

THE SOWER

A GOSPEL
MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

In the morning sow thy seed,
And in the evening withhold not thine hand:
For thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that,
Or whether they both shall be alike good.

Eccl. xi. 6.

Toronto :
BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT
YONGE STREET ARCADE

1914

THE SOWER

HAPPY ALONE WITH GOD.

“Written to one about whose soul the author was anxious.”

I'M sitting happy here alone with God—
A sure and glorious future is in view;
One only thought of sadness drags me back,
A weary ceaseless longing after you!

I know the precious blood has cleansed my soul;
I know the words of peace for me are true;
I've got a changeless Friend for evermore;
But, Oh! I want this blessedness for you!

The Bible words are living truth to me,
Each day revealing wonders ever new;
Yes! I can feed my soul upon the Word,
But, Oh! I want to have it this to you!

Tho' cloudy days in this life often come,
The sky above my soul is ever blue;
Nought round me can disturb the peace within—
I long—Oh! how I long for it—for you!

Earth's joys are broken cisterns at the best;
You've proved them, and you know the word
is true;
One Fountain only never fails the soul;
Oh! could I see its waters drank by you!

I'll tell you how my spirit found,
 In seeing that the wrath and judgment due
 To me was all poured out upon my Lord—
 Why not believe that it was so for you?

I cannot bear to go and see you left;
 I must have you with me in Heaven too;
 Ah! do not deem it tiresome that I'm thus
 So often looking back to call to you!

For near or far throughout the busy day,
 And often in the quiet night time too,
 Like now, my ceaseless heart-cry goeth up
 That Jesus would reveal Himself to you.

I want to see you resting in the Lord,
 Enjoying peace no worldling ever knew;
 I want to see the "Everlasting arms"
 Of love and safety folded around you.

"WHAT AM I TO BELIEVE?"

A LADY once wrote to a servant of Christ,
 "Will you put it down in black and white
 what I am to believe? I have been told of many
 different texts; and they are so many that I am
 bewildered. Please tell me one text, and I will
 try to believe it." The answer came, "It is not
 any one text, nor any number of texts that saves,
 any more than the man who fled to the City of
 Refuge was saved by reading the directions on
 the finger-posts. It is by trusting the Person
 and the work of the Lord Jesus that we are
 saved." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and
 thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16:31.

IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

I HAVE noticed,” wrote dear Captain Hedley Vicars, “a calm and peaceful look pass more than once over the ghastly face of the dying as that blessed Name (Jesus) passed my lips. May we not hope (as it was with the dying thief), even in the hour of death, faith in the blood of Jesus, breathed into the soul by the Holy Ghost, has set more jewels in the Redeemer’s crown from among the soldiers of the 97th Regiment?”

A young Christian man of my acquaintance, some three months ago, was weary and sad, dissatisfied with his own lukewarmness, and feeling that he was here of no use. when a letter came telling him that his friend F—— was in Homerton Hospital dying of consumption.

Taking this as a message from God to go with the “wonderful words of life” to the dying man, he visited him, but alas! only to meet with indifference and rebuff. It was a shame, said one and another, to upset the poor fellow’s mind by such matters; and his wife, too, was angry, for her policy was to deceive her husband by the false idea that he would soon be well. Assured, however, by the head nurse, that the case was a hopeless one, our friend continued his almost daily visits, faithfully and lovingly urging in his simplest language the need of at once receiving, as a lost and ruined sinner, God’s great and eternal gift of Christ.

“They think at home that I am dying,” said F—— on one occasion to his visitor; and a smile passed over his haggard features at the bare idea of such a thought.

“But if you knew, dear F——, that you were going to die to-day, tell me, would you not then hasten to receive Christ as your Saviour?”

“No,” was his emphatic reply.

This was on Friday. Circumstances prevented further visits until the following Tuesday, and during this interval prayer went up to God for wisdom and help.

On the Tuesday our friend called, and found him much worse. “Well, F——, how long halt ye between two opinions?” he asked.

“I’m not halting now,” was the reply; and confessing his sense of his lost condition, and of his danger, he proceeded to explain that he had definitely closed in with God’s offer, and received the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour.

In the early hours of the following day (Wednesday) F—— took his “departure” from “the earthly house of this tabernacle” (2 Pet. 1:15, 2 Cor. 5:1-4), and was “present with the Lord” (2 Cor. 5:8, Phil. 1:23). Thus, in the last moments, was this poor sinner, the devil’s cast-away, saved like the dying thief upon the cross—as “a brand plucked from the burning.”

Oh! consider, the hour and moment must soon arrive that will end your life on earth, when it will be your turn to enter into eternity. Others have been cut off. To-day your hands, and eyes, and mind are busy; to-morrow the hand may be lifeless, the eyes sightless, and you—departed! and, if unsaved, only to slip into “the blackness of darkness” for ever, as you are, with “the wrath of God” abiding upon you (John 3:36). Oh, take thought, and “Flee from the wrath to come!”

A MAN DEAD—YET ALIVE.

DURING the Italian war with Austria, recourse was had to conscription. A young man was chosen—the only son of his widowed mother, and her sole means of support. A sum of money was raised sufficient to induce a substitute to take his place. He joined the army, and shortly afterwards fell in battle. By-and-by another conscription was called for. Again the lot fell on the widow's only son. When the result was announced, however, the young man walked up to the officer in charge of the enrolment, and said: “I am not liable to be called into the army; I died in the Battle of —, on such a day.” After examination, it was found that he had been drawn in the last conscription; that a substitute had taken his place; that he had entered the army, fought, and died in the person of his substitute, and that the law, consequently, had no further claim upon him.

The Word of God emphatically says: “The wages of sin is death” (Rom. 6:23). You have sinned, and you still sin. How do you hope to escape the judgment of God? I will tell you how it is with me. I cannot but acknowledge that I am a sinner, and a great one too, and had, therefore, incurred the penalty—Death. But oh, wonder of all wonders, a Substitute died for me, “the Just for the unjust” (1 Pet. 3:18). I plead his death as all my plea. I am “dead with Christ,” “crucified with Christ,” nevertheless “I live—live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me” (Gal. 2:20). I own the justice of the sentence: but my Substitute died for me—for my sins. Now, inas-

much as "He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4: 25), I am saved—perfectly, eternally saved.

Can you say Christ died for you? He died for sinners. Are you a sinner? Acknowledge it, and accept Christ as your Substitute; and then you will realise that if death has passed upon Him, you are free.

"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."—Jno. 3: 16.

All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.—Isaiah 53: 6.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—Pro. 27: 1, James 4: 14.

"The gospel of Christ . . . is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—Rom. 1: 16.

God "willeth that all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. 2: 4, R.V.). All is ready on His part. His justice has been satisfied. Christ has "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9: 26). "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2: 24). Free salvation is offered to all who will lay down their arms of rebellion, confess their sin, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

TIME NO LONGER.

GOD has told us in His word that "there is a time for every purpose and for every work" (Eccl. 3:7). And further, that "Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6:2). He lingers in patience beseeching men to repent. He sends warning after warning by the solemn catastrophies which, for the moment, shock the mind, but too often pass unheeded. In the recent railway disaster how little did the sleeping travellers realise that in another moment, their immortal souls would be launched into eternity—Where? There was no time then—for them the last opportunity was past, the last call had sounded. Let us hope that in time they had rested their souls on the finished work of Christ, then the summons would be but the entrance into life.

The day of grace—God's now—is still lengthened out. Again He sends a message of invitation, saying "Yet there is room" (Luke 14:22). The home is not yet filled—the door is not yet closed, and God is still saying "Come."

But since God has appointed a time for every work He has also "appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained" (Acts 17:31). Solemn thought! When that day has come, when that hour has struck, there will be "time no longer" (Rev. 10:6). No more delay, no more lingering in grace. No more an open door, no more room. Now God offers eternal life and forgiveness to all on the ground of the work accomplished on the cross by His own beloved Son whose blood "cleanseth from all sin"—then

it will be too late. Now is the "accepted time"—then there will be "time no longer."

"Soon that voice will cease its calling,
 Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
 Sinner, heed the gracious message—
 To the blood for refuge flee:
 Take salvation—
 Take it now and happy be."

"IT IS FAR TOO CHEAP."

AN anxious sin-burdened woman called at the house of a well-known preacher of the gospel one day, to ask his counsel and direction regarding her spiritual state. "I have prayed and read my Bible; I have gone to church and taken the sacrament, yet I do not seem to be any nearer being saved than before I began. Do tell me, sir, what shall I do to obtain salvation?"

Quietly the man of God replied, "Nothing."

The woman was at first astonished, then disappointed, at the strange answer. She sat in silence for a few moments unable to speak, for she thought all hope was now gone.

The Lord's servant, seeing her hopeless look said, "Jesus did it all, and God is so well pleased with what He did that He sends you a title to eternal glory, for nothing."

"It seems far too cheap, sir," said the woman.

"It cost God His Son, and Christ His blood," was the preacher's reply.

That word was the means of shewing the anxious woman why God's salvation was so easily obtained.

"STOP!"

A VERY plain word this, and one **very** commonly used. A word with which our childhood has made us familiar, and to which most of us have undoubtedly been indebted from time to time.

Children are often attracted by pretty red berries which they see in the hedges; they stretch out their hands to pluck them, and are perhaps just proceeding to eat them, when mother's cry is heard; "Stop, children! those berries are poisonous!"

Again, the adventurous boy, running along toward the verge of a dangerous cliff, over which a few more steps would precipitate him, is arrested in his headlong career by the father's warning shout, "Stop! Stop!"

"Charlie! Charlie! you are skating too near that hole." Charlie did not heed, and before his brother could reach him, the little fellow disappeared under the ice.

A boy climbing one of the Alpine mountains saw some flowers of edelweiss on the edge of a precipice, and sprang forward to the spot. The guide shouted, "Stop!" but the heedless lad would grasp them, and with the flowers in his hand, he fell a thousand feet upon the rocks below. It was a dear price for such frail things.

When we look around us we see numbers of careless pleasure seekers, men and women, on the broad road that leads to destruction. Their danger is great, though they may not be aware of it. "The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not" (2 Cor. 4:4). "O that they were wise, that they understood

this, that they would consider their latter end” (Deut. 32:29).

Were you to see a fellow-creature in any imminent danger, you would at once run to the rescue. How much more should we endeavour to arrest our fellow sinners, who are in danger of eternal woe! Can we do less than warn them of the consequences of their folly, if they persevere in the course of unbelief and rebellion against a God which they are pursuing?

Unsaved reader, we would cry aloud to you, Where are you going? Stop and consider! Look ahead. Hell is before you; you are hastening to the place “prepared for the devil and his angels.” Many are the warnings of Scripture. “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish” (Luke 13:3, 5). Remember the tones of earnest entreaty in Ezekiel 33:11, “Say unto them, . . . Why will ye die?”

AN ARROW FROM GOD’S QUIVER.

“God shall shoot at them with an arrow; Suddenly shall they be wounded.”—Ps. 54:7.

A LADY was once distributing tracts on board a steam-packet; and amongst others, she handed one to a gentleman. She passed along the deck, and as she returned she was deeply pained to see him tear the tract in fragments and fling it overboard. She simply said, as she walked past him, “You will have to account for that.”

The gentleman thought no more of the matter. The tract was flung upon the waters, as he imagined, and he forgot all about it. But not so the living God. He had not forgotten either the tract or the man who had torn it up. He

caused a little scrap of that torn tract to be blown by the breeze into the gentleman’s bosom; and that very night, as he was undressing to go to bed, the fragment of the tract fell out of his bosom.

He took it up. It was but a very small scrap; but it was just large enough to contain two words of immense weight and deep solemnity, namely, “God” and “Eternity”; and along with these two words, the lady’s pointed utterance came back to his memory: “You will have to account for that.”

Thus, then, this gentleman had before his mind those three grand and solemn realities, God—Eternity—Judgment. Tremendous words! He lay down, but not to sleep. There was no sleep for his eyes, or slumber for his eyelids, that night. He was full of tossing to and fro till the morning. The words, God, Eternity, and “You will have to account for that,” rang in his ears, and sounded deep down in his heart.

He arose from his couch and sought to drown his anxiety in the cursed intoxicating cup. But it would not do. He awoke from his wine only to feel with augmented force those solemn words, “God!—Eternity!—Judgment to come!” In short, an arrow from the quiver of God had entered his soul. He had thought to get rid of that little tract—to drown that silent messenger. But no; God had His eye upon him. God sent the breeze and caused it to blow that identical scrap of the torn tract into His bosom. Of the scores of scraps into which the tract had been torn, not one would do but that very one, because it contained the very words which the

Eternal Spirit meant to use as an arrow to pierce his soul.

How marvellous are God's ways! Who but an atheist could doubt that the hand of God was in that breeze which blew that fragment into the gentleman's bosom? Blessed be His name, He knows how to reach the soul; and when He begins to work, nothing and no one can hinder. He had His eye upon that precious soul, spite of all his enmity and all his efforts to turn aside the arrow which sovereign grace had aimed at his heart. The gentleman thought to get rid of the tract; but God was determined that just so much of the tract should lodge in his bosom as contained the arrow that was to be lodged in his heart.

In vain did the gentleman seek to get rid of his impressions, to stifle his convictions. His misery increased, his anxiety became more intense. There was but one thing which could heal his wound, and that was the precious balm of the gospel, the soothing virtues of the blood of Christ. He was brought under the sound of the gospel, and his troubled soul found rest in the finished work of Christ.

And now, reader, what sayest thou to these things? Hast thou ever felt aught of the awful solemnity of those words,

"GOD--ETERNITY--JUDGMENT TO COME?"

"God—Eternity—Judgment to come"?

Remember, we earnestly pray thee, thou hast, sooner or later, to meet God—to stand before the judgment bar of Christ. Do think of this! Think of what it will be to meet God out of

Christ—to stand, in all thy sins, before the great white throne, where every man will be judged according to his works—to spend a never-ending eternity in the dreadful flames of hell. We confess the thought is perfectly appalling.

Eternity! What an overwhelming word? Say, beloved reader, art thou prepared for it? If not, why not? Why delay another moment? Why not flee now—just now—to the arms of a Saviour-God who stands ready to welcome you.

“LIVE I MUST NOT: DIE I DARE NOT.”

NOW was my soul greatly pitched between these two considerations, “Live I must not: die I dare not.” Now I sunk and fell in my spirit, and was giving up all for lost; but as I was walking up and down in the house, as a man in a most woeful state, that word of God took hold of my heart, “Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus” (Rom. 3:24).

Oh, what a turn is made upon me! Now was I as one awakened out of some troublesome sleep and dream, and listening to this heavenly sentence—I was as if I had heard it thus spoken to me: “Sinner, thou thinkest that because of thy sins and infirmities I cannot save thy soul; but behold My Son is by Me. and upon Him I look, and not on thee, and shall deal with thee according as I am pleased with Him.”

At this I was greatly enlightened in my mind, and made to understand that God could justify a sinner; it was but His looking upon Christ, and imparting of His benefits to us, and the work was forthwith done.

BELIEVE GOD.

HOW often in speaking to souls of the salvation of God is one met with a reply such as, "Oh! but I have not faith," or "You must have faith, and I cannot understand what it is." Yet the every-day things of life present no such difficulties, and we unhesitatingly put our trust in the word of a fellow-man—we believe what he says, and this is faith.

The following incident, which recently happened will illustrate this. A lady was going a short excursion by rail, with some friends. She bought three tickets; but, when a few steps from the booking office, found she had only two. She and her friends searched all round; but the lost ticket was not to be found. They then returned to the booking office; but the clerk said he had given out three tickets, and showed by his books his statement was correct. It was almost train time, and, being unwilling to pay again for the ticket, the lady spoke to the station master. He looked at the numbers of the two tickets and said she might go on, adding, "Tell the ticket collector at L. that the station master at S. said three tickets were purchased." The lady believed what the station master said, and took her seat in the train without a question. Arrived at her destination, she did as directed, and the collector replied as he let her pass, "Oh, if the station master says so, that is all right."

If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater (1 John 5:9). The testimony of God is sure and worthy of all our trust. If this lady had thought of herself, she might have refused to take her seat in the train, or, while

travelling, been filled with doubts and fears as to what would happen at the end of the journey. But she did neither. She thought of the station master, and resting in simple faith in his word went joyfully on her journey.

Poor, doubting soul, turn away from yourself, take God at His word. He says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3:36). Believe Him and eternal life is yours.

FLEE FOR THY LIFE.

O UNSAVED soul, awake! Awake to the tremendous realities of a coming eternity! Death, and after death judgment awaits your unsheltered soul.

There is one only Deliverer from the power of death, one only Refuge from the storm of judgment, but, thank God, He is mighty and willing to save. He is the Rock of Ages. His name is Jesus.

By His going into death and rising again, the bars of death have been burst. His triumphant victory is for every one who flees to Him as their Saviour.

His open arms, victorious, omnipotent, are stretched out, entreating poor, helpless ones to find there the refuge they need. "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth," is the entreaty of His loving heart.

Heed it, fellow sinner, heed it to-day, lest death and judgment overtake you.

“I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE RIGHT OF WAY.”

IF you are not already saved, dear reader, you don't believe on Jesus in any way. Scripture does not recognize two ways of believing—a right and a wrong way. Men may speak about a “living faith” and a “dead faith,” a “saving faith” and an “intellectual faith,” but Scripture speaks of believing what God says. Faith in man and faith in God are the same exercises of mind; the difference is not in the faith, but in the persons on whom the faith rests. Those who are lost, perish through believing the devil's lie; and those who are saved are delivered through believing God's truth. “The devils believe and tremble” because they are doomed to eternal despair; the saints believe and rejoice with joy unspeakable, because they are to spend eternity in happiest fellowship with the Lord Jesus. Paul did not say to the jailor, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with the right kind of believing, and thou shalt be saved.” If he had, the poor ignorant heathen would not have understood him. He simply said, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.” Do you the same, dear reader, and “thou shalt be saved.”

“To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness” (Rom. 4:5). “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16:31). And believe now: another step in your present course, and you may be beyond the pale of mercy.

THE SOWER

JOHN FIVE AND TWENTY-FOUR.

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.”—Jno. 5: 24.

“Eternal life,” oh precious thing,
I have it and adore,
These words my Jesus uttered in
John Five and Twenty-four.

“No condemnation,” praise the Lord,
Who all my judgment bore;
And left to me His written Word—
John Five and Twenty-four.

Oh you my friends that are unsaved,
Like me in days of yore;
Get these words on your souls engraved,
John Five and Twenty-four.

Oh swell the strain, the blood-bought strain,
Ye saints for evermore,
And to lost souls in love proclaim—
John Five and Twenty-four.

SPEAKING OF GUNS.

THERE was a certain man who only had one good story to relate, and it was about "guns." It had made such an impression upon him, that he brought it forth on all occasions. There were times when it had no relevancy to the subject of conversation, but nothing daunted he would startle the company by stamping vigorously with one foot, and hearkening intently, would exclaim, "Ah! that reminds me, speaking of guns," and forth would come his oft-told story.

My dear Christian friend, are you as zealous in telling the story of Jesus? When in conversation do you always speak a word "as touching the King"? If He fills your heart you cannot refrain from speaking of Him "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." This does not mean that you should be unwise or untactful, but it does mean that if there is no opportunity you can make one. "Be instant in season and out of season." "Sow beside all waters." "As ye go preach." His "word shall not return void." "Redeem the time." Many will "rise up and call you blessed."

My dear friend reading this, you say that this is appropriate for Christians but that you are not a Christian. But "speaking of guns" I would say to you God loves you; Christ died for you; forsake your sins and receive Christ. He says: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," and "Him" means you—coming means trusting and "not cast out" means that He receives you. Dare to take Him at His word.

