take him into the *eternal sunshine* of His own blessed presence ; while the other (though a nice enough man naturally) was still in his sins, and the coming of the Lord in his case would alas ! mean his being left behind for judgment.

What would our reader’s reply be to that question ? Would it be like the first or the second man to whom we spoke ?

“ The night is far spent, and the day is at hand :  
No *sign* to be looked for ; the *Star’s* in the sky.”

“Through the tender mercy of our God, the Dayspring from on high *hath* visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace” (Luke i. 78, 79). “We have a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the Day Star arise in your hearts” (2 Peter i. 19). “The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord” (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17). Do you know *Him* as your best Friend for the eternity that is before you? and do you long to see His blessed face? If not, dear soul, do not rest till you do.

“What is loss in this world, when compared to that day,  
To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed?  
'The Saviour is coming,' *His people* may say;  
'The Lord whom we look for—our *Sun* and our  
Shield.'”

“And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and *the Lamb* is the light thereof” (Rev. xxi. 23).

When Jesus was here upon earth He said, “He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life”; and when He had returned to heaven He said, “I am the Bright and Morning Star.” “He which testifieth these things saith, Surely

I come quickly ” ; and it is the privilege of all who *now*, in this day of His grace, receive Him, to say, “ Even so, come, Lord Jesus ” (Rev. xxii. 21).

But we have to remember that while God is love, He is also *holy*.

“ And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie : but *they which are written in the Lamb’s book of life* ” (Rev. xxi. 27).

Will you spend *your* eternity where the sun never sets ? or is it to be where it never rises—in the blackness of darkness for ever ? Which, oh ! which ?

J. N.

## HIS HAND UPON YOU

**D**URING the Great War a young soldier had his arm and shoulder fearfully shattered by a shell. The best had been done for him, but the arm was so shattered that they could not very securely tie up the arteries. A nurse was put in charge of the case with instructions to see that he did not move. One of the other men called for attention, and, thinking that her patient was quiet and safe to leave for a moment, she left him to relieve the other. On her return, she noticed that the lad had evidently moved during her short absence, and the blood was oozing through the bandages. Stripping off the

bandages, and seizing the bleeding artery, she called for aid. When the doctor came, he said, she might let go, as the young fellow must die, he could do nothing for him. The renewed bleeding had brought the sufferer back to consciousness, and he heard the doctor pronounce his doom. Looking up into the nurse's face he pleaded with her to hold on and not let go, as he was not ready to go, he was not ready to die. She turned away her head, to escape the look in his eyes, and presently, when she glanced at him again—he was gone.

Unconverted reader, are you conscious of your danger? You smile, and say, "What danger am I in?" Maybe you are young, healthy, and have so far conducted yourself, that without a qualm you can look everybody in the face: you have lived a good, honest, upright life. Yet still your danger exists, indeed, the truth is that every minute sees it increasing, for it brings you rapidly nearer the moment when you will have to face God, and then—eternity.

Your danger is real, although perhaps not apparent to you; but to face God in your present condition, as a sinner in your sins, is to court wilfully the righteous condemnation of God. God has been pleased in His mercy to give us light about ourselves and our sinful state; also about Himself, and as to what He has done for us, in the work of His Son, the Lord Jesus on the cross. On the basis of Christ's completed work of redemption God is now able, righteously, through the merits of that perfect

work, "to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. vii. 25). The young man's life depended on the ability and strength of the nurse to keep the pressure on the bleeding artery. Your life and eternal welfare depend on whether you are now willing to trust in the finished work of Another, and that One, the Lord Jesus Christ. You will not have to beseech Him in vain. He is strong enough to hold you, and in the warning note of these pages there is a proof that His hand is even now upon you and that what He has died to secure is yet available for you. "The true light now shineth." Jesus is the "Light of the world" (John viii. 12). He is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" (John xiv. 6). Yet in love to your soul He warns you as to what may be your condemnation, for He has said, "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil" (John iii. 19). Consider! Not only has the true light come, but it shines, disclosing all that God has in His heart ready to bestow upon you, because of what the Lord Jesus has done, and not because of our fancied goodness or self-righteousness. However commendable you may be in the sight of others, if you are unforgiven, you stand in immediate need of a Saviour. In ourselves we are helpless, but God has intervened and sent His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who was, in Himself, great enough to give "Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 6).

**ARRESTED**

**A** YOUNG man stood on the outside of a crowd of people at an open-air meeting where the Gospel message was being proclaimed. He was moving away when a lady offered him a booklet telling of God's way of salvation. "I am an infidel," he said, in a scornful manner. "But do take it and read it," the donor pleaded. He took it and then tore it to pieces, throwing the fragments on the ground. "There, that is what I do with your books," he said.

A little later, when travelling by train on his homeward journey, he saw something white on the lapel of his coat. He picked it off, and, to his astonishment, found it was a tiny piece of the book he had destroyed, the breeze having blown it back upon his clothing. One word arrested his attention and that was the word, "believe." He turned over the piece of paper and read another word—"salvation." He sat staring at it until he looked foolish in the eyes of his fellow travellers. The fact was, God had arrested him. "Do you see that?" he said to one sitting opposite him, and by way of explanation related the incident connected with the fragment. The one to whom he spoke was a Christian.

"What will you do now," was the quiet reply, "still resist?"

"No, I will believe!"

"When?"

"Here and now I believe and accept God's salvation."

What a wonderful transformation! Only God



by the Holy Spirit could effect such a marvellous change !

Another instance of God's mighty power in delivering from infidelity was seen in the case of William Hone, a noted infidel of the nineteenth century. After God had in mercy arrested him and saved his soul, he wrote the following lines :—

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

Perhaps the reader may not be an infidel, in the usual understood sense of the word ; but “ All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God ” (Rom. iii. 23), and every one who has not fled to Christ for refuge is under the power of Satan. Think of that inveterate hater of Christ and His people, Saul of Tarsus, whom, when his enmity had reached its zenith, was stricken down in mercy by “ a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun ” (Acts xxvi. 13). Surely we should have thought such a one would have been cut off in immediate judgment. But, hearken ! From heaven in his own native tongue (Hebrew), Saul is spoken to by the Lord Himself, who says, “ I AM JESUS, whom thou persecutest ” (verse 15). How heart-appealing !

What a lasting impression it left upon his soul is seen in a marked way in the following beautiful passage : “ This is a faithful saying, and worthy

of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom *I am chief*" (1 Tim. i. 15). Then there is hope for all ! "Repentance towards God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21), is open to all, and is the way (the only way) of eternal blessing. Has the reader taken that way ? If not, may God by the Holy Spirit lead you to do so now ! We may seek to put distance between ourselves and God, as if it were possible to find a spot in the wide creation where His eye and hand cannot reach (Ps. cxxxix), but all our goings are known to Him.

"Great God of wonders ! all Thy ways  
 Are wondrous, matchless, and divine ;  
 But the blest triumphs of Thy grace—  
 Most marvellous !—unrivalled shine.  
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

R. A. RAIT.

## ONLY A TRACT

A tract of a few short pages,  
 Written for Jesu's sake ;  
 But the Lord gave generous wages,  
 For a willing hand did take,  
 And the heart of a thoughtful reader  
 Was won for the Crucified ;  
 Sin lost a fresh seceder  
 To the ranks of the Lamb who died.

O gracious Gospel Story,  
 So small a channel to choose ;  
 O patient Lord of Glory,  
 Such a humble means to use ;  
 O tender invitation  
 To come by a page so slight ;  
 O wonderful salvation—  
 Few words—but love Infinite !

## TWO SERIOUS QUESTIONS

**T**HERE are two questions which God asked of fallen man at the outset of his history, which every human being since then sooner or later will have to answer, the first

“WHERE ART THOU ?”

(Gen. iii. 9).

the second

“WHAT HAST THOU DONE ?”

(Gen. iv. 10).

The first makes manifest the interest and solicitude of the Creator in regard to his poor fallen creature, and His desire to find him—the second makes clear that God held His creature man as responsible to Him for what he had done. Again, the first discovered man at a distance from God and afraid of Him; the second that man had sinned grievously against God and that he was both a liar and murderer. In the case of Adam and Eve, God found and clothed them (Gen. iii. 21); in the case even of Cain, God spoke of a sin offering lying at the door, if only he would avail himself of it in true repentance (Gen. iv. 7).

It would be well if every reader of this short paper would, without delay, face these two questions, and in the light of the only possible answer, first, that as a child of Adam he is at a distance from God, and second, that he has grievously sinned against Him, learn that God has found a

way to remove the distance, and to pardon iniquity, transgression and sin.

The parable of the prodigal son—indeed the whole parable of Luke xv.—throws great light on these two questions and shows the wonderful way in which God has Himself wrought to deal with their answers. God is there viewed as seeking what He had lost, whether under the figure of the man who had lost one sheep out of one hundred, or that of a woman who had lost one silver piece out of ten ; in both cases intense earnestness and solitude are in evidence in regard to what was at a distance and lost, and what value was placed on what was recovered. But in the section of the parable dealing with the lost son, we have the distance measured by the “far country,” and the deeds described as “wasting his substance with riotous living.” But as the result undoubtedly of the activity in grace of our blessed Saviour, and that, too, of the Holy Spirit, the time came when, coming to himself, he said, “I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him.” The distance was gone, and that on the part of God, who, on the ground of the atoning work of Christ, could righteously do what His heart disposed Him to do, and, when confession was made by the prodigal, “I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,” the

amazing answer in grace was, "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."

If a soul now is, through mercy, brought to the conviction that he has sinned against God, and is perishing with hunger, at a distance from God, he may arise and go to God and find the distance gone, the sins pardoned, and a welcome given such as only the heart of a Saviour God can bestow, and he will go in as no longer a prodigal, but as set up in sonship in Christ to learn even now the amazing happiness of the house of God, into which he is introduced.

On the other hand, if souls ignore their distance from God, and that they have sinned against Him, refusing to avail themselves of the gracious provision now open to "every creature under heaven," it is terrible to think of the day when they will find themselves being judged according to their works and consigned to an eternal distance from the Source of happiness, to receive the reward, in abiding misery, for what they have done in the body.

May my readers be warned in time!

D. L. HIGGINS.

## FAITH'S RESOURCES

SELF always seeks its happiness in the sphere where *self* lives; but FAITH finds its source of peace and joy where CHRIST is, and with Him.

**GOD'S SIGNALS ARE UP**

**T**HE following incident happened some years ago in North Wales.

An engine and tender were travelling on the railway lines at great speed. This of itself would not have been calculated to cause any particular attention to the average onlooker; but there was something about it that caused a watchful signalman the greatest concern. The signals were up and the line blocked, yet on they rushed regardless of written and manifest warnings.

Horrified at the thought of the certain calamity ahead, the signalman at first supposed that the driver and stoker were dead; then he surmised that possibly they might be asleep; and in point of fact they were—**FAST ASLEEP!** Acting quickly on this supposition, he promptly telegraphed to the next station but one, telling them of the runaway engine, and urging them to put fog signals on the line.

The request was soon complied with, and the astonished driver and fireman were awakened by the loud reports of the fog signals. Thus an accident was averted.

This matter may not have affected the reader personally, but we know of a matter of *far greater consequence* that does. Harken!

*God's signals are up!* Are you awake, dear friend? Ample directions are in His Word, and many a solemn warning has transpired around you! Death has no doubt drawn your serious attention to the near approach of eternity, and your conscience is by no means at ease in view

of the latter end of your little day. In love to you, God has called upon you to stop in your reckless career. True, you are apparently no different to the thousands around you, but your danger is great and the end imminent. What can account for the manifest indifference of souls? Is it not this, that they are morally and spiritually asleep.

The Apostle Paul, as a faithful minister of God's Gospel, speaks of two things that urged him on in his dealings with men. Knowing the "terror of the Lord," he "persuaded" men; and the "love of Christ" constrained him to declare God's word of reconciliation.

If you have not been aroused, if you have not been saved from what is ahead, may God's word of warning cause you to stop, ere it be too late!

The fog signals very suddenly awakened the men of whom we have spoken, and God's word may come as a rude shock to all your present ideas; but you will be thankful for whatever means God uses to arouse you from a slumber that would end in banishment from His presence for ever.

*God is speaking to you*; not, perhaps, with thunder in His tones, but in the "still small voice," which convicts of sin against Him.

Is your conscience aroused? Are you afraid to meet Him? Do you feel any burden of sin? How well for you if such be the case. You are only waking to find that to a guilt-burdened conscience Christ is near. May the language of your heart be: "God be merciful to me *the*

sinner?" (Luke xviii. 13.) "I have sinned against Heaven, and in Thy sight" (Luke xv. 21.)

On that ground there is pardon, there is welcome, there is rest. Jesus says, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Also, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Then come to Him *now*, for, "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

L. O. LABETT.

## YOUR OWN SOUL

IT is said on good authority that the last words of the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, on his death-bed, in bidding farewell to his intimate friend and colleague, Lord Rosebery, were:

"ROSEBERY, TAKE CARE OF YOUR SOUL!"

The Lord Jesus asked the momentous question:—"What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and *lose his own soul*?" (Matt. xvi, 26.)

In all solemnity, yet with true affection, we pass on the warning:—

READER—"TAKE CARE OF YOUR SOUL!"

Were the vast world our own,  
With all its varied store,  
And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown  
We still were poor.

W. FINDLAY.



# A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE !

## AND ITS RESULTS

I HAVE observed for many years how some of the greatest soul winners have been those who themselves have been delivered by divine grace from the lowest strata of society. How all this magnifies the power of God's attitude of love ! It would appear that, having been plunged by sin into terrible depths of wickedness, they are the better fitted by the Holy Spirit to attract sinners to the Saviour. It is a mark of genuine conversion to God that immediately the soul is saved, the heart of a new convert yearns for the salvation of others. The testimony (speaking generally) begins at home and to friends. Jesus said, "Go home to thy *friends*, and tell *them* how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had *compassion* on thee " (Mark v. 19).

An impressive case of this nature has recently been brought to my notice. The man whose conversion and witness I am relating was a heavy-weight champion boxer in Australia. His name was Dan, and he was well known to the servant of the Lord who furnishes the details. Dan had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and in his youth had never seen a Bible. One Saturday night, having spent the last of his money, he was as drunk as he could be, and rolled down the street where he lived. The miners and their wives were out doing their shopping. At the end of the road a Gospel Meeting was being held. Just at that moment

the speaker was saying, "If there be any man in this crowd who desires to accept Jesus as his Saviour let him come forward." Dan did not know exactly what he meant, but he felt he would like to get rid of his sins, and to know Christ as *his* Saviour, so he took the cap from his head and lurched forward. They thought Dan was having the joke of his life. He said he did not remember another thing until he woke up in a stable, on a heap of straw, and added, "I was as sober as I am now. I began to wonder what had happened to me, for *something* was *different*. *Then* everything came back to me. I remembered saying that I would *like* to know Jesus as my Saviour." Knowing where the preacher lived, he decided that he would go and ask him what had happened. Dan was asked in and given a good breakfast. After the meal, the Bible was opened, and the wonderful love of God spoken of, the sinfulness of man, and the sacrifice of Christ for man's salvation. Dan said, "It was like the opening of heaven to my soul." There and then he found Christ as his Saviour. *Now*, his first thought was for his father and mother, brother, and sister. He hastened to where they lived and told them of his conversion. Thinking he was joking, they all *laughed*, but when they realized that what he said was true, they *cursed* and *reviled* him. But Dan went on and *on* and the *first* person to be won for Christ was his brother. Later these two won their sisters to Christ, so all the children were converted. One day Dan went into the kitchen, threw his arms around his mother's neck and said, "Mother,

don't you think it is time you gave your heart to Christ ? ” At once she knelt down, and her son Dan pointed her to the Saviour. Rising up she *kissed* him, saying, “ What are we going to do about your father ? We must tell him.” They went together to the room where he was sitting smoking his pipe. Dan told his father what had happened to his mother, but he flew into a towering passion, and moving toward his son, said, “ Get out of that door before I kill you.” Dan turned and kissed his mother, and as he turned to go, his father said, “ Get out of that door, and never come back till I *send* for you ; if you do, I will curse you in *this* life, and I will curse your soul in the life to come.” “ I will go,” said Dan, “ but there is *one* thing you *cannot* do, you cannot prevent me from praying for you till you *do* send for me.”

One day, when Dan was in the pit, an urgent message came to him. It was from his brother : “ Father dying ; calling for *you*, come at once ! ” Dan prayed : “ O God, keep my father alive till I get to him.” Being allowed to leave the pit, he hurried to his father's home. His brother greeted him with the words, “ The old man is nearly gone.” Dan's mother awaiting him, said, “ Come my son, your father cannot last long.” Entering the bed-chamber, they found him fighting for his breath. Seeing Dan, he said, “ Come, my boy, pray for me before I die.” Dan prayed that God would save his father's soul and take him to Himself. The old man's head fell on Dan's shoulder, and he said in a *soft* voice, “ I always knew you were right Dan,

*good-bye, my boy,"* and he fell asleep. So *all* the family were saved.

How this story, or example, confirms Paul's message to the jailer at Philippi: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved, and thy *house*" (Acts xvi. 31).

In John i. 41, 42, we read, "Andrew first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, we have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus." At once an ardent desire begotten for others. How can anyone who is saved be happy unless the salvation of others is sought? This is Christ-like; *He* came to *seek* and to *SAVE* the lost.

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave!  
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of JESUS, the MIGHTY to save.

*Coventry.*

E. MAYO.

## JESUS !

I know in this world that is sunk in shame,  
How hearts oft faint and tire ;  
But I know of a Name, a precious Name,  
That can set the heart on fire :  
Its sound is sweet—how great its fame!  
I know of a Name—Oh, precious Name !  
'TIS JESUS !

I know of a Book, a wonderful Book,  
With a message for all who hear ;  
And the same blest Name, His wonderful Name,  
Illumines its pages clear :  
That Book is God's Word, its message I've  
heard ;  
I know of a Name—most precious Name !  
'TIS JESUS !

**A LIGHT WANTED**

**I**T is a law of nature that what you do not use you lose. The faculty that God gave you, and gives every person when he is born, will surely diminish and wither away if not used, and there will come a time when you will long to perceive and believe, but, alas ! it may be too late !

I heard of a collector of stalactites who was informed of some wonderful specimens to be had in one of the mammoth caves of Kentucky, but access was both difficult and highly dangerous. Like many another enthusiast he determined to have a try. He tied a cord to a stake outside the cave, and with a light made his way in, paying out the cord as he went along. On reaching his objective and the sight of such specimens, he put down his light, and laid aside his cord, and was hard at it making his collection. In his excitement he kicked over his light and extinguished it. His continued absence soon alarmed his friends, and search was made, but it was not for some considerable time that the stake outside the cave, and the cord leading into the cave, indicated where he was. The searchers followed the cord into the cave until they came to the spot where the extinguished light lay, and there they found the decomposing corpse of their friend, and his outstretched fingers only a few inches away from the end of the cord, that which would have guided him to the daylight and safety. They could trace the marks where he had crawled groping in the dark ; round and round the cave, searching for the cord. He

groped in vain. How eagerly he must have searched, but he could not find it! How he must have bewailed his carelessness, but that availed him nothing! He perished. What he wanted was a light, that would show him his line; without it, he was helpless.

And what is your condition, dear reader? For what are you seeking? Happiness? Where has it led you? People are all busily engaged to-day, and are all seeking their own way to accomplish what they think will satisfy them. "Give me pleasure," cries the youth of the day. "Leave me to my books and research," says the student. "Let me work, and build up a business," says the man of commerce. "Let us try and educate the masses and bring in social reform, raise the standard of life," promises the politician. "Turn over a new leaf, and try and lead a better life," admonishes the religionist, and so on. But all this is groping in the dark, for the light has been lost (extinguished if you like), both by man's carelessness and indifference. No amount of good resolutions for the future is going to give you the life-line of salvation. If you are to be saved, and that is the object of this warning, it is not going to be as the result of your groping, bewailing, or hopes for the future, but entirely on help and salvation from the outside. The rescuers came from the outside in the incident we have recorded, but they came too late. We have a Saviour who has wrought a work entirely apart from us altogether, it is not a work in you, but its blessing is that it is *for* you, and He is the alone One who can come into the

dark cavern of selfwill where you have been groping so long, with the means, and, not only that, the power to give you the salvation which you so sorely stand in need of. He says: "I am the Light of the world: He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John viii. 12). Do not depend on your own endeavours; your fingers will never grasp the cord that will lead you to salvation or safety. You are doomed unless you take the outstretched hand of the Saviour, and that a Saviour who has the power to remove you from the place of distance and danger where your own thoughtless, perhaps, but nevertheless, selfwill and disobedience has placed you. The Lord Jesus Christ has come so near to man, with just what we are all in need of, but, remember, what you may be at present refusing, He was prepared to die to secure. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3). You do not mean to refuse it, but the word is "neglect," and whoever continues to maintain that attitude of soul, closes the only way of escape that is open for him in Christ.

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

*Liverpool.*

J. G. MATHISON.

The Person of Christ strikes eloquence dumb to describe Him. Before His radiance the brilliance of the sun is dimmed.—C.H.S.

## THE POWER AND ATTRACTIVENESS OF THE NAME OF JESUS

**S**OMEWHAT depressed after a long and tedious business tour in the North of England, a gentleman boarded a train at Lime Street Station, Liverpool, on his homeward journey to London.

During the train journey he got into conversation with a fellow passenger. After briefly speaking of matters in general, he commenced speaking of the Lord Jesus, as the One who had been rejected by the world and crucified. To his great surprise, the stranger's face lit up immediately, and from a full heart he exclaimed, "*Now you have touched the spot,*" and proceeded to extol the virtues of that precious Name—the Name of JESUS !

The remainder of their journey was taken up with this most wonderful theme, but, alas! the journey too soon came to an end. Kindred spirits had to part—never to meet again in this world maybe, but, having experienced together the holy joy and liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free, they could look forward, without a cloud, to that "world to come," where Christ is the Centre and the Sun, as expressed in the following beautiful lines :—

"If here on earth the thoughts of JESU'S love  
Lift our poor hearts this weary world above ;  
If even here the taste of heav'nly springs  
So cheers the spirit that the pilgrim sings ;—



“What will the sunshine of His glory prove!  
 What the unmingled fulness of His love!  
 What hallelujahs will His presence raise!  
 What but one loud eternal burst of praise!”

Does not the foregoing incident indicate the wonderful power and attractiveness of the Name of JESUS, in divinely drawing together two of His beloved people hitherto unknown to each other? Does the reader know anything of this? If not, it is open for you to do so. The voice of JESUS is still calling: “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Yield, if you have not already done so, to *love divine*, and eternal blessing will be yours!

“I came to JESUS, as I was,  
 Weary, and worn, and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.”

H. R. HELLYER.

## WATCH!

(Mark xiii. 35.)

**W**ATCH! . . . ye know not when the Master  
 of the house cometh,

**A**t even, or at midnight, or at the  
 cockcrowing, or in

**T**he morning: lest

**C**oming suddenly

**H**e find you sleeping.

S. J. B. C.

**“ FORGIVEN ! ”**

(1 John ii. 12).

**N**OT far from New York, in a cemetery lone,  
 Close guarding its grave, stands a simple  
 headstone,  
 And all the inscription is one word alone—  
 “ Forgiven ! ”

No sculptor’s fine art hath embellished its form,  
 But constantly there through the calm and the  
 storm,  
 It beareth this word from a poor fallen worm—  
 “ Forgiven ! ”

It shows not the date of the silent one’s birth,  
 Reveals not his frailties, nor lies of his worth,  
 But speaks out the tale from his few feet of  
 earth—  
 “ Forgiven ! ”

The death is unmentioned, the name is untold,  
 Beneath lies the body, corrupted and cold,  
 Above rests his spirit, at home in the fold—  
 “ Forgiven ! ”

And when, from the heavens, the Lord shall  
 descend,  
 This stranger shall rise and to glory ascend,  
 Well known and befriended, to sing without end—  
 “ Forgiven ! ”

## ARE YOUR SINS FORGIVEN ?

**L**ISTEN to Paul the Apostle : “ Through this Man (Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses ” (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

\* \* \* \*

Listen also to the Apostle Peter : “ To Him (Jesus) give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins ” (Acts x. 43).

\* \* \* \*

David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, “ Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin ” (Rom. iv. 6–8).

\* \* \* \*

“ Without shedding of blood is no remission ” (Heb. ix. 22).

\* \* \* \*

“ We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace ” (Eph. i. 7).

\* \* \* \*

*Are your sins forgiven ?*

\* \* \* \*

“ Are there not with you, *even with you*, sins against the Lord your God ? ” (2 Chron. xxviii. 10.)

## "HE SAID IT"

**N**APOLEON, while reviewing his troops on one occasion in Paris, let the reins fall on his horse's neck. Before he could recover them the high-spirited animal started off at a mad gallop.

Seeing the Emperor's predicament, a private soldier left the ranks, stopped the frightened horse, and handed the reins to Napoleon.

As he did so, Napoleon said, "Much obliged to you, Captain." "Of what Regiment?" answered the soldier. Napoleon was so pleased with the soldier's belief of his word that he replied, "Of my Guards."