A BANKER'S EXPERIENCE.

IN the summer of 18—, an evangelist was invited to a city in I—a to deliver an address in one of the churches, to young men. When the hour of service arrived, there were very few young men in the room. The evangelist said, "You have invited me here to speak to young men. This was kind on your part, but you see there are not many young men here; we will go on with the exercises, and after we are through here, we will go where the young men are." He then spoke to the people that were gathered in the church, and at the close of the service invited the choir, and all that would, to join him in holding a meeting on the public square. The company proceeded to the square, which they reached about the time the churches were dismissing, and very many were on the walks and on the streets. It was a beautiful, quiet summer evening, and after singing a few gospel hymns, which drew a large crowd of young men and others about them, the evangelist stood upon an elevated place, and announcing that they were going to hold a gospel meeting, he considered the embodiment of the whole gospel of Jesus Christ.

God so loved the world that He gave His Only begotten

Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not Perish but have

Everlasting

Life.—John 3:16.

The evangelist had a very strong voice, and spoke loudly so that all in the square, which was now filled with listeners, could hear him.

For some reason, not known to him at the time, he was led to repeat his text often; and out over the square in the stillness of the summer evening, rang the words

God so loved the world that He gave His

Only begotten

Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not

Perish but have

Everlasting

Life.—John 3:16.

The place where the evangelist stood was opposite and facing a street that led away from the square and up an incline to a resident part of the city, so that his voice sounded up that street and in that direction as if spoken into a trumpet.

Sitting on the porch of his house at this time, half a mile from the meeting, was a banker of the city. As he sat there enjoying the cool air and quiet, he heard a voice, as he supposed out of the sky, saying,

God so loved the world that He gave His

Only begotten

Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not

Perish but have

Everlasting

Life.—John 3:16.

It startled him, but he concluded it was his imagination and resumed his quiet again, when after a few minutes the same voice and the same words were repeated. Although this banker was a most exemplary man in all outward things, and respected by the community, he was not a Christian. When repeatedly these words by this voice were sounded in his hearing, they impressed him; and as God has said,

"The word of God is the sword of the Spirit" (Eph. 6:17) the Holy Spirit used these words to pierce this man's heart. He went into the house, and retired to his room, but had a restless night.

In the morning at the breakfast table he related to his family the experience of the evening before, stating that he had heard a voice out of the sky speaking to him about God and eternal life; that he had passed a troublesome night, and that he was at present in a disturbed condition of mind. His son spoke up and said, "Father, it was not a voice out of the sky that you heard, but a man's voice who was speaking down at the square, using for his text the words that you mentioned." But God had fastened the words on the banker's mind and heart, and at the bank a few hours later, in deep distress of mind, he called his son to him and asked if he knew if the evangelist was still in the city. The son replied that he did not know. The banker asked his son to go and see, and if he found him, to state to him his father's condition and to ask the evangelist to come to the bank, if convenient, at once. The evangelist was found, and taking his Bible with him, he was escorted to the bank and ushered into the banker's private office. The following conversation then took place:

B. "Are you the man that spoke on the square last night, and said something about 'God' and 'eternal life'?"

E. "Yes, sir."

B. "As I sat on my porch last night, I heard what I supposed was a voice out of the sky, but it now proves to have been your voice. But

that does not matter. I have passed a restless night, and am now in great distress of mind. My life has been an upright one as men see it. My business is honorably conducted, but I am not a Christian. I now want you to point out to me the steps necessary for me to secure peace of mind, and eternal life. Will you do it?"

E. "With pleasure, sir. Shall we go apart to some private room?"

B. "That is not necessary. We are as quiet here as anywhere, and will not be interrupted."

E. "God's word makes very plain and very simple the conditions of salvation. It is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to confess Him as our Lord and Master. I will open my Bible and let you read for yourself. Here at Romans 10:9, 10, you read." And the banker read:

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

E. "Now, my friend, you believe in your heart that God raised Jesus from the dead, and that in that act God declared Him to be the Son of God with power,"

B. "Yes, sir "

E. "Now this is unto righteousness, for 'Christ is made the righteousness of God to him that believeth.' Now it remains for you to confess and forsake every known sin, and to confess Jesus as your Lord and Master. Are you

willing to do this?"

B. "I am."

E. "I wish we were somewhere where we could kneel and pray."

B. Let us do it right here."

Together they knelt and after a few words by the evangelist, thanking God for His goodness in leading this man to see the error of his ways, the banker opened his lips in humble confession of his sin in the neglect of God's salvation, and purposing to forsake all known sin, he then and there accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour and to be the Master of his life. The Holy Spirit sealed with His testimony the efficacy of the blood of Christ; the banker's heart was healed, and in tears of joy he arose thanking God for His great goodness in sending His servant with His message. They stepped out into the bank; the banker rapped upon the counter, and securing the attention of all in the bank, he stated the experience he had passed through the night before and this morning; and that while his life before them in the past had been one of rectitude, he had been living in neglect of God's salvation; that from this time forth Jesus was to be his Master, and having said this he said they could proceed with the business in hand.

Reader, you may or may not be a banker; but if you are an unsaved sinner, the same message is adapted to you, and the use of the same means will bring to you the same salvation. God is no respecter of persons.

THROUGH THE FIRE.

THERE was a great fire in Chicago some time ago. Much damage was done both to buildings, and stock. Many valuable papers were lost. But when some of the debris was cleared away, a week after the fire broke out, it was found that several safes made by different makers, in which business papers and money had been placed, had passed through the fire unharmed. Thereafter several advertisements by the makers of the safes appeared in the daily papers. The following is one of them with the name omitted:

“——’s safe, recovered and opened with its own key, preserved its contents intact after having been buried in the burning debris for seven days. This safe was over thirty years in use.”

The makers of the various safes will no doubt expect to increase their sales, and quite likely they will not be disappointed. Business people who wish to have their documents and money kept safe from the ravages of fire will naturally buy safes that have stood the test.

That is our plea for advertising the salvation that is obtained through faith in Christ. It has been tested again and again, and it stands the test. Professors of religion may fail, but the salvation of God cannot fail.

When persecution unto death has raged, men have gone to the stake with psalms and hymns on their lips. Their salvation was assured, even though their bodies were burned. The trial of their faith was much more precious than gold that perisheth, though tried with fire that it might be found unto praise, and honor, and

glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. Their faith was unharmed. The flame didn't kindle upon it. They glorified God in the fire.

What say you about this great salvation? What is your attitude towards it? Have you any doubts about its efficacy? If you have, then you have not proved it. Have you the fear that it will not stand the test? You need not have. It has proved sufficient for myriads. It is quite sufficient for you. The Lord Jesus, who provided this great salvation, went through the fire to provide it. The sacrificial flame fell on Him. The fire of judgment descended upon Him. The fierce fury of men assailed Him; but like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, He has come forth from the fire unharmed, and He guarantees safety to all who trust Him. Their life is hid with Christ in God. What they have committed to His keeping is safe. They are safe. They shall not perish.

"Thirty years in use." So says the advertisement quoted. Christ's great salvation has been about nineteen hundred years in use; but it is losing nothing by age. It cannot be burned up. It knows no decay. It is possessed of imperishable virtue. It is worthy of acceptance. It is worthy of your acceptance.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6:2). Commit the keeping of your souls to Him. He is able to keep that which we commit to Him. Trust Him. "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee" (Isa. 43:2).

THE PLAGUE OF SIN AND GOD'S
REMEDY.

GOD is surely speaking at this time. Who may be the next? How real a thing death is! What is the cause of it? God alone can tell us. Now that He has been pleased to do. It is written: "By one man SIN entered into the world, and DEATH BY SIN; and so death passed upon all men, for that ALL have sinned" (Rom. 5:12). Sin, then, is the cause; that awful thing which has brought such sorrow, and suffering as well, into the world. Surely, then it behoves everyone who has not already done so, to look this question of death seriously in the face, seeing that everyone must die, one way or another, sooner or later. Death is here in the world, and all the world over; you cannot evade it; it stares you everywhere. But is there not a remedy? Yes! Blessed be God there is. **GOD HAS PROVIDED A REMEDY.** Just notice what is written: "As it is appointed unto men ONCE TO DIE, but after this the judgment: so CHRIST WAS ONCE OFFERED to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. 9:27, 28). **GOD'S** great Remedy for sin and death, then, is through the judgment and **DEATH** of **JESUS CHRIST** on the cross. There God in His great love gave His only begotten Son to die in our stead, so that to those who, believing on Him, look for Him, He will appear the second time, not to die again, but to save them, even as to their bodies, by changing and taking them, together with all who have fallen asleep in Him, to be with him-

self in heavenly glory.”

Now the point, dear friend, is, if you have not received this new life, are you awake to the fact that **YOU ARE DYING**, and on your way to God’s Judgment Seat? Also that God has provided a Saviour for you, and that that Saviour is **JESUS**, and that you may have **EVER-LASTING LIFE** now, this very minute, through believing on the Son of God. “He that believeth on the Son **HATH** everlasting life: and He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God **ABIDETH** on him” (John 3:36). Awake! Awake! In God’s name, Awake! Sleep not on the road to **DEATH** and **JUDGMENT**. Flee from the wrath to come! Accept God’s remedy for the plague you have—now, this very minute. To-night even may be too late. “Behold, **NOW** is the accepted time; behold, **NOW** is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. 6:2).

When Israel of old sinned, in murmuring against God and His Servant in the wilderness, He sent a plague amongst them, so that much people of them died (Num. 21:6), and when they confessed their sin, and asked Moses to pray the Lord to take away the serpents, the Lord did not do so, but in grace provided a remedy, i.e., the serpent of brass set upon a pole, and if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived. And so for us now, who, under the government of God are dying of the more dreadful plague of sin; the plague is not removed, but a **REMEDY** has been provided. The Son of Man has been lifted up, “**THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT**

HAVE ETERNAL LIFE" (John 3:5). Death goes on its sure and steady course in this world, because of sin, while God, in wondrous grace, is giving everlasting life to whosoever believeth on His only begotten Son (John 3:16).

SAVED BY GRACE ALONE.

PERMIT me to write just a few words to tell of the way in which the Lord saved my soul. Brought up, as many more are, in a moral home, my life was not bad in the eyes of man, who, as the Scripture says, looks on the outward appearance (1 Sam. 16:7). The Lord, whose ways are wonderful, also kept me from going in for pleasure-seeking, which is the ruin of many a soul: nor did He allow me to grow up with the idea that I was good enough and had no need to be saved. The god of this world would gladly have blinded me, as he has done many more, to this fact; indeed he labored to do so, but God came in and stopped his work.

My father and mother were saved, and from their teaching—now from the Word of God—I learned my need of being saved ere I could be in heaven. Good moral living could do nothing towards appeasing the wrath of God which was abiding on me and also on all who believe not (John 3:36). Having, then, the need of being saved and the awful consequences of neglecting so great salvation kept before me, I could not dare to think that I did not need to be saved.

For a considerable time I remained in this state, not particularly anxious and yet not at rest. I went to gospel meetings though I would more gladly have stayed at home. God was calling, and I was refusing: the fear of man

and of what people might say if I confessed Christ was hindering me.

In a short time things came to a head—a decision must be made. Was I going to yield to the fear of man and run the awful risk of being lost for eternity, or was I going to yield to the Holy Spirit who all the time was calling at my heart.

Praise the Lord, the right decision was made. I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved. Not one word of all His promise has failed, though I must confess I have failed often. His finished work is my resting-place—not my righteousness, which is but "filthy rags."

This great event—never to be forgotten—took place on March 4, 1900, during a series of special evangelistic meetings, I being then a few months short of my sixteenth birthday. The step was never regretted, and now it is my desire to be "approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed" (2 Tim. 2:15).

Reader, you have been following these lines: perhaps you are much the same as the writer. You have been brought up morally and are living a fairly good life; you know that there is some reality in this great question, yet you do not settle it. Do not let Satan deceive you—he will if he can—but yield to the voice of the Holy Spirit who calls you now. Your hindrance may not be what mine was, but whatever it is, love of pleasure or the fear of man, let it not be used of Satan to land you in a lost eternity.

REDEMPTION POINT.

WHO has not heard of those magnificent falls "Niagara," which, with unceasing activity, pours forth that mighty volume of water, the sound of which can be heard twenty or thirty miles distant? Just above the Falls, on the shore of that great river, is a rock called "Past Redemption Point." It is only a little cape jutting into the water, generally unnoticed by travellers; but beyond it no human being has ever been known to be saved.

On one side is:

Life.

Safety.

Salvation.

On the other side is:

Death.

Despair.

Damnation.

with only a rock between.

It was into this boiling torrent that a seeker after worldly honor and fame plunged a few years ago. Webb was a man of no ordinary power; in his daring he had swum the twenty-five miles of sea which roll between England and France. Now, with unsatisfied desire for fame, he determined to risk his life in the foolish attempt to swim Niagara. Whilst preparing for that fatal venture, he turned to those standing around him, saying, "It's all luck, and the END I do not think about. I'll take my chance." Fatal delusion! yet in how many hearts these words find an echo?

You do not care to think of your end. Yet, depend upon it, it must come; and, young though you may be, every heart-throb brings it nearer. And, who knows? you may even now have reached Redemption Point. Pass that, and your helpless, hapless soul must be lost for ever.

Thousands of spectators thronged the banks of the river on that memorable day. Their hero appeared, took his accustomed dive into the boiling current, and rose again, as usual, to float and strike out, but he was PAST “Redemption Point,” and the eddying waters had him like a straw in their iron grasp, hurling him into the vortex he had so madly braved—LOST in the sight of thousands who stood in safety round him—safe themselves, but utterly powerless to save him!

Oh! my reader, you and I are silently, yet surely, carried onward upon the breast of time’s rapidly flowing river. Take care, lest, half dreaming, you pass “Redemption Point.”

Scripture says (Ecc. 12:1): “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”

Redemption can now be known through the precious blood of Christ. Every one has a last opportunity of trusting the Saviour. Yours may be NOW. Miss it, and your precious, priceless soul is swept past Redemption Point into the vortex of damnation.

Will you not trust the Lord Jesus NOW?

“Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool” (Isa. 1:18).

THE INFIDEL.

I HEARD of a little girl, who had learned to love the Saviour, who was told that a certain man was an infidel.

“What is an infidel?” she inquired; and when it was explained to her she seemed very much surprised. A few days after that man

was walking down the street, and the little girl came up to him and said, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He pushed her away, but she repeated the question again and again, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. That question began to trouble him. He could not get rid of it day or night. It kept coming up to him from the sidewalk, from the letters on his desk, from the voices of his children at play, and the pillow kept whispering it to him after he went to bed.

At last he got up and said, "I will go and get the Bible and find some place where Christ has contradicted Himself, and that will be a good reason why I should not love Him." So he took the Book and opened it at the Gospel of John—he had opened at the wrong place; if any one wants to find reasons for not loving Christ he must not go to that book; and there he found out reasons for loving the Son of God instead of hating Him, and before the sun was up he had begun to seek the Lord with all his heart, and was very soon converted.

TRUST HIM.

YOUR faith is lamentably weak. Yes, but look up to Jesus seated at the right hand of power in the heavens. It is not a question of you and your abilities, but of Him. Left to yourself, the world and the powers of evil will easily overcome you, but with Christ in command you may safely sing—

"When I fear my faith will fail,

Christ can hold me fast;

Will you not trust Him for this, and boldly confess His name?

THE SOWER

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

REMEMBER that to die unsaved means having part in the second death, which is the lake of fire (Rev. xx, 14). But to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as a guilty sinner is to gain "the gift of God, which is eternal life in Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi, 23).

Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
It lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And death descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly t'wards the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dream of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,
Where'er thy feet can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

IT was a bright, clear night in December, and the good ship "Harriet," under reefed topsails was coming up the channel before a stiff breeze. Every heart on board was glad, for, after a long and perilous voyage, she was "homeward bound." On the quarter-deck, Captain Harrison, and Edward Locksley, his first mate, were standing talking together.

"We shall be in dock before Christmas if this wind holds," Locksley said. "It is not well for a sailor to set his mind too much on anything, but I have set mine on being in the dear old home at Christmas this year. It is four years since we all met at home, and father and mother say it hasn't been half a Christmas without me."

Captain Harrison listened to the young sailor's eager words; then laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, said gravely, "I do not wonder at your wish, Edward. It is a great pleasure to get home, especially to such a happy home as yours is at Christmas time. But there is something I should like you to wish for still more than that. I want you to be sure that when the voyage of life is past, there remaineth for you a rest in the glorious home above—

"There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour below."

Locksley was silent for a moment. At length he turned and grasped the captain's hand in his. "Captain Harrison, you have been a kind friend to me ever since I can remember. If all Christians were like you, I can only say I wish there were more of them.—And more

than that, what you have so often said to me about Christ has made me think very seriously, and I really intend to serve Him too, but not just yet.”

“And why not now, Locksley?” asked his friend.

“I am afraid you will think me cowardly if I tell you, Captain. The truth is that our people always give a ball at Christmas, and it would be a terrible disappointment to them all if I were to hold aloof. They would say I had turned Puritan and lost all my spirits, and I don’t know what else; and it would seem hard to give them pain just on first going home. So I’ve made up my mind to keep on as usual till after that. Besides,” he added, with the frankness of a true English sailor, “I expect it will be a right down jolly time, and I’m not inclined to give it up on my own account. But after Christmas, Captain, I will turn over a new leaf—see if I don’t.”

The Captain feared that human pleading would have little power to overturn the young man’s purpose. Standing with uncovered head on the heaving deck, he prayed earnestly though silently to his Father in heaven, who could convince his young friend that now was the only certain “day of salvation.” Locksley understood and felt the unspoken prayer, the words of which he could not hear. His head was bowed, too, and his spirit deeply moved; but the tempter was at hand with the deadly suggestion that it was quite as safe, and far better, to wait awhile. As Captain Harrison bade him “good night,” before turn-

ing in, he said, gaily, "Now, don't get anxious about me, Captain; Christmas will soon be here, and you have my promise after that."

The Captain went below and left the brave young fellow on deck bright and mirthful, and ready to quench every feeling of misgiving that the Captain's prayer had caused by lively anticipations of his return home.

Not ten minutes had passed when the captain heard hurried footsteps on the deck; then the sharp, clear cry, "Man overboard!" and in another instant he had dashed up the companion ladder and looking round, he scarcely needed to ask, "Who is it?" for had it not been Locksley, he would have seen him at once, foremost among the gallant fellows who were lowering the boats, ready to peril their own lives to rescue the man in danger. Yes, it was Locksley! Reaching over the quarter to clear an entangled log-line, he lost his foothold and fell overboard, and the ship went on her rapid way without him. Everything was done which stout arms and brave hearts could do. But all was vain. The men strained at the oars only to see him throw up his arms and sink.

Christmas, with its mirth and festivity, came to others, but not to him; and as he went down in the cold waters, leaving hope and life behind him forever, it would add a terrible keenness to his agony to remember that not many minutes before, eternal life had been offered to him through Jesus, and he had refused it.

And Edward Locksley's is far from a solitary case. "Oh!" said a poor woman, whose death-bed was made miserable by the memory

of lost opportunities, “when God says, ‘To-day,’ it is awful madness to say to-morrow!” And yet how many are saying it. Dear reader, are you? Have you not often been invited to accept salvation through the quiet voice of a tract, or the earnest words of a Christian; or it may be, by the lips of a mother, whose last words on earth were a prayer for you.—Oh, in how many ways does a loving God beseech you to be reconciled. And you have never yet trusted in Him, but are quite intending to do so; just like Edward Locksley, “not just yet.” You have some plan of pleasure or gain in the future, and it shall be “after that,” that you will serve Him whose ways are all pleasantness, and whose service is “profitable unto all things.”

Ah, my reader, perhaps you think to gain the world, and then afterwards to get your soul saved; but such speculations very often turn out a dead loss in both respects. I cannot tell what “more convenient season” you are looking forward to, but I can tell you that it is a soul-ruining delusion to think that it will ever come. Procrastination is the recruiting officer of hell. “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.” “To-day” is what God says; to-morrow is what the devil says.

APPROPRIATION:

Or, Believing and Receiving.

IT is as necessary for the salvation of the soul that we should appropriate the remedy God has placed within our reach as it would be for a drowning man to seize the rope thrown out

to him. You may know the way of salvation, yet be lost after all, because you do not take that way. You may know that Christ died for all, yet perish in your sins, because you have never appropriated that death to yourself; "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," (Rom. v. 8), that is to say, if you have never by faith appropriated the death of Christ to yourself as for you, so as to be able thankfully to say, He died for me, you are still "without Christ, having no hope and without God in the world." Many people say, week after week, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," and yet they do not believe in the forgiveness of their own sins. Of what use would it be for me to say, "I believe in the forgiveness of Paul's sins or Peter's sins, "if I could not have the satisfaction of knowing that my sins, too, were forgiven? You say, "I believe every word in the Bible." Do you? Do you believe, for example, that verse, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." (Eph. i, 7). Have you, then, received the forgiveness of sins? Are your sins forgiven? If not, how then can you say that you believe every word in the Bible? "The devils also believe, and tremble" (James ii, 19). The fact is, you believe in God (as the devils do) but you do not believe what God says; for the same God who tells you that you are a sinner tells you that Christ died for sinners, and tells you also that "whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." You do not appropriate God's word; you do not take it

home to yourself as God's voice to you and perhaps you even think it would be presumption to do so.

Now here lies the difficulty with many a convicted soul, "How am I to know that I may "appropriate" the benefits of Christ's atoning death? Would it not be presumption for one so unworthy to think God would receive me?" I ask, Is it presumption to say you are a sinner? Of course not, you reply; we are all sinners. Is it then presumption to suppose that Christ died for sinners? No; for the Bible says so. Is it presumption to believe that Christ receives sinners? No; for the Bible says that, too. Then where would be the presumption in coming as a sinner, because a sinner, to One who died for sinners, and receiveth sinners? No, my friend; the presumption is in refusing, delaying, hesitating to appropriate what God offers, and this unbelief (which the devil persuades you is humility) is the very sin that will seal your condemnation if you die in it; for it is written, "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." (John iii, 18). And again, "The fearful and unbelieving," those who are afraid to trust God, to take Him at His word and to appropriate salvation, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire" (Rev. xxi, 8). What, then, is this "appropriation" but taking home to oneself by faith the truths taught from God's word. One may ask, "how does faith come"? The Scripture answers this oft-repeated question plainly. "Faith cometh by hear-

ing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom. x, 7).

If I know myself to be a sinner, I know myself to be one whom Christ came to save. The more clearly any one can prove me to be a sinner, the more clearly he establishes my title to the love of God and the work of Christ. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (I Pet. iii, 18). Such is God's love our sins brought Christ to the cross; that He might bring us to God. There are many who wait to feel or realize something before receiving Christ, and in this way put their feelings as a personal hindrance to their coming to God and receiving salvation. No doubt it is a very happy thing for one, who was just on the point of being drowned, to realize himself in a life boat; but clearly he is saved by the boat and not by his realization; so it is with the sinner that believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, he is saved by what Christ has accomplished for him through death and resurrection. Christ took the sinner's place in death and judgment, that He might have His life, and His place of acceptance and favor before God. The Word of God puts it clearly, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii, 23).

You will, therefore, see that there is no consideration of degrees of sinfulness to be brought into this question. Some might say "we are better than others"; but the Scriptures put all on the same level. "As by one man (Adam) sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all

men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. v, 12). The Lord Jesus Christ speaks to man as man, and says, "Ye must," who shall say, "Ye need not?" Who created the heavens that we see above us? The Lord Jesus Christ: "For by Him were all things created" (Col. i, 16). Have you seen the stars shining above you? Who made them? The Lord Jesus Christ. How did He make them? By the word of His mouth. "He spake, and it was done; He commanded and it stood fast." That same one, who created the heavens above us and the earth on which we tread, speaks now, and says, "Ye must be born again" (John iii, 7). It is not enough, therefore, for you to say that you have not sinned, for the question is, what I am, what I am by nature. God's Word is fixed, "Ye must be born again." Why this necessity some may ask. "Why must we be born again?" The Lord answers it. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh"; "For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh" (Rom. viii, 5).

"The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (Rom. viii, 7). Such is our evil nature, and the condition of our poor deceitful hearts. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii, 9). From it we learn, amongst many other things, the unvarying tendency of our heart to distrust God, anything, in short, for it but God. It would rather lean upon a cobweb of human resources than upon the arm of an omnipotent, all-wise and infinitely gracious God: Well,

therefore; may it be termed, "An evil heart of unbelief" (Heb. iii, 12). "Salvation is of the Lord" (Jonah ii, 9). It is of His providing and preparing, and is divinely suited to man's condition.

Nothing can give peace but the certain and unquestionable assurance from God's blessed Word that all your sins have been blotted out. "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i, 16).

THE GREAT TRIP.

IT is called "great," because it is made but once. It is not a round trip, for there is no return. It occupies a lifetime, and is, in fact, the trip from the cradle to the grave. You and I are on this trip.

Though there is but one trip, there are two roads. One of them is narrow, and the other is broad. Every person is travelling on one of these two roads (Matt. vii. 13-14). On which are you travelling at the present moment?

And there are two conductors on the look-out for travellers. The first is "the Son of Man, who is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). He says, "I am the way . . . No man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John xiv. 6). Has He found you yet?

The second seeker is "the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (I Pet. v. 8). He bitterly opposes all who are inclined to journey by the narrow road, annoying and insulting those who are already travelling on it. God's armour will alone en-

able travellers to resist him (Eph. vi. 11).

The broad road promises pleasure, but its agents hide the fact that it robs and murders its patrons (Rom. vi. 23; Prov. vii. 25). Shun it as you would a poisonous snake.

The narrow road is not always pleasant, but it is perfectly safe (Isa. xxvi. 3). And think of the grand terminus of this road, as we read about it in the last two chapters of the Revelation. May the God of all grace grant that you and I may travel on that road to its blissful end.

Read Deut. 30, which ends with these words: "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live."

NOT A CHRISTIAN.

YES, I know I am not a Christian; I don't profess to be one," was the light and careless answer, given by a young woman not long since, after a few earnest words had been spoken to her for her soul's good.

She seemed to think, poor girl, that really some small credit was due to her for not pretending to be what in reality she was not; as if, when brought face to face with her Maker and her Judge, she could by her bold answer, "I have never professed to be a Christian," escape the reward of her indifference.

Yet this very girl could calmly look back and remember the death-bed of a dearly-loved sister, and say, "Oh, she was a Christian if ever there was one, and often did she speak to

me about being saved and of going to heaven.”

Love of admiration, of dress, and of worldly companions seemed quite to “choke” any serious thoughts which her sister’s conversation and happy end might have caused, and an occasional attendance at Bible class or preaching of the word was thought by this young girl interest enough for her to take in “all that sort of thing,” as she called religion.

Dear reader, I hope these words so lightly spoken, “I know I am not a Christian,” will strike you solemnly as they do me. What an awful thing this is to “know!” How strange that any one can go on eating, drinking, sleeping, playing, taking pleasure in all the trifling things of this poor, perishing world, and not troubling about what is to follow, after this earthly life is over. Then, perhaps suddenly, death comes, and the giddy thoughtless one is snatched away to hear the Lord utter His terrible “I know”—“Verily I say unto you I know you not” (Matt. xxv. 12).

I want you now to think for a few moments. You know of some, whom you love, who are waiting for the Lord Jesus to come from heaven and take them to Himself. They are true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and they can each say, “I know that I am a Christian.”

I should like you to write down the truth about yourself. Would you have to put down I know I am or I know I am not a Christian? That little word “not”—that word makes all the solemn difference.

Should the Lord Jesus come to-day, do you think that by saying “I know I am not a

Christian, but then I have never pretended to be one,” you would be allowed to go up into the glory with His people? No, indeed! and you know it too.

Dear reader, if still unsaved, now is the time to accept of God’s wonderful salvation in Christ.

Now is the time God gives you to be saved!

JUDGMENT OR MERCY?

WITHOUT judgment on evil-doers it would be utterly impossible to maintain righteous government. Hell is an absolute necessity. So far from the dread thought of eternal punishment turning men against the Gospel, it has been a terror to evil-doers, and helps to restrain men. Besides, it has driven very many to seek a Saviour-God, so as to escape His just and holy judgment.

Blessed be God, He gave His own Son to die for us. He drank the bitter cup of wrath. He was made a curse for us.

Let Calvary’s rich display of divine love melt your heart—that God in love put His own Son on the cross that you might never endure the vengeance of hell-fire.

Oh, unsaved one, whilst you have the opportunity, see to it that the matter of greatest moment—your eternal welfare—is settled. Time will soon be gone!

There is only one way whereby each and all can escape the wrath of God, and that is by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. (See Acts xvi. 30-31).

“Flee from the wrath to come.”

GOD'S SACRIFICE.

THE great test of love, after all, is sacrifice. People tell you how much they love you, but you do not know until the time comes when they can show it by making some sacrifice on your behalf. Perhaps you know the story of how the son of the great Dr. John G. Paton won the love of a native chief down in the islands. One day another chief fired a rifle at Paton, when his friend threw himself in the way, received the bullet in his own body, and died for him.

But that is nothing to what God has done for you and me. It was wonderful love when Jesus Christ left heaven to come down to earth for your sake and mine; it was wonderful love when Christ was scourged for you and me, when He hung upon the Cross and died for us. But it was more wonderful love that gave Christ to die. God loved Jesus Christ as no earthly parent ever loved his son, yet, when He looked down upon this lost world, and saw there was no other way to save it but by the atoning blood of His Son, He "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

And there are some of you who are deliberately trampling upon that atoning blood. To think that when God gave His Son to die for you, you should be willing to deny His Divinity, and reject the atoning blood! May God have mercy on your souls!

Friends, every lash that was laid upon Jesus cut His back; but every lash cut the Father's heart. Every thorn that pierced the Saviour's brow pierced also the Father's heart. Every

nail that pierced the Saviour's hands and feet pierced also the heart of God. And why did God do it? Because He loved every man, woman and child in the world.

Now, I want to ask you men and women what you are going to do with this wonderful love of God? Are you going to accept it, or are you going to trample it under foot? What is the most awful thing about men? It is not that they break God's holy laws; it is not that they take His holy name in vain; it is not that they rob their fellow men—all these things are bad enough—but it is that they trample under foot the infinite love of God that gave Christ to die in their place. There are men and women calling themselves respectable. You would be shocked if I called you burglars, or adulterers: but you are something worse. You are ungrateful wretches, trampling under foot the infinite love of God.

A CONTRAST.

DEATH is a reality, and intense reality usually characterizes those who pass through its portals. The following are the dying statements of two well-known persons, one dying in the gall of bitterness, in the bond of iniquity; the other dying with the blessed knowledge that he, by sovereign grace, was made meet for glory.

Charles IX. of France, the miserable king who gave the order for the massacre of the Huguenots, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, died bathed in blood bursting from his own veins, whilst he exclaimed: “What blood!

What murders! I know not where I am. How will all this end? What shall I do? I am lost for ever. I know it!" What a contrast between this and the last words of

J. G. BELLETT, who, clasping his hands together, while tears flowed down his face, said: "My precious Lord Jesus, Thou knowest how fully I can say with Paul, 'to depart and to be with Christ is far better.' Oh, how far better! I do long for it! They come and talk to me of a crown of glory, I bid them cease; of the glories of heaven, I bid them stop. I am not wanting crowns; I have Himself—Himself! I am going to be with Himself! Ah! with the Man of Sychar; with Him who stayed to call Zaccheus; with the Man of John viii.; with the Man who hung upon the Cross; with the Man who died! Oh, to be with Him before the glories—the crowns—or the kingdoms appear! It is wonderful—wonderful! With the Man of Sychar alone, the Man of the gate of the city of Nain; and I am going to be with Him for ever! Exchange this sad, sad scene, which cast Him out; for His presence! Oh, the Man of Sychar!"

COULD I with ink the ocean fill,
 Were every blade of grass a quill,
 Were the whole heavens of parchment made,
 And every man a scribe by trade;—
 To write the love of God above
 Would drain the ocean dry,
 Nor could the scroll contain the whole
 Though stretched from sea to sky.

THE SOWER

CALVARY.

THEY came unto the place called Calvary.”
Listen, oh! friends,

A place where all thy sins and stains
May end.

A place where heaven and earth have met,
A place which hell can ne'er forget,
A place of direst battle set
Which love has shadowed, tears have wet,
“Called Calvary.”

Why gather such a mighty throng
At Calvary?

The maddened crowd, the tumult strong,
Defiles the air.

The cruel rage of sinful hearts
Enclose Him there.

They crucified the Saviour there,
They stilled the Life could still their care,
They pierced the hands with blessing fair
At Calvary.

Thy God and Christ cry out to thee,
My soul!

Thy estimate of Calvary.
The whole

Black tragedy was steeped in love to thee
As though alone thy sins had raised that tree;
His head was bowed in death and shame for thee,
At Calvary.

Come to "a place called Calvary,"

Oh! weary one.

Fathom the love, which aye is fathomless,
Ere sinks thy sun.

Plunge all thy sins beneath the wondrous tide,
Hide thy stained heart within the Saviour's side,
And rise as one of His own spotless bride
From Calvary.

"IT WAS FOR ME."

ONE stormy Sunday afternoon, at the hour when a class of young women usually gathered in a little mountain cottage, one young girl only waited for her teacher. She had been learning during the week the sweet words contained in the 53rd of Isaiah, and as she toiled up the hillside she had been repeating the verses to herself; but they were only to her then as the "very lovely song of one who had a pleasant voice." She did not know the meaning of "being healed by His stripes."

After prayer, with which the hour of teaching always began, Mary repeated the first four verses of her chapter. When she reached the fifth verse—"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"—the tears filled her eyes, and before reaching the end of the verse her head sunk down, and the fast-falling tears dropped on the open Bible before her, as she sobbed out: "It was for me, it was for me!"

The intense solemnity of that moment prevented any other words being spoken than these in answer to her words: "Let us thank Him, dear child, that it was for you." They knelt down, and after the teacher had thanked the

Lord for opening the eyes of her dear scholar to see Jesus as her substitute, the weeping girl in broken words aid: “Lord Jesus, I thank Thee that Thou didst die for me, that Thou didst take my punishment”; and then the sweet calm of conscious acceptance in the Beloved stole into the broken heart, and peace with God was sweetly realised.

Rising from their knees, the teacher saw a troubled look pass over the bright face upon which “the light of His countenance” was shining, and in deep distress the child said: “Oh! my father, my mother, my brother!—they do not know this joy.” So they knelt again to plead for those still “far off,” and rose up comforted.

The joy of resurrection life filled the heart of that young girl with unspeakable joy; but it was only when by faith she could say: “It was for me.”

Till the disciples saw for themselves that the grave of Jesus was empty, the words of the women who returned from the sepulchre were like “idle tales.” Have you, reader, ever known the joy of realization, that He was wounded for your transgressions, that He was bruised for your iniquities, that the chastisement of your peace was upon Him? If not, you are far from God, outside in the darkness of unbelief and death; and until you accept the love of a living, loving Saviour, and see Him as your sin-bearer, there is no peace, no life, no joy for you.

Oh! believe this love that is yearning over you—that was stronger than death, and is as infinite as God Himself.

CHRIST OR SELF.

ONE evening, some time ago, I met an old man, about eighty years of age, who was resting by the wayside, on his return from his daily toil of stone-breaking. I had noticed him in the mission-room in the village on the previous Sunday evening. I asked him his age.

“Nigh on eighty year,” he said.

“You cannot expect to be long in this life now,” I said.

“No, sir, I cannot,” he answered.

“Then tell me what are your hopes for eternity?”

Then came the story—the old, old story—of trusting self, poor self, hardworking self, suffering self, religious self,; but always self. There was no Christ in all his hopes.

We were close to the side of a canal, and, after telling the old man that Christ and His work is the one way of salvation, I said to him: “You see that lock?”

“Yes, sir, I do.”

“Well, supposing you wished to cross that lock, and to do so you took two planks of wood—one a sound, firm one; the other a rotten one—and you placed them side by side. You attempt to cross on the weak, rotten plank. What is the result? It breaks under your weight, and you are plunged into the deep lock, and, without assistance, must perish.

“That rotten plank is self; if you attempt to get to heaven on or by self, you must perish for ever.

“But supposing you placed one foot on the good plank and one on the bad, and thus at-

tempted to get across; still the result would be the same. The good plank might and would bear you, but the bad would break, and you would be plunged into the water as surely as in the first case.

“That would be like partly trusting Christ and partly trusting yourself. But the end would be the same—death, eternal death.”

The old man listened with close attention, and I continued:—

“Now, supposing you trusted to the good plank alone; you would then cross in perfect safety. Now that good plank is like the Lord Jesus Christ, if you trust solely to Him—His blood for pardon—his work alone—you are safe, yes, saved for ever.”

“I see, I see!” exclaimed the poor old man, his woe-begone face lighting up with intelligence, “I see it all.”

I know not whether he saw it by the light of the Holy Spirit, or was enabled to abandon self and lean fully upon Christ for salvation. One thing is certain: there are thousands who are trusting self for salvation rather than the Lord Jesus Christ. Self in reading, praying, repenting, crying; but self, still self, and alas! they will be lost for ever as sure as if they trusted for salvation to an idol of wood or stone, because they effectually exclude Christ.

Let this question have an answer from you, dear reader: Are you trusting Christ or self? Christ for peace, forgiveness, life, righteousness, and eternal security! Can you say—

“On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand”?

I HAVE HOLD OF THE CHAIN.

PREACHING one Sunday evening, a servant of Christ in closing, likened faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary's Cross to a golden chain, which, as it were, God holds to us from His throne on high. "If we," said he, "by simple faith lay hold of that chain, He will save us for time and for eternity. The service over, the speaker returned home weary and discouraged. Time rolled on, and the address itself was almost forgotten, when one day as he was passing through the town, in which he had preached, a poorly clad woman stood and looked very hard at him, as if she would first be certain as to the person to whom she desired to speak. Presently she came to him and eagerly inquired his name, and when she heard it, she, with a countenance lit up with heavenly delight, and eyes filled with tears, exclaimed:—

"Oh, sir, I have long wished to see you, for I have a dying message to give you. Do you remember preaching a certain sermon in which you spoke of the sinner sunken in sin taking hold of the golden chain of the love of God as shown in the gift of His Son and of being saved 'for time and eternity?' "

"I remember something of it," he replied.

"Well, sir, my son was present that night; he has since died, but before he passed away he called out for you. As we did not know your whereabouts, his wish to see you could not be gratified. These were his last words: 'Mother, tell the gentleman I have got hold of the golden chain. I am saved.' "

RESIST NOT THE SPIRIT.

“When He is come He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.”
—John 16: 8.

THE Spirit of God is now in the world, awakening sinners to a sense of their danger and need, causing them to realize both the sinfulness of their nature, and the evil of their ways, and testifying of the great atonement wrought by Jesus Christ as the only ground of the sinner’s acceptance with God, as the only true foundation, of eternal safety and blessing, and as the only way of escape from coming wrath.