Acknowledging the Emperor's orders with an Officer's salute the soldier, without returning to the ranks laid down his gun saying, "Let him take it who will," and proceeded to the Officers' Quarters.

Not being acquainted with what had taken place, one of the Generals, amazed at the soldier's apparent rudeness and disobedience of orders, asked, "What does this fellow want?"

"This fellow," replied the soldier, "is Captain of the Emperor's Guards." "You, my poor fellow, are mad to say so," answered the General. "*He* said it," answered the soldier, pointing to Napoleon, who was still within sight.

Very respectfully the General replied, "I beg your pardon, sir, I was not aware of it." So the soldier took his position as "Captain" of the Emperor's Guards, according to Napoleon's word.

Now, just as this soldier honoured Napoleon by believing and acting implicitly on his word, so God wants each one of us to honour Him.

If between men who may fail and often do fail, we have instances of such implicit trust, how much more should it be so with God, who never has and never will fail anyone who relies on His word.

Such faith as this was commended by the Lord during His sojourn here. If you open your Bible and read Luke vii. 1-10, you will find the incident of the centurion who sent a message to Jesus that his servant whom he loved was sick.

Jesus, the great Physician, was moved by the appeal of the messengers and was returning with them to the centurion's house, when some friends, sent by the centurion with another message, met Jesus.

This message was, "Lord, trouble not Thyself: for I am not worthy that Thou shouldest enter under my roof: Wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee: but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed."

The centurion's message goes on to tell why a word is sufficient. "I also am a man set under authority, having, under me soldiers, and I say unto one, 'Go,' and he goeth; and to another, 'Come,' and he cometh; and to my servant, 'Do this,' and he doeth it."

Both Matthew and Mark state that the Lord "taught as One **HAVING AUTHORITY**, and not as the scribes" (Matt. vii. 29, Mark i. 22). The centurion recognized the **AUTHORITY** of

the Lord, an authority of such a character that commands implicit obedience.

This authority none could gainsay or withstand. The Lord marvelled at such a faith as this, and when the messengers returned they found that the sick servant had recovered.

Oh! sin-sick soul, there is One standing near who has authority and power to heal you, One whose compassionate heart is longing and ready to bless you as you read these words.

To the man in Luke v. 20, He said, "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee." To the woman in Luke vii. 48-50, He said, "Thy sins are forgiven," also, "Thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace."

The soldier in our story accepted the word of Napoleon and acted on it, because he knew that Napoleon spoke with authority, and he received the rank of "Captain."

The Centurion's servant got healing as a result of the Lord's word, for He speaks with authority.

Think of the immensity of the blessing He proposes for *you*! Observe that it is not a mere fleeting happiness, but a forgiveness and happiness which abides for ever. The Lord says, "Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

"*He said it,*" was sufficient for the soldier and General in our story. For the Lord to say "a word" was sufficient for the centurion, yea, has been sufficient for countless thousands upon thousands amongst whom through grace the writer has his place.

Reader, I most earnestly and lovingly beseech

you, let His work and His word be sufficient for you and honour God *NOW* by implicitly believing in Jesus.

“ Be it known unto you therefore . . . that through this Man (Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins : and by Him all that *believe* are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses ” (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

“ Wilt thou yield to love’s entreaty ?  
Can’st thou turn away  
From the God who marks thy goings  
Every day ?

“ From sins’ burden He would free thee,  
Satisfy thy heart ;  
And with love’s embrace receive thee,  
As thou art.”

T. HOLLIDAY.

*Toronto.*

## DESTITUTION

How dark the heart that never, never knew  
The love and sunshine of the Saviour’s face !  
How poor the soul that never, never drew  
From the rich storehouse of His boundless grace !

How blind the eye that never saw the need  
Of flying to the Saviour’s arms for rest ;  
That cannot, in His precious merits, read  
A full expression of the Father’s “ best ” !

GEO. CUTTING.

**A WARNING VOICE**

**V**ISITORS to the Castle of Chillon in Switzerland are shown the great dungeon with its vaulted roof, supported by stone columns, to which prisoners, in bygone days, were chained ; the one with its iron ring to which Bonivard was fastened for six long dreary years, and the foot-prints left by him on the solid rock upon which he walked the length of his chain are pointed out ; the sloping rock upon which prisoners condemned to die passed their last night is still there, and the chamber of torture, too, with the stake to which those who refused to own to guilt imputed to them were bound and branded with red-hot irons to extort from them information required.

There is also the "Oubliette." To this dark chamber the prisoner from whom they had failed to extract confession was brought ; here he was told that he was now to go free, and that by descending the stone stairs to which he would be led he would find himself at liberty. Oh, the thrill of joy that filled his breast as the word "liberty" was uttered, the joy of being free from the dark dungeon with its chains and its burning tortures, the joy of meeting again the loved wife and little ones in their mountain home, all flashed upon him in a moment ; he scarcely knows why, but he seizes the hand of his cruel gaoler, even to wish him farewell, for his heart is full, and begins to descend the steps, one, two, three, four—no, there is no fourth, and a cry of horror arises from the unhappy victim as he finds



himself precipitated upon sharp knives fixed on the sides of this awful well-trap, for such it is, till his body, mangled and bloody, falls into the lake that lies at the foot of Chillon. Reader, there are thousands of death-chambers turned into "oubliettes" far worse, far more cruel than that at Chillon, for immortal souls unwashed in the blood of the Lamb, and thus unsaved, are deceived by Satan, the god of this world. They listen to the alluring gospels, so-called, of those who know not God, believe it, they are blinded, and they pass from time into eternity, their bodies are committed to the grave, but, ah! the horrors that await them as the man of whom we read in Luke xvi., "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." They die in their sins, alas! and now there is no hope, no hope for ever!

Dear reader, is this to be your end? In view of the realities of eternity let me warn you, let me beseech you to be reconciled to God, who is holy, who is just, into whose presence no stain of sin can ever enter, who is light, in whose presence all is exposed, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. The God against whom you have sinned in thought, word, and in deed, for every sin committed is against God. Yes, I plead with you to be reconciled to Him. But you may be ready to cry with Job, "How then can man be justified with God?" Or again, "Who then can be saved?" The answer comes from above, Job xxxiii. 24, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." And again in Luke xix. 10, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Yes, God has found a ransom, and God is satisfied with that ransom, Jesus, who died for sinners, the Just for the unjust. Will you accept Him? Yes, the Son of Man has come, and has finished, completely finished, the work of redemption alone on the cross, His blood has been shed, the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin, the blood that atones for the soul before God.

Oh, how wondrously does the love of God shine forth at the cross upon this guilty world. When the Roman soldier gave with his spear the finishing stroke of man's perfect hatred, God's answer was, "forthwith came there out blood and water!" The blood that makes atonement for the soul. Let me then beseech you to be reconciled to God, who "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).

### DOES GOD CARE FOR ME?

"**YOU** are only a unit in the great mass of creation. Look at the teeming multitudes on the face of the earth! What are *you* that the great God should trouble about you?"

So said a man to whom I was speaking of the love of God. He was rich in this world's goods; but in that he had not received the gift of God, was very poor.

His words remained with me: "*Only a unit*" — "upon the face of the earth." When I thought of the millions who still walk up and down, of

the vast numbers who have passed off this scene into an *eternity* of bliss, or of woe, I could but think, "How wonderful that the great God should care for me, a sinner who cared not for Him!"

Dear reader, are you thinking that God does not trouble about you? Ah! how mistaken you are! The One who sought the sinner at the well of Sychar, the One who had a heart of love for such as Mary Magdalene and the dying thief, is the One who cares for *you*. He died for you, having "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18). God raised Him from the dead, and He now lives in glory at God's right hand. Oh! hearken to His gracious invitation, as in love and care for your soul He says:—

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

Oh! come then to Jesus! Do not wait. Come just as you are! Come now! He is the Saviour you need. He is the proof that **GOD DOES CARE FOR YOU.**

"*God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us*" (Rom. v. 8).

"Love, only love, Thy heart inclined,  
And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind,  
Down from the throne above;  
Love made Thee here, a Man of grief,  
Distressed Thee sore for our relief,  
O mystery of love!"

## THE SINNER'S NEED HIS RECOMMENDATION

**A** FRIEND once told me the following incident in connection with a Home for destitute children.

The Superintendent was standing at the door, one bitter winter's day, when a ragged little chap came up and begged for admission.

To test him, the kind-hearted Superintendent said, "How do I know that what you say is true—have you any friends to recommend you?"

"Friends!" cried the boy, waving his hands about him, "I've no friends—if *these rags* don't recommend me, I've nothing else."

The sinner's need—his sins, his poverty, his shame—are his only recommendation to God's grace. Have you, dear reader, gone to Him thus? If you go to Him clad in your own garments of human goodness, how can He receive you thus, for "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6)? Jesus said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Luke v. 32). Go to Him then, just as you are, saying:

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

Then will He rid you of your sins, and clothe you with "a robe of righteousness"—"the righteousness which is of God" (Phil. iii. 9).

S. J. B. CARTER.

## “HOW TIME FLIES !”

**T**HIS is a remark which we hear almost every day of our lives, and no sober-minded person will deny the positive truth of such a statement.

“My days are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle,” says the Patriarch Job (chapter vii. 6). Then in the Epistle of James we read : “What is your life ? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away” (chapter iv. 14). And there are many other allusions to the brevity of our life in this world. One of great significance the psalmist was inspired to record : “The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away” (Ps. xc. 10).

Those who have lived to the allotted span, or even more, will invariably admit that it does not seem so very long since the days of their youth. Generations come and go. There have been men and women who have risen to great fame—many notable warriors, statesmen, politicians, and the like, who have attained to great prominence in this world, but they have passed off the scene, and “the place thereof knoweth them no more.”

In the light of this, may each reader of these pages pause and solemnly ask himself or herself the question, “What am *I* living for ?”

It is sorrowful to consider the vast multitudes of souls who go on day by day, month by month,

year by year, without any thought of God or the eternal welfare of their precious souls. They do not like to hear of death. Yet it intrudes upon people in every sphere of life.

The best that this world can offer is but for a moment, and even then will fail to yield satisfaction to the natural cravings of the human heart. King Solomon, who had abundant opportunity of trying everything that this world could minister to his desires, proved this more than anyone else. He says, "Whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun" (Eccles. ii.).

When the Lord Jesus was here upon earth He asked that momentous question: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36.) It would prove an incalculable loss!

But is there any hope? Is there anything lasting upon which we can rest in undisturbed repose upon which death can have no claim? There is in Christ *alone!*

Hearken to His blessed words when here upon earth:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath **EVERLASTING LIFE**, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed

from death unto life” (John v. 24). Then, again, “ 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).

Once again let us remind the reader of the flight of time. *Eternal* blessing is in the heart of God for all men, but, to be known and enjoyed, necessitates our availing ourselves of the *present* opportunity at our disposal. We may not have another ! “ Behold, *now* is the *accepted time* ; behold, *now* is the *day* of salvation ” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

“ *To-day* if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts ! ”

*Time past!*—is gone, thou canst not it recall ;  
*Time is!*—Thou hast ; improve the portion small ;  
*Time future!*—is not, to thee may never be ;  
*Time present!*—is the *only time* for thee !

A. E. BIRD.

“ **ARISE !** ”

(Micah ii. 10).

**A**RISE ye, and depart ; for this is not your  
**R**est ; because it  
**I**s polluted, it  
**S**hall destroy you,  
**E**ven with a sore destruction.

S. J. B. C.

**A MOTHER'S PRAYER**

**T**HANK God for every praying mother! Never in the world's history has the full value of the prayers of a devoted mother been told out! Many a young thoughtless soul never will know in this life what he or she owes to the prayers of a mother! How often has a mother gone on, day after day, week after week, month after month, yea, year after year, in spite of an aching, breaking heart, pleading at the throne of God's grace for the blessing, for the eternal salvation of a dearly-loved, yet wayward son or daughter.

Poor wayward girl! Poor self-willed son! Pause in the midst of that whirl of pleasure or worldly pomp that surrounds you, and think of a sorrowing mother, far away in the old home, whose heart is over-charged with unutterable grief, but who is yet, with a true, unfettered, living faith in God, prostrate before Him in humble supplication that He in tenderest mercy would save your precious soul. Is there not some tender spot still left in that heart of yours, ready to respond to the unselfish love of her own? She is praying for you! She trusts the God whose eye has never been off you since the moment you first turned to seek your own way. It may be that crushing adversity has rapidly brought you to the door of poverty, but 'tis the greater reason why you should think of your mother.

The following touching incident comes to my mind just here. A young soldier had fallen in



one of the fiercest battles of the American Civil War. His life was fast ebbing away, as the result of a great wound in his side, and this attracted the particular attention of another soldier passing at the time. Thinking the poor dying sufferer might be wanting water, or desiring to send a message home, his comrade bent down, and putting his ear close to the parched lips, heard him gasp the words :

“ Pray for me ! Oh ! pray for me ! I am dying ! ” It almost broke the heart of the listener, as he knelt there among the dead and dying on that awful battlefield, to be compelled to refuse this last request of a dying soldier, for he knew not how to pray, poor man ! Sadly and in tears, he was forced to say :

“ Comrade ! I cannot pray ; you must pray for yourself . ”

A hopeless look of despair clouded the face of the dying youth for a moment ; then he closed his eyes, and his lips moved in prayer. The listener heard these touching words :

“ Oh ! God, hear mother's prayer ! Oh ! God, answer mother's prayer ! ”

A moment after, a look of sweetest peace came over his face. He opened his eyes once more ; his lips parted, and he calmly said :

“ Jesus ! Jesus ! My Lord ! ” And then passed into the presence of Him whom he had just learnt to know, through his mother's prayers, as his Lord and Saviour. The other walked away, an exercised soul, and, one trusts, he soon found the same joy that his dying comrade had found.

Dear wayward sinner, if a mother's love is so great, how great must be the love of God, who "spared not His Own Son, but delivered Him up for us all" (Rom. viii. 32)!—delivered Him to die a sacrifice for sin upon Calvary's cross, to shed His precious blood which "cleanseth from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

### TO-DAY, OR TO-MORROW ?

**T**HERE is an old saying with which we are all familiar—"Procrastination is the thief of time." Putting off until to-morrow what can be done to-day, may result in serious loss, or consequences ever to be regretted. If this is so in matters connected with time, how much more important when divine things are in question! "*Boast not thyself of to-morrow,*" said wise King Solomon, "*for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth*" (Prov. xxvii. 1).

Is the reader putting off till to-morrow what God would have you do to-day? He is offering you a full and free salvation, without money and without price. He is offering you forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among those that are sanctified by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts xxvi. 18); He is waiting to welcome to His loving heart and home every sinner who returns in repentance to Him (see Luke xv. 11-24). He is waiting to bestow infinitely more than we can tell, or our pen describe; When?—To-morrow? No, *To-day!* declaring, "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor vi. 2). The Apostle James (chap. iv. 14) solemnly

warns those who plan to go here or there, and buy and sell, and get gain; saying, "*Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.*" Is the enemy of your soul whispering in your ear "to-morrow," when God is saying "to-day"? To-morrow may find you shut out forever from that which is within your reach to-day, and find you among those who stand knocking outside the closed door, saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are. Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets. But He shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from Me, all ye workers of iniquity" (Luke xiii. 25-27).

Someone wrote the following lines on the procrastinator; God grant they may not be true of you!

"To-morrow, he promised his conscience;  
 To-morrow I mean to believe;  
 To-morrow I'll think as I ought to;  
 To-morrow my Saviour receive;  
 To-morrow I'll conquer that habit  
 That holds me from heaven away."  
 But ever his conscience repeated  
 One word, and one only—'To-day.'  
 'To-morrow,' 'To-morrow,' 'To-morrow,'—  
 Thus day after day it went on;  
 'To-morrow,' 'To-morrow,' 'To-morrow,'—  
 Till youth like a vision was gone:  
 Till age and his passions had written  
 The message of fate on his brow;  
 And forth from the shadows came death,  
 With the pitiless syllable, 'NOW!'"

## A DEBT OF BASE INGRATITUDE

**I**N the heart of the Western Highlands, some miles north of Oban, there is a wild mountainous glen, known as the Pass of Glencoe.

In the year 1692 the inhabitants of this glen were ruthlessly massacred by a regiment of soldiers, who, for a fortnight, had been hospitably entertained by the Clan. Indeed, their leader was murdered in the very act of rising to get refreshment for his visitors. To make the situation worse, deep snows covered the Pass, and many who escaped the sword perished in the snow-clad mountains. Many, since then, have expressed astonishment and horror at such awful cruelty.

Yet, fearful as was the massacre of Glencoe, it pales into insignificance compared with the rejection and crucifixion of the Son of God at Calvary. He came in purest love into this dark world of sin and woe, and His life of lowly grace shed a halo of light and blessing wherever He went. His gracious words in the Synagogue of Nazareth, at the commencement of His public service, show clearly the purpose of His wonderful mission to this world: "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" (Luke iv. 18, 19). Yet He was counted only worthy of

the most ignominious death that man could devise—death by crucifixion.

“ Ah ! ” you say, perhaps, “ that happened a long time ago. Had I been there, I should not have been against Him.”

But what of to-day ? That heart-searching question addressed by the blessed Saviour to the Pharisees, still applies to each individual in this day :—

**“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?”**

Oh ! that every reader of these pages may consider this momentous question solemnly and soberly, for upon our answer to it, hangs our eternal destiny ! How sad that so many live for years indifferent to His gracious claims, yet living on His mercies all the time !

For two whole weeks the perpetrators of the cruel deed at Glencoe had received kindness from those they ruthlessly slaughtered. But one short fortnight was not the limit of the Saviour’s bountiful kindness to men, when Jesus was here ; nor has it been the limit of His kindness since He rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. For nearly two thousand years since then He has patiently waited to be gracious ! He is waiting still ! The Gospel of God’s grace has been preached in this world by His special command ; and whilst it does not hide the truth of man’s sinful condition, it presents Christ as His great remedy to meet it, and proclaims a gracious welcome to all who care to receive Him as the Saviour of sinners.

Once again, we would inquire, What is your

attitude towards Christ? He died to save you. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

J. R—D.

## MAN'S WAY AND GOD'S WAY

**I** FEEL sure that we are all familiar with the meaning attached to the word *way*. It has many forms of use in the daily routine of our earthly lives. We have often heard persons saying, "Which *way* are you going?" "It is not *that way*, but *this way*."

But it is more particularly in the *moral* sense that one would request your serious attention. As a matter of fact, there are only *two* ways pointed out in the scriptures, regarded in this moral setting! viz., "the *right way* and the *wrong way*"; "the *broad way* and the *narrow way*."

We read in Genesis. vi. 12, "For *all* flesh had *corrupted* His way (God's way) upon the earth." What a reflection! *All* flesh. How soon God's enemy, Satan, began to do his wicked and deadly work against God and His creatures. Jude writes, "they have gone in the *way of Cain*." Cain's way was a dreadful way, and alas, he has had a numerous following! What a verse is this in Isaiah lv. 7: "Let the wicked *forsake* his way," because "man's ways are not God's ways." Job tells us of those that know not the

*ways* of light (Job xxiv. 13). "The way of the *wicked* is as darkness" (Prov. iv. 19). In John iii. 19, the Lord Himself said, "men loved *darkness* rather than light." Is this not a solemn pronouncement? Why is it so? "Because their deeds were evil." Surely "the way of transgressors is *hard*." I could continue quoting many more passages wherein the *ways* of men are referred to; and their goings, *all* of which are diametrically opposite to the ways of *God*. The prophet Samuel said to the people: "I will teach you the *good* and the *right* way." In the moral and spiritual realm, the *right* way is *upward*, and the *wrong* way is *downward*, yes, always and ever *downward*.

The Pharisees in endeavouring to entangle the Lord in His speech exclaimed: "Master! we know that Thou art *true*, and teacheth the *way* of *God* in truth." Though stated with guile, it was nevertheless *the truth*, and not only so, for He *is* the *Truth*, as also the *Way*; yes, truly, the *way* to God, the way to the Father, the *only* way to lasting peace, and abiding happiness. I wonder whether all *Joyful Message* readers have bowed in heart to what Isaiah wrote in chap. liii. 6, "We have turned *every one* to his *own way*." Can you say, "Teach me Thy way O Lord"? If you thus desire, the Lord will gladly do it. For the Psalmist says, "The *meek* will He teach *His way*." Would that we all would say, "I *hate* every *false* way, and choose God's way which is *perfect*."

I will now relate an incident which occurred in a large Midland town a few years ago. I can

vouch for the truth of it. An earnest young man, very enthusiastic, was studying to become a Buddhist priest. He was connected with a Spiritist company. At the time about which I write an evangelistic mission was being held in the largest hall in the town. On one of the Sunday evenings he said to a fellow Spiritist, "Come and let us go and hear what this preacher has to say." They did so. The preacher's text was, "There is a *way* which seemeth right unto a man, but the *end* thereof are the *ways* of death." As the preacher proceeded with his subject, a remarkable work of grace was being performed in that young man's soul. The Spirit of God was truly operating in him, and producing deep conviction and repentance. The light of God shining in revealed that he was in the *wrong* way. On leaving the hall he inquired of the door-keeper the address where the preacher was staying. Having secured this, he felt he must go and have a talk with him. He at once sought out the house in which the preacher was staying. Knocking at the door it was quickly answered, but he was told that the gentleman had not arrived yet, as he was remaining behind to a prayer meeting, but would not be very long. He walked about, up and down until ten o'clock, and then made a second call, in a somewhat bewildered state of mind. This time the preacher answered the door, and the young man stated that he had been greatly impressed by his address and would like a personal talk, but as the hour was late, he would call another evening. "No, *no*," said the preacher, "come in *now*." The moments were



fraught with a startling remark by the preacher, "Do you know, sir, that I was looking at you, and preaching at you the whole of the time"? This was God's doing and marvellous in their eyes. That young man was soundly converted that night, completely delivered from Spiritism and Satan's power. He became a whole-hearted servant of Christ, serving Him fearlessly both by voice and pen. There are many other interesting things concerning him I could relate, but space forbids.

Dear unsaved reader, "Turn ye, *turn ye*, for why will ye die?" Leave the *way* of darkness and death, and enter at once (yea, as you read) the *way* of life and light. "That *way* is *upward* still." The Lord Jesus waits to enclose you in His welcoming arms of love. He wants you; He died to save you. Will you let Him? What say you? Let it be, "Yes, I will trust Thee, Lord Jesus, as my Saviour, and I will do it now." Heaven will rejoice, and your heart and life will be filled with joy unspeakable.

"Though your wayward feet have wandered far,  
And you're deeply sunk in sin,  
Yet in *patient* grace now the Saviour waits,  
Your weary heart to *win*."

"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!'"

Coventry.

E. MAYO.

Confidence in God and self-distrust are sure companions.—R. C. C.

## THE WELL OF ETERNAL SATISFACTION

**W**HEN walking through a country lane in the heart of Cornwall recently the writer saw a well on the side of the road from which water could be drawn by means of a tap. Passing over the road to make a closer inspection the well was seen to bear the following inscription :—

### MARY'S WELL.

**“ Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ”** (John iv. 13, 14).

The words quoted were addressed by the Lord Jesus to a poor woman of Samaria who had gone to draw water at the well of Sychar. She had, no doubt, drawn from that well many times, but her supplies having run out, she had returned to draw again and again. What a picture of the human heart this is—ever craving for satisfaction, ever seeking fresh resources to satisfy its desires, yet never satisfied!

What a day it was in this woman's history when she met the Lord Jesus for the first time, and listened to His wonderful proposal that *He* had water which would for ever quench the thirst of every one who drinks! How different from this world's pleasures, which leave the heart empty and void and still longing for more! Should this little article meet the eye of one who has never yet drunk of this water, let me hasten

to tell you it is found alone in the Lord Jesus Christ. By Him the grace of God is flowing in a living stream from the very heart of God Himself; it brings to the one who turns to God in repentance, the knowledge of His forgiveness, the assurance of His reception, and the light and warmth of His love. This has all been made possible in virtue of the precious death and resurrection of Jesus. Having borne sin's penalty, and broken the power of death, He now lives a glorified Saviour at God's right hand, and waits to bless everyone who comes to God by Him. This was the theme of the great apostle of the Gentiles, the Apostle Paul, in speaking to the Elders of the Church at Ephesus: "I kept back nothing that was profitable to you . . . testifying both to the Jews and also to the Greeks repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21). This wonderful stream of divine grace is flowing towards us so that every empty or aching heart may open itself to receive it, just as the flower opens to receive the light and warmth of the summer sun! Dear reader, have you received it? If not, do so now. Turn to God without delay, and, as you own you are a sinner before Him, and accept Christ as your Saviour, you will drink into this wonderful tide of divine grace.