The Lord Jesus in His well known interview with Nicodemus, the Jewish ruler, compares the operation of the Holy Spirit in regeneration, to the wind: that which is invisible, and yet its cold biting blast is often keenly felt, and its workings and power are manifest to all; fanning our cheeks on a hot summers’ day, rustling the dry leaves in autumn; and in the hurricane which passes over the land in spring, which up-roots sturdy trees which have been growing for centuries, and causes devastation on every hand. Thus it indicates its resistless power, but we cannot see it, neither can we tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth.

Likewise the Spirit of God cannot be discerned by the human eye, but His influence and power are unmistakably evident as He operates in the gentle breezes of the still small voice of love, and in the hurricanes of power, the thunderings of which make the stoutest quail, and awaken the most indifferent to their danger.

In Assiout, Egypt, some months ago, a notoriously wicked man attended a gospel service, and as the glorious Gospel of a full, free, and perfect salvation was being proclaimed, he suddenly, in the hearing of all present, exclaimed: "I am a liar, a thief, a wicked man, and Thou, O God, hast brought me here, and hast saved my soul; I thank Thee for Thy grace."

The results of the operation of the Spirit of God, are to be observed most strikingly in cases similar to the above, when sinners sue for mercy, and are led to trust to the merits of Christ's perfect work for salvation, when their once sin-hardened gloomy faces are changed and made radiant with newly-found joy, the look of unrest passes away, and a look of calm settled peace is depicted thereon, which but feebly represents the peace which fills their former unsatisfied hearts, resulting in a marked change in their lives; they are then abundantly satisfied; and well they may be.

Do we not further see the fruits of the Spirit in almost every grade of sinner? The one from whose mouth once proceeded blasphemy and curses, such is his consciousness of the blessings he has received, uses now his lips in uttering the blessed words: "Abba Father," and in singing the praises of his great Deliverer. Many are literally transformed from a lion into a lamb. Hundreds of drunkards have been delivered from the galling bonds of intemperance. Those who have been fascinated by the race course and gambling, bid adieu to them for ever. And many Christless pleasure seekers have turned from their idols—their broken cisterns, which

hold no water, to find true and lasting pleasure in this life, and the promise of pleasure for all eternity; in short, is it manifest to the most sceptical, that a change has been wrought, which is nothing less than being brought by divine grace, from darkness into light, from the power of Satan unto God, the Holy Spirit applying the Word of God to heart and conscience, making them, undeniably, new creatures in Christ.

You, my reader, have doubtless felt the strivings of the Spirit of God, and, like Felix, you have trembled; when you were convinced that you were a sinner, both by nature and practice. As the lightning's flash upon a dark night illuminates the landscape, and makes manifest that which otherwise would be enveloped in darkness, so the Spirit may have flashed His rays of truth into your heart, manifesting to you its exceeding sinfulness, revealing its dark recesses, and causing you to realize that your soul was unsaved; discovering to you also that you were unprepared for heaven, and causing you to feel yourself deserving only of hell. Such a revelation is caused by the Spirit of God.

Or perchance, when hearing of the boundless love of God, the love which beheld and pitied fallen sinners, and provided a way of escape from coming judgment and wrath; the love which He extended towards you, which is so great that He beseeches you to be reconciled; the love which led Him to freely give His only begotten Son to die; that salvation might be yours; you may have thought: "Oh, that this salvation were mine! that I had the assurance that this loving God was my Father, that I was saved

from sin and made an heir of glory." These and similar desires have many times passed unbidden through the mind, put there by the Holy Spirit. Do not quench them, lest He plead with you no more, and such desires forever vanish; do not stifle them, lest God speak the word of decisive judgment even before the great day, saying: "Let him alone." Or possibly you have heard sung with awe and reverence the well known words:—

“See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow, mingled down,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?”

And as you listened your feelings have been wrought upon, and your hard heart softened as you thought of the sufferings of the Lord of life and glory, who although so rich, yet became so poor, that sinners might be enriched through all eternity; of the well known fact that He became man and dwelt amongst sinners, and yet that He was despised and rejected by those whom He came to save and befriend; that He was the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief, how He agonized in the Garden of Gethsemane, and that after being scourged, mocked, spat upon, and subjected to the combined hatred of men and demons; was unjustly condemned to death, and so died, the Innocent for the guilty; the Obedient for the rebel, the Holy for the unholy; and as He hung there upon that cross of wood, His holy brow wreathed with a crown of thorns, His life's blood slowly ebbing away; you have wondered at His love to His murderers as He prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

You were solemnized as you thought of it. But remember that it was for sinners such as you, that He suffered and died, and the Holy Spirit recalls it to your memory, that you may be able to exclaim with the myriads of redeemed sinners, as you take the look of faith and behold Him dying to atone for your sin: “He loved me and gave Himself for me.” “For Christ also hath suffered for our sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.”

Or perhaps you have quailed as you have thought of the gloom of death—the terrors of judgment—the horrors of hell—and of the anguish of those who will be doomed to the outer darkness of an eternal night. O, the remorse that will then rend their hearts! How awful the fire that will never be quenched! How sorrowful the weeping and wailing of those who died unsaved! How terrible when the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God is poured out upon those who despised His warnings, rejected His love, and would have none of His reproof! If the thought of these realities is so appalling, what will it be to experience them?

Do not longer resist the love of God, the calls of Jesus, and the convicting power of the Holy Spirit, for the whole Trinity are interested in you, God loves you, Christ died for sinners such as you, the Spirit of God testifies to you both of God’s wondrous love, and of Christ’s atoning death. Do not treat it lightly, or—
 “Despised and rejected at length He may leave thee,

What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend.”

“ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE
ASTRAY.”

THE following was related to me by one who is now with the Lord, a few years before he passed away, in the following language as near as memory serves:

“As a young man, lately arrived from England, I was wandering one evening in the bush in Australia, having lost my way, when suddenly I saw a light, and making for it I found myself at a large farm and asked permission of the farmer to pass the night under cover, who somewhat surlily said, ‘You can go into the barn if you like, but there is someone there already.’

“I was then totally ignorant of God and His grace, unconverted, a man of the world. So being in want of shelter and rest for the night, I thanked him and went into the barn, and by the light of a lantern I saw another man lying in a corner coughing violently, and putting down my gun and shooting-bag, which was my only luggage, I went over to him and, sitting down by his side, asked him if I could do anything for him.

“Speaking with difficulty, he told me he was an Englishman, and had been at the same university as I, but in early life, having disgraced his family, he had been sent out to the colonies and had led a dissolute life for five-and-twenty years, and now felt he was about to die. Did I know anything about the hereafter? as he was anxious to find out what was going to become of him.

“Utterly careless myself, I said I thought the Bible was the book he needed.

" 'Oh!' said he, 'the Bible—why, my mother put one in my box when I left home; I have never opened it yet, will you go and get it out and bring it here?' I went into another shed and got the book and brought it to him. 'Now,' he said, 'where are we to turn?' and we both confessed we did not know. 'Well, clap it together,' he said, 'and see where it opens.' So I did so, and the book opened at Isaiah 53.

"I began to read. 'He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,' and the dying man asked me, 'Who is He?' I hazarded the reply, 'Jesus Christ.'

" 'Ah,' he said, 'go on,' and I read slowly until I came to the words, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way.'

" 'Stop,' he said, 'that's me, that's me, that's just what I have done all my life,' and after a little while he said, 'go on.' 'And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' 'Ah,' he said, 'Jesus Christ,' and then a minute or so after, 'Read it again.' '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.'

"He lay back on the straw, and I quietly read on, and turning over the pages found some passages about Jesus Christ in the gospels. After some time he asked me to leave him, which I did, and I was soon fast asleep.

"In the morning the beams of the sun were making their way through the boards of the barn when I awoke, and going over to the place where my poor friend lay, I was struck by the

change in him. His face seemed to have caught some of the sunbeams, he looked so happy and peaceful, no cough, but quite at rest.

“I did not understand what had happened, but he said to me, ‘The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all—Jesus Christ is my Saviour.’ He told me that in the night the Lord had come to him and showed him His hands and side, and now all was joy and peace. I listened, but thought he must be light-headed, but it was because I saw no beauty in the One he was so occupied with now; the day or two that he lingered he could not hear enough or talk enough of ‘Him.’

“Shortly before he died, for he passed away while I tarried at the farm, he said to me, ‘I have a request to make of you. I want you to write in the fly-leaf of this Bible an account of your meeting with me here and reading to me Isaiah 53: 6, of the ‘Him’ it speaks about, Jesus Christ. And how the Lord came to me in the night, and how I die believing on Him as my Saviour. I want, if I can, to put my name to it, and I want you to put yours and then pack it up and send it to my father in London,’ and he gave me his address.

“I did as he requested, and soon in the rush of a godless life forgot the incident. Many years after I was returning to London on furlough, through God’s grace a converted man, and musing over my life in Australia, I thought on this occasion and wondered whether the Bible ever reached the old father, and determined to call on him.

“Shortly after my arrival, I made my way

one evening to ——— Square, and was shown in to a very old man, sitting in his library alone, and making myself known to him, inquired if he ever received the Bible.

“ ‘Indeed I did,’ he said, and tottering to his feet, went over to his desk and unlocked a drawer and produced the book and sat down again. ‘Well I remember receiving it,’ he said: ‘I was then a careless man of the world, without God and without hope, but in infinite mercy, on reading what you and my poor son pointed me to in Isaiah 53:6, my eyes were opened to my sinful condition, and soon after to Him, Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and from that time to this I have not ceased to praise Him.’ ”

Thus the Spirit of God active in grace encircles the globe, overcomes all obstacles, brings to bear the particular verse of Scripture at the particular time, and illuminates the soul as to Christ. May the readers of these lines be led by the same Spirit to know and confess Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour.

O the glory of the grace
Shining from the Saviour's face,
Telling sinners from above,
God is light, and God is love.

“For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. 5:6-8).

A STRAIGHT LINE TO CHRIST.

THE late Emperor of Russia, when the railway was to be made between Moscow and St. Petersburg, employed a great number of engineers in making plans. He looked over many of their maps, and at last, like the practical man that he was, he said, "Here, bring me a ruler." They brought him a ruler; he took a pencil, and drawing a straight line, he said, "This is the way to engineer it; we want no other plan than one straight line." There are a great many ways of engineering souls to heaven; but the only one that is worth considering is this: Draw a straight line to Christ at once. Did I hear one awakened soul say, "I should like to talk to Mr. —?" By all means talk to him, but do not stop for that. Go to Christ first. "Oh, but I should like to talk with a good woman—a dear Christian lady." I recommend you to go to Jesus Christ at once, and see the lady afterwards. We may make all Christian workers into little priests if we do not mind. There must be nobody between a soul and Christ. Go straight to Christ.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. 10: 9-10).

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3: 36).

THE SOWER

THE LOSS OF "THE LONDON."

NO hope to save 'The London' now,
God's holy will be done;
But, lady, in the boat below,
There yet is room for one.

"A fearful risk the leap may be—
'Tis certain death to stay;
Then haste, for in this raging sea
They may not dare delay.

"Courage! one spring! 'twill soon be o'er—
That spring your life may save,
And you may tread your native shore
When ocean is our grave."

She glanced from that doomed vessel's side
On the frail boat below,
Then clasped the nearest spar, and cried,
"Oh, no! I dare not go."

"O lady, trust their loving care—
It is your only hope;
No human power your life may spare
If once they cut the rope."

In vain they plead—she closer clung—
The sailors dare not wait;
And then on every ear there rung
The awful words, "Too late!"

THE SOWER.

In vain she shrieked, "Oh, let me live!
Let me not plead in vain;
Uncounted gold to you I'll give,
If you'll come back again."

Too late! too late! she shuddering shrank—
Her fate too well she knew;
Then in the depths of ocean sank
With captain, ship, and crew.

Sinner unsaved, her case is yours;
But God is waiting still,
And while his patience still endures
All may be saved who will.

Christ's loving arms are still held out
Inviting you to come;
Oh, safe beyond the reach of doubt,
Those arms would bear you home.

Yes, you may live, since Jesus died—
For you the Lamb was slain;
For you the Lord was crucified;
For you He rose again!

Trust Him, who all your work has done—
His word should end all strife;
"He that believeth on the Son
Hath everlasting life."

DOLLARS AND SINS.

IT was in a railway carriage. The seats were all occupied, and we were to be there for four hours ere we reached our destination. Gradually the reserve began to break, until

most in the carriage were talking either to one or another of their fellow-passengers. After a time the conversation was only between an elderly gentleman and a youth of about nineteen years.

As I sat listening my heart was suddenly drawn to the youth. He was that kind of fellow that makes a dash in the world, as men say. There he was in all the bombast of youth, flourishing his cigar for the view of all present, and emitting great volumes of smoke as though he were some mighty being. The words of King David came to my mind: "God is not in all his thoughts." How true! If God had been dead, that youth could hardly have cared less. But God is not dead. Jesus is not dead. That lowly Man who trod this earth for none other object than the will of God and the eternal blessing of man, is now seated at the right hand of God, "crowned with glory and honor." More than that, God has decreed that every knee shall bow to that blessed Jesus. Bowed either by divine love or divine justice; bow you must.

Reader, are you an infidel, sceptic, atheist, materialist, or some loud professor? Well, such things may swell the bubble of your name in this world, but—that bubble must burst—meet God you must—bow to Jesus and confess Him Lord you shall. Deny it if you will. God says it. It is unalterably true, and woe be to those who continue to forget God.

Speeding on our journey the Spirit of God caused a desire in my heart to speak to that young man. What to say and when to say it I

wondered. The only words I could think of were "your sins."

There were now about ten minutes left ere our journey was completed.

Toward the end of the conversation this young man said that before long he would be in America, and that "dollars" were his only object. How he obtained them he cared not. At the sacrifice of everything he was after his "dollars."

Now came my long-awaited for moment, when I said, "Dollars are not everything; you have a life to live beyond the grave; you must give an account to God of how you have spent your life. Meet God you must, and your sins are on you."

"Ah," said he, "I'm going to make a success of life."

Said I, "Yes, but you have to die, and beware of the crash the other side of the grave."

We said no more, and in two minutes or so we parted. Eternity will reveal the effect of those few words upon him.

What about yourself, reader? Are you not sinning against God, and after that (almighty?) dollar, perhaps, like thousands more? Beware! God is not mocked. You must meet Him against whom you have sinned. Spurn not his offers of mercy. He loves you too much to let you go unwarned. Turn to Jesus. His mighty heart of divine love waits to make that love dear to your heart, to give you heaven as your home, and bring you into relationship with God as your Father.

"THE OLD COLONEL."

NEARLY all the policemen in New York know about the Water Street Mission and its work; so also does every tough, bunco-steerer, professional sneak-thief, and the other specimens of the class who, after persistently violating the law and placing themselves in bad repute, find themselves shut out from every opportunity to earn an honest living, and who dwell in the shadow of the penitentiary or the electric chair throughout their miserable lives.

When the convict who has served his time in Sing Sing prepares to face the world again—that world that can be counted upon to do its utmost towards driving him back to prison—he is usually advised of the thorny path before him, and the last sentence of the advice is this:

“You had better go and see Hadley down at the Water Street Mission.” As the convict has heard of Hadley before, if he proposes to reform he makes his way to our Mission. There he is sheltered, fed, and clothed, if need be, and put to work at something. He is asked no questions. No promises are exacted. He has no rules to observe except the one rule of order. He is not lectured on his past.

One night an old man came in, whom I shall call the Old Colonel. He was one of the most typical tramps that ever came into our Mission, where the lost congregate in such numbers. No pen can adequately describe his condition, but I may be able to give a faint idea of how he looked. He was over six feet tall, and sixty years of age, but he looked a hundred. His dirty grey

beard was a foot long, and his hair of the same color hung a foot down his back. His eyes were bleared and full of matter, and the hue of his face showed that he and water had long been strangers. He had an old, ragged overcoat, probably pulled out of some ash barrel, and fastened with a nail. An old coat and vest completed his wardrobe. His trousers could not be called a part of his outfit, for they were little more than holes with rags tied round them. He had no shirt or undershirt, and on his feet were pieces of rags tied up with strings.

I had known him for years. He was a common beggar. He came here in June, 1887, to "see" me. It was Sunday night, and in the middle of the service he stood and peered forward, and said: "Mr. Hadley, are you there?"

"Yes," I said, "I am here."

"Will you pray for me? I am contrite." At the invitation he came up, with probably twenty others, and prayed away like a man in dead earnest. When we arose from our knees he stood up and said:

"Well, I am saved. There is no doubt about it." At the close of the service he came up on the platform and put his arms round my neck, and said:

"Brother Hadley, what are you going to give me?"

"Oh," said I, "you will get a night's lodging."

"Yes," said he, "that's right, but what else?"

"I will give you a quarter for your breakfast," said I.

"That's right," said he; "I always knowed you were a Christian," and with his quarter and ticket for a bed he tottered off. As he left me he said:

"I'll come every night."

"Oh, don't," said I; "just come occasionally." But he said again:

"Yes, Brother Hadley, I'll come every night."

Who was this specimen of the devil's cruel power and handiwork? He was from one of Ohio's oldest and best families, from a wealthy, prosperous Christian home.

After going through college, he studied law in the office of E. M. Stanton, the great War Secretary, under the immortal Lincoln. He married, and began to practice law. But alas! in college he began to drink whisky, and everywhere he was a failure. He entered the army at the outbreak of the Civil War, and served through that fearful struggle with credit, and was mustered out a colonel in an Illinois cavalry regiment, a confirmed drunkard. He tried to struggle against that deadly habit which had so securely fastened itself upon him, but it was useless. At last, when home, wife, and children were gone, he became utterly discouraged. He gave up in despair, and coming to New York took an assumed name.

He never went near the post office, and ultimately came to be a street beggar. For over a quarter of a century he had been a confirmed drunkard. This was the man who came up for prayers that night.

He was on hand early the following evening, as he promised. He came forward for prayers when the invitation was given, and prayed away like a good fellow. After we arose from our knees he stood up, and with much unction said he was saved sure enough this time. He tried to put his arms around me again, but I repelled him this time with much more vigor than grace, I fear. I pointed him to the door.

“Do you mean it?” he said.

“If you linger much longer,” I said, “you will see if I mean it.” He went away slowly, cursing me, the Mission, and everybody else. He swore he would die in the streets before he would ever come again. I had been sorely tried that night. I had been compelled to put out three longshoremen who came in drunk looking for fight. I was clearly a backslider. My heart smote me as I saw the miserable, hopeless figure go out into the night. I went to bed, but not to sleep. I could think of nothing else, pray for nothing else. I felt he must be saved, or I would be guilty of his lost soul.

Two weeks from that day we had our monthly meeting of rescue workers. Our speaker had disappointed us, and some one said:

“Call on Brother Hadley.”

“Yes, I had something to say,” I said, and in shame and tears I told them about the Old Colonel and how I had treated him. While I was making the confession the power of the Holy Ghost fell upon us all. No one said “pray,” but all fell on their knees. They prayed for the Old Colonel, and they prayed for me that God would deliver my soul. While they prayed the clouds broke.

“Get up,” I said, “you need not pray any more.” They gathered round me and said:

“Oh, Brother Hadley, have you got your answer?”

“I have,” said I, as I wrung their hands. At the same hour that we were praying, a friend of mine, Jerry H. Griffin, a redeemed drunkard, who had known of my agony, and who knew the Colonel, came across him in Battery Park, and told him I was praying for him.

I hastened to the elevated road and came down to Water Street, and there on the back bench sat the Colonel. It was my turn now, and as I put my arms round his neck he burst into tears. I got him a beefsteak, some potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee. He ate like a famished animal. I got a tub of hot water, a bar of soap, and plenty of towels, and with the hands that pen these lines I washed this poor outcast. I threw his vermin-infested rags into the furnace. I dressed him in clean clothes from head to foot. I then took him across the street to the barber's shop and told them to put the clipper on him. His long hair and beard soon disappeared, but the moustache was left. He stayed to the meeting, and came forward for prayers, but oh, how changed! His whole frame trembled with emotion, and tears fell from his eyes as he cried:

“Oh, Lord, if it is not too late, forgive this poor, lost sinner!” I told my helpers to let him alone, as the Lord would save him. For six nights this was repeated, and at the close of our service on Saturday night he arose and said, with heaven in his face:

“Oh, Brother Hadley, I am saved.”

I said! "I believe you." Then we did have a hug.

From that instant the old beggar tramp was changed into a child of God. He fairly loathed rum and all its works. God restored his intellect, which was so badly impaired. His youth returned, and he became transfigured.

Thousands have heard him, during the thirteen years he was among us, tell of the wonderful love of Jesus. He was at last taken sick, and died triumphant in Christ.

If God had merely swept away all men in anger, there would have been no love; if He had spared all in mercy, there would have been no righteousness. But Christ giving Himself up to death, and to the bearing of God's wrath on the cross, there is perfect righteousness against sin, and perfect love to the sinner. God was there fully glorified in all that He was.

THE SON OF GOD;

HIS WORDS, OR MAN'S WORDS.

I Had taken my seat one afternoon in a train leaving Liverpool for Southport, when a Romish priest entered the carriage, and sat down on the seat opposite to me. Having long had a desire to speak to a priest, I felt that this was my opportunity. I said, "Sir, I have long had an impression on my mind, and I should take it as a favor if you would allow me to ask you a question." He very politely said, "I shall be most happy to answer you to the best of my ability." I said, "Well, sir, if I am rightly informed, there is a very serious question at issue between you and the Son of God." "Indeed,"

he replied, and all eyes were turned towards us, and all ears were opened to know what this could be. "The question is this, sir; the Son of God says (John 5, 24), 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my words, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life';—now, sir, I have been told that all you priests say, 'Verily, verily, we say unto you, he that heareth our words, and believeth on Him that sent us, can never know that he hath everlasting life,—shall never in the present life know whether he shall come into condemnation or not, nor whether he is passed from death unto life or not.' Now, sir, I wish to know from you, whether there is so flat a contradiction in your teaching, to the words of the Son of God." I shall never forget the man's look. He said, "May I ask, who you are?" "Oh," said I, "through the mercy of God, I am one who has heard and received the words of Christ, and I have found them words of life. I do believe that God sent Him to die the sacrifice for my sins. I do believe that God raised Him from the dead. I have redemption through His precious blood—even the forgiveness of sins; yes, and His blood cleanseth me from all sins. Oh, yes! I do believe these precious words, and I have everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation. I have passed from death unto life,—hearing His words I have all this;—What should I have if I believed your words?" "Ah," says the priest, "you must be mistaken in supposing it possible in this life to know that you are saved, or what could St. Paul mean, when he said, 'No man knows whether he is worthy of

favor or hatred?" "I reached the Bible which I had in my hand, towards him, and said, "Will you kindly show me where St. Paul says any such thing?" "Oh," says he, "I think you know more about it than I do, you can find it sooner than I can." I replied, "Indeed, I cannot find what is not in his writings—but I will gladly read what he does say. In the Acts 13:38-39, after speaking of the death and resurrection of Christ, he says, '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, etc.' In Romans 5:1, he says, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Col. 1:14, 'In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.' Why, my dear sir, there is nothing makes a man so happy as to know that his sins are forgiven." "But do you mean to say there is no such passage in the Bible as the one I named?" asked the priest. "On the subject of salvation there is not such a text," I replied. "Solomon, when speaking of the vanity of this life, did say, 'No man knoweth either love or hatred by all that is before them.' Eccl. 9:1. He did not mean to deny the Gospel by this passage, but urged the usual mistake." "I think," said he, "that man must be very presumptuous, who thinks himself so holy and so good as to be quite sure he is saved. He may have many of the fruits of the Spirit in him, but yet it becomes him humbly to doubt." "Yes, indeed," said I, "and if that were the ground of salvation, it would become him for ever to doubt—but, sir, you make a fatal mistake in sup-

posing that a Christian's hope is based on his goodness or holiness, or even on the work of the Spirit in him. There are thousands who are seeking peace with God this way, I know, but there never was one that found it thus. No, sir, it is not my work, or the work of the Spirit in me—but the work of the Son of God for me, on which I must rely. He loved me, and gave Himself for me. Now, I ask, is it presumption to believe on Him whom God raised from the dead? He is the rock that shall never be moved. Have you never read, sir, in chapter 10 of the epistle to the Hebrews, that the offering of the body of Jesus Christ forever perfects, and that the Holy Ghost is to bear witness of this? Heb. 10:14-15. 'For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us.' Yes, and however men may reject his witness, still it is true that we 'have boldness to enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus.' This peace can never be interrupted. Now, sir, would you not be very happy if you were quite sure that God had, for Christ's sake, forgiven your sins—as He 'certainly had forgiven the Ephesian believers, and every believer mentioned in the New Testament?' "Ah," he said, "if you will come up to my house at Birkenhead, I will teach you." He said this as he left the train. My last words to him were these:—"That would be poor teaching where all is uncertainty and darkness." Just as the priest had left the carriage, a young man who had listened with the deepest attention, said,—"Will you speak to me a little further, of the difference between resting on the finished work of Christ for me, and the work of the Spirit in

me?" He said that, "he had for many years been an anxious seeker of salvation, but had looked for a sufficient depth of the Spirit's work in him, to be sure he had the witness of the Spirit, and was saved." A friend who was with me, from Manchester, showed him from the Word, that the Spirit did not bear witness how good we are, but how exceeding bad, how utterly ruined we are by sin; but that God himself had sent His Son to be offered up for our sins—and that the moment we cease from our own foolish efforts to be saved by our works, and come to Christ with all our sin and misery, just as we are, then we have peace; according to his own words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In short, that the Spirit bears witness to the glory and worth of Christ. Light burst into the young man's soul, and at once he found peace through the precious blood of Christ.

And now, dear reader, with eternity before you, may I ask, Are you saved? If not, when and how do you expect to be saved? If not saved, you belong to that world which has rejected and put to death the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The Romish priest has no salvation for you. He does not even know that he is saved himself. If you know a priest, ask him if he knows himself to be saved, and you will find on this most important question all is uncertainty with him. Come to Christ, all is certain, "My peace I give unto you." Oh, don't delay; to-morrow may be too late. Do you ask, What shall I do? Oh, hear the words of Christ—let no man hinder you from searching the Scriptures.

WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY AND THE SINNER APPEAR?

THIS question, raised by the Apostle Peter in his first epistle (chap. iv. 18) is left without a direct answer in the context. However, we are not left without abundant answer in the Word of God. We might consider it two ways—negatively, where he shall not appear; and positively, where he shall appear.

1. Negatively: He shall certainly not be in heaven, for we are told that “the ungodly shall not stand (i.e., be vindicated) in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous” (Psa. i. 5). Instead, they “are like the chaff” (light, empty, and worthless) “which the wind driveth away.”

The Lord Jesus said to the ungodly: “Where I am, thither ye cannot come” (John vii. 33-34). Compare John viii. 21, 24. Chapter vii. 33 speaks of His going away to Him that sent Him—that is, to God in heaven—and chap. viii. 21, 24 speaks of them dying in their sins, and finding themselves shut out from where He is.

In Heb. iv. 9 we read: “There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.” In Heb. xi. 16: “He hath prepared for them a city.” It is described in the same chapter as “The city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God” (ver. 10, r.v.). Beautiful, restful, and imperishable, in every way worthy of its Builder, and suited to its inhabitants, it will be the home eternally of all the redeemed. But we are told in Rev. xxi. 27, “There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a

lie." In heaven, therefore, whether considered as the place where the Lord Jesus is, the place where the people of God congregate and dwell eternally, or as the beautiful city of rest and peace, the ungodly shall not appear.

II. Positively: Where, then, will he appear when eternity opens upon his view?

(1) We are told in Psa. ix. 17, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." This is warning. In Luke xvi. 22-23 we read: "The rich man died, and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." This is history, the record of an actual case which took place before the time when spoken of by the Lord Jesus. The context describes his pitiful appeal, and declares his hopeless condition.

(2) There is to be a resurrection of the unjust. See Acts xxiv. 15 and John v. 28-29. Man is both soul and body; and the body, which was the willing instrument of the lusts of the soul, will be raised from the grave.

The entire man will stand at the great white throne, to be judged out of the books of his life's history (Rev. xx. 11-12). Death will deliver up his body and hell his soul (Rev. xx. 13), that the whole responsible man may stand before that throne for judgment. Heaven and earth will flee away from the throne as though unable to bear its majesty, but the poor craven sinner, who dies in his sins, will be compelled to stand there and to hear his doom pronounced.

(3) The final place where the ungodly will appear is "the lake of fire." Rev. xx. 14 reads: "Death and hell (the places named for the people in them) were cast into the lake of fire."

THE SOWER

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.”

ART thou prepared? O soul by sin undone;
Art thou prepared? Life's race will soon
have run;

Then heaven or hell must be thy long abode:
Prepare, O soul, prepare to meet thy God.

O, “whither wilt thou from His presence flee?”
“What wilt thou say when He shall punish
thee?”

“How wilt thou do in Jordan's swelling flood?”
Make haste, make haste! “Prepare to meet thy
God.”

Thy sin (so doth eternal truth declare),
Shall banish thee to hell in deep despair,
“Reserved in darkness” until that awful day
When God shall cast thy Christless soul away.

Behold Heaven's door is opened wide,
Jesus (the Man of Calvary, who died,
And rose triumphant over death and sin.
His blood thy passport), bids thee enter in.

Behold the Lamb, the Christ uplifted high!
’Twas for your soul He came to earth to die;
He paid in blood the ransom price for you—
“Believe and live,” there's nothing more to do.

He loves thee, and to prove that love He gave
His “precious blood” thy ruined soul to save;
Believe, and heaven shall be thy blest abode,
Thus shalt thou be “prepared” to meet thy God.

I AM ESCAPED WITH THE SKIN OF MY
TEETH.

Job 19-20.

“For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not.”

“In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed.”

I AWOKE in hell. Of course I knew millions had done so before. It was no new thing, but it was new to me—that was the point, and I felt miserable, wretched. “Is this hell?” I said; so unlike what I had expected, the one place I had vowed all my life I would never come to; I am sure I intended hard enough not to come. “And in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torments.” I had heard the words scores of times, now they were quite changed and altered, for then they referred to another, now to myself. “Fool that I had been,” that, I think, was the keenest point of the situation.

“What was it like?”

Utterly different from what I had expected—I soon saw that. Before it had sounded most unreal, now it was the very opposite. I had always been fond of exploring a strange place—I had no wish to explore this, I dreaded even to move, for I felt certain the more I saw the worse it would prove to be. And the company, that was the worst of all, if hell has a worst.

Suddenly I heard my name mentioned, though I could not recognize the voice. It appeared, a list was published in hell, daily, of the people arriving in a day or so, and my name was down, and they were soon expecting me. I had come a day too soon.

Next morning I awoke on earth. — Was it earth? I trembled with an eagerness of excitement I had never felt before. I was covered with a clammy sweat. Where was I? On earth or in hell? What tremendous issues depended on the answer! The agony of that moment was more, I believe, than ever man suffered before.

It was quite dark, and I dared not move. Hell seemed the more real, but I was on earth. I lay fearing to close my eyes. I dressed as one dazed. My servants were afraid of me, but too well behaved to ask what had happened?—What had happened? I looked ten years older, and my hair was white.

I had ordered my cart to drive to Ascot. It was cup day at the races; the cart was at the door. I felt somehow unable to think. I got in as a machine more than a man. How we got there, and why I went I could not say, my whole time was spent on thinking where I had been. I got cold and hot in turn, sometimes I shuddered so that I shook the cart. I was awakened in a kind of way (I never seemed really awake) by running into a drag. I don't quite know what happened, it occurred so quickly; it was my fault I suppose; some wrangling took place.

I heard as a man in a dream, till I was suddenly brought up by a sudden shout from the drag, "Go to hell!" I had heard the phrase thousands of times at Eton, at mess, at the club—ay, used it too; but now it was like a new language that I had got the key to.

I shuddered. My knees would have knocked together if I had been standing. My groom

asked me if I was ill, and took the reins. He proposed to return; I said "No." The fact was I dare not be alone.

We arrived soon afterwards. I tried to walk to the stand, but I could barely do so; hardly any one had yet come. The first man I knew, who saw me, was a brother officer. He had not seen me for years—not since I left the regiment. After shaking me by the hand heartily enough, he said: "Where the hell have you been all these years?"

I heard no more; I knew that I had fallen and was being taken home. I heard as I was carried along, oaths and curses on all sides. I had heard that at race courses all my life; now I started each time I heard the name—that name mentioned. It was jest to them; it was grim earnest to me.

I arrived home. The doctor said I must have had a shock—he never said a truer word in his life—and that I must be kept perfectly quiet; but he did not say how. I would have paid him the biggest fee he had ever had in his life if he could have answered that. Keep me quiet!—you might as well have talked of keeping the sea quiet.

How did I know I might not fall asleep and wake up where I had been the night before? I was not expected then; I was expected now—and forever.

The paper on the wall was a kind of diagonal pattern with spots on it. I began counting them—I could not help it. Suppose I allowed one hundred years in torment to each spot, how many years would it make? I got confused

and began over again. Would life there never end? I think I fainted. When I came to, Jack, my brother, was sitting by my bedside; they had sent for him.

I asked him to read to me about Lazarus and the man. I meant the dead man, but I could not bear to name the word, and half closed my eyes. Jack left and did not come back for some time. It appeared, in my house, which I had bought two years back for \$300,000 and furnished with every modern requisite, as the advertisements say, there was no Bible. Strange, for every soldier carries one in his kit. So they sent for one. Then Jack had to go a second time—he could not find the place. Nearly an hour had passed since I first asked him to read. At last he began. “Now a certain man was sick named Lazarus.” That was wrong; I meant the beggar Lazarus. However, Jack read on slowly, though I did not listen. This story had no concern for me; but I knew Jack could not find the other one. Lazarus was sick, was he? So was I. “Lazarus was dead.” Should I be in another hour or so?

Then I heard no more till the words “Lazarus come forth, and Lazarus came forth.” Had I really been in hell?—where had this man been? Strange, too, Jack should read about him. Jack stopped; I said, “Go on.” I heard little till he read, “Many people were there to see Lazarus also, whom he had raised from the dead.” Would people come to see me? Hark! “they consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death.” How I pitied him. Would Jack like to see me die to step into my shoes? “Jack, I have had a shock!”

“Yes, old man, what was it?”

“I was in hell last night.” He started.

“I was, but only for an hour; now, you see, Jack, I may be there forever this night.” I saw a tear in Jack’s eye, dear old Jack; he tried to speak and could not, so we remained silent. Then I asked him to read it again. Jack read it more slowly even than before. This time I drank in every word.

“Jesus said unto her, thy brother shall rise again.” Jack’s voice trembled. “Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” “Stop!” I shouted; “say it again.” Jack went over it three or four times. “Jack, do you believe that? Go on.” Jack went on.

“And whosoever liveth, and believeth in Me shall never die; believest thou this?” Now I always had a good voice. For the life of me I couldn’t help it; I gave such a shout as woke the whole house. “Jack, believest thou this?” Never patient had such a speedy recovery. I was out of bed at once.

Before, they were afraid my mind was affected, now they seemed certain of it, all but Jack, I think he half saw it; but then, you see, he hadn’t been where I had been the night before.

I read that chapter over at least fifty times; it got clearer and clearer. How I praised God for it. “Shall never die,” I cried over the words for joy. No more hell for me, for “though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.”

My chief concern was Jack, but he saw it, only he was quieter. "To think, Jack, I am forty-five and you forty, and we never saw before that Christ died for our sins to save us from hell."

I was never so happy in my life. I had been going to Norway to fish for salmon. I would fish for men now. God had saved my soul through a chapter of the Bible. I would pass my life in future in reading it to others.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth in Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death into life."

FAITH OR FEELING: WHICH?

1 John 5:13.

There are people who doubt the Bible—the eternal Word and Voice of God, that cannot be broken (John 6:63; 10:35)—yet who believe everything they see in the newspaper. (1 Peter 1:25.)

IF I could only feel it, as a young officer said to me, when I pressed on him that enough had been done on the cross to save and secure his soul for eternity. (John 19:10-30; 10:25-31.)

"But," I said, "you, have not got to feel it, but believe it. You may be saved without feeling. I believed in Christ for about a fortnight before I knew that I was saved. I might have known it at once, only I was waiting to feel saved. At last I said, 'Well, if I don't feel saved until I find myself in heaven, still I'll rest solely on the Word of God' (1 Peter 1:25).

God hath said in that Word, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' (John 3:36). I know that I believe in Christ; I used to trust in my prayers, in religion, in religious feelings, or something that I could do myself; but I don't trust in anything now except Christ, and His work on the cross, for my salvation; therefore I have everlasting life. God says I have.' Then Satan whispered, 'Do you feel you have everlasting life?' I could not say I felt it. 'Then you cannot have it,' whispered that arch-liar! I remembered, It is written, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. I knew that I really believed in Christ; therefore I had everlasting life, whether I felt it or not. God said I had, and I surely must be right in believing Him, despite every feeling. I think then the devil left me (for a time); but I found I was safe, not because I felt it, but because of God's Word which is unchangeable (John 10:35). I did not (as it so happened) feel joy or peace until long afterwards.'"

"I declare, I believe you are right," said the young man, who had been listening with the greatest attention: "I have all along been thinking that I had to bring good feelings to God before I could be saved" (Isaiah 64:6).

Reader, the devil has been misleading souls for nearly six thousand years; so he is an experienced foe, and not to be overcome except by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Take care that he is not misleading you—tempting you to trust in feeling, instead of Christ, or "wait to feel," when you should "believe and be saved." Feelings are change-

able things at the best—like the quicksilver in the barometer, sometimes up, sometimes down. Mark how that officer was kept from salvation by waiting for “feelings”; Satan tempted him to bring them to God, instead of simply relying on the blood of Jesus in the condition in which he then was and man is, absolute ruin. (Rom. 3:9-20).

What are you doing, dear reader? Are you one who believes in Jesus, yet cannot feel saved? If you are really trusting in Jesus, there is ground for your enjoying perfect peace of mind at all times, since God “hath raised Him from the dead, that your faith and hope might be in God” (not your feelings), and that “being justified by faith” (not feelings) you should “have peace with God” (Rom. 5:1). Let me ask you, then, when “the offering of the body of Jesus Christ” has been given and accepted by God as an all-sufficient sacrifice for sins, is it not just of Him to justify you, a believer in Christ, and does He not also delight in doing so? You say, “I am sure He does, because I know He Himself has given the blood to make an atonement for the soul (1 John 1:7), and “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.” But I don’t feel that I am justified; therefore sometimes I think I cannot be.” But God says, “All who believe are justified from all things” (Acts 13:38, 39). And it is a suggestion from the devil that because you do not feel justified upon believing, therefore you cannot be justified.

Dear friend, Satan deceived me for a long time in this way, so I thank God for allowing

me to expose his snares to others. I have rested now for upwards of 15 years simply on the blood of Christ as the atonement for my sins, and the Word of God instead of my feelings as the ground of my security. Where is there sounder ground? Is it to be found in the state of my feelings? No! The more Satan would tempt me to look at my feelings as the ground of my security the more I see him the peace disturber of my soul. If you simply believe in Jesus as your Saviour, and His blood as having made a complete atonement for all your sins, you are warranted in knowing that you are through faith, justified by Him from all things, whether you feel it or not, just because God hath said you are. Hear His Word, and be at peace with God; for "by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13:39). God will have His work and word honored.