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

## BOUND BY HIS OWN CHAIN

**I**T is told of a famous blacksmith of mediæval times, that, having been taken prisoner and immured in a dungeon, he thought of escaping, and began to examine the chain that bound him in the hope of discovering some flaw that might make it easier to be broken. But his hope was vain, for he found, from marks upon it, that it was *one of his own workmanship!* And it had always been his boast that none could ever break a chain that he had forged; and now he had the proof; for it was *his own chain that bound him!*

And this is the case with all who discover that they are under sin's bondage. Directly there is in any of us a move Godward, and a consequent desire for deliverance, we find that our own lusts, our own sins, are our fetters. How solemn for souls to wake up in eternity to find that, by their own works and their own words, they are doomed to condemnation! Every such soul will have to justify God, and own that his crimes merit God's judgment.

But why not face the matter now in this "the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). In Romans vii. 24, the apostle speaks of a soul in bondage, crying, "Who shall deliver me?" He supplies the only true answer: "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vii. 25).

The Gospel testimony still being rendered in this day tells of a Saviour whom God has provided, a Deliverer, for all who, in this world, find themselves self-condemned through their own sin and folly, and confess it to Him.

The work of the Lord Jesus Christ is God's only answer to man's cry of need ; and all who trust Him get the deliverance. The precious atoning blood of Jesus righteously opens the way for the blessing of all who come to God through Him.

May the reader know the blessedness of which the Psalmist speaks : " Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

L. O. LABETT.

## WHAT IS YOUR LIFE-AIM ?

*" For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."*  
*Phil. 1, 21.*

" For me to live is——" ? Answer, friend what is it ?  
For some 'tis fame ;  
For others sin or wealth, or passing pleasure ;  
Where is man's heart, there is his one chief treasure.  
'Tis well, while there is time, to weigh and measure  
Thy life's real aim ;  
For in the Great Assize, when God shall visit,  
In praise or blame,  
" According to their works," what shall it say—  
The answer of thy life, in that last day ?  
For thee will death be loss,  
Eternal shame ?  
Or gain—through Calvary's Cross  
And Jesus' name ?  
" For me to live is——" ?  
" To die is——" ?  
What shall the answer be ?

## HEAVEN'S JOY

**W**ILL it be the glory bright  
 Of those realms of endless light  
 Street all paved with crystal gold ?  
 Gates of pearl, of price untold ?  
 Harps, and thrones, and diadems,  
 Palaces and costly gems ?  
 No more sorrow, grief or pain—  
 Meetings ne'er to part again—  
 Eyes undimmed by any tear—  
 Peace unruffled by a fear ?  
 All, and more than this is given,  
 But 'tis not the joy of heaven.

One there is, and One alone,  
 Ev'ry ransomed saint will own  
 As the central fount of bliss ;  
 Heaven were empty without this.  
 Jesus, Lamb of God, Thou art  
 Now the centre of my heart :  
 While by faith Thy face I see,  
 While I live and feed on Thee,  
 E'en in this sad, weary waste,  
 Thou the *joy of joys* shalt be  
 Of my heaven's eternity.

J. G. D.

## THE DANGER OF DELAY

**A**T the close of an open-air preaching one  
 Lord's Day evening, in a town in the  
 north of England, a man who had been listening  
 intently, approached the writer, and said : " God  
 has been speaking to me to-night, and I must

do something, because this is the third time He has spoken to me. The first time was when I was in Africa, in charge of a plantation. One day a black boy was sitting under a tree reading a book, and he said to me, 'Massa, can you tell me the meaning of this word I have read in this little book?'

"I looked at the boy, then he showed me the book—it was a New Testament—and the word the meaning of which he inquired was '*faith*.' But I could not tell him, for, although I had been brought up in a so-called Christian country, I had not read the Bible. I felt at that time that God was speaking to me.

"The next time I felt that God was speaking, was on one occasion when I picked up a piece of paper to put in the fire. As I picked it up my eye caught sight of a part of a verse of a hymn :

'Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.'

"I heard the voice of God then, and now I have heard it again to-night in the preaching—I can not get away from it."

I said to him : "What are you going to do about it? God has spoken to you, and He speaks 'once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not' (Job xxxiii. 14). Are you going to hearken to His voice, for it may be the last time you will hear Him speak in grace?"

One spoke to him of the Saviour, who was able to meet the need of his soul, and implored him not to trifle any longer. But, alas! the

man said he wanted to wait a little longer before making a decision, because he went in for certain things, and he did not want to give them up.

I had a further talk with him, and promised him I would call for him the following Lord's Day and take him to the Gospel meeting, if he would leave me his address. When I called for him, he told me he had no time to spare. I left him with a further word of warning, but have never heard of him since. Ah! can it be that he had listened to the Gospel message and refused it for the last time? How solemn to be so near the blessing and yet miss it for ever! The elder son of Luke xv. "drew nigh to the house, and he heard music and dancing," and though entreated with to enter, "*he would not go in.*"

How solemn to trifle! God is exceedingly gracious, but He "is not mocked." He has said: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man" (Gen. vi. 3).

"Almost persuaded," has been the position of many, many souls, "almost saved, but lost."

May you, dear reader, no longer resist the Holy Spirit's pleadings, but turn now in "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xx. 21).

"God's house is filling fast,  
 Yet there is room!  
 Some guest will be the last,  
 Yet there is room!  
 Yes; soon salvation's day  
 To you may pass away;  
 Then grace no more will say,  
 Yet there is room!"



## CHRIST HAS DONE IT ALL!

**S**EVERAL years ago I was staying in a village near to the Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire border. Returning after a meeting one evening, the Christian with whom I was staying told me of an old man in the village who was very ill and apparently dying. The writer resolved to visit him and walked across to the cottage where he lived. The outside of the cottage was attractive, set in homely, picturesque surroundings, which only served to intensify the scene of discomfort and squalor within. The old man was sitting, with a stick in his hand, in a chair in a corner of an old-fashioned fireplace. He was alone at the moment and shouted, "Come in!" in answer to a knock on the partly opened door. After a few general remarks the writer addressed him as follows:—

"Mr. H——, you know you are very ill, and your time here may be very short. Do you know the love and power of the One who has been through death, and who lives triumphantly—a risen Saviour?"

He lifted his stick and struck the ground, saying sharply: "I am doing the will of God on earth as it is in heaven."

It was an unexpected, somewhat startling answer, and yet how expressive of what is common to so many of us!—"I am doing."

Lovingly and seriously he was spoken to of the Lord Jesus, who He was, and what *He had done*, and how futile all our poor efforts are to

obtain salvation. He listened to what was said, but when I had finished he brought his stick heavily to the ground again, saying, "I have told you—*I am doing* the will of God on earth as it is in heaven."

With a heavy heart I returned to my lodging, and retired for the night, committing the dying man to Him who had, indeed, done all that the poor guilty sinner needed for salvation.

In the morning I was told that Mr. H—— had passed a restless night and had continually asked about me. Immediately after breakfast another visit was paid to the cottage—the old man being found in just the same place. From his remarks in the night the hope was cherished that some arrow of conviction had entered his heart, for between the visits I had learned something of his sinful life. It was, therefore, rather a shock to be greeted, the moment the door was opened, with exactly the same words as before: "*I am doing,*" etc. What could I say?

Just at that moment the cottage door opened, and the writer's child, who at that time was a little boy of some five or six years, came into the room in search of his father. Looking at the old man, and then at the young child—the thought came to one that if the old man's heart was to be reached it must be reached simply as would the heart of a child. And so the sweet, attractive story of Jesus and His love in dying for poor, guilty sinners, was told in a simple way, as helped of God, taking nothing for granted—speaking as to a child.

The tears began to flow down the old man's hardened face, and at last the stick was raised again. His lips opened—what will he say? Is it still the old tale of "*doing*"? No, thank God! the simple story, under the hand of God, had had the desired effect.

"I've got it, sir—I've got it!"

"What have you got?"

"It comes back to me in a verse I heard on my mother's knee as a child":—

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

The dull, uninviting interior of the cottage seemed lighted from heaven. Truly there was joy in heaven over one repentant sinner. (Luke xv. 10.) Very soon after this the old man passed into the presence of the Saviour, who from the cross had said, "It is finished." Dear reader, have you felt the power of the glorious gospel story? How beautifully it tells of His preciousness—His birth—His life—His holy movements—His gracious words—His mighty acts—His sorrow in Gethsemane—His precious, triumphant death—His glorious rising again—His present place of exaltation in heaven.

Are *you* relying upon your own "*doing*"—your good life—your good deeds—even your religion—or are you, through mercy, relying upon the *finished* work of Christ upon Calvary? Listen to the words of Scripture:—

"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom v. 6).  
"To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him

that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness " (Rom. iv. 5).

" Cast your deadly *doing* down—  
Down at Jesus' feet ;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Gloriously complete !

" ' *It is finished!*' Yes, indeed !  
Finished every jot ;  
Sinner ! this is *all* you need,  
Tell me, is it not ? "

*Walsall.*

F. A. HUGHES.

## THE BELIEVER'S FINALITY

(Revelation xxii.)

" **A**ND there shall be no more curse"—  
*perfect blessing.*

" But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it"—*perfect government.*

" And His servants shall serve Him"—*perfect service.*

" And they shall see His face"—*perfect contemplation.*

" And His name shall be in their foreheads"—*perfect representation.*

" And there shall be no night there"—*perfect glory.*

" And they shall reign for ever and for ever"—*perfect reward.*

Reader, have you such a prospect ?

S. J. B. CARTER.

**TIME IS SHORT**

**T**IME is short. (1 Cor. vii. 29.)

**I**T is time to seek the Lord. (Hosea x. 12.)

**M**Y days are swifter than a post. (Job ix. 25.)

**E**VEN to-day is my complaint bitter. (Job xxiii. 2.)

**I**T is high time to awake out of sleep. (Rom. xiii. 11.)

**S**EEK ye the Lord while He may be found. (Isa. lv. 6.)

**S**URELY I come quickly. (Rev. xxii. 20.)

**H**OW long have I to live? (2 Sam. xix. 34.)

**O** SATISFY us early with Thy mercy. (Ps. xc. 14.)

**R**EMEMBER how short my time is. (Ps. lxxxix. 47.)

**T**O-DAY if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts. (Heb. iii. 7, 8.)

## HAVE YOU FACED THE OTHER SIDE ?

TWO friends were quietly walking through a magnificent park, when a young gentleman on horseback rode past.

"That youth, if he live," remarked one of them, "will come into possession of the whole of this wealthy estate at his father's death!"

Now such a fact, no doubt, would be of very great importance to the rightful heir. But its importance would fade into utter insignificance, if he had the courage and wisdom to look at it in the light of an honest answer to one intensely personal question.

They tell me, he might say, that I shall come into all this vast fortune at my father's death. But this piece of information only reminds me of another thing. *My* turn to leave will certainly come!

*Who can tell me what I shall come into at my own death?*

Such a question would clearly indicate that, to him, *facing the other side* was a deeply important matter?

It was, no doubt, in view of having a satisfactory answer to this all-important question, that an aged Christian was able, some years ago, to send the answer he did to the demand of the Income Tax assessors respecting his affairs. The following is a copy of the original:—

"Gentlemen,

"You desire a knowledge of my annual income. It amounts to very little, namely, £7 16s. per

annum, or 8s. weekly, which I have been receiving for these past eight years ; and for that amount am very thankful.

“ But my *heavenly* income is considerably greater ! Indeed, it is so great, that it's past my calculation. And it's an *eternal* inheritance, ordered in all things and sure.

“ It consists of *peace, joy, and hope.*

“ A *peace* which passeth all understanding.

“ A *hope* which assures the prospect of heaven, and Eternal Life.

“ A *joy* which is unspeakable and full of glory.

“ Having passed my eighty-eighth birthday, I expect soon to take possession.

“ I remain, Gentlemen,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ S. A.”

With what peaceful, joyful satisfaction was this dear old pilgrim facing the other side !

But some reader may say, what of those who have *great* fortunes to leave ?

The same question looks *every* man in the face. All that a man possesses here is only a *temporary* holding.

The youth that takes his master's money to the bank may be given to understand before he starts, that the bag he carries contains cheques to a very large amount. On his way there he may foolishly boast to other boys of the immense wealth he possesses. But when he crosses the threshold of the bank, his boasting has to cease ; for he has really only been entrusted as far as the bank with the property of *another* ; and will be held strictly responsible for every bit of it.

So with the richest that ever lived. When he comes to the threshold of the door of exit from this world, and crosses it into another, if earthly wealth be *all* that he possesses he is poor indeed, for he is leaving it all behind him. "Without Christ" he is not "rich toward God." It is evident that the well-known millionaire, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, believed this. In making his will, he expressed his earnest solicitude for the *true* welfare of his children, beyond anything that their share in his five millions sterling could do for him.

Three days before he paid his last visit to Europe, in a document dated Jan. 4th of that year, he left a message to his children which begins with the following striking words:—

"I commit my soul into the hands of my Saviour, full of confidence that, having redeemed it, and washed it with His most precious blood, He will present it faultless before the throne of my heavenly Father."

"I entreat my children to maintain and defend at all hazards, and at any cost of my personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ once offered—and *through that alone.*"

*Five* millions was a vast sum to leave; yet its possessor *had* to leave it, and he knew it; evidently realizing as far as what this world could provide, the truth of 1 Timothy vi. 7: "For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." But he knew the saving merits of the Saviour's precious blood, and had faith in Him who offered Himself



without spot to God on his behalf. With "joy and peace in believing" he could calmly *face the other side*; and there is no other way of doing it.

The reader who takes to heart this rich man's message, and acts upon it, will have, on the other side of death, a fortune of more value than all the millions ever counted, and never be called to part with it.

How truly the heart of the Apostle Paul *lived on the other side*! "Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself" (Phil. iii. 20, 21).

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; *while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal*" (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18).

Oh, weigh this matter well, dear reader! Whether living in your sins, or delivered from them, *the end will surely come*. If you have not yet faced the other side, *do it now*!

"Were the vast world our own,  
With all its varied store,  
And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown,  
We still were poor."

## A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

**H**AVE you ever experienced the feelings of regret that is the lot of one who is kept knocking at a door, and there is no answer? You glance towards the windows, you see signs that the inmates are in the house, you knock the louder but through indifference or because you are not heard, you have reluctantly to leave the house with feelings of dissatisfaction. Yes, you say, I have experienced it and 'tis indeed sad. Well, dear reader, Jesus is spoken of in exactly the same position with regard to your DOOR, that is, the door of your heart. Oh, listen to His appeal, so tender, so sweet!—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. iii. 20). This appeal is made to a company where there is a state of indifference to Christ, happy to go on without Him, unaware of their true condition as wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked.

His long-suffering causes Him to take the place you may have given Him—outside—but He continues to knock so persistently, gently at times, yet how often loudly in different circumstances in your life, that you might give Him His rightful place in your heart!

Many years ago a lady was returning from a Gospel meeting accompanied by her little daughter, only eight years of age. At the meeting a hymn referring to the Saviour's knocking

had been sung, and on the way home the child referred to the last verse, which ends:—

“ Yes, the piercèd Hand still knocketh,  
And beneath the crownèd hair,  
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,  
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.”

“ Mother,” said the little girl, “ I don’t think the hymn ought to end like that, because, you see, it leaves the Saviour still standing outside ! ” The mother thought no more of her child’s remark, but on reaching home her little daughter disappeared for a time, remaining in her own room. When, at length she came downstairs again she gave her mother a piece of paper, saying, “ There, mother, I think it ought to have something at the end like that.” To her dismay, her mother found that her little child had composed a verse as follows:—

“ Enter ! Enter Heavenly Guest !  
Welcome ! Welcome to my breast !  
I have long withstood Thy knocking,  
For my heart was full of sin ;  
But Thy love hath overcome me,  
Blessed Jesus !—O come in ! ”

What a beautiful response to the knockings of Jesus ! Won’t you make it your language ? Oh, how He must feel your indifference to Him, and how reluctantly He may one day leave you, when *your* final portion will be the *outside place*—outer darkness—and all your knockings will be in vain. While He knocks, while He pleads, oh, hearken to His voice and open your heart, giving Him His rightful place, then will supreme joy be your eternal portion !

## THE OLD CLOCK

## The Conversion of Daniel Quorm

ONE night Daniel sat, long after every other worker in the village was fast asleep, busying that one little eye that seemed never to tire. As he bored, and stitched, and hammered, his mind dwelt upon his father's death, and many thoughts began to stir that had often come and gone with no very visible results—thoughts of death and immortality, memories of words and events that had impressed him in his very early childhood, and now woke up from their long slumber with strange force—how, that he, too, must pass away, and *whither should he go?*

Suddenly the old clock in the corner took up the message with its slow and solemn ticking. In that still hour it kept repeating, with measured beats and strange monotony, its brief sentence: *For ever—where? For ever—where? For ever—where?* Without a pause for a moment, without a break, it ticked on its dreadful question. Every other sound was hushed, and, in the lonely stillness, the ticking seemed to become almost unbearably loud. It was troublesome, and Daniel hammered more vigorously; but the ticking only grew louder, the quotation was pressed home, only more closely. Distinct and incessant, it repeated itself—*For ever—where? For ever—where?* Daniel's deepest feelings began to be stirred. The memory of his father's last words broke upon him,—“Goodbye, Daniel, but not for ever.” And, again, slow and solemn,

the old clock took up its strain—*For ever—where? For ever—where?* Daniel could bear it no longer. He rose, laid down his work, and resolved to stop this persistent messenger. He walked over to it, and opened the narrow door. More loudly the quotation began, "*For ever,*" but, before it could be finished, Daniel put his finger on the pendulum. At once all was still, and he returned to his work. But the silence was more impressive than the slow ticking, and from within himself a voice began to say some plain things.

"Daniel," it whispered, "thou art a coward and a fool." "So I am," he cried aloud, as he flung down his work, and the tears gathered in his eyes. "*Stopping the clock won't stop the time.* The moments are going all the same, whether I hear them or not, and am I going with them?—*For ever—where? For ever—where?* No! I'll set it going again, for it does no good to stop it." *Bravely he set it off once more.*

But the work lay at his feet, and with clasped hands and head hung down, he gave himself up to thoughts that impressed him so deeply. The thought of God, of His claims, of His goodness, of His righteousness—grew upon him; of sin, of its horribleness, and its awful peril. All the sins of his life began to rise up before him, especially the one great sin of neglecting and forgetting God; and amidst it all came every now and then, that slow, solemn ticking—*For ever—where? For ever—where?* His distress became unbearable. He flung himself upon his

knees, and cried, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Long he wrestled in earnest prayer, but all was in vain; no help, no light, no peace came. In despair he ceased to pray, and buried his face in his hands. *For ever—where? For ever—where?* rang again from the clock in that lonely silence. What could he do? Goaded and driven on by that dreadful message, whither could he fly? All he could do was to fall as a poor helpless sinner into the Saviour's arms. The tears fell faster as he flung himself helplessly on the stool, and groaned, "O Lord, a broken heart Thou wilt not despise! Look at mine! Broken, and crushed, have mercy upon me, and save me!"

That moment light dawned upon him. He rested upon Christ, his Redeemer. *And that was everything.* Helpless and undone, he just simply clung to Christ as his Saviour, and there he found what the thousands of the redeemed have found—pardon, and peace and heaven. For his sins the Lord had died, for him that life had been laid down. Daniel knelt hushed in adoring gratitude. Again, through the stillness, came that message from the corner, but welcomed now: *For ever—where? For ever—where?* Daniel's heart burst with rapturous joy: "Glory be to Thee, O Lord, *with Thee for ever.*"

As he rose from his knees the old clock struck twelve. "The old things are passed away," he whispered, "and all things are become new—a new day begins for me"; and so he left the old clock in the darkness ticking on its solemn message—*For ever—where? For ever—where?*

My reader, hearing the message, what is thy answer—onward, downward toward the actual darkness, or forward, upwards towards the sunny realms of everlasting light ?

Once more I ask—*For ever—where ?*

## HE SANG IT MANY TIMES BEFORE

**H**E had a beautiful voice, and used to sing in the leading church choir of the city in which he lived, but he was not a Christian. He was a very religious and moral young man, but did not know Christ as his Saviour. In the same department where he worked a very worldly man got converted. The religious choir singer used to oppose him, saying he took his religion too far. However, a fellow apprentice in the large printing works met with a serious accident which necessitated the amputation of his left hand. He, too, used to oppose the Christian mate, but during his illness he sent for the Christian and asked him to pray for him, to which he gladly responded ; and he, too, through God's infinite mercy was turned from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God.

During one of the visits the choir singer asked to accompany the Christian, and so they both visited their sick mate together. After a sympathetic talk about the sick man's body, the conversation turned to heavenly and eternal things ; how that Christ came from the Glory into this poor world to tell sinners of all the love

that was in the heart of the blessed God towards them, which was fully expressed by Christ going into death for us; thus laying the righteous foundation for God to justify freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus (Rom. iii. 24). The invalid young man fully responded. He said, "Where should I have been if God had cut me off in my sins?" After a short prayer it was suggested that they should sing the first verse of that lovely hymn:—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.  
I came to Jesus, as I was,  
Weary, and worn and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad."

They sang it together, and parted.

Next morning nothing unusual was said at work, but a marked change was noticed in the choir singer. He no longer opposed, but became very friendly. He became a secret disciple of Jesus, but was afraid to confess Him openly. At last he could no longer keep his secret, but openly confessed Christ as his Saviour and Lord, saying, "I sung that lovely hymn many times from my lips before, but never till that night did I sing it from my heart." "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 10). He was soundly converted to God, and came out boldly from all that was of the world to follow Christ. This was many years ago, but to-day he is still rejoicing in, and



loves to speak to others of Him who loved him and gave Himself for him. His joy in the Lord Jesus has not diminished in the least, indeed, it has increased. He is one of the many who can truly say :

“ I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad,”

and with the sweet Psalmist of old say, “ I will bless the Lord at all times : His praise shall continually be in my mouth ” (Ps. xxxiv. 1)

Yes, dear reader, it is a grand thing to be a Christian, to know a living Saviour at the right hand of God as *yours*. “ The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever ” (Heb. xiii. 8). Please let me affectionately ask you, “ On what are you resting your precious soul’s salvation for time and eternity ? ” Is it empty religion or “ Christ Jesus who came into the world to save sinners ” (1 Tim. i. 15) ? God says there is “ salvation in none other,” and if you are saved you must be saved in God’s way, or perish. Oh, come to Christ while the door of salvation is still open, for “ when once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us : and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are ” (Luke xiii. 25). “ Behold, now is the day of salvation ” (2 Cor. vi. 2). God’s house is filling fast ; oh, enter while you may !

**THE WORLD-PAST****THE WORLD-PRESENT****THE WORLD-FUTURE****With their Dominant Features**

**T**HIS important subject demands the serious attention of all our readers. The commanding thought with so many is the material or physical world or earth, but it is the world *morally*, or the world's *system*, which is before one in writing this article.

Let us then refer to the world-*past*—said in Peter's second epistle to be "The *old* world" (chapter ii. 5). How terrible were the conditions that ruled during that period! People did as they wished, and that for about 1656 years. What sorrow it caused God when man, whom He had created for His pleasure, and in "His own image and likeness," so soon fell under the power of sin, with all its awful consequences! In Genesis vi. 5, God says: "*Every* imagination of the thoughts of man's heart was only *evil* continually." "It repented the Lord that He made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart" (Gen. vi. 6). After much long-suffering on God's part, and faithful warnings through His servant Noah—"a preacher of righteousness"—God was then compelled to intervene in judgment, "bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly" (2 Pet. ii. 5). Noah and his family were the only persons saved. God preserved them for Himself in the Ark of

His design, which rode triumphantly over the waters of destruction.

One would now call attention to the world-present. Scripture calls it "this *present evil world*" (Gal. i. 4). This is the *world-system*. Another has said that when Jesus came into this world, "it was the world-system that refused Him. To all those who know and love Him, He says, 'Ye are *not of the world*, even as I am not.' What a scene of confusion the world-system presents to every inquiring mind! There is the '*social system*,' a study in itself. Position is everything. No expense is too great to obtain it. Inventive minds and many others find scope for their genius. It takes *all* kinds to make a *world*. So this moving mass of humanity is kept engaged and seemingly contented." God is leading many to perceive that all these things, and many more, constitute this present world-system. Are you, reader, aware that Satan is the god of *this* world, and controls its stupendous movements? Do you say, Are you not going too far? I think not. I would ask you to call to mind what Satan said to the Lord in the great temptation, *all* the kingdoms of the world being presented. "*All* this power will I give *Thee*, and the *glory* of them: for that is delivered unto *me*; and to *whomsoever* I will I give it" (Luke iv. 6). In spite of all past failure, men think they have at last discovered remedies, such as Socialism—Communism—Fascism—to *abolish* war, relieve distress, restore prosperity, and so make the world a nice place in which to live. *Alas!* *alas!* Two things are omitted in their dreams,

namely, sin and death. They are unable to make laws to suppress sin, nor with all their *science* can they discover how to *abolish* death.