THE ROBBER'S BIBLE.

THERE was a strange auction in one of the deep, inaccessible dells of the Black Forest, about a century ago. It was in the dead of night. The place was lighted by torches, which cast a ghastly glare through the darkness of the abyss.

Savage looking men, armed to the teeth, were sitting in a circle, while one stood in the midst holding up articles for sale. It was a gang of brigands, who that evening had robbed a stage-coach. According to their custom, they were engaged in selling the stolen articles among themselves. After a good many pieces of dress and traveling bags had been disposed of, and

while the glass and the bottle were going from hand to hand, and each member of the company vied with his neighbor in making unseemly jokes, which set the assembly in a roar, a New Testament was held up, last of all. The man who acted as auctioneer introduced this "article" with some blasphemous remarks, which made the cavern resound with laughter. One of the company suggested, jokingly, that he should read a chapter for their edification. This was unanimously applauded, and the auctioneer, turning up a page at random, began reading in a voice of mock-devotion.

While the company were greatly amused at this sacreligious scoffing, it was not observed that one of them, a middle aged man, who was one of the oldest members of the gang, and who had been foremost both in their crimes and in their debauchery, became silent, and clasping his hands on his knees, was absorbed in deep thought. The passage which the auctioneer read was the same which that man's father had read thirty years before, at family worship, on the morning of the day when he, to escape the hands of the police, fled from the parental dwelling, never to return again. At the sound of the words, which he remembered so well, the happy family circle of which he had been a member, rose to his fancy. In his imagination, he saw them all seated round the breakfast table, which was crowned with the blessings of a new day. He saw his venerable old father, sitting with the open Bible, reading the chapter that was to prepare them for prayer. He saw his kind, tender-hearted mother, sitting by his father's

side, attentively listening to the Word of God. He saw himself, with his brothers and sisters, joining in the devotional exercise, which entreated for them the guidance and blessing of God during the day. It all came as clearly to his mind as if it had happened that morning. Since leaving home, he had never opened a Bible, never offered up a prayer, never heard a single word that reminded him of God and eternity. But now, at this moment, it was as if his soul awoke out of a long sleep of thirty years—as if the snow of a long, long winter, melted away on a sudden at the sound of that well-known Bible word. And all the words which his good father had spoken to him from his childhood, and the lessons, admonitions and prayers of his pious mother—which then were scornfully given to the winds—now came flying back to his memory, as the winter crop bursts forth through the snow, when the vernal sun unshackles the fields and causes the hidden life to rise from its long, dreary grave.

Perfectly absorbed in those hallowed recollections, he forgot all that was around him; he heard nothing of all the scoffing, laughing and blaspheming that was passing in his presence, until, suddenly, he was wakened from his reverie by a rude tap on the shoulder, which was accompanied by the question: "Now, old dreamer, what will you give for that book? You need it more than any one of us, for you are undoubtedly the biggest sinner under the firmament." "So I am," he answered, struck to the very bottom of his heart by the truth which he recog-

nized in that rough joke. "Give me the book; I will pay its full price."

The next day, the brigands dispersed through the neighborhood, to turn their bargains into money. The man who bought the Bible went also on his errand; but he directed his steps to no receiving-house. He repaired to a lonely place, where he spent the whole day and night in the agonies of unspeakable remorse; and but for the consoling words which his Bible held out to him, he would certainly have taken his life. But God had mercy on that repenting sinner, and sent a message of peace and reconciliation to his heart.

The next day, the brigands dispersed through resolved to speak to a minister, he heard that the gang was overtaken the night before by a detachment of soldiers, and taken to prison.

His resolution was confirmed now all the more. He told the minister the whole of his life's story, and requested him to direct him to the police office, where he gave himself up to the hands of justice. This proof of the sincerity of his repentance saved his life. His comrades were all put to death, but he obtained a reprieve from the Grand Duke, to whom his story was reported.

After an imprisonment of some years, he was set free on account of his exemplary conduct. A Christian nobleman took him into his service, and he proved a blessing to his master's household, till he died in peace, praising Jesus Christ who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he confessed himself to be the chief.

THE POLICE MAGISTRATE'S CARD REGISTER.

THE first care of the professional criminal on being apprehended is to conceal his identity, and his past history; to confuse any effort there may be made to inquire into it, and to present himself before the inquisitive judge on a new card.

Ah, that card index is for him an uncompromising enemy; he cannot but remember how often of late years it has detected him. Recently this system has been so much improved upon that the culprit can be instantly detected. These records are classed by means of the measurement of the body, which is never the same in two individuals, and each contains not only the photograph, but all the signs by which one may be able to recognize the wrong-doer and his complete history; measurements are taken of the head, of the hands, of the fingers, of the ear, so that his identity can be fixed and his past life traced.

Here is an example of how it acted on one who had been arrested. The individual declared his name to be Durand, born at Brussels, and never convicted. They took the measurements indicated, and in about a minute he was recalled and this conversation took place between him and the official, to the confusion of the prisoner, which increased as the trial proceeded:—

“You say your name is Durand?”

“Yes,” responded the accused.

“No; your name is Dubois. You were born at Brussels?”

“Yes.”

“No; you were born at Lille. You have never been convicted?”

“No.”

“Yes, you have been in 1894, 1895 and 1897. Do you persist in your denial?”

“Yes.”

“Here is your photograph. Do you deny that?”

“Yes.”

“Undress yourself. We will show you a scar an inch long between the first and second ribs, a birth mark on your right shoulder, and another on the upper part of your left arm. Now you may go and sit down.”

As a matter of fact, the man can do nothing else but go and sit down. He has had brought before him his entire personality, with his description, his mask, his wrongdoing, his past.

If it is thus with human justice, do you not think that divine justice will be even more unerring? Do you think the professional wrongdoer, of whom God has said: “There is none that doeth good, no not one,” “The thoughts of his heart are evil from his youth”—the man who is so clever in covering what he is, what he has done, even from himself, and to present a faultless exterior—do you think this man will always escape? There is a trap into which every one soon or later will be caught, and it is death, but after death the judgment; there every mask will be taken off, every lie exposed—everything that has been done or said or thought in darkness shall be brought out in the fullest light. Every soul will be face to face with the Judge's register, and with the One only who has

been able to keep it; the One who sees all and knows all, and whose holiness does not leave room for any allowance.

“He that fleeth of them shall not flee away, and he that escapeth of them shall not be delivered” (Amos 9:1).

How important it is that this register should be destroyed! Oh, if that were only possible! If at the day of judgment the register could not be found! If some one could only destroy it forever! Well, it is just here where we see what the Lord Jesus has done, and it is here that we see the salvation He has brought to the world—to satisfy divine justice in undergoing for us the punishment we had deserved; to take away sin; to proclaim pardon; to cleanse us from our sins in His own blood; such is the work He has accomplished. It is for us the only way of escape; the only resource left for guilty man is to trust in the person and work of Christ.

“He that believeth on Him is not condemned” (John 3:18).

“He, that being often reprovèd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy (Prov. 29:1).

THREE NECESSITIES.

Without the way there is no going; without the truth, there is no knowing; without the life there is no living. Christ is the Way which thou oughtest to follow, the Truth, which thou oughtest to trust, the Life which thou oughtest to live.

THE SOWER

“HE DIED FOR ALL!”

“And that He died for all” (2 Cor. 5:15).

HE died for all”—
Has died to save!

His life a ransom freely gave;
Bore man’s mad hate—e’en hell did brave;
Sank low beneath God’s judgment wave;
Peace He has made,
He died to save!

“He died for all”—
Has died for me!

Met all my need and misery;
Annulled my old, sad history;
Assured my future destiny;
Oh, bliss to see
He died for me!

“He died for all”—
Has died for you!

Endured sin’s just and awful due;
Brought thus God’s love and light to view;
From high now wafts the message true!
Your soul to woo—
He died for you!

“He died for all”—

The great, the small;
But only saves from sin’s dark thrall
Those who in faith before Him fall!
The rest His wrath shall soon appal!

Heed, then, the call—

“He died for all!”

RICH FOR A MOMENT.

THE ship "Britannia," which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large lot of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping about him.

"What are you doing?" shouted he. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

We count such a man a madman, but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can hug to our bosom with joy in our dying hour are the riches of grace through faith in our only Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us make these riches ours before the dark hour comes.

CHRIST AND THE SOUL.

SOUL. I am tired of earth. I long for rest.

CHRIST. In my Father's house are many mansions. John 14:2.

SOUL. Who will show me the road to heaven?

CHRIST. I am the way. John 14:6.

SOUL. I fear to go, lest I should be rejected.

CHRIST. Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. John 6:37.

SOUL. I am not good enough to go to heaven.

CHRIST. I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Matt. 9:13.

SOUL. My heart is so hard, I cannot repent.

CHRIST. A new heart also will I give you. Ezek. 36:26.

SOUL. I once professed to love thee, but have gone back to the world.

CHRIST. Return, and I will heal your backslidings. Jer. 3:22.

SOUL. I am afraid I shall fall again.

CHRIST. My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. 12:9.

SOUL. I am so deeply stained with sin that I fear to go to thee.

CHRIST. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Isa. 1:18.

SOUL. Lord, what shall I do to be saved from eternal death?

CHRIST. Look unto me, and be ye saved. Isa. 45:22.

He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. John 6:47.

SOUL. Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

CHRIST. Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace. Luke 7:50.

I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; for I have redeemed thee. Isa. 44:22.

SOUL. How shall I show my gratitude to Thee, Lord?

CHRIST. If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him and make our abode with him. John 14:23.

TWO SOLDIERS.

IN a narrow bed in a hospital in Jamaica there lay—or, rather, we might say, there tossed about in the restlessness of fever—a fine young soldier. Often had he boasted that he had never known a day's illness, and now, as he told the nurses, he "found sickness terrible."

Jem Douglas was the son of a lawyer in very comfortable circumstances, but one day he had run away from home and enlisted as a soldier, after his father had spoken to him gently but firmly about his lazy, extravagant habits. Very soon he bitterly regretted the step he had taken, but he was too proud to say so, and wrote two or three letters to his mother in glowing terms of his military life. He was popular in his regiment, but one of the officers remarked to another that "Douglas was not improving," and, later, that he "feared Douglas was going to the bad, as far as regulations allowed him." It was soon after this that he was seized with fever.

As he lay day by day in the hospital—for he had many relapses—he thought much of his parents and of the happy home he had so wilfully quitted. Then came the remembrance of his life since he had left them; he hoped they would never hear of some of his doings during that time.

“This won’t do,” he muttered to himself one night; “I will not think. Oh, for a good drink and some jolly companions! With them I could soon drown these thoughts.”

In the next bed there lay a young man from another regiment, whose name was John Maw. He was suffering greatly, but Jem resented his patience and repelled his attempts at conversation. One night, however, when all was very still in the little ward, Jem had tried in vain to sleep, and thoughts of his past life were making him very miserable. He raised himself to see if his neighbor were awake, feeling it would be a comfort to break the silence, if only to grumble in a whisper to his fellow-sufferer. He saw that Maw’s eyes were closed, but that his lips were moving, and by close listening he heard him several times repeat the words:—

“Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.”

Jem said them over to himself; more and more slowly Maw repeated them, then Jem knew he had dropped asleep, and that it would be cruel to awaken him. Almost mechanically he went over the words again, wondering where they came from, and pondering a little on their meaning. By this time the night nurse passed noiselessly up the ward, and Jem beckoned to

her. Laying a finger on her mouth, and pointing to Maw, she whispered—

“Hush, he’s asleep. He’s suffered terribly to-day.”

As she turned over Jem’s pillow, he said, “Have you heard these words, nurse:—

“‘Out in the desert He heard its cry.

Sick, and helpless, and ready to die?’”

“It seems to me that I’ve heard them sung, and that they are in a hymn,” she whispered, “but I don’t know where. Perhaps Maw could tell you; he’s religious, and his is the right kind of religion, too. I wish I was as happy as he is. Now try to go to sleep.”

But sleep would not come, and that night, and for the next two days, try as he would, Jem could not forget those two lines. Nor could he get rid of the thought of the sinfulness of his past life.

One evening he could bear it no longer, and seeing that his neighbor was awake he whispered, “Maw, who was out in the desert?”

“I was,” answered the sick man, in a low tone.

Jem paused; the answer surprised him. Presently he said, “Who heard its cry?”

“The Lord Jesus,” was the quiet reply.

That was all the conversation, but those five words gave Jem plenty to think about. And a few days later, Maw being much better, he suddenly told him of his trouble, closing with the words:—

“I am downright miserable. Tell me what’s the matter with me. Your description, ‘Sick, and helpless, and ready to die,’ fits me to a ‘T.’”

“Praise God,” answered the other invalid; “it’s all right. Why, God the Holy Spirit is showing you that you are a poor lost sheep; and now He wants to point you to the Good Shepherd, who ‘goeth after that which is lost until He find it.’ I see that nurse is signing to me to stop talking, but I will tell you more to-morrow. Say over and over again to yourself, ‘The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.’ Here is my Testament. Do look out that verse for yourself; it’s in the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke.”

Jem took the well-worn little volume, and, propped up with pillows, he read and re-read Luke 19:10 and its context. Half an hour later Maw said to him:—

“Look at the fifteenth chapter,” and he turned to that wonderful chapter. He had never opened a Bible since he enlisted—nor, indeed, for some months before. Now as he read the parable of the lost sheep, and then came to that beautiful story of the prodigal son and the father’s love, he broke down completely. And next morning Maw had the joy of hearing from his own lips that he who had indeed been a “sheep going astray” had now returned unto “that great Shepherd of the sheep.”

A few days afterwards Jem said to Maw, “Have you known the Good Shepherd long?”

“No; scarcely two years,” answered Maw. “More shame to me, for I had a good mother, who taught me all about Him and His love. But I always said, ‘Time enough; I’ll serve Him when I’ve had a bit of pleasure, mother—say when I am thirty or thirty-five.’”

“And how came the change?” inquired Jem. “Do tell me all about it. You can’t be thirty yet.”

“No; I’m twenty-eight,” said Maw. “About two years ago I was with my regiment in India. I was clever at learning some of the conjuring and juggling tricks that the natives, where we then were, excel in. Particularly anxious was I to do one in which I must appear to swallow a very small but most venomous serpent. I had practised once or twice with it successfully, but one evening I handled it badly, and its deadly fang entered my shoulder.

“‘What ever shall I do!’ I cried, as I rushed terror-stricken across the road.

“‘Sit down,’ said a quiet voice, as a firm hand was laid on my arm. And almost before I knew what was happening I saw that one of the men was sucking the poison out of the wound. I did not know him well, but I had often jeered at what I called his old woman’s religion. Now, as I saw the fine fellow risking his life to save mine, I realized what a grand thing it was to be a true Christian.

“‘Why do you do this?’ I asked him—‘you know it may kill you.’

“‘If it does, I’m not afraid to die,’ he said quietly.

“‘And I am,’ I said. ‘I know all about the better way; but I’ve scorned the Saviour and His love. If I die to-day, I’m lost!’

“Never shall I forget the solemn, earnest way in which that manly servant of God looked at me, as he slowly repeated the words, ‘The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which

was lost'; nor the emphasis he laid on the last word."

"That was the text you said to me," remarked Jem. "Now I see why you chose it. It came to me like a ray of hope. But tell me more. Did that brave man recover? Of course you did—for here you are to-day—but did he?"

"Yes, he did. He was ill for several days, and the doctors feared for him; but he got quite well. I heard from him yesterday. I tell him that, under God, I owe to him both my natural and spiritual life; for he never rested till I knew the Lord Jesus as my own personal Saviour."

"And now you've pointed me to Him," said Jem. "All my life long I shall praise God for this illness and time of quiet, that forced me to think." Then he added, reverently: "Ah! the Good Shepherd did find me 'sick, and helpless, and ready to die.'"

"But He didn't leave you there," said Maw.

"No, indeed," said Jem, decidedly. "It seems to me I can only say, 'My cup runneth over,' when I think of all that He's done for me."

DO YOU WISH OR WILL.

THERE is a great difference between wishing and willing. A lazy man would like to be rich or wise but he cannot put his desires into effect without an energy which his habit of mind unfits him for. A drunkard would like to be a respected citizen but he does not will it, for he prefers the exhilaration his indulgence produces. A person sees something

in a shop window which is just what he would like to have, but when he learns the price of it, he gives up the thought because he prefers to keep his money than to buy the article he desires. He desires to have it but he does not will to have it as he cannot make up his mind to pay the price. It is the same thing in the matter of salvation. How many men there are who say: I would like to be saved. I would like to believe, or if they do not say it, they think it. There is perhaps not a man living, even the most infidelical, who does not desire, at least once in his lifetime, to go to heaven, and to be delivered from the remorse of conscience and the torments of hell. He would like to be saved, and even those who have been most given to blaspheming God during their lives are often those who when they come to die are most urgent in calling for a minister to pray for them, or for a priest to administer extreme unction—as witness Voltaire—as if anything of that kind would save them.

You wish to be saved, but you do not will, because if you willed it you would be in earnest. You would like to have a tranquil conscience, peace of heart, to be delivered from the fear of death, and to have the assurance of eternal happiness; you wish it but you do not will it. Why? Because you are not willing to pay the price, and yet, note it well, it is not a question of paying for salvation, the price is beyond that which any one could pay. The price has been paid once for all by Jesus Christ, and from that time it is not sold, it is a free gift.

Under what conditions could a ragged and dirty person be newly and cleanly clothed? It

could only be by abandoning his rags and dirt. How could a prisoner avail himself of the free pardon brought to him? Only by quitting his cell. How could a convict have his liberty when offered? By accepting the pardon. The conditions which God demands in order that you may obtain salvation are that you confess your sins and believe in the Saviour. And this is why so many who wish to be saved do not will it. They would fain accept the hand of God for deliverance if they might by so doing be allowed to retain a link with the devil, thus showing that they would rather forfeit the pardon of God than relinquish a cherished sin.

If you really are in earnest about your salvation, know this, that God is entreating you to be saved and that you have not to bring to Him your virtues but your vices—not your good qualities but your faults—not your good works but your sins, and when He says to you: Give me thy heart, He does not ask your good disposition, but your bad, unbelieving, egotistical, proud heart with which you can neither love Him nor serve Him, and that in order that He may give you a new heart, and then

The sins which you confess, He will pardon.

The past which weighs upon you, He will efface.

The conscience which condemns you, He will quiet.

The chains which bind you, He will break.

The heart which is sinful, He will purify.

The strength which you lack, He will give.

The life defiled by sin, He will transform.

To the one who will, He gives the power.

JESUS.

A Name Above Every Name.

Phil. 2:9.

DID you ever pause to consider that of the many topics of conversation, of the many great persons admired and spoken of, the greatest of all topics, the greatest of all names, is seldom mentioned. This is true of circles professing to be Christian, and it is not necessary to go outside of these circles. Why is this? For two reasons: The fear amongst those who really love the Lord Jesus to confess Him as their Saviour, and the dislike among those who are not His, but are mere professors, to that lowly name. You may talk to these mere professors about any subject you please; it may be about church, about missionaries, or about charities, and they will listen to you. But the moment you bring to bear on their souls the merits of the Lord Jesus, the one who bled and died for them, and their need of Him, that moment they have done with you, and will probably treat you with suspicion thereafter. But in this hatred for the Lord's Christ we have all had our part. We inherit it by nature, and it is nothing but the grace of God that has made a difference (Ephesians 2:8).

Now, dear reader, if you are not already saved, washed in that precious blood shed for you at Calvary, I plead with you to pause a few minutes and ask yourself, What shall I do with Jesus? The One who was with God before the world was (Prov. 9:22 to 30); by whom and for whom all things were and are created, and by whom all things subsist (Col.

1:15 to 17). This is the One, "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. 2:6 to 8). Yes, reader, this Jesus, the Lord of Glory, left the place He had with His Father in heaven, came into this scene to be the Sin Bearer for you and me and gave Himself for us (Eph. 5:2), "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "Wherefore 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. 2:9 to 11). There is no excuse, for the invitation is to "whosoever," and that includes you and me, and God's desire is that all should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. Reader, if you are saved at all it will only be by and through the precious work of the Lord Jesus, the lowly and despised Jesus of Nazareth. "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12). Yes, this is the One that "every eye shall see" (Rev. 1:7), "every ear shall hear," "every tongue shall confess," and "to whom every knee shall bow." This is the despised and lowly Jesus whom wicked men

slew, but whom God has exalted to His right hand and to whom He has committed all judgment. And

His power can never fail,
He'll rule o'er earth, in heaven,
The keys of death and hell
To Him alone are given.

Dear reader, this is the day of grace, and your opportunity to bow in love and gratitude to that Name, to take the place of a lost, ruined and guilty sinner which God gives you (Romans 3:12). But in doing so don't forget your blessed privilege of claiming the atoning merits of that precious blood which was shed for you (Romans 3:24-25). This is God's way to be saved. God is a giver, not a receiver, and to attempt to add any of your worthless deeds to what Christ has done for you is to say that what He has done is insufficient or imperfect, and is an attempt to rob God of His glory in justifying you through belief in Him. His was a finished work (John 19:30); His was a perfect work (Heb. 2:10), and God offers it to you that you may have eternal life. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation" (Heb. 2:3); a salvation planned in eternity and wrought out for every believer at Calvary. Will you have it, or will you despise it? It matters not whether you are refined, cultivated and intellectual, you must meet Jesus. You may have had advantages which comparatively few have enjoyed, but these only increase your responsibility, for you must meet Jesus. You must

meet Him either as your Lord and Saviour, to be like Him and with Him forever, or you must meet Him as your Judge, to be banished from His presence forever and to have your part with the devil and his angels, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched (Mark 9:43 to 48). Your choice must be made here. May God in His wondrous love and grace to sinners lead you to decide for Jesus and give you holy boldness (Acts 4:13) to confess His Name.

In conclusion, just a word of caution as to the way you regard the person of the Lord Jesus. The nicest, kindest and most refined people, outwardly, are the very ones that deny the divinity of the Lord Jesus. Why is this? Because Satan knows if he were to attack the person of the Lord any other way it would be discovered, so he does it by presenting to our gaze an angel of light. But do not be deceived; the Scripture is awfully sweeping on this point. Listen: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3:36). Again: "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Hold loosely the personality of the Lord Jesus and you throw yourself open to every evil doctrine afloat and become a mere dupe in Satan's hands. But cling closely and tenaciously to the divine person of the blessed Lord, and it is life eternal. "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent" (John 17:3).

GOD'S SALVATION.

IS there anything like God's salvation, I ask you? How solemn if we refuse it, for God says, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "For if ye believe not ye shall die in your sins." Reader, if you cling to your sins, beware of the crash the other side of the grave!

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Behold Him now, His work of redemption finished, He has sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. As sure as you are reading this paper—so sure it is, that He who died for sin is in the glory alive from the dead, raised for our justification;—even so sure is it, that he that believes on Him who raised Christ from the dead (Rom. 4:24), is justified, is saved. Let go doubt, let go works, let go self, let go all; receive Christ, trust Christ,—oh! is it so? is Christ your all? If so, you have life—risen life, the life of the risen victorious Christ, the Son of God,—for he that hath the Son hath life. If you be risen in Christ, seek to give body, soul, and spirit to Him, not that you may be saved, but because He so loved you as to save you by His own death, Oh, the love of Christ! the love of God! We love Him because He first loved us.

The day of personal inspection is coming, when the King shall see the guests, and if you have not on the wedding garment, you will be "cast into outer darkness . . . there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." What an awful doom!

THE SOWER

LOVE'S COMMAND.

“Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty, for He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.”—Psa. 45:10, 11.

OH list, fond heart! thy Father speaks,
His mandate on thee lays;
And when He bids thee “Kiss the Son,”
How swiftly love obeys.

Bow down thine ear, His voice to hear,
Who bids thy worship rise
To Him whose love in drops of blood
Demands the sacrifice.

He is thy Lord! oh, worship Him,
He draws thee to His heart,
That fairest One, God's glorious Son—
His “pearl of price” thou art.

(Matt. 13:45, 46.)

“All taught of God,” His own shall be,

(John 6:45.)

And this the lesson sweet—
To gaze into His face until
Thou worship at His feet,

“KEEPING THE 65TH WEDDING DAY.”

“THE LADDER” AND “THE WAY.”

THE village of Oakley is seven miles beyond Thame, in Oxfordshire. I was going to every house with tracts and books, and telling the people of some Gospel meetings that I was about to hold there, when, knocking at a cottage door, a voice said “Come in!” I said, “How do you know that I am not the devil you are inviting into your house?” The voice said, “I don’t think it’s he, for he is so ill-behaved that he walks in without knocking, and if it be he, let him come in, and I will talk to him about a Name; that will soon make him cut it; he don’t like—

‘Jesus, the Name high over all,
In earth, and sea, and sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.’”

I walked in, and saw a big old man of the name of George Hawes, 89 years of age, and his sharp little wife, 86 years old, sitting in front of a bit of fire having their tea.

“You be just in time, sir, to join us. It be a great day here with us. We are keeping our sixty-fifth wedding-day.”

They were having tea without milk or sugar, and bread without any butter on it. The 3/6 parish allowance would not run to it. Notwithstanding this, they were very cheerful. I begged them to wait a few minutes till I came back from the shop, where I found some tea, sugar, milk and butter, and a cake also. The old lady was wonderfully lively, but the old man was blind, and lame, and very helpless. I asked the

favor of presenting them each with a piece of silver on this their sixty-fifth wedding-day, and with a scripture that was on my mind. I then read to them the 28th chapter of Genesis, pointing out chiefly the twelfth verse:—“And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God, ascending and descending on it: And behold the Lord stood above it.”

“The old man exclaimed, “Why, that be my Scripture! the Lord gave me that twenty-four years ago, when I was ‘born again.’ I used to go up to London a-mowing in the hay harvest, and I was at Willesden, and they told me there was preaching on Shepherd’s Bush Common. So on the Sunday we went, and there was a man of the name of John Jones preaching there amongst the rushes, and we lay down and listened to him, and he took that ‘dream’ and ‘ladder’ for his text. He said the ‘dream’ was made up of six different parts:—

- 1.—“Heaven” at the top of the ladder.
- 2.—The “Earth” at the bottom of it.
- 3.—The “Ladder” in between, reaching from earth to heaven.
- 4.—“God” at the top of it, at his mansion door, looking down upon the sleeping guilty sinner.
- 5.—The “dreaming sinner” at the bottom.
- and 6.—The “Angels of God” ascending and descending.”

He then asked us which of the six parts we liked best? “He chose the ‘Ladder,’ and so did I; and I see’d myself to be the sleeping guilty sinner at the bottom of it, as I lay on my back

there amongst the rushes. He then shewed us Jesus Christ in front of the 'ladder' with a crown of thorns upon his head, and his back torn with the cruel scourge, and nails through his feet and hands, and his side wounded with a soldier's spear, and all covered with blood for us sleeping and guilty sinners, saying unto us, 'I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.'—John 14:6. The Spirit showed me that Jacob's dream was fulfilled in Jesus, and that he is the only true 'ladder' to heaven and to God. And so I got converted that Sunday evening there, lying on my back, looking up the 'ladder.' I could see the 'Way' to Heaven quite plain. And the preacher said, 'If a mad bull was after us, wouldn't we run up the 'ladder' out of his reach?' Then he said, 'There was a mad angel after us, and that our adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion went about seeking whom he may devour (1st Peter 5:8), and that there was no safety for us but on this 'ladder,' and that it didn't do to dance about at the bottom of it, or to wait another night, but to get on it and start up it at once.' The good Spirit of God helped me to put my guilty feet on it that night, and I've been on it ever since, and I'm getting near the top of it now. I can almost see the gates sometimes and the angels, and God standing at the top of it."

I then told him that I was John Jones who preached the dream to him that night on Shepherd's Bush Common. He then said, "Now I know why the Holy Ghost jumped within me when I first heard your voice at the door. Thank God for sending you to us, that I may see you

before I reach the top of the 'ladder.' ” He then wept and rejoiced, and we sung—

“To our bountiful Father above,
 We will offer the tribute of praise,
 For the glorious gift of His love,
 And the blessings that hallow our days,
 In the sweet by and by
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.”

He then asked leave to put his hands on me and kissed me. Dear old man, he reached the top of the “ladder” before the next anniversary of his wedding-day.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days”—(24 years is 8,760 days).

“Give a portion to seven and also to eight, for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.”

“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this, or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”—Ecc. 11:1-6.

THE GOSPEL OF GOD.

THE Gospel of God is concerning His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. (Rom. 1:1, 3.)

It is of God, that is the native source of it, and it is concerning His Son.

It is what Christ is, in the glory of His Person, the goodness of His heart, the efficacy of His blood, and the power of His resurrection; and, thank God, it is all for you.

If you have never tasted it yet, give up your

struggles, your running to and fro. Paul thus describes you:

“They being ignorant of God’s righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.”

I want you to sit down in the presence of Jesus and listen. He has the words of eternal life. Never man spake like this Man, “hear ye Him.”

HAVE YOU FOUND REST IN JESUS?

“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—Matt. 11:28.

HEAR the gracious words of the Son of God—of the only One of human race who could use such language without falsehood or presumption—of the One who can use it because “all things are committed to Him in heaven and in earth.” The words are addressed to all who are conscious of the burden of sin, and who are laboring to get rid of it. If they are not addressed to all mankind, it is because some do not need the rest spoken of; through Divine mercy they have already found it—they have got rest in Jesus—they have found peace in believing.

But there is another class not addressed in this passage, who are in a very different condition. They are in the enjoyment of a delusive rest—a false peace. They are rocked to lullaby in the arms of Satan; they are sleeping on the margin of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. They are feasting themselves like Job’s family,

in a house which is ready to fall upon them. They are eating and drinking and making merry, in a vessel which has sprung a leak, and is presently to sink. They are unconcerned for themselves, though angels are ready to weep over them. They feel no burden, and yet all the weight of their unpardoned sin rests upon them. The heavens appear bright above them; and yet the wrath of God, like a dark thunder-cloud, hangs over them.

But the Lord Jesus, in the words above quoted, addresses a different class of persons—a class, it is true, who are as yet unsaved, but who are much nearer to salvation than those blinded victims of Satanic delusion of whom we have just spoken, and whose character and condition is a terrible proof of the falsehood of a maxim current in the world—

“If ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.”

Those to whom the Lord's gracious invitation is addressed are conscious of their condition; and this consciousness makes them wretched. Like the Pilgrim described by Bunyan, they carry a heavy burden, of which they are most anxious to be relieved. They are conscience-stricken. The sense of unpardoned sin is intolerable to them. It is true they have not as yet taken a right way to get rid of their burden; the course they are taking only aggravates their condition. It is bad enough to be heavy laden; but to labor beneath such a burden can only make matters worse. To do so can only increase the sense of it; and hence Satan often becomes the tormentor of those whom God has stricken. The voice of the Lord has awakened them from their perilous

dream of safety. They no longer listen to the cry of "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." They have discovered that they are sinners and amenable to the righteous judgment of God. The enemy, finding it vain to attempt any longer to blind their eyes to their sin and danger, comes and offers his services to help them off with their burden. For this end he sets them upon keeping the law—that law by which the sinner is convicted—that law by which "no man living can be justified"—that law which stops the sinner's mouth when he would plead innocence or extenuate his offence—that law "by which is the knowledge of sin"—that law which "entered that the offence might abound"—that law which curses all "who continue not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Yet in spite of all that the word of God says, as to the hopelessness of the attempt, Satan succeeds in persuading untold numbers of convicted sinners to seek this mode of justification. To repeat the folly which ended in bitter disappointment in the case of Israel, of "going about to establish their own righteousness," instead of "submitting to the righteousness of God."

And though many, through Divine mercy, escape from this second snare of Satan, yet it is to be feared that myriads perish in the fruitless attempt to do what God, in so many parts of His blessed word, has pronounced impossible.

Heavy-laden sinner, the first step, then, towards the rest of conscience, which Jesus offers to thee, and which thou so much desirest to obtain—the rest of conscience which proceeds from the knowledge of pardoned sin—is to give over working for it.

If thou doubtest the truth of what I say, listen to a few of the many statements of the Word of God on the matter:—

“To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him who justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man, to whom God imputeth righteousness without works.”—(Rom. 4: 5, 6.)

“For by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.”—(Gal. 2: 16.)

“But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident; for, The just shall live by faith.”—(Gal. 3: 11.)

These Scriptures, then, make it plain that thy labor—thy zealous but fruitless attempts to keep the law, are the very things, which, instead of aiding thee in the attainment of the object of thy desires, hinder the success of thy efforts to obtain that righteousness of which “the effect is quietness and assurance for ever.”

It is said of a person unable to swim, and who has accidentally fallen into deep water, that if he would be quiet, the water would probably bear him up until succor came; that it is his struggles, in short, which render his case desperate. Even so is it with thy vain efforts to be thy own savior; they prevent thee from availing thyself of the kind and powerful aid of that great Deliverer who came from heaven to earth to rescue thee from sin and death. Jesus says, “Come unto me, and I will give you rest”; and in another place, “Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out.” But thou hast hitherto obeyed the promptings of “thy evil heart of unbelief,” aided by the power of Satan, and

refused to obey His call. Thy "dead works" are the witnesses of thy unbelief and disobedience. If thou couldst thus obtain a well-grounded peace, Christ would have died in vain. And thus thy effort is not only a hopeless one, but grossly dishonoring to the blessed God who "sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him," as well as to that gracious Saviour "who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification."

Jesus says, "I will give you rest"; but thy works are the witnesses of the pride of thy heart, which would rather receive wages than a gift. They are an attempt to earn that which is offered to thee for nothing—to buy that which as "a Prince" Jesus has power and as "a Saviour" has grace to bestow; having, as "the Holy and the Just One," earned the power to do so by the sacrifice of His own life.

Thy vain effort to "attain to the law of righteousness" "by the works of the law," is a proof of thy utter ignorance both of the holiness of God and of the evil of thine own heart. If it were not so, thou wouldst not think of purchasing that peace, which is the work of righteousness, by bringing to God the worthless produce of such a barren, yea, such an accursed soil. If thou hadst had right thoughts of God and of thy own nature, thou wouldst not have taken "the way of Cain," and offered to the Searcher of hearts, the fruit of that on which the sentence of death has passed. If thou continuest this course, with thy back on the cross, and thine eyes turned in upon thyself, as thy work, so will thy disappointment be, like that of him of whom it is recorded, that "he was very wrath, and his

countenance fell," when God had not respect unto his offering.

Thou wilt never thus render thyself acceptable to God; thou wilt never thus obtain the "rest" which Jesus offers to the heavy-laden sinner. And if thou dost not get rest in Jesus now, how canst thou hope for the rest that remaineth for the people of God?

Take, then, poor needy one, that rest which it rejoices the heart of the Saviour to bestow. It is well for thee that that which He has purchased for thee with His own precious blood, He gives thee "without money and without price." Whatever thou mayest have heretofore supposed, thou hast, as we have just seen, "no money" that will not be found utterly base and worthless when tried in the fire of God's holiness, however it may pass current with shortsighted and sinful man.

Bankrupt as thou art by nature, yet "open thy mouth wide and God will fill it." He will enrich thee with "durable riches" out of His own treasury. "Beggar" as thou art, away from Christ, yet coming to Him, thou shalt be "taken from the dunghill, thou shalt be set among princes, and made to inherit the throne of glory."

Leave off thy fruitless and sinful labor, and come to Jesus, and thou shalt find that thy heavy load has fallen from off thy back; nay, that though thou hast in thy blindness and unbelief thought it thine, it was borne by Him when on the cross, and left in His grave when "He was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father."

THE TASMANIAN CONVICT.

TASMANIA was originally a penal settlement. Mr. Henry Reed, a wealthy merchant there, was an earnest and devoted Christian worker. In his booklet, "Incidents in an Eventful Life," he gives a striking account of his experiences among the convicts.

Six men who were condemned to be hanged asked as a special favor that he would spend the last night with them in the condemned cell. Mr. Reed consented, and was locked up with them in a wretched, ill-ventilated, narrow cell. After prayer he spoke to them of their guilt and peril, and the necessity of obtaining forgiveness from God, and urged them to accept of His "great salvation."

One of them, a tall, powerful man named Gardener, threw himself on the cell floor groaning with anguish. Mr. Reed spoke to him, and sought to cheer him. He rose from the ground, and standing erect said:

"Mr. Reed, don't you think I am afraid to die. I am no more afraid of going to the gallows and being hanged than I am of taking my breakfast."

"Why, then, do you go on in this awful way, Gardener, if you are not afraid to die?" said Mr. Reed.

"I will tell you," said Gardener. "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock I have to meet God, and I am afraid of meeting Him; that is it."

The murderer feared not death, but he was afraid of meeting God. And well may all unsaved persons. "It is appointed unto men once

to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9:27). Sooner or later all of us have to meet God. Most people do their utmost to forget or bury the thought of this solemn fact. Forgetting a fact does not alter or affect it.

Allow me to ask, Are you prepared to meet God? Do you say, like many, I have no reason to be afraid? What, then, is the ground of your confidence? "I have never done anything to cause me fear." Have you always done what you should have done? Have you always been what you should have been? "No one has done so, and I don't pretend to be perfect." Then you admit that you are a sinner? "Oh, yes; we are all sinners." If, then, you are a sinner, and your sins are unforgiven, you have very great reason to be afraid of meeting a holy and righteous God. Don't think because he is a God of love that therefore He will not punish sin. Though loving and gracious, He will not "clear the guilty" who reject or neglect His pardoning mercy.

What, then, is to become of you? How are you to get rid of your sins? Your prayers, tears, or good works cannot fit you for heaven. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3). Admission there is not obtained as the reward of creature merit. God has made Christ to be sin for us that we might be the righteousness of God in Him. Accept the righteousness of God's own providing, which is divinely perfect and divinely free, by believing in Him who bore sin's penalty and paid the ransom with His precious blood, and you will have no need to be afraid of the meeting with God.

TEARING OFF THE BANDAGE.

MANY are the devices by means of which Satan keeps men in darkness. He is a master at the art of blinding and enslaving souls, and hardening them against the gospel. This truth is tersely expressed by the apostle Paul, when he tells us that "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. 4:4).

It is not always that the blindfolding bandage is torn off on earth. Sometimes, alas, sinners pass into eternity without their eyes being opened. Their awakening comes when they have for ever passed beyond the reach of grace. Then they learn the fearfulness of sin, the emptiness of worldly pleasures, and the folly of living a Christless life.

In other cases, those who have been duped and deceived by the devil discover on their death-beds that their whole life has been a terrible mistake. Good indeed it is when the discovery, even at that late hour, leads to repentance and a turning of the soul to Christ with faith in His precious blood. In such a case, most assuredly pardon and salvation are obtained by the dying sinner.

But such instances are comparatively rare. In by far the larger number of cases a Christless life is followed by a Christless death, and if the bandage is torn from the eyes on the dying bed, remorse and not repentance is more often the result.