Now what of the *world-future*? In Hebrews ii. 5, we read: "For unto the angels hath He not put in subjection the *world to come*." What a *world this* will be! All the combined exertions of men to secure a millenium of contentment and satisfaction will utterly fail. God alone has His Man awaiting the moment, when the Lord Jesus Christ will come forth and subjugate to His authority and control every principality and power in heaven and earth, and will introduce a *new world* of universal peace, righteousness, and rest. There will not then be one dissatisfied person, no poverty, and no complaining. "The Sun of righteousness will arise with healing in His wings." He is alone the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Dear reader, which of the two last-named worlds is claiming your interest? The *world-present* or the *world-future*? It must be one or the other. Awake, I beseech you. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). *Now* is the time to secure a part in Christ's enduring inheritance, and a share in that "kingdom which *cannot be moved*." Haste thee, then, and make sure of having *your part* in that "*world to come*."

No loss in this world can compare with that day,

With glory that then will from heaven be revealed;

"The Saviour is coming," His people may say,

"The Lord whom we *look for*, our Sun and our Shield."

## THE WAY OF PEACE

*"We looked for peace, but no good came."*—

JEREMIAH viii. 15.

**H**OW aptly do such words express the disappointment and anxiety which burden many hearts at this present time of universal unrest! They form the cry of a people of old who had turned away from God to do the best for themselves, and who were beginning to prove that such a course was leading to ruin and misery. A blessed sign to the matter was that God gave indication as to His interest in their trouble, knowing it full well, and awaiting patiently the outcome of their waywardness. Feelingly, in the language of the prophet, God said of them, "They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water" (Jer. ii. 13).

Coming to our own times, surging as they are with all the jealousies and suspicions that are revealed as one and another ventures to lead to peace, and for the moment gains the confidence of the masses, can we doubt that the blessed God is interested with divine sympathy, and, with grace and truth, points out the way to that coveted blessing? Many there are who have found it, having submitted to the truth.

It is argued that religion can do nothing in the instance of present needs. That such needs exist, only points, indeed, to the impotency of

current profession. We are witnessing the prolonged struggles of a heartless Christendom to exist, in face of the exposure on all sides of its incapability to carry out its professed mission. To cater for popularity it has descended to everything in the way of lenience and, indeed, unrighteousness, with the result that among the masses there is great indifference to the claims of God.

If we have drawn attention to this melancholy picture it is that the fulfilment and truth of the Scriptures may be borne in upon our conscience. "For men shall be lovers of their own selves . . . lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof" (2 Tim. iii. 2-5).

In these last days, however, regarding which the foregoing predication is made, God is appealing to men, to you, dear reader, through the gospel. In His faithfulness, He is allowing even the advanced thought and the accommodating social activities of the moment to prove once again the truth of Scripture:—

*"The way of peace they have not known"*  
(Rom. iii. 17).

But in His mercy and grace He offers peace and joy in the true knowledge of Himself.

The following words, the text of a large poster displayed in one of our cities, conveys a very pertinent message:—

**"PEACE IS NOT THE ABSENCE OF WAR, BUT THE PRESENCE OF LOVE."**

What peace can exist universally when the heart of man, instead of enjoying the God of Love, is filled with fear and sinful motives, the fact of death and pending judgment constantly weighing upon it? Scripture says the heart of man is "Deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." It is what is *in* man, *not* what is *among* men, that is the disturbing element, and it is the question of sin and our state that God has taken up and settled at the cross of Christ. It is His goodness that leads to repentance, and where was it better displayed than in the One who came to:—

*"Guide our feet in the way of peace"*  
(Luke i. 79).

The Saviour came into this world in lowly grace; He was the One who was about to settle every moral issue in the universe for God. "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Both were present throughout that pathway of blessing and devotedness to the will of God and service towards men. Both were pre-eminently witnessed at the cross of Calvary. How wonderful that God should devise such means "that His banished should not be expelled from Him" (2 Sam. xiv. 14). "Him who knew no sin was made sin for us." Have you, dear reader, trusted in the One who accomplished that atoning work, and who has:—

*"Made peace by the blood of His cross?"*

"O the peace for ever flowing,  
From God's thoughts of His own Son;  
O the peace of simply knowing  
On the cross that all was done."

In glory now, He is present to faith, and if our confidence is in Him, He will show us and lead us into the way of peace, and bring us into the blessedness of God's thoughts for us, which are, as He has said :—

*“ Thoughts of peace, and not of evil.”*

Quite recently the writer had the privilege of being with a very aged Christian during her last conscious moments, and he will never forget the calm, joyful expression in her countenance, as he repeated the following lines :—

“ That glorious resurrection morn,  
Bids doubts for ever cease ;  
For far and wide the news is borne  
Of perfect peace.

“ Yes, peace ! since every claim is met,  
Lord Jesus, by Thy blood,  
And Thou, our peace, art risen and set  
On high by God.”

One's earnest desire is that the reader's attention may be drawn away from man's futile efforts to bring in peace, and be brought to trust in the One “ who has made peace by the blood of His cross,” and who is the alone One able to give peace to the conscience, and joy to the heart, and will in His own time bring peace to this world of increasing discontent and turmoil.

“ Jesus is coming His saints to release,  
Coming to give to this warring earth peace,  
Sinning, and sighing, and sorrow will cease ;  
Jesus is coming again !”



## WHAT IS YOUR PERSUASION ?

1. **A**RE you “*almost persuaded* to be a Christian ? ” If so, then, like King Agrippa, yours is a critical condition. (Acts xxvi. 28.) Take care !

2. Are you like Abraham, strong in faith, and *fully persuaded* that what God has promised He is able to perform ? (Rom. iv. 21.) If so, you have no doubts or qualms about your eternal future !

3. Can you say, with Paul : “ *I am persuaded* that neither . . . things present nor things to come can separate me from the love of God ? ” If so, *you are triumphantly persuaded*. (Rom. viii. 37-39.)

4. Alas ! can it be that you *refuse to be persuaded by God* in time ? If so, tremble, for you will *never be persuaded* in eternity—God declares it : “ Neither will they be persuaded ” (Luke xvi. 31).

Beloved reader, the apostle said : “ Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men ”—and so do we !

“ *Almost persuaded* ” now to believe ;  
 “ *Almost persuaded* ” Christ to receive.

\* \* \*

“ *Almost,* ” cannot avail ;  
 “ *Almost,* ” is but to fail ;  
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
 “ *Almost,* ”—*but lost !*

S. J. B. CARTER.



YOUTH.—Let the Lord have the flower of your age ; the best sacrifice is due to him.—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

## PROVISION MADE ; POSSESSION MISSED

SOME time ago a friend of the writer's was speaking over the garden fence to her neighbour, an elderly lady. During their conversation this lady mentioned that a relative of hers had recently died and left her a legacy of between five and six hundred pounds ; but, that, owing to various circumstances, it might possibly be April of the next year before she could receive it. She was, however, eagerly looking forward to the time. But her hopes were suddenly cut off ; for only a few hours later she had a seizure, and never regained consciousness ! In the early hours of the following morning she passed away ; *whither* we know not. My friend's little boy, only seven years of age, on hearing that morning of this occurrence from his parents, said, " Father, did she know Jesus ? " How blessed if she did ; how solemn if she did not ! But let me quote what a Christian friend writes in connection with it.

" Two things come forcibly to me in connection with the solemn incident related. One is the fact that a *temporal provision* had been made for the aged lady, which she never came into possession of ; the other is, that which the dear child had evidently been made acquainted with, namely, that an *eternal provision* has been made by God for sinful men, in the gift of Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour ; and that all finding out their deep need of His precious death for them

and putting their trust in Him, come at once into the blessing which divine love has purposed for them. What the dear boy wanted to know was whether this departed lady was one of them. She had unexpectedly missed her *temporal* provision, though she had convincing proof that it had really been made for her ; but she would have had to wait for the following year to come into personal *possession* of it ; and death came in and took her beyond the reach of it for ever ; and no blame to her. But when God sent the good news of His provision for the eternal salvation of lost souls, He made it known, clearly and definitely, that neither months, nor days, nor hours had to be awaited to receive His unspeakable gift. ‘Behold, *now* is the accepted time ; behold, *now* is the day of salvation’ (2 Cor vi. 2). And with this is connected a solemn warning. ‘How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ?’ (Heb. ii. 3.) Then note what Jesus Himself said in connection with God’s provision for the poor and helpless, in the figure of the *Great Supper* ! ‘Come : for all things are *now* ready’ (Luke xiv. 17). So that the one who misses this provision will have no one to blame but *himself* ; and the remembrance of it will be remorse never-ending, beyond the ‘great gulf fixed !’

“ Oh, that every neglecter would consider that Jesus is a Friend well worth knowing *now* ; and that a lifetime of waiting would not find Him any more worthy of your trust. Delay only increases the risk of missing God’s provision eternally.”

Dear reader, do *you* know Jesus as *your* Saviour? "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). Your soul's eternal welfare depends upon it!

"Wilt thou come, or wilt thou linger?  
'Tis the Saviour calls:  
Death and darkness are around thee,  
Sin enthalls.

"Thou may'st come! the vilest sinner  
May in Christ confide:  
Thou art welcome, for to save thee  
Jesus died."

C. J. C.



## "THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH"

**W**HILE visiting a churchyard in a quiet country village in Devonshire, I was much struck with an epitaph on one of the tombstones. The one who laid there had departed nearly seventy years before, and was probably a Christian. This was the inscription:

READER,

THINK OF THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH.

How much is conveyed in those few words—*"The moment after death!"* For the believer it means the actual presence of the One who loved him and gave Himself for him, as Scripture expresses it: "absent from the body and present with the Lord." It means to enter the place

of waiting for the redemption of the body, and in His blessed presence to get a first taste of that fulness of bliss that will be ours eternally, when conformed to His image, and sharers of His glory.

But what will “*the moment after death*” be for the one who has refused God’s great salvation, refused the pleadings of love and mercy, and turned a deaf year to the proclaimed glad tidings? To such an one “*the moment after death*” will be an awful reality! He will have passed salvation’s day, and nothing left but to await the day of judgment.

If the reader is still uncertain what “*the moment after death*” will be for him or her, it must be because you have not yet come to that blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, or because you do not rest your soul on the perfection of His work for you, the certainty of His word to you. On the cross He bore the full weight of God’s judgment and wrath against sin, and exclaimed—“It is finished.” He died, He was buried, but has been raised from the dead by the glory of the Father. He has reached the place beyond death for ever. There has He been made exceeding glad with the light of His Father’s countenance (Ps. xxi. 6; xvi. 11). He is blessedly approachable! His arms are open wide to receive any poor sinner that comes to Him. Precious Saviour! He waits to welcome *you*! Will you not come NOW? “Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

W. LAKE.

## “THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD”

**H**OW convictingly true! “The way of transgressors is hard.” Hard indeed! How this Scripture has been confirmed in the lives of millions! Numerous instances are given us in the Bible, striking examples of transgression, and the resultant consequences, each and all uttering their warning voices to every listening soul. I could mention many examples occurring in my own lifetime that would surprise many were I able to relate them.

However, passing these aside, I feel led to present to my readers a touching and affecting incident lately brought to my notice. I am compelled for lack of space to condense it.

The story is a true one. It tells of a young man carried away by misdirected influence; proving the truth of the wise man’s word, “A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother” (Prov. x. 1).

Mrs. G——, the young man’s mother, paid a special visit one day to the young minister of the church she attended, named E——. He seemed alarmed at her coming! “Why, Mrs. G——, have you come out this dismal day? Sickness?”

“No, worse than that!”

“Indeed?”

“I will be brief, Mr. E——. Is it true that when my son sought your advice about card-playing, you sanctioned it?”

“Yes—Oh, yes—I did. I regard it as a little

harmless recreation; why are you so serious about it?”

“He is hardly twenty-one, has professed to be a Christian for three years, and, until *you* came, regarded card-playing as dangerous to a Christian as theatre-going. His friends have urged him to play and given him *your* name as commending the game.

“Mr. E——, I have not come to argue whether it is lawful or unlawful for a true Christian to be a card-player. This question was settled centuries ago. Christ’s followers are urged to come out and be separate *from* the world, and not to *touch* the unclean thing, which in nine cases out of ten leads to gambling. Our *best* actions, and our *worst* live for ever. This card-playing may be the ruin of my boy. Farewell.”

One evening her boy came home in a great hurry, and said, “I shall have a rush, mother, as Mr. S—— (his employer) has asked me to spend the evening with Mr. E—— at his house.”

A pang shot through the widow’s heart. “You consented, Frank?”

“Yes, mother, reluctantly.”

“I wish you would not play cards to-night.”

“Oh, you frightened mother, what harm can there be?”

Mrs. G—— knelt in the twilight, “O God, save my boy, my only child! Keep him from all evil; tell me *what* to do, Lord; take him rather than spare him to grow up a worldly man.”

*Alas! alas!* this gifted young man rapidly fell into the sin of gambling. Swift was his

downfall. One day he disappeared—not even his mother knew his whereabouts. *Falsely* charged with an embezzlement he had hurried home, packed his valise, and left the town. On the table his mother found a note: “Don’t trouble about me; it is impossible to remain in the town where I am regarded as a thief.”

The morning after Mr. E—— heard the news he hastened to Liverpool. He knew the man’s haunts with whom he had gone, and taking a policeman with him searched the city. One night outside a theatre he saw Frank coming out with his companion. Mr. E—— tapped Frank’s arm—he started—turned pale, and then laughed. “Can I speak to you a moment, Frank?”

“No, sir, not *one* moment. Go home and rescue those you have dragged to the card-table. I have lost peace—lost a home—lost a mother, through *you*. I charge you as the murderer of my soul. *You* led me into the sin through which I fell; God forgive you!” and away he went.

Mr. E——, hearing these withering words, collapsed. A long illness followed, during which he sent for Mrs. G—— and asked her forgiveness for misleading her son.

“I forgive you fully, by the blessing of God may you rise from this sick bed a nobler man! I will pray for you constantly.” Poor heart, it was almost too full. The sin of her prodigal son seemed so much less heinous than his who by word and deed had led many souls astray.

The dear mother had never failed to confide



in the Lord, who alone was able to sustain her in her deep sorrow of heart. After a long absence from home without receiving any news of her boy, she at length received a letter from him. She recognized the handwriting: “Don’t be alarmed, mother. They are bringing me home to die. But listen—it’s the old Frank. Get my room ready. Tell no one.”

What could describe her feelings? She lifted her eyes to heaven in thanksgiving to God. When her boy arrived home, the doctor was called in to see him. He came, looked serious, and said: “Your boy cannot live many days. This has been going on some time, and he has been shockingly neglected.”

Frank rallied a little, and two days later he told his mother the news that, like the prodigal, he had *returned* to His Father, and had heard Him say: “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.”

“Praise God!” said his mother.

“But, O mother, what a wasted life!” “Could I see Mr. E——?”

“Do not try, dear; you are too weak, let *me* write.”

“Tell him that I fully forgive him, and regret speaking as I did—that his misleading advice ought not to have led me into sin—that I am responsible to God, and that I know I am washed in the blood of the Lamb, and that I shall meet him in heaven.”

Towards evening next day, Frank passed peacefully away, “Yes, the cleansing blood has reached even *me*,” were his *last* words. But

the joy in his face was beautiful, and his mother's deep joy far exceeded her sorrow at parting from him for " *a little while.*"

When Mr. E—— received Frank's message and an account of his death, it led him to consecrate himself to God, and he had a deep desire to win souls to Christ, and warn them from walking in slippery places, and in roads that lead down to hell.

Does this story touch the heart and conscience of some wanderer from God? Maybe a godly mother is yearning and praying for your salvation, and freedom from the deceptive allurements of the world lying under the judgment of God. Solomon wrote: " My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Can you close your ears and heart against such an appeal, yea, more against the Saviour *who* gave His life for you, and *who* pleads with you in love for your soul? Oh! hearken to His gracious invitation, as He says in tenderest accents: " Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." *Will you—can you turn away?*

" My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

*Remember, " The way of transgressors is hard."*

" Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,  
The gate of love; it is not yet too late."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Come home, come home! You are weary at heart,  
For the way has been *dark*, and so *lonely* and wild.

O prodigal child!

Come *home!* Oh, come *home!*

“ **AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT** ”

(MATTHEW XXV. 10)

**T**HIS is an event which may happen at any moment. As the statement reads in print it may appear of little importance and interest to the reader, but when it does take place, and people realize that the mercy they have been so long familiar with, and which they have not availed themselves of, is no longer available, their anxiety and distress will be real in the extreme. Trifling with God's mercy is as risky as treating it with indifference. At any moment *the door* of God's mercy may be shut. True enough it is an event that is not going to be chronicled in the newspapers of the world, and it is hardly likely that it will be announced over the wireless. For those who have benefited so long as the result of His mercy yet are still unsaved, it will be the death-knell of all their happiness for eternity. But without receiving this intelligence through the usual accepted channels, persons will become acquainted, without doubt, as to what has taken place. They will commence to pray. You may never have prayed so far as you remember up to the present, and beyond the usual formal prayers you would hardly know how to formulate a prayer at the moment, if prayer for yourself was suggested. But if found outside that closed door, then *you will* pray, and it will be a very brief prayer, but none the less earnest and urgent.

We know already what it will be. It will be on the lips of all those who are awakened to the

fact that for them the door is shut. "Lord, Lord, open to us." What a chorus of supplication! Fear now in every heart, terror in every mind, for the mercy so long offered, and for so long slighted and abused, is now withdrawn for ever. Will the prayer be answered? Ah! listen to the solemn answer it receives: "I know you not."

But the good news of the Gospel is *that still the door is open*, there is still mercy *for you*, whether you are a religious sinner, or one who has no religion. The gospel makes no distinction, it goes out to *all*, for that "all have sinned." To have sinned you need not have committed some fearful act of violence or immorality. You need not be in a state of destitution and degradation, for "an high look, and a proud heart, and the plowing of the wicked is sin" (Prov. xxi. 4). Again, "the thought of foolishness is sin" (Prov. xxiv. 9). All of these things you must plead guilty to, for no one could deny ever having a foolish thought; no one could deny ever having had an high look. Perhaps you may look down on many people as your inferiors as to what is religious according to the accepted standards of to-day. A proud heart, who can deny having that, with "a heart that is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked?" and "the plowing of the wicked is sin." Is it true of you, as it is with so many, that you follow your daily occupation, without reference to God, who in His mercy provides you with the very occupation you have, giving you health, food, ability, etc., the faculties to enjoy what He bestows?

How serious to go about independent of Him ! That is sin ! If you have not yet heeded God’s warnings, we urge you to do so now. God in patience has held the door wide open, and it is still open, as we write these words. How are you going to treat His mercy ? These very lines should be a reminder to you that God is rich in mercy. Do not despise it, do not toss this book from you with disdain. Your action is taken account of, and the mercy which is now so freely offered may be withdrawn, and *for you* the door may already have to be shut. “ God be merciful to me, *the sinner*,” cried one soul in the agony of conviction of his state before God, and his prayer was heard, and he went to his home justified by God, a saved man and a justified man. He had found the door open, and love inside to welcome him ! Christ is the door, by Him now enter in !

“ Soon Jesu’s voice of love may cease appealing,  
 And, to your loss, the door of mercy close ;  
 Spurn not the voice of Him with heart so feeling,  
 Who proved His love by dying for His foes.  
 Message of Jesus, message of love ;  
 Telling of welcome to that bright home above ! ”

J. G. MATHISON.

*Liverpool.*



### GRACE ABOUNDING

O blessed fact, the One who knows fully all my sins and ruin, is the very One who died and shed His precious blood to put those sins away, and unite me with Himself for ever.

**“SO GREAT SALVATION!”**

**I**N the city of Plymouth, many years ago, a servant of the Lord was proclaiming, in the open air, the glad tidings of God's grace.

One passage of Scripture was particularly before him, and this he repeated several times with great fervour, and in a loud, clear voice, inasmuch as the words arrested the attention of a gentleman who was seated on the top of a tramcar, which drew up at a stopping-place almost immediately opposite to where the preacher was standing. The verse was:—

**“HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE IF WE  
NEGLECT SO GREAT SALVATION?”**

He could hear no more as the tram proceeded on its journey, but the words had gone home in power to his conscience. He arrived home greatly distressed in mind, and retired to rest, but was unable to sleep, for again and again these words came before him with increasing forcefulness: “How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?”

The next morning he sought out a Christian whom he knew, and related to him the experience of the previous evening, and inquired of him whether the words which the preacher had uttered were to be found in the Bible, and, if so, where? He was assured that they were, and the passage was speedily shown him in Hebrews ii. 4. In the goodness of God, the words were used

to his soul's salvation, and taking his true place in repentance toward God, he found “joy and peace in believing.”

Dear reader, in true desire for the eternal welfare of your precious soul, permit me to inquire, “How will *you* escape if *you* neglect so great salvation?” *So great!* Who can fathom it? In order to secure it, God had to give His only-begotten Son to suffer, “the Just for the unjust,” upon Calvary's cross. How infinite the cost! How unspeakably great the love that was in His heart to undertake such a mighty work for the blessing of poor, ruined sinners! There the blessed Saviour endured the forsaking of God during those three hours of darkness when He made atonement for sin (Matt. xxvi. 45, 46). Thus a present salvation is available for all, and that same blessed Person, the Lord Jesus Christ, is the Author of eternal salvation unto all that obey Him (Heb. v. 9).

Do not neglect “so great salvation,” we earnestly beseech you, but avail yourself of it now, for your never-ending blessing!

“Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

“Salvation now this moment!  
Then why, oh! why delay?  
You may not see to-morrow—  
*Now* is salvation's day.

A. E. BIRD.



There is no circumstance or combination of circumstances that can overcome one who knows what it is to trust God.—J. T.

## “BOUGHT WITH A PRICE”

**I**N a lowly dwelling a young woman of twenty-one lay dying of consumption. She lay with her eyes closed, but the short laboured breathing told that she would soon be “gone.”

Her mother sat silently watching her with almost breaking heart, and as she gazed upon the pale wan face of her dear one, once so blooming, her pent-up grief broke forth, and she sobbed aloud. The dying one opened her eyes and whispered, “Mother.” “Well, dear?” asked the mother, as she tenderly bent over her.

“Mother, you sometimes go to the shop and make purchases, don’t you?”

“Yes, Agnes?” answered the mother a little hesitatingly, for she feared that her mind had begun to wander.

“And, mother, when you pay down the money, haven’t you a right to bring away your purchases?”

“Surely.”

The dying girl’s eye lighted up with lustre, and her voice thrilled with earnestness, as she again asked, “Mother, when Christ has bought me—bought me with such a price—has He not a right to take home His purchase?” And the mother bowed her head, and her heart, too, was bowed, as she answered, “Yes.”

“Ye are not your own, for ye are **BOUGHT** with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God’s.”



# TEN DAYS IN A LIVING TOMB

## MOOSE RIVER MINE DISASTER

**T**HE most intense interest of the whole American Continent and British Isles was focused on Moose River, a little Town in Nova Scotia, where recently three men were entombed in the Magill Gold Mine.

The courage, skill, resourcefulness, as well as the fortitude of the rescuers and rescued won the admiration of all. The rescuers carried out their work with grim determination to reach and save the entombed men, regardless of the tremendous risks involved.

What horror must have come over these men when down in the mine on Easter Sunday evening, April 12th, 1936, they felt that rush of air, and heard that awful rumbling of rocks and earth, then the terrifying sensation that they were trapped in the depth of the earth with no escape!

Monday morning came, but the rising sun means nothing to these entombed men, whose only light is the fitful gleams of the dying lanterns, and their only hope lies in help from above. No use calling, for what voice could penetrate the mass of earth and rocks? If it did, who would hear it? Just as a shipwrecked mariner hoists the flag of distress, so these men decide to light a fire that the smoke may ascend and be seen from the ground above.

This smoke is seen by the mine manager, who decides that it must come from a fire lit by living men down below. But the entombed men know it not. They only hope and pray that the smoke

will be seen and that someone will come to their rescue before it is too late.

However, that smoke signal sets every possible human resource, skill, and ingenuity in motion. Offers of help came from near and far. The wonderful Draegermen came forward. The hard rock miners in Northern Ontario heard the call and came by plane ; also every conceivable device was placed at the service of the rescuers. It was also said that men prayed who had never prayed before ; as one of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police guard remarked, " Only the Lord can get them out."

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed, still these entombed men are unaware of the tremendous efforts being made to reach them. In the chill darkness they wait, rocks are falling around them and water is dropping everywhere. Friday, those above discover an old pipe line, and shout, " Hello ! Hello !! Hello !!!" but the entombed men hear them not. In the darkness they lose count of time, they are getting hungrier, colder, and weaker in their chill stonewall prison.

Suddenly there is a flash of light. What can it be ? They crouch in terror, expecting an explosion, for they knew not that the diamond drill had broken through and that those on the top were trying to communicate with them. Above them was all furious energy. Cheers arose when the drill broke through, but when there was no response to the light there were tears of disappointment.

The operations above ceased for a moment, and down the pipe line came a sound. " Did you hear it ? " said the men to each other. " What ? "

“ A whistle, listen ! ” “ There it is again.”  
“ They have got through. Are we going to be saved after all ? ” Hope springs up within them. They grope in the darkness for the place where the sound is coming from and reach the pipe in the drill hole, pick up a bit of rock, “ Tap, Tap, Tap.” The driller at the top hears. “ We’ve got them ! ” he shouts, and for the first time in eight long days of darkness do they communicate with the outer world.

The question, “ How long must we wait ? ” was oft repeated. One of the three men succumbed to the terrible ordeal and died in his companion’s arms. It seemed an eternity since they first heard the voices down the pipe, and still they wait ! The eleventh day, the welcome sound of the hammering and picks are heard. They are coming nearer, voices are heard, the hoped-for rescue for which they had waited so long was now nearer. The pick breaks through the rock. “ I can see a light,” says one. Oh, what a thrill of joy must have gone through their weary bodies !

The last obstacles are removed, the rescuers reach the entombed men and bring them up to the surface, and as they reach the top of the shaft, “ Praise God from whom all blessings flow,” is sung by some Salvation Army workers and others.

Rescued ! Rescued !! The joyful news was flashed all over the continent and was received with great thanksgiving. What gratitude filled the hearts of those two men towards those who had risked their own lives to save them !

This is a wonderful story of human heroism, and the rescuers well deserve every bit of praise,

but our thoughts turn to another scene, because God allows these things to happen to men that they may hear His voice.

The scene we have in our minds does not concern **THREE MEN** with death before them, but **ALL MEN**, and like the three men in our story they have no means of escape. In this great catastrophe no human ingenuity or effort was of any avail.

Death had held sway all down the ages. Rich and poor, high and low, literate and illiterate, mighty men and great men of renown—none could grapple with the “king of terrors,” and the whole world was under his power because of sin. “The soul that sinneth it shall die”—and which of us has not sinned? Thus all the human race is under death; and *after death* the judgment.

The Psalmist sees the mighty army going on to death. Man abideth not, he is like the beasts that perish and “None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him” (Psalm xlix. 7). Just like these entombed men down in the mine, they could not deliver themselves. One of them succumbed to the “king of terrors,” and if rescue had not come from outside the mine then all must have died.

Is there, then, no hope? Yes, for God has His eye on the scene. He looked down on the children of men to see if any understood, if any sought after Him, but there were none. Like Israel of old, they cried by reason of their taskmasters, but they never cried to God; perhaps they thought that God did not care, or, like the Psalmist, they said, “No man cares for my soul.”

But God does care! Of these Israelites, He said, "I have surely seen the affliction of My people and heard their cry . . . and know their sorrows . . . I am come down to deliver them." Think of it! Though men forget God and are unmindful of Him, except it may be to blame Him, yet God sees, God hears, God knows, and God comes down to deliver!

It was no use calling to these men in the mine to come out, or deliver themselves, because they could not do so, and any such appeal, were it addressed to them down the drill hole, would only mock them. No, if they were to be saved, then someone must go down to them.

So with God. If man was to be delivered from the power of sin and Satan and death, God must come down Himself, and this He did, in the Person of His own dear Son (Jesus). Many were the difficulties of the rescuers of these two men, but think of the mighty stoop from Godhead's highest glory! Think of mountains of difficulty on His toilsome way, the dense forests of human darkness, the hatred, the mocking, the scourging, and then on and on into the land of loneliness and death itself to seek and save the lost!

His was a combat without parallel. He went down into the domain of death, annulled Satan's power, burst the bars of death and the grave, and arose in power and victory, a mighty Conqueror. Life and immortality are brought to light.

Through what He has done, His Person, His death, His resurrection, God can now save the very vilest and the most hopeless. All that the men in our story could do was to signal by

the smoke that they were entombed, and all that *you* have to do is to admit that you are a **LOST SINNER**, for it was the **LOST** that Jesus came to save. He came not to "call the righteous but **SINNERS** to repentance."

These men in the mine did not have to pay for being rescued, nor were they asked for payment; and salvation, too, is free, for Jesus has paid the ransom price in full. He has brought deliverance right to you:—"The word is nigh thee—even in thy mouth . . . that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus [or, Jesus as Lord] and shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 8-9).

What would you think of these men in the mine, if they had said to the rescuers, "We don't need to be rescued," and would not let them take them to safety? You would think that the poor men had lost their reason. Just as real, just as true as the rescuers got to those men and brought them up to the surface, so Jesus has finished the work necessary for your salvation, and is now appealing to you to trust your all to Him.

There was one man in our story whom the rescuers were too late to save, but Jesus has never lost a case. **IMMEDIATELY** you acknowledge your sin and that you are lost, Jesus is near at hand to bless. O dear reader, we beseech thee, in view of the uncertainty of life, the great forever beyond, the near return of Jesus for His own, and the coming day of judgment, accept Jesus as your own personal Saviour **NOW**, then no matter what comes you will be able to say with

the Apostle Paul—"I know WHOM I have believed, and am PERSUADED THAT HE IS ABLE TO KEEP that which I have committed unto HIM against that day" (2 Tim. i. 12).

Turn and believe this very hour,  
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power,  
So shall your joyous answer be,  
Saved! through a long eternity.

Toronto.

T. HOLLIDAY.

The foregoing article is available separately in Booklet form—3d. per doz. (by post 4½d.); or, 2/- per 100 (by post 2/6). GOSPEL BOOK & TRACT DEPOT, 5 Bedford Row, Plymouth. STOW HILL BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT, 22, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.



## THE SECRET OF TRUE HAPPINESS

ONE of the most renowned and scholarly sceptics of the past century was asked on his dying bed, what his philosophy had done for him.

He replied, "my answer will be inscribed on my tombstone in one word, *Infellicisimus*" [most unhappy].

Such must be the feelings of all who die "without Christ . . . having no hope, and without God in the world (Eph. ii. 12). In contrast, however, to this solemn reality, the believer in Jesus has divine happiness which this world can never give!

Happy they who trust in Jesus,  
Sweet their portion is and sure!

S. J. B. C.

## “ WHOSOEVER ”

*“ Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.”—JOHN iv. 14.*

**T**HINK of the fulness of the grace of the Lord Jesus! “*Whosoever.*” It means that every living soul in the universe may come. Andrew Bonar has said: “The well of life never sinks below the brim.” So all may freely drink and live.

How free that grace!—“*That I shall give him.*”

Think of the suffering and sacrifices the poor deluded Indian pilgrims pay for the water of the Ganges! Yet every blessing in Christ can be *freely* yours, provided you come to Him owning your soul’s deep need.

How effectual the gift!—“*Shall never thirst.*” If you know the love of Christ and the peace it brings you, no longer envy the golden cup of wealth, or the cup of worldly festivities, or any of the broken cisterns of this world.

“*Whosoever drinketh.*” Dear reader, have you drunk of this living water?

“ I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.”



“**THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET, AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH**”

(PSALM cxix. 105).

**I**T is a *beacon—a lighthouse lamp!* It warns of rocks and shoals, and guides to the haven of eternal peace.

It is a *hurricane lamp!* No tempest raised by the devil or the world can blow it out, as has often been proved.

It is a *safety lamp!* It guards against pitfalls and snares, and it proves itself “a light unto our path.”

It is a *student's lamp!* It illuminates the mind and heart and life as no other lamp can do. The more we use it, the brighter it shines.

It is an *invalid's lamp!* It cheers and soothes when we are restless and weary. Its soft and beautiful rays gladden even in pain and sickness.

It is a *death bed lamp!* It lights the dark valley, so that “the valley of the shadow of death” is radiated with divine light and love.

It is a *head-light lamp!* It reveals what is before and beyond. It tells us that “The coming of the Lord draweth nigh,” and keeps us watchful, “looking for that blessed hope, and the appearing of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

Dear reader, do you know and love and use this God-given lamp?

“IT HAS MADE ME THINK!”

**H**OW often these words are uttered when some unexpected calamity has occurred, or the solemnity of death has brought the realities of eternity before the soul!

The following actual instances of this have occurred within the writer's experience:—

A devoted father was bereaved of his darling child. Filled with grief, he followed the body to the grave, and, according to the custom in his country, by his own hands assisted in lowering the precious burden.

Returning to the desolated home, he sat down, buried his face in his hands, saying: “It has made me **THINK!**” Eternity with its great realities filled his thoughts: the grave is **NOT** the end. His child had gone, and he must follow soon; but in his sorrow and bereavement that father experienced the love and compassion of his Saviour God—the Living God—as he had never known Him before.

\* \* \* \*

Two business men were examining the brick arch of a large kiln in a brickyard. As they passed out of the entrance, there was a terrific crash—the roof had fallen in two seconds after they had moved from beneath it. In telling of his marvellous escape, one of them said: “It has made me **THINK.**” God had thus spoken to him, giving warning of the uncertainty of life and the imminence of death.

\* \* \* \*

During the Great War, a thoughtless, careless youth had been sent into the front line of trenches. For the first time in his life he found himself facing death. Hitherto he had banished all thoughts of God and of eternal things from his mind; but now, with death around him, and the enemy's artillery causing fearful havoc, he confessed: "It made me THINK." His Christian mother's words and prayers, unheeded before, now came back to his mind with irresistible power, and he thought of God and the welfare of his soul. There and then he turned to God, confessed himself a guilty sinner, trusted Christ and His finished work, and was spared to return home to tell his rejoicing mother that Christ was now his Redeemer and Saviour.

\* \* \* \*

Again, it is a patient in a Hospital for Incurables. Day by day the sufferer passed a weary existence as he drew nearer to the gates of death. He was slow to abandon hope, but gradually the truth dawned upon him, and he acknowledged: "It has made me THINK." It was well that the Gospel of the grace of God which suits hopeless sinners so marvellously, could be presented to him, telling of the hope "both sure and stedfast" for those who have trusted Him who completed redemption's work at Calvary, and rose again from the dead.

\* \* \* \*

This Gospel magazine has fallen into your hands that *you* might be made to *think*! It has

been issued after much prayer to God, with the express object that, even as you read it, you may consider the great reality of Eternity. "Behold, NOW is the day of salvation!"

Have you never given yourself time to think of the eternal welfare of your precious soul? The great enemy of souls, the god of this world—Satan—has so organized it that men get little time to think. The ceaseless round of pleasures, fascinating amusements, social functions, and the absorbing efforts to acquire wealth, and the whirl of everyday life, combine to exclude God and Christ from men's thoughts.

Yet God has said, "O, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" He would have you think of His great kindness to *you*; how He has cared for you, preserved your life, and now waits to bless you eternally.

**THINK** of God's great love towards you, told out by Christ in suffering and death, "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."

Then **THINK** of the compassion of God in sending His glad tidings to *you*, that His goodness may lead you to repentance, that you may receive the pardon of all your sins and find a refuge under the shadow of His wings!

But **THINK**, too, of the awful consequences of refusing His goodness, love, and compassion, for it would involve spending eternity outside the presence of God!

**THINK** yet again, and open your heart to the

blessing of heaven, and the Saviour-God will "fill you with all joy and peace in believing."

F. S. MARSH.



## STANDING BY THE CROSS OF JESUS

**T**HE Gospel of John tells us of certain women who stood by the cross of Jesus. To two of those named we would draw the reader's special attention.

*Mary Magdalene*, out of whom had been cast seven devils (Luke viii. 2), is a complete type of one who had been entirely under the control of Satan. She is a triumph of the mercy and grace of God.

No one, however far from God, is beyond the reach of Christ and His atoning death on the cross. There is salvation for all who come to God by Him. (Heb. vii. 25.)

How beautifully this woman shines out as one who has true affection for the Lord! She missed Him, and had no home where He was not. How He makes Himself known to her in resurrection, calling her by her name, and giving her that honoured message to carry to His own: "Go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God and your God" (John xx. 17).

\* \* \* \*

*Mary, the mother of Jesus*, was a chosen vessel. She was one who believed on God before the Lord Jesus was born, and was marked as a woman of faith.

Her salvation, however, depended prospectively on the work of Christ equally with that of Mary of Magdala.

These two Marys (amongst the others who were with them) stood by the cross, which made nothing of them, and were quietly bearing His reproach.

The Lord Jesus, before expiring on the cross, committed His mother to the care of John, the disciple whom He loved, "and from that hour that *disciple* took her unto his own home" (John xix. 27). Here we see divine wisdom which took account of the way Satan would, and has come in to, give Mary the place of a mediator, which is quite unwarranted from the Scriptures.

Instead of Mary, the mother of Jesus being a Dignitary, she shows true submission to her Lord and Master, and takes her place amongst the disciples in the upper room at Jerusalem where they were gathered together: "These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and *Mary, the mother of Jesus*, and with His brethren" (Acts i. 12-14).

How unwarranted to suggest for a moment that the disciples would be praying to Mary! Ah! no, the believer has one Lord, and *He* must ever have the supreme place. "Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us *wisdom*, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that, according as it is written, **HE THAT GLORIETH, LET HIM GLORY IN THE LORD**" (1 Cor. i. 30-31).

"IF YOU BUT KNOW HIM!"

\* "*Si Christum noscis, satis est, si cætera nescis :  
Si Christum nescis, nihil est, si cætera noscis.*"

'TIS enough, if we but know Him,  
    Know His love, His power, His grace,  
The knowledge of all else is nothing,  
    If you have not seen His face,  
Tasted of His wondrous kindness,  
Known your ignorance, and blindness,  
    And in all, His teaching trace.

Nothing all your boasted knowledge,  
    If your hopes are not above ;  
Worthless all your worldly wisdom,  
    If you do not know His love :  
All the learning of the sages,  
All the wisdom of the ages,  
    At the last, must fruitless prove.

Lord and Saviour, give me knowledge,  
    As Thou teachest, line on line,  
That Thy rest, and Thy refreshing,  
    In this weary world be mine :  
Thou, the bread of life to feed me,  
Thou, the light of life to lead me,  
    All I have, and hope for, Thine.

CHAS. BUTLER-STONEY.

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\* If you have knowledge of Christ it is enough, if you know nothing else.

If you know nothing of Christ, it is nothing if you have knowledge of everything else.

## NO ROOM FOR JESUS

**W**E are living in a day when publicly there is no room for Jesus. It was so when He came here in lowly grace, and the world has not changed in its attitude towards that blessed Person, God's glorious Son! Yet there is no one so accessible as Jesus. Harken to His wondrous words in the synagogue of Nazareth, at the commencement of His public service here on earth: "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 brokenhearted, 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" (Luke iv.).

Yet no beauty did His own nation see in Him. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." In Luke ii. we read: "There was no room for them in the inn." Jesus came into this world unwanted by men; and opposition was manifest from the outset in that Herod sought to kill Him.

The aged Simeon speaks of what it would mean, the coming here of Jesus, that "*the thoughts of many hearts would be revealed.*" Ah! there had never been one known before who could read the hearts of men and judge the motives of every word, action, and deed. How it brought out clearly the enmity of the human heart against God and His Christ!



Yet, again, we say, there is no one to be compared with Jesus. Peter speaks of Him in Acts x. : " Jesus of Nazareth who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him."

Notwithstanding this He was thought only worthy of a malefactor's death, for the end of that perfect life of devotedness to the will of God and service to men culminated in that shameful death on Calvary's cross. But even there the love and grace of His heart shone out, in holy splendour as He uttered that wonderful prayer for His murderers : " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Ah ! the world at large had clearly shown it had no room for Jesus ; but here one whose heart had previously been fast closed against the holy Saviour is opened to receive Him. A dying thief utters his voice in justifying Jesus, and condemning himself at that hour when all the forces of evil had arrayed themselves against Jesus. " We, indeed, justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds ; **BUT THIS MAN HATH DONE NOTHING AMISS.**" He then turns to Jesus, saying, " Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom " ; and he immediately receives that gracious assurance : " Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

Dear reader, to which company do you belong—the *lost* or the *saved* ? Those who have *no room* for Jesus, or those who through grace have room for Him ?

How true it is of many in this day that they

have no room for Jesus, yet room for all else !

“ Room for pleasure, room for business,  
But for Christ the crucified ;  
Not a place that He can enter,  
In the heart for which He died ! ”

Oh ! how He waits to bless you, to fill your heart to overflowing with the conscious reality of His own unbounded love, which led Him to give His life for you, and which remains for you in all its living power and blessedness ! Oh !—

“ Hasten now ! His word obey !  
Swing your heart's door widely open,  
Bid Him enter while you may.”

R. CASSELLI.



## A DISREGARDED WARNING

**A** SAD story was recently told at a Coroner's inquest on the body of a gentleman who was drowned in the sea. A policeman gave evidence to the effect that he received information that what appeared to be a body of a man had been seen some distance out at sea ; he searched the beach for some distance, but could see nothing of anyone or anything that would throw light upon the matter. On walking along a road near the shore he discovered the clothes of two gentlemen, and afterwards the body of one of them was found in the water, not far from an empty motor car ; a short distance from it there was a notice giving warning that it was dangerous to bathe at that part of the beach. The two gentlemen were on a tour, and had evidently

taken no notice of the warning, and entering the water had been carried out to sea by the strong ebb tide and drowned.

Like these bathers, thousands are neglecting God's warnings, and are being carried by the tide of pleasure or sin, in its many and varied forms, into the depths of eternal woe.

The Holy Scriptures give us several instances of neglected warnings; we will briefly refer to two of them, both are referred to by the Lord Jesus in Luke xvii. 26-30. Hebrews xi. 7 tells us that, "Noah being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." Noah heeded the warning, and being a "preacher of righteousness," as Peter tells us in his second epistle (chapter ii. 5): he doubtless warned the godless antideluvians around him, but all, without exception, disregarded his message, and continued to live in ease, and self-indulgence, until "the flood came, and destroyed them all." Lot, too, was warned of the judgment about to fall on the corrupt cities of the Plain of Sodom, and acting on the advice of the heavenly messengers, he went out to his sons-in-law, and warned them of the impending doom, saying, "Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city." But he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law (Gen. xix. 14).

In view of the solemn fact that the judgment of this world is fast approaching, and that at any moment the door of mercy may close, how does

the reader stand in regard to it? It is no trifling matter, eternal issues are at stake, judgment is either *behind you*, or *before you*; *behind you*, if you are a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; *before you*, if you are an unbeliever, with a lifetime of sins upon you to be answered for at the judgment seat of God. You may be careless and indifferent, if so, we warn you of what must be the inevitable result of neglecting God's great salvation; eternal judgment will be the portion of all who die unsaved. "Come, now," is God's gracious invitation (see Isaiah i. 18). Will you accept or reject His blessed offer?

"How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!

How oft still the message of mercy doth send!

Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee:

'The harvest is passing, the summer will end.'"

E. E. NICHOLS.



## CHRIST'S DEATH THE PROOF OF GOD'S LOVE.

**I** ONCE thought that when Scripture spoke of Christ as a Mediator it meant that He came between me and a hard and *angry* God to take up my cause and appease His wrath. But the very opposite is the truth. He came between me and a *loving, giving* God. He came as the GIFT of God, to express His love toward me by dying in my place, and by His death to sweep away for ever every hindrance to my eternal blessing. GOD IS LOVE. GEO. CUTTING.

## CALVARY'S THREE CROSSES AND THEIR DEEP MEANING

**I**S there a spot upon earth of greater significance, both for time and eternity, than Calvary? Its sacredness will remain engraven for ever on the memories of all true believers on the Lord Jesus Christ. Upon Calvary's hill was accomplished the glorious work of Redemption. It marked in bold relief, in darkest enshrouding, the most tremendous transaction of all time. History in the past pressed toward it, that in the present and future look back to it. There, Jesus, God's Son, the Saviour, was "taken by wicked hands and crucified and slain"; but more than all this, as the holy, spotless Victim, He was abandoned of God. He cried with a loud voice: "My God, My God, why hast *Thou* forsaken Me?" Why? Because Christ was there as the sinbearer, and God had to hide His face from Him.

"*There they crucified Him.*" The crucifixion of the Lord Jesus forms the darkest blot on the pages of human history.

There are thousands of persons who have a cross suspended from their necks and watch chains. In the day of the Lord it was a symbol of shame, even as the gallows to-day. The apostle's reference to the cross was not to the wood, but to the suffering, reproach, and persecution attached to the name of Christ—the One who suffered thereon. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus

Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world" (Gal. vi. 14).

Just here I am reminded of an incident in a railway train a few years ago. A dear servant of the Lord found himself in a compartment with two sisters of mercy and one gentleman. He observed that suspended from the necks of these ladies were chains of beads, at the end of which were crucifixes. After journeying a few miles, my friend suddenly stood up, and exclaimed, "*Thank God that is not true.*" The three passengers were startled. The gentleman opposite then said, "*What is not true?*" "*That is not true,*" was the reply, pointing across to the crucifixes—"My Saviour is not *on* the cross, He is in heaven." He then sat down. I trust the innovation was used in blessing.

What rich unfoldings of truth issue forth from that middle cross of Calvary! *Calvary! Calvary!* The place at which we can learn the fulness of *divine* love.

"'Twas mighty love's constraining power  
That made Thee, blessed Saviour die.  
'Twas love, in that tremendous hour,  
That triumph'd in Thy mighty cry."

"'Twas all for us—our life we owe,  
Our hope, our crown of joy, to Thee;  
Thy suff'ring in that hour of woe—  
Thy vict'ry, Lord—hath made us free."

Oh! look away to *Calvary*, and *behold* the blood and water issuing from the riven side of the holy sufferer. "Without shedding of *blood* there is *no* remission."

Just here I will relate a true incident confirming the power of the blood of Jesus. A Christian

tells us of a friend who many years ago found himself in prison, because of his sin. He was held fast by the chains of strong drink, and greatly grieved the heart of his dear mother. After serving his term of imprisonment he found his way back to the old home. The mother, who loved him, urged him to sign a pledge. "But," he said, "Mother, I have signed enough pledges to paper the wall with: I need *something more* than a pledge." She said to him, "S——, *perhaps* if you sign *this* time, it may help you," and, having a pledge near at hand, she urged her wayward boy to sign it. "But," again he said, "No, mother, I am not going to sign *another* pledge; I need a *power* that can make me a sober man, and completely change my life." Growing desperate, his mother took a knife, and opened one of her veins, and dipping a pen into the flowing blood, she said, "S——, sign it with your mother's blood, and that may help you." But impressive as that was, it could not avail. At length he was brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose precious blood was shed on Calvary. Speaking after this, before a large audience, he was heard to say: "What the blood of my mother could *not* do, the blood of *Jesus* accomplished."

"Precious, *precious* blood of Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary!  
Shed for *rebels*, shed for *sinner*s,  
Shed for *me*."

The next cross is the cross of *reception*. Upon it hangs a dying malefactor whose heart was

attracted by the grace that shone in the blessed Saviour dying by his side. Taking his true place in self-condemnation, he says: "THIS MAN HATH DONE NOTHING AMISS. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

"His soul, by virtue of the blood,  
To paradise received,  
Redemption's earliest trophy stood,  
From sin and death retrieved."

Just a few words as to the *third* cross. It is that of *rejection*. Oh, the tragedy of dying without Christ! "Only *one* thief was *saved*, that none might *despair*, but *only* one that none might presume." From *one* side of the cross of Jesus *one* man goes to paradise, from the other side a man goes to perdition. Reader! reflect upon this. The same terms, the same opportunity, yet different responses. One man *receives*, the other *rejects*. The thief who died in his sins said: "If Thou be Christ, save *Thyself* and *us*." How like the modernist who wants a Christ, without the blood! Christ and His cross go together for ever. How sad that the blood of Jesus is eliminated from so much of the preaching of the present day! *Only* the blood of Jesus can make the heart of the sinner whiter than snow. Reader! where are you? You cannot furnish a legitimate excuse for refusing this overture of God's grace in Christ. If you die in your sins you will die with God's provision at hand. Forget not! there is no sin so great, and no action



so callous as wilfully to refuse Christ. Oh! do not *refuse*, come to Him now!

“Thou may'st come! the vilest sinner  
 May in Christ confide;  
 Thou art welcome! for to *save* thee  
 Jesus died.

“Hear Him speak the word of pardon!  
 Trust in Him who died!  
 And thy heart shall lose its burden  
 By His side.”

*Coventry.*

E. MAYO.



## RESEARCH AND REASONING

**W**E are living in a day when men occupy much time in research and reasoning. Skilled men devote their time, money and even their lives in efforts to ascertain the cause of, and cure for, diseases that afflict the body, such as cancer. Other investigators give attention to such questions as increasing the productivity of the earth, improving means of communication, or relieving the distress of the poor.

The search after knowledge, which we cannot fail to observe, raises the question: “What will be the end of men’s efforts on the lines of human reasoning and wisdom?”

Solomon, the king over God’s people Israel, who was famed for his discernment and wisdom, wrote: “I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven” (Eccles. i. 13). He also recorded

for us the result of his inquiry, "God made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." "Fear God and keep His commandment for this is the whole duty of man."

If your mind is occupied with reasoning about men and the search for inventions; will you pause and consider the word: "God made man upright"?

Are men upright to-day? No man considering this question soberly could fail to agree how far short he comes of that divinely perfect standard—the Man Christ Jesus—of whom God said: "This is My beloved Son in whom I have found My delight." Then, if it be accepted that in the beginning God made man upright, it must be agreed that man has fallen. This is confirmed by the fifty-third Psalm where we read that, "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God," and the comment is, "Everyone of them is gone back . . . there is none that doeth good, no not one."

Ignoring this inspired testimony, men say that world conditions are improving, and speak of attaining a state of perfection by a process of conciliation, education and improvement. Do not be deluded by the suggestions Satan will make to your mind, or by the reasonings of men which have no solid foundation. Admit now, the truth which no sinner will be able to avoid, in that day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ: "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Owing this,

you will be ready to consider the way God has taken that sinners may be saved and blessed.

God is great ! In the might of His power and love He has devised means whereby men can be before Him in nearness, in righteousness and holiness. His ways are above our ways, His thoughts above our thoughts. We do well to heed the suggestion made in Isaiah i. 18 : " 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."

The promise contained in the prophetic pleading of the Lord, as recorded by Isaiah, should attract the heart of any one who has realized his own fallen condition. Whether your sins be as scarlet, or crimson, if you will bow to the Lord and His reasoning they shall be as white as snow or wool. The prophet goes on to say : " If ye will hearken," and proceeds with his reasoning until, in chapter liii, he can say : " He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." What a wonderful reference to Christ !

In the greatness of His own mercy, God has come in and provided that means of redemption and cleansing, which fallen man could never find for himself. The curse of sin has been borne by Jesus. Herod with his men of war arrayed Jesus in a scarlet robe and sent Him a prisoner to Pilate. Pilate said : " I have found no fault in this man . . .", but " he gave

sentence that it should be as they required," and, "he delivered Jesus to their will." Jesus suffered and died upon the cross that by virtue of His cleansing blood you might be freed from the judgment of sin. Jesus died vicariously. He died that the love of God might in righteousness flow out to men. Will you not join the company of the redeemed?—each one of whom delights to say: "*He died for me.*"

God dealt with the whole question of sin in that one perfect Offering, when Jesus suffered and made atonement "without the gate." The realization of this fact gives an abiding sense of joyous confidence. We would appeal to you to heed the reasoning of divine grace, and turn now to Jesus, "the Author and Finisher of faith."

A young man who was earnestly endeavouring to improve the conditions of the world by developing the consciences of his fellow-men, one who admitted the fact that the sin of man lay at the root of all the suffering which he saw around him, and who spoke of Jesus as a leader, who during His life had indicated the pathway along which perfection could be found, was asked recently, "Why did Jesus die?" and answered, "as an example of devotion to duty." There is no hope in that answer. Unless you believe that Jesus died to atone for sin, and that He died vicariously *for you*, you can have nothing but your own works to present to God as an offering, and your works will not be any more acceptable than the offering of Cain which was rejected by God.

In pleading with you to consider immediately the important question of the welfare of your soul, may we suggest five reasons why you should bow to Jesus now?—

**GOD'S COMMAND.**—"God . . . commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts xvii. 30).

**GOD'S LOVE.**—"God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).

**CHRIST'S RIGHTS AS REDEEMER.**—"In whom we have redemption through His blood even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. i. 14).

**NO OTHER SAVIOUR.**—" . . . for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts. iv. 12).

**NO OTHER ESCAPE FROM JUDGMENT.**—"How shall we escape if we NEGLECT so great salvation" (Heb. ii. 3).

No excuse for the refusal of Christ will avail you if you neglect the opportunity in the present day of grace; will you therefore open your heart to the reasoning of righteous grace, and accept Christ as your own Saviour and Lord? Never in time or eternity could you regret the hour in which you arrived at such a reasonable decision. **BOW TO JESUS NOW!**

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

T. H. SUTTON.

## “THEY LAUGHED HIM TO SCORN”

(LUKE viii. 53)

**T**HEY laughed Him to scorn !  
 When He said that the dead should arise ;  
 At the grief-stricken house, where a maiden slept  
 In the silence of death ; as the mourners wept,  
 He heard their disconsolate cries.  
 He who suffered for sin in this vale of tears,  
 Drawing near to the maiden of tender years,  
 With love in His pitying eyes ;  
 In compassion for hearts with their anguish torn,  
 “ Weep not, she but sleepeth,” the Saviour said ;  
 But they mocked !  
 For they knew that the child was dead ;  
 And they laughed !  
 Yes, they laughed Him to scorn !

They laughed Him to scorn !  
 A degenerate fallen race ;  
 They reviled Him who came to redeem the lost,  
 Though His precious blood was the priceless cost ;  
 Yes, they mocked Him, and spat in His face !  
 He who brought wondrous tidings of peace, for all  
 Who to-day, in repentance and faith, shall call  
 On the Saviour who came in grace.  
 In derision they gave Him a crown of thorn ;  
 When in love, on the cross He for sinners died,  
 “ Let Him now save Himself,” all the scoffers cried,  
 As they laughed !  
 Yes, they laughed Him to scorn !

But God is not mocked ;  
 He for wrath has appointed a day ;  
 For the doom of the wicked has long been declared,  
 Yet in mercy, through Christ is a refuge prepared,  
 For all who the gospel obey.  
 Of this day of salvation the prophets foretold,  
 Yet they mock even now as in days of old ;  
 But the scoffers are passing away ;  
 As the Sodomites perished in fiery flame,  
 And as all were destroyed when the deluge came,  
 In the day of God’s vengeance which soon shall dawn,  
 None shall laugh,  
 Who once laughed Him to scorn.

Soon the scorers shall mock no more ;  
He that sitteth on high shall laugh,  
When the mockers their woe shall bewail and weep ;  
For as they have sown, they shall also reap,  
And be driven away like chaff.

Soon the righteous shall laugh with a holy joy,  
For the praise of the King shall each tongue employ,  
When the day of reproach is o'er.

But the wicked who treated the Saviour with scorn,  
With remorse shall remember His words of grace,  
When they plucked off the hair from His blessed face,  
As they laughed ;  
Yes, they laughed Him to scorn.

They mocked at the servants of God !  
Whose message of mercy they scorned ;  
The tender entreaty and outstretched hand,  
And the call to repentance at God's command,  
As of wrath they were faithfully warned.  
Others said,—We will hear of this matter again,  
Of the Lamb who on Calvary's cross was slain ;  
But decision for Jesus must wait ;  
Yet none shall escape who this warning neglect,  
No mercy for those who this Saviour reject,  
In despair they shall mourn o'er their fate ;  
All who die in their sins shall be raised from the tomb,  
Then no mockers shall scoff, in the day of the doom  
Of the dead ;  
All the dead small and great.

*Paignton.*

J. W. WILKINSON.

*"All they that see Me laugh Me to scorn."*—PSALM xxii. 7.

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

*"Because I have called, and ye refused ; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded ; but ye have set at nought all My counsel and would none of My reproof ; I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh ; . . . Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer ; they shall seek Me early, but shall not find Me"* (Prov. i. 24-31).

*"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh ; the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath"* (Ps. ii. 4-5).

## THE SHELTERING ROCK

**F**ROM the mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey, carrying with her her only child, a boy of two years old.

The morning when the widow left her home gave promise of a lovely day, but before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the lake.

The wind was followed by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May—for that storm is ever remembered as "the great May-storm." The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock.

Weary, wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain hut which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope of proceeding in that direction failed. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a sheltered nook. The storm continued to rage. The



snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed, and it became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapped him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn.

The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend her from the piercing cold of such a night as that, but whatever might become of herself, her child must be preserved.

The night came on. The affectionate mother then stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round the child, and at last in despair put him into a deep crevice of the rock, among some heather and fern.

She then resolved, at all hazards, to brave the storm, and return home to get assistance for her babe, or perish in the attempt. Claspings her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down to sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, while a thousand waterfalls poured down the mountain sides. Dark figures at a distance could be seen with long poles examining every hollow near the mountain-pass. They were people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry was uttered by one of the shepherds, as he saw a bit of tartan cloak among the snow. They had found the widow—dead! Her arms stretched forth, as if imploring assistance! Before noon,

they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Many a tear was shed, many a sigh of affection was uttered from sorrowing hearts, when, that evening, the aged pastor gathered the villagers into the house of mourning, and by prayer and exhortation brought before their souls an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed away. That aged servant of God had long been gathered to his fathers, though his memory still lingered in many a retired glen among children's children of parents whom he had baptized. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of the great cities. His subject was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the story of the Highland widow, whom he had known in his boyhood, and he asked: "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart, if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory; and if the sight of her poor tattered shawl, which she had wrapped around him in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if in memory of your Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love and with adoring gratitude?"

A few days later, a message was sent to this servant by a dying man who requested

to see him. The request was speedily complied with.

The sick man seized the servant by the hand, and gazing intently in his face, said: "You do not, you cannot recognize me, but I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Lord's day I went where I could hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son." Here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried: "*I am that son!*" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never, never did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me? Dear, very dear to me is her memory; and my only desire now is to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard among the hills.

"But, sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this—until now I never truly saw the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears, and pressing the servant's hand to his breast, he added, "It was Him who made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy Name that my dear mother did not die in vain; and that the prayers which, I was

told, she used to offer for me, have been at last answered !

“ The love of my mother has been blessed in making me see, as I never saw before, the love of my Saviour. I see it ; I believe it.

“ I have found deliverance in old age, where I found it in my childhood—in the cleft of the rock ; but it is the Rock of Ages.” And, clasping his hands, he repeated with intense fervour : “ Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb ? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee ! ”

“ Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy riven side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Cleansing from its guilt and power.”



## YOUR DESTINY—WHAT IS IT ?

**D**URING a holiday recently spent in the Isle of Wight it was our privilege to listen to the earnest and solemn appeals made by a devoted Christian who had been holding “ open-air ” meetings on the Esplanade on Sunday evenings. It was very encouraging to see the interest displayed by the large crowds gathered to hear what was said.

One was greatly impressed by the loving and beseeching manner in which he presented the truth, and by the faithful warnings given to those who obey not the Gospel. He quoted from an

old hymn, a verse which fastened itself forcibly on one's mind. It was this:—

“As a tree falls, so it lies ;  
As a man lives, so he dies ;  
As a man dies, so shall he be  
Through all the days of eternity.”

Ponder these words, dear reader, for they convey the truth, being apparently based on the scripture, “If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall lie” (Eccles. xi. 3).

There is abroad to-day a pernicious doctrine that men will be given a second chance ; that is, after death they will receive another opportunity of receiving the blessing they refused in time. But this is one of Satan's means of deluding souls, for it is *certain*, on the authority of God's word, that those who die in their sins, through not accepting God's offer of full and free salvation, will be raised with their sins still upon them, and be judged accordingly. Jesus, Himself, said to such when here : “I go My way, and ye shall seek Me, and shall die in your sins : whither I go ye cannot come” (John viii. 21).

The Lord Jesus suffered on Calvary's cross, the Just One for us, the unjust ones (1 Pet. iii. 18), and paid in full the price of our redemption. Now, by simply accepting Him as your own Saviour you can know that your sins, many though they may be, are all forgiven.

Be wise in time, and as you read these words, just open your heart to the Lord Jesus, and trust Him as your Saviour!

Do not trust in your own opinions, or seek to

rest in whatever merits you may think you have, for they will not stand the light of God's word, and cannot be relied on for one moment. Ephesians ii. 8 tells us : " For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God ; not of works, lest any man should boast."

On a beautiful day during our holiday we saw a young man and woman go out for a sail in a dinghy. Before starting, the man had assured the boat hirer of his ability to handle the craft, and produced evidence to support his statement.

In perfect conditions they set sail. Some time later a cry of alarm was raised, and looking out to sea we saw the upturned hull of a boat and two people clinging to it. A speed-boat and other craft rushed to the rescue, and, later, we watched the young couple, who so confidently had set sail, brought to shore in the speed-boat. They had been enjoying the sail, under the ideal conditions prevailing, when a sudden squall arose and capsized the boat before they could do anything to meet the situation.

You may be like these two young people, confident in your ability to " guide your craft," but how will you stand when the wind of God's holy and righteous judgment comes upon you, as it surely will, if you " neglect so great salvation ? " Oh ! do *not* neglect it, we earnestly beseech you, but—

" Come now ! trust this peerless Saviour !  
 Prove the glory of His grace !  
 Live for ever in God's favour,  
 As it shines in Jesu's face ! "

F. S. LYNES.

## WHAT DEATH CAN NEVER TOUCH. IS IT YOURS ?

“ **N**O man is sure of life ” (Job xxiv. 22). No truer statement could be made than this of the patriarch Job. Yet, alas ! how few are concerned as to what shall be hereafter ! What multitudes pursue their various avocations, day by day, quite regardless of the eternal welfare of their precious souls ! Many have left their homes, in the full vigour of health, but have never returned. Some severe illness, an unforeseen accident, or in some way death has suddenly claimed them ; as it is said : “ He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more ” (Job vii. 10). Who knows how near death may be ? Therefore, in view of this, let each reader of these pages ask himself or herself the questions, Am I prepared to die ? Have I anything upon which death has no claim ? What do I possess that death cannot touch ?

If you have never considered the gravity of your position in the sight of a holy, righteous, sin-hating God, delay not to do so now. Heed wisdom’s exhortation, which the prophet Amos was divinely inspired to render : “ Prepare to meet thy God ” (Amos iv. 12). For the unbeliever there is nothing but the horror of banishment from God’s presence for ever, if the path of self-will and refusal of His salvation is indefinitely pursued, for, “ How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ? ” (Heb. ii. 3).

For the believer in Jesus, however, there need be no fear, for the precious Saviour, in whom he trusts, is the triumphant One over death, having broken its power, and annulled him who had the power thereof. Death hath no more dominion over Him who has been raised out of death; and every believer is eternally alive to God in Him (Rom. vi. 9-11). Consider then, that glorious Saviour, once crucified, but now "crowned with glory and honour" at the right hand of the Majesty on high—there in virtue of that wonderful work of redemption fully accomplished to the entire satisfaction and delight of the heart of God, and competent to meet the need of every human intelligence. Further, for the believer, there is "fulness of joy," and at God's right hand "pleasures for evermore."

A dear old Christian lay dying. He had suffered great loss as far as this world's possessions were concerned, and his health also had failed. To one who visited him he exclaimed: "I have lost everything here, but I have everything there!" Having Christ, he had *all*.

Dear reader, is Jesus *your* Saviour, your Lord, your *all*? If still a stranger to His grace, turn at once to Him, who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. Delay not, for "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

"Just as I am—poor wretched, blind;  
SIGHT, RICHES, HEALING OF THE MIND,  
YEA, ALL I NEED *in Thee to find*,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

A. E. BIRD.



## “WOUNDED FOR ME, SIR ?”

ONE day toward the end of the Great War, an old gentleman was walking down a London Street, when he met a wounded soldier, who was painfully making his way along on crutches. Going up to him, the gentleman said, “Thank you for being wounded for me !” The soldier looked at him in astonishment ; he had never been addressed in that way before, and we can in some measure understand what a surprise it must have been to him to be thanked by a stranger for having been wounded for him. Having gained the wounded soldier’s attention, he went on to say, “I can tell you of someone who was wounded for you.” This deepened his surprise, “Wounded for me, sir ?” he inquired. “Yes,” said the old gentleman, “*Wounded for your transgressions (yours and mine), bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.*”—(See Isaiah liii. 5.)

Having made his meaning clear, he went on to tell the wounded man the wonderful story of God’s love, told out in the gift of His only begotten Son ; the sight of that poor soldier so touched his heart that he would not let him pass without giving him what he considered was due to him for having suffered on the battle field with thousands more, to save his fellow-countrymen from the horrors of war.

Reader, how have you treated that blessed One of whom the prophet Isaiah spoke ? Who was “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*" (Isa. liii. 3). Is this true of you? "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him: and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Can you read these wonderful words untouched and unmoved, and reject the grace which led the blessed Son of God to take the sinner's place upon the cross? "Who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2. 6), and "died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again" (2 Cor. v. 15).

Ponder well these blessed facts, and ask yourself the question, Is there not something due to Him for all that He endured and suffered upon the cross? Have you never thanked Him?

"Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

E. E. NICHOLS.

"Wounded for me, wounded for me,  
There on the cross He was wounded for me;  
Gone my transgressions and now I am free,  
All because Jesus was wounded for me."



**Faith** is occupied altogether with the Lord Jesus, casting behind it *self* with all its feelings.

A. B.

**WHO WILL SHOW US ANY GOOD?**

*There be many that say, who will show us any good?—PSALM iv. 6.*

**A**RE you, my reader, one of the many who say this; one of the many who are trying, but trying in vain, to hide from themselves the painful and heart-breaking disillusionment of finding contentment and happiness in that which the world at its very best has to offer? One of the many, too, who have an uneasy conviction that things are not right between themselves and their Creator-God, and who are unable to bring forward anything which they honestly, and to their own satisfaction even, consider would meet His holy and righteous requirements?

If you are one of such we can fully, and with deep sympathy, understand your cry—**WHO WILL SHOW US ANY GOOD?**—should that indeed be the language of an awakened conscience and a desolate heart!

The time was, may be, when such thoughts gave you no concern; when, in the glow and promise of life's outlook, serious questions never troubled you, and when your chief anxiety was that none of its pleasures should pass you by; yea, rather that you should prove them to the full.

But that day has gone. The blaze of fleeting popularity has died down, and the ashes of

**“Joys departed, never to return,”**

provide but cold comfort in the hour of lonely retrospect.

It is not necessary, nowadays, for lengthening years alone to attest the truth of the position here portrayed. Alas, no! Many a young fellow has crowded into his brief span so much of the "world," that his heart is already sickened by its vanities, and he will tell you, in a burst of confidence, that although he is "fed up," he must needs still bury himself in it, as he knows of nothing better to take its place.

So, on he goes to the inevitable end, as, swept into the maelstrom of sinful folly and dissipation he finds himself in the grip of a power from which no human hand can deliver him.

Is LIFE, then, nought but an alluringly empty show; a dream upon which despair waits with mocking contempt; nothing but a deceptive mirage from which one all-too-late recoils in hopeless anguish and fear? In other words, is there *no answer* to the momentous question: *Who will show us any good?* Praise God, there is! A full, and entirely satisfactory answer, a God-provided answer, found in the fact of His having lifted up the light of His countenance upon us, that being the blessed and immediate counterpart of the Scripture in which the question itself is raised.

Read it for yourself—

**“There be many that say, Who will show us any good? LORD, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.”**

A Saviour-God has indeed lifted up the light of His countenance upon us! And what is to be seen outshining in that countenance? Compassion, mercy and grace, all finding their

impulse in divine love, and all becoming effective for man by the eternal mystery and wonder of the incarnation.

By this mighty and inscrutable act, God Himself took human form, and was so found, in the Person of JESUS, amongst men, as Redeemer and Saviour, with the object of recovering man from the consequences of the FALL, for His own joy, and the gratification of His thoughts and purposes of holy love.

But this involved the vicarious suffering for sin, and the death of Jesus, whose blood is the only means of the soul's redemption, the only divinely-provided atonement for sin.

The unqualified acceptance of the necessity for "Calvary" is the first heart movement toward that "good" for which it craves.

That, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23),

must personally be endorsed; repentance toward God must be the genuine attitude of soul, and the realization and admission that, apart from divine intervention, man is lost, and without hope. That intervention was seen when the very wickedness of man, in the crucifying of Jesus, was made the occasion for the manifestation of the great love of God; for THEN was

*He who knew no sin, made sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him;*

THEN, *did He suffer for sins, the just One for us, the unjust ones, that He might bring us to God; and*

THEN did He, the Man Christ Jesus, as Mediator between God and men, give Himself a Ransom for all, to give effect to the will of a Saviour-God, that all men should be saved.

Now, consequent upon the resurrection of Jesus from amongst the dead, and His exaltation to the right hand of God, forgiveness of sins and salvation, through faith in His name, is announced to all men, without distinction of class or nationality.

The maintenance of these initial soul movements of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, is accompanied by the blessed consciousness of being

**“ Justified by faith,”** and of  
**“ Peace with God,”**;

the Holy Spirit indwelling the believer shedding abroad in his heart the

**“ Love of God,”**

the assured witness to the realization of every divinely-begotten HOPE.

An immediate result of this is to **“ Joy in God ”** as the heart's continual portion, with the knowledge that

**“ All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose,”**

and that nothing can separate the believer from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord (Rom. viii).

All power in heaven and in earth is in the hands of Jesus.

He will soon manifestly exercise that power by the suppression of all evil, and by the establishment of His world-kingdom in righteous rule and glory.

Anterior to these great happenings He will COME to take the whole company of believers, dead and living, to be with Himself, and share the triumphs and bliss of His millennial reign.

All this will be preparatory to entering upon ETERNAL conditions, when there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, the former things having passed away, and GOD shall be all and in all.

Whilst filling out his little day here, the believer has the comforting knowledge of divine care in respect of temporal concerns; the sweet fellowship of those likeminded; the joy of devoting himself to the happy service of his Lord and Master, with ever-fresh proofs of that unchanging love that waits upon him, and which never fails the trusting heart.

Dear reader, these are some of the results of a Saviour-God having lifted up the light of His countenance upon us.

Do you still ask: "Who will show us any good"?

"O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

**A WONDERFUL PHYSICIAN**

**O**NE summer afternoon last year a number of people were travelling together in a railway compartment in Devonshire. There were a father and mother with their little girl, who was obviously very fond of her father. The other occupants of the carriage were a young man and a young woman, both from the same town, but unknown to each other except by sight.

The little girl, as children will, was soon laughing and prattling to everyone, but always kept near her father, a rather pale and tired-looking man, who was watching her every movement.

After a time, the young man, who had also been watching the child, remarked—

“She seems very fond of her daddy.”

“Yes,” replied the mother, “I don’t know whatever we shall do with her next week. Her daddy will be away in hospital.”

The child ran back to her father, and seized his coat, as if she did not want to let him go. The woman watched them both for a moment, and then continued :

“Yes, he has to go into hospital for an operation. It is rather a serious one, but we hope everything will be all right.”

The young man made some sympathetic remark, and a short conversation followed, as to the nature of the father’s illness and of the seriousness of the operation.

“Dr. — is to operate,” continued the mother. “Do you know him? He is said to be a very clever man.”



“Yes,” replied the young man, “I have heard of him.”

“We are very worried, though,” said the mother, “you see, it is such a complicated operation, and sometimes things may go wrong. Still, I suppose we must leave it to the doctor. He does not *often* lose a patient.”

“Have you heard of a doctor who has *never* lost a patient?” asked the young man.

“No! I don’t think I have,” replied the woman.

“Well, *I* know of one,” remarked the young man.

“Really! He must be a very clever man.”

“He is.”

“Does he live in P——?” asked the mother.

“No.”

“Is it Dr. ——? mentioning a well-known local doctor.”

“No.”

“And he has never lost a patient?” queried the mother.

“No. He has never lost a patient, and he has cured more patients than any other doctor who has ever lived,” replied the young man.

“He must be a wonderful man,” said the woman wistfully.

“He is,” replied the young man; “he is the most wonderful man that has ever lived.”

“I wish I knew him. Do you think he could cure my husband?”

“I am certain he could,” replied the young man. “He is the Lord Jesus Christ. He is in heaven now, but His power and His love are the

same as when He was upon earth. He has healed millions, not only for time but for all eternity." And there and then the young man gave witness to the greatness of the Saviour.

"He has never lost a patient yet, and He never will," he concluded, and, turning to the other occupant of the carriage, whom he knew to be a Christian, he added: "Is not that so, Miss —?"

"Yes," answered the lady, "all are safe in His hands."

The train drew in to the station, and the passengers parted, some, perhaps, never to meet on earth again. Did that family in need avail themselves of the Saviour who was available for them? Did that invalid, who was entering upon what might be his last week upon earth, commit himself into the hands of the Great Physician? Did that wife come to put her trust in the One who could heal all diseases?

I do not know, dear reader, but in His infinite wisdom and tender love God gave them the opportunity. And if you have never heard of the fame of Jesus, and the greatness of His power, may the consideration of this simple incident bring home to your heart the necessity for *you* to put *your* trust in the Saviour, who is both able and willing to save you!

B. G. HARDINGHAM.



THE BLOOD OF JESUS is the ground of peace with God to every believing sinner on earth, and it will be the subject of the song of the redeemed in Heaven.—  
*Wm. Reid.*

## AFAR OFF

**H**OW great is the moral distance between God and men on account of sin! Many, alas! have little or no sense of this. Like the Pharisee, of whom we read in Luke xviii. 10-12, they presume that they are able to approach God as they are, and the lack of conscience as to their true state only shows how far off they really are. On the other hand, the publican *felt* the distance. We read of him, that he

## STOOD AFAR OFF

and smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Feeling the distance, and crying for mercy, he was heard, for we read that he "went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Have *you* ever felt this distance? God has felt it—none could feel it as He has. At the very beginning, as soon as sin came in, and the great distance between a holy God and sinful man was apparent, His heart yearned over His creature, and **MERCY** came to light. How great was the distance! But divine love was greater. The distance has been covered in that wonderful journey taken by **JESUS**, the Son of God, who—

"Came from Godhead's fullest glory  
Down to Calv'ry's depth of woe!"

This is set forth in type in the journey of Abraham and Isaac recorded in Genesis xxii. We read that on the third day Abraham saw

## THE PLACE AFAR OFF.

And what took place there spoke of that supreme sacrifice when Jesus gave Himself a Ransom for all, when *He* went into the far off place. How great the distance and darkness into which *He* went! What agony and suffering did *He* endure! It was, indeed, a far off place to which His love took Him when He who knew no sin was "made sin" for us.

"None could follow there, blest Saviour,  
When Thou didst for sin atone;  
For those sufferings deep, unfathomed,  
Were, Lord Jesus, Thine alone."

His devotion to the will of God took Him there. How very different from us who, each and all, have gone astray, and turned every one to his own way, like that one of whom we read in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, who took his journey into

### A FAR COUNTRY.

He went off in independence and selfwill to have his "fling," as men say. But his resources soon vanished, and we read that "when he came to himself, he said . . . I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned. . ." *He is feeling the distance now!* And he is feeling two great facts—his own desperate need, and the plenty of the father's house. There is the condition also which God delights to see—**REPENTANCE**—a condition which God rejoices to meet and to bless. How quickly the distance is covered! "When he was yet *a great way off*, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

How ready to forgive, how ready to embrace—the father ran! O why *remain* distant? The blessed God wants you *near*.

“No reproach, no condemnation  
Does He hold for thee;  
Grace has met the claims of justice  
Righteously.”

Yes! GOD felt the distance. We say this with deep reverence and thankfulness, as we see the wonderful way in which divine love has wrought, through the work of Christ, to open up the way for us to be brought back to God *righteously*.

Are *you* among the happy people of whom it can be said, they

### WERE FAR OFF,

but now “are made nigh by the blood of Christ?”

How good to be in the enjoyment of this divinely wrought nearness now!

How solemn, on the other hand, to think of those who still ignore the fact of the distance, and, despising the grace of God, remain in their sins. What an awakening such will have to the terrible realization of *eternal* distance! The Lord Jesus Himself gives warning of this in Luke xvi. 19–31. Of the rich man, He says, “And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham

### AFAR OFF.”

The distance is eternally fixed—a great gulf *fixed*, and they who would pass over CANNOT.

“Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him **WHILE HE IS NEAR.**”

## THE TRUE LIGHT

“WHAT would happen if you allowed the light to go out?” inquired a visitor of the keeper of a lighthouse, which stands on a very dangerous part of the coast.

“The light has never gone out yet, and never will,” he replied. “Too much depends on it. We know that every sailor is on the look out for it; his safety depends upon his seeing it. Our duty is to see that it is kept shining, it is unthinkable what would happen if the light failed.”

When here upon earth the Lord Jesus said, “I am the light of the world, he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life” (John viii. 12).

“Yet a little time is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth” (John xii. 35).

He was the great luminary that brought light into this dark world of sin and death; Oh! the perfection and lustre of His holy Person. What a glorious outshining of God.

Were a pilot to ignore the guiding beam of the lighthouse (which is inconceivable), would not all be amazed at his folly? Yet how much greater is the folly of those who refuse the light that the Lord Jesus brought into this world! The Saviour in wondrous grace, moved here among men with everything that they needed. He was *the* Light. He healed the sick, cleansed the leper, cast out demons, comforted the sorrowing, or whatever was the plight of those with

whom He came in contact, there was mercy and blessing freely bestowed upon them.

Yet this glorious Person after such a devoted life of service to God and men, "was taken by wicked hands and crucified and slain." Barabbas, a robber and murderer, was preferred to Jesus.

Dear reader, you have your choice to make. What is it to be? "Who is it to be? The light, or the darkness?" The enjoyment of the love of God, as made known to us in Jesus, or "the pleasures of sin for a season?"

The true light for you is now shining. Yet, maybe your eyes are morally blinded! You see it not, and pass by the beacon of God's love, ignorant of your peril. "The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not" (John i. 5). And so Paul has to say: "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 unto them" (2 Cor. iv. 4).

Lost! Blinded! The robber is still at work. He would rob you of the light; he would rob you of the Saviour. But the light still shines; he cannot put it out, he cannot dim its radiance, and so, although as regards God your condition may be that of blinded and lost, as long as the light shines there is mercy, blessing and salvation available for you. In virtue of Christ's atoning work, God is now pleased and willing to accept what He has done *for you*, and the

light shines for you and upon you, in order that you may be brought into that place of favour and blessing, where you will be able to enjoy the salvation which Christ Jesus died to secure.

“ O this precious light is telling  
 God’s full favour now to man ;  
 From the glory it is streaming—  
 Ne’er such news since time began !

“ Come, then, trust this peerless Saviour,  
 Prove the glory of His grace ;  
 Live for ever in God’s favour  
 As it shines in Jesu’s face ! ”

*Liverpool.*

J. G. MATHISON.



## WORDS FITLY SPOKEN

**I**N the early summer of 1912 a Christian was taking a morning’s walk in Somerset. Well in front of him an elderly man was seated in the cool shadows of tall trees, breaking stones for road repairing. At a still greater distance, rising clouds of dust, the bleating of hundreds of voices, and the barking of dogs spoke of the approach of a large flock of sheep, which practically filled up the somewhat narrow road. Hastening his steps a little, the Christian reached the opening where the stonebreaker was seated, in time to allow the flock to pass without confusion. It was impossible to indulge in conversation, so both men merely watched with interest until shepherd, dogs, and sheep had merged into dust and shadow along the road.



Then the servant of the Lord turned to the workman, and in impressive tones asked him, "Are you one?"

Without any further remark whatever, and not even explaining himself, he quietly resumed his walk up the hill, leaving the bewildered man to his own thoughts.

In less than an hour he returned, and found the poor old workman in tears. With genuine feeling our friend asked the cause of his distress.

"Ah! sir," he replied, "when you put that question to me, I wasn't one, but, *I am one now*. I knew what you meant."

No doubt, amidst all the accumulated impressions gathered up in his lifetime some recollection of the Good Shepherd had lain in his mind.

"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them and they follow Me" (John x. 27).

Perhaps, too, in some village school he had learnt that wonderful, prophetic chapter in Isaiah, which also states: "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. liii.). However, in less than an hour, he had realized that a strayed sheep he had been all his life—and it was the consciousness of this that soaked his old red handkerchief with tears. *Now*, he was one of those that follow Jesus; who have heard His voice, and who are known of Him.

Jesus does not drive *His* sheep, He leads them.

That scene in the Somerset road, with its struggling mass of sheep and lambs, driven down the shaded hill by yelping dogs and inconsiderate men, is not unlike the moral aspect of life to-day. The road is shadowed indeed, and that by

ignorance of God ; it leads downward, too ; whilst man, helpless in himself to resist evil, is driven forward by him, who is both deceiver and destroyer. But Christ is the Good Shepherd, and knows His sheep. Was there ever goodness known like His ? He gave all, He gave Himself ; and by such giving declares His goodness, and wins the heart of man. He gave Himself for me, and I did not deserve it. He gives me living water that I may never thirst again ; He gives me eternal life, and with it the assurance that I shall never perish.

If giving is goodness, then this is perfect goodness, and He is the Good Shepherd. If goodness is giving, no one could compare with Him, and such goodness leads our hearts to repentance.

As Shepherd He leads, not into labyrinthine ways of worldly disappointment, but beside still waters of peace, where, with sins forgiven, my conscience is at rest ; where, as justified through faith in Him, no accuser may afflict ; and, where as knowing His love, my heart is at rest.

Nations are not being shepherded to-day—they are merely herded. No iron gauntlet can give peace and happiness to men. Only Christ can do that, and those who say of Him : “ The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,” have already discovered the still waters of peace.

In closing, we would inquire earnestly and affectionately of the reader :—

“ Are you one ? ”

## “TO COMFORT ALL THAT MOURN”

**W**HAT welcome tidings! The prophet Isaiah, as divinely inspired, prophesied that the Lord Jesus would be sent “to bind up the broken-hearted . . . to comfort all that mourn.”

How many broken, sorrowing hearts there are in this poor, weary world! Perhaps the reader may be among them. If so, may you be brought to know and trust the One who can bind up your broken heart and comfort you in a way that no one else can!

There is no one like Jesus, for He goes to the *root* of all the sorrow of the human race, which has been brought about as a result of sin and all its awful consequences! God is holy, and cannot countenance sin; and until every stain of sin is removed from the conscience and heart no one can be at rest and peace in His presence.

How blessedly the Saviour proved Himself able and willing to minister comfort to poor, weary, sin-burdened hearts, during His life of devoted service here on earth; and in doing so give them to know Him intimately and confide wholly in Him! In Luke iv., at the *commencement* of His public ministry, He cites from this very passage from Isaiah lxi., adding: “This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.” He, Himself, was there in Person! Oh! glorious day!

Yet, His tender, compassionate love is just the same to-day. He is no less accessible; indeed, as the One who has died, was buried, and is risen

again, He has ascended to the right hand of the majesty on high, and—

“Waits to be gracious, to pardon and heal  
All who their sin and their wretchedness feel.”

One who had long been burdened with sin's heavy load, at length came under the sound of the glorious gospel message, where he was brought into “joy and peace in believing.” Speaking to a friend shortly afterwards, he said: “I could get no rest night or day for weeks, for my sins weighed so heavily upon me; yet I mourned over my past with deep feeling; but when I was brought livingly in contact with the One who could fully meet my soul's deep need, I rested my weary soul on Him *alone*.”

Ah! this is the secret of true rest for conscience and heart. How often souls turn to human props, ordinances, or the like, instead of *wholly* trusting themselves to *Christ alone*! He alone can bind up the broken-hearted, and “comfort all that mourn.”

May the reader be brought to trust Him *wholly*, and that *without delay*!

“O ye who walk in darkness,  
Ever mourning for your sin,  
Open the window of your soul,  
Let the warm sunshine in.  
Every ray was purchased for you  
By the matchless love of One  
Who has suffered in the shadow  
That you might see the sun.”

## TRUE WEALTH

**T**HAT real happiness and satisfaction are not found in the possession of earthly wealth but in the knowledge of God, as revealed in the Lord Jesus Christ, has been brought forcibly home to the writer by two personal experiences.

He was standing with a nobleman in the library of one of England's stately homes. The owner, the possessor of great wealth, a statesman of fame, standing high in the social circle, had shown him the features of the luxurious mansion. Impressed with the surroundings, he exclaimed, "What a beautiful home this is, my lord!" With a sad, far-away expression, and a deep sigh, his lordship replied, "It, is but the light of it has gone!" He then turned away to gaze out of the window over the well-timbered park, to the churchyard in the distance, where lay the body of his dearest, who had but recently died under circumstances of peculiar pathos. A vertical stone cross marked her grave, and on the cross a glass globe had been placed. As the rays from the setting sun shone upon that globe a gleam of sunshine was reflected into that very window, and each sunny evening this man of wealth was found there to watch for the ray of sunlight from his wife's grave.

Surrounded by all that earth and the world could give to secure happiness he was still sorrowful, for death had taken from him all that made life dear.

The poet's well-known words were, alas ! only too true of him :—

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Whether it was the recalling of his happy past, or whether that ray of light brought to that nobleman some hope of a light beyond the darkness and of life beyond the grave, is not known, but, with his possessions death-shadowed, he answered to the words of Solomon, “a man to whom God had given riches, wealth and honour, so that he wanted nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof . . . this is vanity and it is an evil disease.” (Eccles. vi. 2.)

\* \* \* \*

A visit to an aged widow, living in extreme poverty, stands in vivid contrast. Her home consisted of a small dilapidated cottage ; her slender allowance provided little for food. She lived alone, and enjoyed few comforts. The almost bare table evidenced that her dinner had been most frugal. Yet, as her visitor entered, she looked up with a bright smile, and said—

“ I've had such a feast this morning ! ”

Surprised at such an expression, he looked at her empty table and cupboard, and inquired upon what she had feasted.

Pointing to her large Bible, open at the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, she replied—

“ I have been enjoying the first three verses of that chapter. It is all about the Lord Himself.”

True wealth was hers, and “ joy unspeakable and full of glory ” filled her soul as she contemplated the greatness and the love of Him, who is the brightness of God’s glory, and who has “ by Himself purged our sins.” No wonder she loved and worshipped Him ! Her language was that of the hymn :—

“ Now, none but Christ can satisfy,  
None other name for me,  
There’s love and life and lasting joy,  
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.”

Such is the truth : for “ under the sun ” are death, darkness, and sorrow, even amidst abundant wealth : “ above the sun ” are life, light, and supreme joy—in the knowledge of Christ glorified.

Are *you* the possessor of this true wealth and heavenly joy ? Christ alone can provide these but He delights to fill the heart of every one who trusts in Him !

F. S. MARSH.

The foregoing article is available separately in booklet form, suitable for widespread distribution, 2/- per 100 (by post 2/6). GOSPEL BOOK AND TRACT DEPOT, 5, Bedford Row, Plymouth. STOW HILL BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT, 22, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.



IS YOUR NAME ENREGISTERED IN HEAVEN?—Many persons are very keen to see their names are on the register of voters. Many also are glad to have their names on any earthly roll of honour. Yet, alas! how many are careless or indifferent about the question whether their “ names are written in Heaven ! ”—A. J. B.

**THE SWELLING OF JORDAN**

*“How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?”*

—JEREMIAH xii. 5.

**A** BELOVED aged mother lay dying. Her children and grandchildren were doing their utmost to alleviate her physical sufferings and to bestow upon her every care that love could suggest, but the doctor declared that the end was very near. Death overshadowed that sorrowing family, and the cherished object of their concern knew full well the anxiety of their hearts, and, that before many hours, she would be no longer with them. What of death to her? How would she “do in the swelling of Jordan?”

Turning to an anxious son, she feelingly remarked: “Don’t worry! leave me in the Lord’s hands; He will do just what is best”; and later she added, “I am feeling very near Home to-day, and it is just as though the Lord is holding my face between His hands like that?” arching her hands to indicate the safe enclosure.

As the pain increased, the doctor announced that it would be necessary to make an injection, and that he would return in a few hours to do so.

Mentally alert, the dear sufferer realized the import of this, and devoted the brief time remaining to her between the paroxysms of pain, in assuring those around her of her confidence in the good hand of her God, and anticipating with joy the prospect of soon being “for ever with the Lord,” whose faithful love she had “long proved in secret help.”

With all her faculties still preserved, in spite



of eighty-three years' pilgrimage marked by many severe trials of faith, much suffering, and the sorrows of many bereavements, the beloved mother entered into the meaning of the hour that had now arrived, and calmly faced "the swelling of Jordan," raising herself on the bed to give words of comfort to each of her loved ones surrounding her. Then, lovingly inquiring after the welfare of absent ones, she imparted messages of love and comfort for them.

Realizing that her earthly cares would soon be left behind, she summoned her remaining strength and sat up to pray for the last time. With a firm, clear voice, full of affection and confidence, she committed all her relatives severally to the care of the Lord Jesus, desiring that all might be blessed and that all might stand firm in the confession of His Name. She closed her prayer in that same firm, clear voice by committing herself, "spirit, soul and body," into the Lord's hands.

Turning again to the beloved family round her bed, she bade them all "Good-bye," and submitted her arm to the doctor for the injection. Her physical sufferings were pathetic to witness, but with courage resulting from the Lord's grace to her, and in constant communion with her beloved Saviour, she endured until sleep overcame her, conscious that the eternal God was her refuge and that underneath were the Everlasting Arms. *Thus* did she "do in the swelling of Jordan." "How wilt *thou* do," dear reader?

As they watched by her bedside, she slept

peacefully for some hours, and then, as consciousness began to return, there were signs that the spirit was about to depart from that body, so long cherished by them ; the tabernacle, in which she had glorified God and endeared all their hearts to her. She was now about to put it off, and, little by little, that mortal body succumbed as the spirit seemed to ascend, while her sons audibly prayed that the Lord would gently release and receive His treasure from that earthen vessel.

Finally there came a smile of relief and triumph, and an upward look of joy as the eyes opened, and the spirit departed to be "with Christ which is very much better." None present could doubt that she had been carried through the "swelling of Jordan," and that she had reached her desired haven, "absent from the body, present with the Lord." As her spirit departed, the impression left on the watchers was so profound, that her sons exclaimed together as with one voice, "For ever with the Lord."

"For ever with the Lord !

Amen ! so let it be :

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality."

A few hours later, the doctor, a Jew, called to see the lifeless body of that beloved mother, and as he stood by it he said with emotion : "She was a bold courageous woman," referring to the manner in which she faced death. One of her sons replied, "I will tell you the secret of that courage, doctor ; she was trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, who has annulled death and

has brought life and incorruptibility to light through the gospel, and all fear of death had been consequently removed from her." What a testimony to one whose nation had said: "Away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him." "We will not have this man to reign over us!"

Reader, "how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" If called to pass into death—the common lot of "all men"—will the peace and triumph recorded above be your experience? If the prospect of death causes you anxiety or fear, give earnest heed to the voice of Jesus, the Son of God: "*Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life*" (John v. 24).

Trust Him, for He is the One who lives and became dead, and is alive for evermore, Amen; and has the keys of death and of hades (Rev. i. 18). He came into the scene of death with authority from God His Father to lay down His life, "that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. ii. 14, 15).

Place yourself, therefore, confidently, "spirit, soul and body," in His hands, and you, too, will prove that none can pluck you from those hands, and that they will carry you safely through all the storms and trials of this life, and, if the Lord tarry, through the "swelling of Jordan" into the very presence of God:—

“Where deceiver ne'er can enter,  
Sin-soiled feet have never trod ;  
Free, our peaceful feet may venture  
In the paradise of God.”

“There shall all clouds depart,  
The wilderness shall cease,  
And sweetly shall each gladdened heart,  
Enjoy eternal peace.”

“O death, where is thy sting ? O grave,  
where is thy victory ? The sting of death is  
sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But  
thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory  
through our Lord Jesus Christ” (1 Cor. xv.  
55-57).

E. A. ELLIMAN.



## WHAT IS HEAVEN ?

**H**OW many people speak of going to heaven  
when they die, who have no desire to know  
the One who fills that holy scene with His glory  
and greatness ! Heaven is *Christ* in all the value  
of His Person, His work, His love ; and thus,  
only those who enjoy Christ on earth can, or  
will, enjoy heaven.

S. J. B. C.

“He lights it with His glory,  
His presence fills that scene,  
He is its Sun, and Centre,  
Its Object, and its Theme.”

**JOHN WESLEY'S CONFESSION**

**J**OHN WESLEY, the great preacher of nearly two centuries ago, wrote the following in his journal after returning to England from America, where he had gone to minister to the spiritual needs of the English settlers, and also to preach to the North American Indians. The settlers refused to listen to him because he sought to put them under law, to which he himself was in bondage, and the Indians could not understand him because he could not speak their language, so his visit proved an utter failure.

“It is now two years and four months since I left my native country, in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learnt myself in the meantime? Why (what I least of all suspected), that I, who went to America to convert others, was never converted to God myself. I am not mad, though I thus speak, but I speak the words of truth and soberness, if haply some of those who still dream may awake and see, that as I am, so are they. Are they read in philosophy? So was I also. Are they versed in science or divinity? I, too, have studied it for many years. Can they talk fluently upon spiritual things? The very same could I do. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold I gave all my goods to feed the poor. Do they give their labours as well as their substance? I have laboured more abundantly than they all. This I have learnt in the ends of the earth, that I am fallen short of the glory of God, that my whole heart is altogether corrupt and abominable, and that in my whole life, seeing that an evil

tree cannot bring forth good fruit, I am alienated from the life of God ; I am a child of wrath, and an heir of hell."

This was a terrible discovery, especially to one like Wesley, who had long been deceived into thinking that the favour of God was to be obtained by deeds of merit and works of righteousness ; but it was the turning point in his soul-history, for the discovery of what he was, prepared the way for the blessed light of God's grace to reach his heart. A man never feels his need of a Saviour, until he awakes to the fact that he is lost, and when, like the jailor at Philippi, the question is raised, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30), the ready answer is given, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

It was not many days after this striking confession, that he bore the following testimony, much to the astonishment of his hearers : "I have to tell you that I was never really a Christian until five days ago ; I am sure this is true. If you, too, wish to be Christians, not in name only, but in truth, there is but one way. It is to confess that you are nothing but lost sinners, and believe in Christ only as the Saviour."

And now, dear reader ; before we lay down our pen, we would affectionately ask you how you stand with God. Are you resting on what Christ has done, or hoping to merit God's favour on the ground of what you can do ? Do not be deluded into thinking that a sinner can do anything to make himself fit for God, only the work of Christ could do that. Listen to His

triumphant cry: "It is finished!" And let your whole trust be placed in that work, and in that alone. "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 4, 5).

E. E. NICHOLS.



## THE GREAT AWAKENING

**W**HEN riding on the top of a tramcar, some time ago, I noticed a large, coloured placard, advertising a play. On it were the words in large block letters:—

### THE GREAT AWAKENING

In itself it was but a vivid imagination, and therefore unreal; but it brought seriously to my mind a "great awakening," which is an immense reality!

The Apostle Peter says in his second epistle:—

"For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eyewitnesses of His majesty" (chapter i. 16).

Also Paul, the Apostle, in speaking of the power of the Lord Jesus Christ, says:—

"I speak forth the words of truth and soberness" (Acts xxvi. 25).

We are told in the Book of Daniel:—

"And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to everlasting contempt" (Dan. xii. 2).

Can you conceive of a greater awakening than this ?

“ And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them : and they were judged every man according to their works ” (Rev. xx. 12-13).

What a great and awful awakening ! Thank God, however, there is another side.

“ For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first : Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord ” (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17).

What a great and blessed awakening ! It is your privilege, dear reader, to have your part in this first and glorious resurrection ! The Lord Jesus “ is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.” Have you come ? If not, will you come now ? The same mighty Saviour says : “ Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.” These words were uttered by Him who said : “ Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.”

K. T.



## AN OLD HYMN

*(Translated from the German.)*

THOU life of my life, blessed Jesus !  
Thou death of the death that was mine,  
For me was Thy cross and Thine anguish,  
Thy love and Thy sorrow divine.  
Thou hast suffered the cross and the torments,  
That I might for ever go free,  
A thousand, a thousand thanksgivings  
I bring, O my Jesus, to Thee !

For me Thou hast borne the reproaches,  
The mockery, hate and disdain,  
The blow and the spitting of sinners,  
The scourging, the shame, and the pain.  
To save me from bondage and judgment,  
Thou gladly hast suffered for me—  
A thousand, a thousand thanksgivings  
I bring, O my Jesus, to Thee.

O Lord, from my heart do I thank Thee,  
For all Thou hast borne in my room ;  
Thine agony, dying unsolaced,  
Alone in the darkness of doom ;  
That I, in the glory of heaven,  
For ever and ever might be ;  
A thousand, a thousand thanksgivings  
I bring, O my Jesus, to Thee !

*From "Sketches of the Quiet in the Land," by  
the late Frances Bevan.*

## THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE

**S**OME months ago the following announcement appeared in a daily newspaper :—

**“ FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE :—**Five minutes after he had remarked to another man of the same age that there was plenty of life left in them, a seventy-five years old farmer, Mr. W. H. of L., dropped dead.”

The sudden death of this West Country farmer recently, forcibly reminds us that our breath is in God's hand (Dan. v. 23), and that He alone gives the power to live. Alas ! many go through this life indifferent and careless as to the future, vainly thinking that the hand of death is still far off ; making plans and arrangements without considering the claims of God. Scripture tells us again, “ Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth ” (Prov. xxvii. 1).

“ Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For that ye ought to say if the Lord will, we shall live, or do this or that ” (James iv. 14-15).

The future of the unbeliever is most solemn ! How awful to die in one's sins and to be raised again in one's sins ! An eternity at a distance from God will be the portion of all such. “ After death the judgment ! ”

What a happy contrast to this is the portion of the believer in Jesus, who has promise of the life which now is and that which is to come ! (1 Tim. iv. 8.)

We would earnestly beseech you, dear reader,

not to disregard this warning, but, on the contrary, may you be led to take your true place as a lost sinner, in repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. To such it is God's pleasure to give the Holy Spirit, so that “ we should no longer live the rest of our time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God ” (1 Pet iv. 2).

H. Mc. MINN.



“ THE END ”

**T**HERE is something very solemn about the end of things—of natural things and of material. The old ship has weathered many a tempest, and ploughed the deep from continent to continent, but there comes a day when she will cross the seas no more ; she has dropped anchor for the last time.

A dearly beloved Christian friend, when dying, remarked to one who visited him, “ I feel I am near my end and my work is done ; everything warns me of this. Even my old boat which is on the beach is useless, and the next storm that comes will tak' her awa'.”

So it is with all mankind ; but the all-important question for each is : “ How shall I end ? ” There is just one of two ways that I can finish up here.

A man once said, “ Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last *end* be like his ” (Num. xxiii. 10) ; but he did not follow up his desire, or he would not have been found slain among the enemies of the Lord (Num. xxxi. 8).

What a deplorable end for one who could utter such a prayer! We do not want an end like that.

Another has said: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing" (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8). Surely this is the *end* we would covet! "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the *end* of that man is peace."

"No sorrows drown his lifted eyes,  
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,  
As from the sinner's breast;  
His God, the God of peace and love,  
Pours sweetest comforts from above,  
Then takes his soul to rest."

Reader, the time will come, perhaps it may be very near, when you will be faced with *One* who will not take "No" for an answer, and you will be forced to "go the way of all the earth." Death will not allow you to say, "No."

Well it is, surely, to have the *end* of the righteous—well to make the acquaintance *now* of the *One* whom you will need then! Perhaps He has waited long on you; He is waiting still, but, remember, if you refuse His invitation, He will have the last word, as He had with the rich man of whom we read in Luke xvi: "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." "Whose *end* is destruction" (Phil. iii)—sad *end*!

Oh! settle this matter now. Turn now to God in repentance, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ! This is the only true anchorage for you, and you will find it will hold at the last.

“What shall the *end* be of those who obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ?” Awful *end*! An eternity in the “outer darkness!”

But the believer’s *end* will be eternal life—“the *end* everlasting life” (Rom. vi. 22).

Remember that the Lord Jesus is quickly coming again, and then this day of wondrous grace and opportunity will have *ended* for ever! Oh! be wise in time! “Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

*Aberdeen.*

*The Late* JAS. TULLOCH.



## A WISHED-FOR IMPOSSIBILITY

“**C**OME BACK!—COME BACK!—COME BACK!” These startling words were loudly uttered in a pitiful manner by a dying man a short time ago. What did he mean? The friends surrounding his bed were alarmed, and well they might be. They looked steadfastly at him, and breathlessly awaited the sequel.

“Come back!—*Come back!*” he shouted. “Come back!” What? “Those years, months, weeks, days, hours that I have wasted, and now in these last moments of my deep soul anxiety, I have to confess that it is too late, *too late*, to redeem the past”; and in this distress of soul he

passed into eternity. As to God and His salvation this man's life was a wasted one!

O dear reader, what about *your* short span of life here? How quickly it will have ended! Time, *time* is ever on the wing, bearing us all onward to our eternal destiny.

The most solemn "*Come back*" to an accusing, haunting memory, referred to in Scripture, is that to which the Lord draws our attention in Luke xvi. One who had been rich in regard to this world's goods, had passed into Eternity, and, now, his past life, and the memory of his wasted opportunities came vividly before him. He was now for ever parted from all that could minister the slightest comfort to his soul. How terrible his anguish, as he reflects upon what might have been! Alas! how many will awake to their solemn position when it is for ever too late. When the door of mercy is closed many will be found knocking, and saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," only to receive the solemn answer: "I know you not whence ye are" (Luke xiii. 25).

O my reader, I pray you pause—stop—consider—reflect, *now*! It is imperative that you should do so. It is a matter of life or death. There is no midway position. What, then, is it to be? The moments fly past us apace. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

"Time is passing, quickly passing,  
 Soon will close salvation's door;  
 Then the loving voice of Jesus  
 Will be echoed nevermore.  
*Now* in mercy, Jesus lingers;  
*Open* is salvation's door."

O decide for Christ *to-day*, and then your happy position will be like that of another man (a complete contrast to the one referred to at the beginning of this article), who, when passing out of this world, could say joyously and triumphantly, "All is quite clear between my soul and God." What a bright ending to life here, and a looking forward with exultation to eternal life with Christ in glory!

How did this come about? Through having taken heed to the matter of his soul's salvation *in time*, and trusting Christ as his own personal Saviour. May you, dear reader, do likewise for His delight and your eternal blessing!

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts!"

"Jesus is waiting to save you,  
 Waiting your sins to remove,  
 Waiting to give you His blessing;  
 What tenderness, pity, and love!  
 Then why do you *doubt* and reject Him?  
 Then why do you wander away?  
 Oh! Jesus is *waiting* to save you;  
 Come! Trust Him, and *live* while you may."

Coventry.

E. MAYO.



## NO LIMIT

THE real test of the merits of a chain is the weight you can safely hang upon it. And there is always a limit. But to the merits of the blessed Saviour, to the cleansing efficacy of His precious blood, there is no limit. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). His real worth God knows it, His Holy Spirit in the gospel proclaims it, and every convicted sinner gladly believes it.

GEO. C.

## WHITHER BOUND ?

THE years roll on, we pass away,  
 And others come to take our place ;  
 For in this scene we cannot stay,  
 Though some would like to check time's pace.

So we pass on, but whither bound ?  
 When all our journey here is o'er,  
 Where shall our destiny be found—  
 ETERNITY ! *upon what shore ?*

Blessed are they whose hearts are won  
 By Him who here was crucified,  
 Whom men refused—God's blessed Son,  
 At God's right hand now glorified.

They're passing on to heaven's shore,  
 Where JESUS is, in glory bright—  
 On Calvary's cross their sins He bore,  
 That they might dwell with Him in light.

Alas, for those who Christ refuse,  
 Who travel on the *downward* road,  
 In selfish ease sin's pleasures choose,  
 Indifferent to the claims of God—

How awful the impending doom  
 Which lies ahead on sin's dark road !—  
 Which shall it be, *eternal gloom,*  
 Or *heaven's bright and blest abode ?*



## THIRTY-FIVE MORE DAYS TO GO—WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE YEAR ?

**S**UCH was the title which appeared (on Nov. 27th) as the heading of an article in a newspaper. We know not what message the article contained, or what moral, if any, was intended to be conveyed, but one thought arose in our mind which we should like to pass on. It was this: What would be the thoughts in the minds of men and women if the proclamation were to go forth to the world, "Thirty-five days to go?"

We read in the word of God of a city, Nineveh, to which the message went forth—"Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown," but for well nigh two thousand years God has been pleading with this poor world. He has done all in His power, speaking reverently, for the salvation of men. He has in infinite love and at infinite cost provided a Saviour—Jesus, and now from the glory He still sends out His loving appeal.

But I would ask you to take warning. "God . . . now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." That means *you*. "Because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man (Jesus) whom He hath ordained" (Acts xvii. 30-31).

We cannot promise you "forty days" like Nineveh, we cannot say that you have "thirty-five days to go," nor dare we say you have *one* day. But with deep concern for your soul we can assure you that "Now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

If you have never answered to the pleadings of God by His Spirit, if you have never been distressed about your sins, if you have never repented towards God, I appeal to you to consider this whilst there is time. I would urge you *now* to turn to God in repentance, to own your sins, your lost estate, confess your need, and accept Jesus as your own personal Saviour. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43). Further, as the Apostle Peter said, "Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts ii. 38).

"*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts!" (Heb. iii. 7, 8).

L. P. TREVVETT.



## SAVED

**N**O mention is made in the Book of Esther of God's name. In reading that Book carefully, one feels, however, that behind all the incidents recorded, God is taking account of everything, and moving in His own way.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

Perhaps my reader is travelling life's journey without any thought of God or Eternity. If so, let me remind you of the words of Holy Scripture: "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv. 12).

About fifty years ago, on one wild, dark night,

we were out in an open boat in the reach. The ebb tide was running fast. Having finished our business down the stream, we proceeded to return to the depot hulk some distance upstream. We made for the north shore to get shelter from the wind and tide. When about in midstream, to our dismay we saw a light steamer coming down with the tide, and head on to our boat. We could do nothing except place our hand lamp in the bow of the boat. The look-out on the fast collier G— saw us ; the Captain slightly altered his helm. The vessel rushed past, and our lives were saved.

Looking back over your pathway, has there not been some incident where possibly your life has been saved, and you have failed to recognize the protecting hand of a faithful God ? If so, thank Him now, and learn that God “is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance” (2 Pet. iii. 9).

A recent sudden death has impressed one with the necessity of being ready. I plead with you to face the question of your soul's salvation now. You will *not* escape if you neglect this “great salvation,” freely offered you in this the “accepted time,” “the day of salvation.” “Come, for all things are now ready” (Luke xiv. 17).

“Jesus Thy love exceeds our thought,  
But this at least we see,  
The soul that knows Thy love is taught  
To value nought but Thee.”

W. SIDNEY.

**“ AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT ”**

**R**ESPONDING to an urgent message to hasten to the bedside of a dying man, the writer recently witnessed the great mercy and goodness of God, even to one who had lived a long life without Him.

Entering the sick room, he found that the patient was a well-educated gentleman, who had moved in professional and social circles with success and had secured the respect of his fellow-men ; but who, alas ! during all his years, had missed the great joy of a living link with Christ.

Kneeling by the bedside, he told the anxious man the precious story of God's glad tidings of the Lord Jesus, the Saviour, who had sent him to tell of His love in coming into the world to save sinners, and that Jesus had died and risen again that *he* might have “ joy and peace in believing.” A new light of surprise and relief seemed to come into the dying man's face as he clung to the outstretched hand and said, “ This is what I need ! I know what Scripture says, but I want peace with God ! ”

The earnestness of his desire was quite apparent, for he realized that in a few hours he would pass from this world for ever, to meet the God whom he did not know.

Several scriptures were read to him, including the well-known verse : “ 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,” showing that his blessing depended upon believing in Jesus.

Then the words were quoted, “ Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have *peace with God* through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

This brought the hymn to mind :—

“ Saved for glory ! yes, for glory,  
By the work of God’s blest Son ;  
Saved for glory, wondrous story,  
We believe what Christ has done.”

When the lines were reached :—

“ Through that perfect Off’ring, *never*  
Can our sins against us rise,”

the words greatly impressed him, and he said, “ Say that again ! ” and then, “ Let me face it alone ! ”

So for a short time he was left, but on returning to his bedside, it was apparent that the light had begun to dawn in his soul, for he said, “ I believe it ! I shall meet you in the glory ! ” He had touched the Living Saviour with the hand of faith.

Has this glorious fact ever come home to *your* soul, dear reader, that the great question of your sins was raised and perfectly met for God’s glory and for your blessing in the work of the Lord Jesus at Calvary ?

The shadow of death then seemed to cloud the spirit of the dying man ; so the words were quoted, “ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me,” and it was pointed out to him that,

in the presence of Jesus, the shadow and the sting of death were removed—even death itself was conquered; Jesus has annulled “him that had the power of death, that is, the devil: and delivered them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.”

The verse of the hymn was read—

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer’s ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.”

“Yes—*all* his fears,” he added, evidently comforted by this precious Name.

After prayer, the joy and peace that came into his soul was unmistakable. To the question, “Are you happy now?” he replied, “Yes! it is so wonderful to think that He died for me. I knew *about* these things, but now I see them.”

He had spent many hours crying for rest and peace, and various books had been read to him, but his need was only met by this personal faith in Jesus. He could now enjoy in peace that which he had missed so long, but which is to be his portion for ever, and in contemplation he exclaimed, “That will be glory for me!” and afterwards, to one standing by, “To think that I have been laughing at these things all these years and now to wake up to find they are real after all!”

Two days later, he passed peacefully away to be “for ever with the Lord.” The efficacy of the Saviour’s work, the cleansing power of His precious blood, and the words of Jesus Himself, “My sheep hear My voice, and I know them,

and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall NEVER perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand," had finally settled every question.

How marvellous to witness the wonderful grace of God that had met and saved one at the close of a long life! Let the reader awaken before it is too late, for it may be no deathbed will be granted him. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

F. HILL.



### THE BELIEVER'S SINS

Are Covered	-	-	-	Rom. iv. 7.
„ Remitted	-	-	-	Matt. xxvi. 28.
„ Blotted out	-	-	-	Isa. xliv. 22.
„ Cast behind God's back	-	-	-	Isa. xxxviii. 17.
„ Purged	-	-	-	Heb. i. 3.
„ Washed away in Christ's blood-	-	-	-	Rev. i. 5.
„ Cast into the depths of the sea	-	-	-	Micah vii. 19.
„ Remembered no more	-	-	-	Heb. x. 17.
„ Removed	-	-	-	Ps. ciii. 12.
„ Borne	-	-	-	1 Pet. ii. 24.
„ Forgiven	-	-	-	Ps. xxxii. i.
„ Not imputed-	-	-	-	Ps. xxxii. 2.
„ No longer on the con- science	-	-	-	Heb. x. 2.

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

## THE GREAT ASSIZE

A FAMOUS judge, on his retirement from the judicial bench, wrote a poem of which the following verses denote a recognition of the solemn truth of scripture, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God," and "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ":—

"Shall I, with measured step, and quickening heart,  
Pass to the Judge's place: and, bowed, implore  
Myself be not condemned  
Nor less than right decree.

"Mantle and stole laid by, and cap of doom;  
Bereft, alone, I wear no ermine more  
Nor judge—*yet one assize*  
*I, fearful, must attend.*"

Pathetic, indeed, is the indication that at the time the poem was composed, its writer knew not the glorious truth of the gospel of the grace of God, as told by the Son of God that "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and *shall not come into condemnation*" (John v. 24); and again, "He that believeth on Him is *not condemned*" (John iii. 18).

Those who, with a living faith in Christ, trust in the efficacy of His atoning work "*have boldness in the day of judgment*" and prove even now that "perfect love casteth out *fear*."

"The judgment fell on Jesu's head,  
'Twas in His blood sin's debt was paid;  
Stern justice can demand no more,  
And mercy can dispense her store.



“The sinner who believes is free,  
Can say, ‘The Saviour died for me’;  
Can point to the atoning blood  
And say, ‘This made my peace with God.’”

F. S. MARSH.



## IS YOUR NAME REGISTERED ?

**T**HE report that a well-known steamship company intend to build a larger and more wonderful ship than any at present afloat, has resulted in applications from persons desiring to travel on the maiden voyage. Names have been registered in the Company's offices, and in due course these persons expect to travel and to reach their desired haven.

All this on the strength of a report ; the ship is not in existence, and many things may transpire to frustrate the intentions of the would-be passengers ; but belief of the report has led to the necessary action to reserve accommodation.

Many who had hoped to travel on the *Queen Mary* had not registered their names in time, and long before the sailing date found they were too late.

The consequences in this case may not be serious, but in regard to a much greater and more wonderful report which has already reached the reader, namely, the Gospel of God concerning His Son, indifference and the failure to register one's name, not *may*, but most certainly *will*, have the most serious consequences.

The Scripture inquires : “ Who hath believed our report ? ” (Isa. liii. 1.) All who have, may rejoice that their names are written in heaven (Luke x. 20), and are certain of a safe passage to a blissful eternity in the presence of their Lord and Saviour who bore their sins in His own body on the tree (1 Pet. ii. 24).

No others will participate in this ; Scripture leaves no room for doubt as to this : “ Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire ” (Rev. xx. 15), a solemn consideration for the reader, should he be a neglecter of “ so great salvation ” (see Heb. ii. 3).

Now a word about the present time ; here our illustration fails, the intended steamship traveller has his ticket and that is all ; he must wait for years for an event which may never take place, or which he may not live to see. Not so the believer in Jesus ; he now receives <sup>1</sup> the forgiveness of sins, the Holy Ghost witnessing that he is <sup>2</sup> perfected for ever, <sup>3</sup> and is a child of God ; <sup>4</sup> also shedding abroad in his heart the love of God ; and <sup>5</sup> enabling him to cry “ Abba Father ” ; <sup>6</sup> He is delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God’s dear Son ; finds delightful companionship in having <sup>7</sup> an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Christ, and very much more, having knowledge by the Holy Spirit of things <sup>8</sup> which 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.

Dear reader, can you afford to miss this? Act at once with regard to this most important matter. It is an intensely personal matter; you must have to do with God for yourself.

“Wilt thou turn e'en now to Jesus,  
Find in Him each longing stilled?  
God invites thee, we beseech thee;  
Why remain with heart unfilled?”

<sup>1</sup> Acts xxvi. 18; <sup>2</sup> Heb. x. 14; <sup>3</sup> Rom. viii. 16; <sup>4</sup> Rom. v. 5; <sup>5</sup> Rom. viii. 15; <sup>6</sup> Col. i. 13; <sup>7</sup> Acts xxvi. 18; <sup>8</sup> 1 Cor. ii. 9.

*Waltham Cross.*

A. J. ELLIS.



## “CHRIST MY HOPE”

SOME years ago, whilst passing through the old country churchyard of Wembdon, a picturesque little village in West Somersetshire, I remember seeing a stone on which was written, “Spes mea Christus,” which means, “Christ, my Hope.”

Now this is exceedingly beautiful, for what words could better express the state and happy condition of one, who, passing from a scene of time into eternity, had trusted Christ as his Saviour? At such a moment (and, remember, friend, the moment will come, sooner or later, when each of us will have to pass out of this world into eternity) how good to know Christ as one's own personal Saviour; to be able to turn

with all confidence towards heaven—seeing Christ there, the One given of God as the Object of faith and in whom we have believed; seeing Him in the faith of our souls, as the One by whose precious blood we have been redeemed and who was also raised from the dead and given glory that our faith and hope might be in God (1 Pet. i. 19–21). “Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification” (Rom. iv. 25). God gave Him to die, God raised Him, and God has glorified Him and set Him forth as a Saviour for all.

It is wonderful to think that God has thus wrought, and devised such means of blessing in behalf of poor, sinful man. God has, indeed, proved Himself desirous of the blessing and eternal welfare of our precious souls. It was completely beyond the possibility of such as you and I to devise the means of blessing—the ransom of our souls is utterly beyond our own achievement. It is a costly thing!

In this Cain erred: he sought to merit the favour of God by his own effort and work—ignoring the awful and tremendous distance in which he was from God on account of sin. But what man is unable to do God has done—although at infinite cost and sacrifice—even the blood-shedding and death of His own beloved Son. God, on account of His glory and the demands of His holiness, could not pass over sin. Even the angelic hosts veil their faces, crying day and night, “Holy, Holy, Holy.” But instead of you and I being brought into judgment—that which we deserved—another has been

given to take our place, even Jesus, the holy, spotless Lamb of God! All the righteous, unmitigated judgment of God due to us fell on Him at Calvary. Him who knew no sin was made sin for us that we (those who believe) might be made the righteousness of God in Him (2 Cor. v. 21). When Christ suffered on the cross, as the sin-bearer, God had to hide His face from Him, resulting in that awful, never-to-be-forgotten cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Ps. xxii. 1).

**"The perfect righteousness of God  
Is witnessed in the Saviour's blood;  
'Tis in the cross of Christ we trace  
His righteousness, yet, wondrous grace,**

**"God could not pass the sinner by,  
Justice demands that he should die;  
But in the cross of Christ we see  
How God can save, yet righteous be."**

It has been rightly said: "The moral import of the cross for the glory of God is a theme which, as we study it, becomes more and more wonderful—a never-ending study." It is the secret, too, of all blessing.

Well indeed we might bless and praise God for having thus from His own side, and in perfect harmony with His holiness, laid such a basis, on which He is thus able to forgive and to bless! "A Just God"—and the "Justifier of all who believe in Jesus."

Turn, friend, from all your own thoughts, your own devices—to Christ and His finished work. It is God's only way of blessing, as set forth in those words: "Be it known unto you,

therefore, men and brethren, that *through this Man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and *by Him* all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 38-39).

If Christ is not your Saviour—your hope is vain. Christ alone is the One given of God to be your Saviour. May you put your trust in Him, and prove Him, indeed, to be:—

“Your *hope* from beginning to end,  
Your Lord, and your life, and your all!”

*Clifton.*

W. B. HARRIS.



## SADNESS AND GLADNESS

**W**HEN the Lord Jesus was here, we read of two men who sought to see Him. Both were rich, but with all that the world could yield them, both were dissatisfied. Each knew, or felt, that there was a higher source from which joy flowed, and wished to share in it.

The first asked Jesus the question, “Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?” He knew the commandments and professed to have kept them, but still there was sadness in his heart (Luke xviii. 18).

Jesus knew what was holding him and said, “If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me” (Matt. xix. 21). This was a test that brought out what was uppermost in his heart, namely, the desire for both worlds—which may be the reader’s desire too. He refused the

advice of the Lord ; chose his riches, but retained his

### SADNESS,

for he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved, his possessions being more to him in the present than the good of his soul for the future. It might have seemed hard for the man to do, but Levi the taxgatherer had set the example of leaving all and following Jesus (Luke v. 28).

### GLADNESS.

The other rich man was Zacchaeus. "He sought to see Jesus who He was," and at all costs. He even climbed a tree to get a view of Jesus. His desire brooked no obstacle, he would "run through a troop," "leap over a wall," or climb a tree to reach the object of his desire.

This desire was instantly rewarded. Jesus saw Zacchaeus, and called him by name : "Zacchaeus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

Answering the call, he made haste, came down, and received the Lord Jesus joyfully (Luke xix. 6).

The Lord Jesus on that occasion passed by for the last time. And, dear reader, this may be *your* last opportunity. Come to Jesus; the sadness will go, and the gladness will abide for ever. Make the choice for good, and make it now ! You will then truly be able to say :—

"I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and *sad* ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me *glad*."

“HE WENT LOWER THAN I!”

A CHRISTIAN while visiting a hospital in Plymouth saw one of the patients lying in a very critical state.

Anxious to know his spiritual condition, he went over to his bedside, and spoke softly in his ear: “I have read of One who, when people were very low, helped them.”

In a feeble voice, the reply came:—

*“He went lower than I!”*

This conveyed at once to the visitor’s heart that the one before him, so weak in body, was strong in faith in that blessed One, “Christ Jesus: who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross” (Phil. ii).

Do you know that glorious Person as your own Saviour and Lord, dear reader? The one who is now glorified at God’s right hand went lower than anyone ever could go, even to “the dust of death?”

“None could follow there, blest Saviour,  
When Thou didst for sin atone,  
For those sufferings, deep, unfathom’d,  
Were, Lord Jesus, Thine alone!”

Oh! trust as your own personal Saviour Him “who suffered, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God.” Hear His word: “Him that



cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." *There is perfect satisfaction in Christ.*

"To Him, then, let our praise ascend  
Who stoop'd in grace so low;  
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,  
Let ceaseless praises flow."

W. LAKE.



## HIS LAST MESSAGE

**T**OWARDS the close of last summer, some Christians were visiting Cornwall, preaching the gospel of the grace of God.

On Thursday, September 17th, they were holding an open-air meeting in the little town of Redruth.

One of the speakers was telling out the good news of God's salvation and had just repeated with much fervour, in a loud, clear voice, that beautiful verse of Scripture:—

"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" (*Rom x. 9*),

when he collapsed, and immediately passed into the presence of his Saviour and Lord, of whom he had so often delighted to testify.

What a beautiful Home-going! Who could have been engaged in a more blessed service when bidden to leave this world?

Probably he had often quoted this passage before, and often urged his hearers to turn to God in repentance and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, but the time had now come for him to deliver his last gospel message.

What effect this solemn occurrence had on those who had been standing within the sound of his voice is not known. But this we do know, that each one of them is responsible to God and will have to give account to Him as to his or her attitude in regard to the testimony presented to them.

Down through the centuries of time God has had His faithful witnesses, who have testified to men of His saving grace. As the years have come and gone, one and another have passed off the scene, and others have taken their place; and still, in His wonderful longsuffering mercy, God is sending out the gospel message to His creatures. And so, to you and I in this day, this word comes to us in like forcefulness and power—

“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.”

The confession of Jesus as Lord is of the utmost importance; indeed, there can be no true happiness apart from it. Oh! how worthy He is that every knee should bow, and that every tongue should confess that He is Lord to the glory of God the Father! O do so *now!* Then it must be a *heart* belief in that

glorious Person; *not* a mere *mental* assent or belief.

How do you stand, dear reader, in the light of this? Have you ever considered the solemn fact that the day is fast approaching when the last gospel message will be delivered by His servants, the last loving entreaty to individuals will be made, the last gospel book be given away, and the day of salvation be over for ever? This may be so in your case *to-day*. "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Little did the preacher in that Cornish town, or those who heard him, have the least idea that he would be taken from them so suddenly. This is a warning to us all! "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts!"

"How brilliant the glory where Christ is enthroned!  
How rightly His Name above others is owned!  
Yes, Jesus the Saviour, the glory-crowned Lord,  
Is worthy by all to be ever adored."

A. E. BIRD.



## THE VALUE OF ONE SOUL

*(Extracts from an old letter.)*

**O**H, what value the blessed Lord set on one soul, as we see in John's Gospel! See Him as He beheld Simon, Philip, Nathanael, Nicodemus, the woman of Samaria, and other solitary ones. And shall His servants be less concerned as to the value of one soul? An

admiral of the British Navy was court-martialled for turning round his ship in time of danger, and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his turn came to be heard, he said: "Gentlemen, I did turn the ship round, and admit that it was damaged; but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him! I considered the life of one sailor worth more than all the vessels of the British Navy."

No wonder he was vindicated. He set value on the life of one sailor. Oh, let us not underestimate the value of one poor sinner! Is there not a tendency to regard such as only a very tame affair, to be hurriedly passed over? Let it rather be recorded as a matter of such magnitude as to call forth our hearts in joyful praise to God. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

To use our figure, I believe the Lord has, at times, to turn the ship round, and apparently arrest the progress of more publicly successful work to teach His servants the value of one soul.

By this grace let us endeavour, in the few short moments left, to spread the blessing.

We have the right Master, Jesus at God's right hand. We have a right motive, if the love of Christ constrain us. We have a right message, "Be ye reconciled to God." We have the right power—"My Spirit, saith the Lord."