It was so with John Randolph, of Roanoke,

Virginia, U.S.A. His name may be found in any reputable dictionary of biography. First a Congressman, then a Senator of the United States, he was an orator and statesman of no mean talents. Brilliant, sarcastic, and witty, his incisive speeches became the dread of his opponents, and before long he had earned the name of "The Schoolmaster of Congress." His great abilities marked him out for promotion, and in 1832, the year before his death, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Russia.

Young Randolph, in his early years, possessed the inestimable boon of a pious, Christian mother, who carefully taught him portions of Scripture, and sought to instil into his mind the truths of God's holy Word. On arriving at the estate of manhood, however, he turned his back upon his mother's faith and became a deist. He procured a large library of infidel books, and for many years argued against and denounced Christianity; but, later, confessed that with all his arrogance, he had never been able to entirely shake off the influence of those early teachings.

At the age of sixty John Randolph was laid upon his dying bed. The end was rapidly approaching. One day, as a few friends gathered in his room, the old man—old before his time—sat up, haggard and worn out with misery, with a blanket wrapped round him, head and all.

With terrible despair in his eyes, with pinched lips and squeaking voice, he cried:

“Let me see it! Get a dictionary! Find it! I must see it—that word—Remorse!”

A dictionary, however, could not be found.

“Write it,” he shrieked, “I must see it.”

The word was written on his card, under his name.

“Write it again, above,” he shouted.

It was done. He took the card, and read with despair and anguish—

Remorse.

JOHN RANDOLPH,

Roanoke, Va.

Remorse.

With horror in his face, and the card in his hand, the brilliant statesman and diplomatist breathed his last.

In his case the bandage was torn off, and before he died he was given to see what a ghastly sham infidelity is; how powerless the honors of earth are to satisfy the heart.

400 BEGGARS A DAY.

THE late Baron Hirsch received an average of 400 begging letters a day, and never read them, though he gave away in a single year as much as £3,000,000. Yet we know One who receives more than 400 beggars, bankrupts, sinners, a day, and never has been known to turn one away; indeed, He endows each suppliant with a greater fortune than £3,000,000, even “Eternal Life.” Here are His own words: “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” “He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life” (John 6:37, 47). The point is, Will you come as an unworthy sinner and be received and saved by the Lord Jesus Christ?

THE SOWER

JOHN IV.

WHO is that weary man, so lone and pale,
Beneath the shade that falls on Jacob's
well?

A lowly pilgrim, from the noon-tide heat,
He sitteth there to rest his aching feet.
No more he seems: but heavenly hosts attend
And wait on Him, where'er His footsteps bend.
They looked with wonder when they saw His
birth,

The greatest marvel ever seen on earth.
That humble man is Israel's promised King,
Though for His head a crown of thorns they'll
bring.

Yes, He Immanuel is, the Eternal Word
Of heaven and earth, of men and angels Lord.
The eternal Son hung on a woman's breast,
The mighty God beside the well takes rest,
* * * My soul tread softly! for 'tis holy ground,
No finite man can this deep mystery sound,
But worship and adore the wondrous love
That could the blessed God so freely move
Towards thee, a sinner, and an enemy!

Yes, Lord, Thou hast revealed this grace to me.
But see—a woman comes, unconscious, who
Sits by the water, and as careless too.
He asks to drink, and lightly she replies,
Yet gazes on the stranger with surprise,
For there was something in His eye and tone,
That ever marked Him as the Holy One.

Ah! didst thou dream, poor sinner, that for thee,
Thus faint and weary, He's content to be,
That for the joy of giving thee to know
The living fountains from His heart that flow,
The garden's agony, the cross, the grave,
He'll suffer all, those guilty ones to save.

THE TREASURE.

ONE hot day in July a traveller stopped at the door of a cottage to ask a drink of water. A woman followed by three ragged children came forward. The very appearance of this family indicated misery, confusion and laziness.

"Ah, if these poor people knew what a treasure they might have for the taking, and which is right in their midst!" said the traveller as he passed on.

The woman was astounded and speechless. "Why did you not ask him where and what it was, you simpleton," growled her husband Dick, as she told him what had occurred.

"I will go out and find him," she replied. She sought him all that afternoon and dreamed about him all night. The next morning at break of day she resumed her search, and when Dick came home at noon for his dinner, nothing was ready. He left with an oath and went to a bar-room.

One day as the wife was taking down a lot of old clothes from the top of a closet, a large book fell down and opened as it fell, and there she read her name, written by her mother, and

underneath were these words: MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD (Ps. 19:11).

She began to think of her happy childhood, and of the delightful days passed with her mother, whereas here and now it was absolute misery. Dirt, distress, quarrels, were the habitual attendants at her house. Why was that? A thought crossed her mind: This book explains all, and this contains the stranger's treasure.

Ashamed of the confusion she saw about her, she began to put things in order. When Dick came home his supper was ready, the children were dressed, and his wife was ready to receive him. She has found it, he thought. But to his astonishment she said nothing. When everybody was in bed the wife took the old Bible and sat down to read it, then she prayed and cried to God to pardon her sins through the atoning work of Jesus Christ her Saviour. In the morning when she wakened this was again her first thought.

Day after day passed and Dick was more than surprised to see the change which had been wrought in his wife and in his house.

One night after the children had been put in bed, the wife took her work and seating herself by the side of her husband, said:

“Listen, I believe I have found the treasure.”

Dick's face brightened up. Rising, she took down the Bible from the whatnot.

“I believe,” she said, “that this is the treasure the stranger meant. See what is written here: MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

And it is so, for it reveals the unsearchable riches of Christ, who has become my Saviour.

My mother gave me this Bible," she continued, "she wrote those words in it, and I know what riches she drew from it."

Dick's countenance fell. No bank bills, no gold, nothing but an old book!

"Dick," said the wife, "I want to tell you my whole mind. If this book has made me a good wife and a good mother, and whatever I am, it is by virtue of the precious truths contained in this book, then it certainly is more precious than gold. I have decided to search continually therein, and you cannot do better than to do so likewise."

She had laid her hand upon her husband's shoulder. I have been a trouble to you, have I not? and I am very sorry that it has been so, but by the grace of God I hope to become a better wife."

Dick did not know what to think; he was greatly moved. The whole place had an orderly and proper appearance, very different than of old. If all this is the result of the treasure, thought he, I would also like to have a part in it.

"Here is my hand, wife," said he, "I am half and half with you in this matter."

That night they read for the first time a chapter together in the old Bible. When the wife came to the words in Luke 19:19 "To-day is salvation come to this house," her words were cut short by her emotion, and her eyes filled with tears. Kneeling down together they addressed a simple and fervent prayer to God who had enabled them to find the treasure.

“WORLD OF LIGHT, FAREWELL!”

A CHIEFTAIN of a savage race, ere he was ushered by a violent death into eternity, cried, “World of light, farewell!” Before him there was nothing but darkness. The civilized infidel has advanced no further. All he can tell you about death is summed up in these words: “It is a leap in the dark.” This seems to be everything that this enlightened age can tell us of what lies beyond the tomb. But it only proves what is written in God’s Book: “The world by wisdom knew not God.” But the blessed Word of God steps beyond the boundary-line of death, and tells of a world of light—of never-fading light—that lies beyond the grave. It tells of the throne of God, and the Lord of Life, and that heaven into which He has entered. It tells of the abode of the blest and the never-ending song, and the day that knows no night, and sees no sorrow, for “sorrow and death may not enter there.”

But that “home of the blest” is only for those who enter by the narrow gate into God’s kingdom while in this dark world—who have embraced the crucified Lord Jesus Christ—only for those who have come to the Cross, and by the eye of faith seen their sins borne away in His own body on the tree; for—

“The blood was the sign, Lord,
That marked them as Thine, Lord:
And brightly they’ll shine
At Thy coming again.”

In the light of the glory yet to be revealed—which eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard—this world is but a wilderness. Earth’s joys

are but momentary; they bring no rest to the soul; and in the end they bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. But the heaven-born joys, that spring through union with the Christ of God, are new every morning. Heaven begins below. By faith's far-reaching eye we see the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. Is such the land to which you journey? Is Christ the One in whom your life is bound up? By heavenly birth, have you entered into that kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost?

THE WORK OF GOD.

GOD alone could bring back a fallen world to Himself.

The highest creature could not do this it must be clear to every one who has seriously considered the significance of the word Redemption.

“God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.” (2 Cor. 5:19.)

The only thing by which a man can honor God, is that he believes, without being able to understand it fully, that “He sent His only begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in Him should not be lost, but have the life.”

He who believes this even against his reason honors God, and God will honor him, but he who says, as long as I cannot understand it and reconcile it, makes God a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. (1 John 5:10.)

HOW DID THE JEW KNOW HIS SIN WAS FORGIVEN?

SUPPOSE you had met the Jew returning from the priest, and you had asked him how he knew that his sin was forgiven him, what would he have said? Would he not have said, "I know my sin is forgiven, because God says so? My sin came to my knowledge, and I could get no rest to my spirit until the blood of my sin-offering flowed. This hand has been laid on the head of the goat. It thus became my substitute. It was killed—I saw it bleed and die—its blood touched the horns of the altar—it was poured out at the bottom of the altar—the atonement was made for my sin—and God said, 'And it shall be forgiven him.' Thus, by those words of God, I know, with the utmost certainty, my sin is forgiven."

Now this was a shadow of good things to come, a type of the great atoning sacrifice of Jesus, the sinner's Substitute, who died, "the Just for the unjust," to bring us to God.

Ah, my unconverted reader, you are still going on in sin, blinded by Satan! Your sin may seem a very light matter. Oh, you think, God is not so particular. You say, "God will never cast me into the lake of fire: I am not so bad." But when the Spirit of God convinceth of sin—when man's sins come to his knowledge—then there is no rest, day or night. The most fearful, the blackest sins, have been committed, in ignorance of their full, fearful character—the very murder of Jesus. Peter says: "I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers" (Acts 3:17).

Remember the Jew. How did he know that his sins were forgiven? Laying the hand on the victim showed identification — or substitution. In each offering, where blood was shed for atonement, this took place. In the burnt offering it was so: "And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering; and it shall be accepted for him, to make an atonement for him" (Lev. 1:4). And so with the peace-offering (Lev. 3:2). And so with the sin-offering in this chapter before us (Lev. 4).

Now, though man could not reach his hand to heaven, and put it on the Son of God (oh, who could ever have thought of such a Substitute?), Jesus could—nay, did—come down from heaven, and freely offered Himself—the sinner's Substitute. He put forth His hand and identified Himself with, and for, the vilest of the lost. Yes, look at Him going up to Jerusalem. See Him give His hand to be nailed to the tree—His body to be broken on the cross! Yea, He was made an offering for sin. Oh! hear His dying cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" His precious blood has been poured out. Full, infinite atonement has been made. God has accepted Him for justification of every sinner who shall believe God, who raised up Jesus from the dead. All this is done. It is finished.

God proclaims forgiveness through that blessed One. "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10:43). And again, "Be it known . . . that through this Man is preached unto you the

forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13:38).

Now, if the Jew knew that his sin was forgiven because God said so, then if you believe God about the blessed Jesus, do you not see that you must be forgiven, for God says so? He says "whosoever," and "all who believe are justified." Can you not, from your heart, now say: "I have believed. I do believe that Jesus died for me." Then praise the Lord, and tell everybody you are forgiven. God says so. "The blood of Jesus Christ. His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

"Blest Lamb of God, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till every ransomed saint of God
Be saved, to sin no more."

FOR US BOTH.

IT was Sunday; the church bells were sounding loudly and their pleasant notes entered the open window of Mrs. M——'s room where she was getting ready to go to church.

She took up her prayer book and placed between the leaves the piece of money she intended for the offertory. Then she sought her husband, who was seated at his writing table and going over his accounts. She extended her hand to say good-bye, then he said:

"Yes, yes, Marguerite, go alone and pray for us both," and this while hardly raising his eyes from his books.

It was not the first time that she had heard on a Sunday morning the same request. Her husband had got in the way of never going to church, but he quieted his conscience by the

thought that he sent his wife every Sunday to pray for them both.

When he was alone he again began to check and verify his addition, but his eyes became heavy, his eyelids kept closing and the figures on the pages seemed to twist and turn as though going through with a senseless dance. At length his pen dropped from his fingers, his hands and his head settled down on the cushions of his chair and he was fast falling asleep.

The previous evening he had been at a happy reunion with his friends and his loss of sleep then was being recouped now and his mind wandered in dreamland. He thought he had died and was walking with his faithful Marguerite towards the gate of heaven.

"Now we will enter together," said he as he took his wife's hand; but suddenly some one appeared before them. It was the apostle Peter in person, holding in his hand the great key of Paradise. He opened the gate before which the couple was standing and turning affectionately towards the wife he invited her to enter saying:

"You may enter for both, for this has always been your husband's thought." The door closed and the poor man was left outside.

This dream produced its effect, for the next Sunday when the bells were again ringing the neighbors were surprised to see him going with his wife to church.

He had taken a Bible and tried to find the place where it was said that the keys of the kingdom of heaven had been given to the apostle Peter, but he could not find it, yet as he turned over the leaves of the book he came across these words:

“We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that everyone may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done whether it be good or bad” (2 Cor. 5:10). “The soul that sinneth it shall die” (Ez. 18:20). “So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God” (Rom. 14:10, 12).

He then came to the conclusion, and rightly so, that the prayers of a wife cannot expiate the sins of a husband, and that if religion is good for women and children, it must also be good for men. Attentive reading led him also to the conclusion that the same Jesus Christ who is to be the judge after death, has offered Himself to them now as their Saviour upon earth, and that the best religion was that of which He was the author, inasmuch as He has pardoned our sins now and He cannot punish us hereafter for the sins He has forgiven.

And it was thus that the great key of the apostle Peter filled him with fear and led him to seek and to find pardon and salvation in Jesus Christ as Peter said in Acts 4:12, “Neither is there salvation in any other.”

A GREAT EVIL AND A GREAT REMEDY.

A CREATOR GOD has taken the care to provide reparative forces for all the waste or injury to which His works are exposed whether animate or inanimate creation. Bark reforms on the trunk of a tree after abrasion. A cut or bruise on the body immediately calls into operation nature's latent remedy and the flesh is reformed. The heart sends out every

second restorative elements to the extremities of the body. Mineral waters spring up out of the earth. Medicinal plants grow in all latitudes for the healing of diseases. Competent and often disinterested men are much occupied with the correction of social disorders. An able accountant may do much for the recovery of a lost fortune. A prime minister may re-establish a tottering throne. A medical doctor may build up an undermined constitution.

But there exists in the world an evil so great that no natural or acquired powers can do anything for its cure or removal. This incurable evil is called sin. It did not originate in nature, it was sown there; and as a seed falling into prepared ground develops and multiplies with great rapidity, so this evil has invaded the human heart; it has attached itself thereto, and no human power can eradicate it. Civilization, culture, education, and all that is called progress, may soften the manners of the race, but they only render the evil more refined, more tenacious and more difficult to deal with; and like the poor consumptive who imagines he is progressing towards recovery when at the same time the dread disease is daily bringing him nearer to a fatal termination, so the efforts of man to cleanse and purify his evil heart, may deceive himself just when the evil is becoming more deeply seated although perhaps less manifest.

For this evil which comes from without, an outward remedy is necessary, a remedy beyond the power of man to provide. For an evil which comes from hell there must be a remedy which comes from heaven, and God has provided it;

He has sent His Son into the world for the salvation of sinners; Jesus Christ has come; He has given His life for our redemption; He has borne our sins in His own body on the tree; we have remission of sins by His blood; His blood has cleansed the believer from all sin; thus the means, the remedy is Jesus Christ crucified, or in other words the blood of Christ; the way this is made good to us is by faith in accepting a finished work and the operation by the divine agency of the Holy Spirit is upon the heart and conscience.

Sad to say that almost universally this gracious provision made by a merciful God for sin-sick souls is rejected, and an effort made to effect a cure by human expedients, which are worse than useless, and thus the condemned sinner perishes forever simply because he will not avail himself of the remedy freely offered.

There is thus a double presentation; all have been cured who have availed themselves of God's provision, while all those who have trusted in any way in themselves have perished.

It is the only remedy: "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

It is the universal remedy, for a universal evil: "Christ died for all" (2 Cor. 5:15). "For all have sinned" (Rom. 3:23). It is a free remedy: "Justified freely by His grace" (Rom. 3:24). It is an unfailing remedy, going to the very root of the evil. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).

“WHAT THEN?”

AN old Christian once asked a bright intelligent lad what he intended to do on his leaving school. “Why, I am going to college to study for the bar.”

“And what then?” “Why, then in time I expect to be made a judge.”

“And what then?” “Why, of course I shall be married, and be surrounded by a large circle of friends.”

“And what then?” “Then I hope to enjoy myself for many a long year at the head of my profession.”

“And what then?” “Then I shall retire and spend the rest of my years in comfort and quietness.”

“And what then?” “Then of course I shall be getting old.”

“And what then?” “Why, of course, I cannot expect to live for ever, and I must die.”

“And what then?” “Why, then I shall be buried with a grand funeral, and mourned over by all my friends.”

“And what then?” again solemnly asked the old man. “Why then—why then,” said the young man, “I cannot tell what then.”

Is the reader dazzled with prospects of worldly riches and honor? Hear God’s warning voice, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness” (Mat. 6:33). “For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” (Mat. 16:26).

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

THREE SOLEMN FACTS.

YOU may consider yourself, dear reader, an entire stranger to the one who addresses you through this paper, but it so happens that he knows three things about you—three undeniable facts! To throw this paper down would only prove that you were afraid of facing them, but the facts themselves would still remain.

Indeed you can no more get rid of them than a bird could fly away from its own wings. You have

A God to meet.

A History to account for.

An Eternity to spend.

But stay; this is not all we have to say. It is our privilege to tell you that the God you so much dread to meet in coming judgment is prepared to meet you in present blessing. If you come to Him through Christ, He will wipe out every stain from your guilty history, and make you as fit for the highest glory as you are now fit for the lowest hell.

His precious Son has died; the cleansing blood has been shed; and in spite of your sinful past, your soul may yet be saved. Oh, what a Saviour Jesus is! If you only knew Him, the thought of meeting Him would no longer be your darkest dread but your brightest hope.

This may be yours, not because you have any merit, but all on the ground of pure grace. And I ask, Does it not just suit your case? For surely you have naught to plead but God's own love and your exceeding need. Accept then now this all-gracious Saviour, and when you have accepted Him—“Let everybody see it

WHEN YOU MEET AN INFIDEL.

IF you meet an infidel, here are a few questions for him to consider, with his probable replies:

Did you ever see a counterfeit coin? "Yes."

Why is it counterfeited? "Because the genuine was worth counterfeiting."

Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited? "No."

Why not? "Because it isn't worth counterfeiting."

Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian? "Yes."

Why was he counterfeited? "Because he was worth counterfeiting."

Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel? "Why, no."

Why not? Ahem!

These questions have been found to work quite well, for after all, the man who has "peace with God" now and the "blessed hope" ahead has the best of it. Remember that!

A STRIKING TESTIMONY.

HEINRICH VON HEINE, a Jew, half German, half French, a man of flashing wit, a brilliant writer and poet, a confirmed doubter, one day took up a Bible and spent most of the day in the unwonted task of reading it.

"What a book!" he exclaimed, as he laid it down; "vast and wide as the world! rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, birth and death, promise and fulfilment, the whole drama of humanity, are in this Book!"

THE SOWER

SAVED AND SATISFIED.

LORD JESUS, Thou hast bought me,
I'm sheltered by Thy blood
From judgment and destruction:
I've heard the Word of God.
"When blood upon the lintel
And side-posts can be seen,
The destroyer will pass over:
All safe are those within."

What sense of peace and safety
Now fills my heart and mind,
The sword that brings destruction
No entrance here can find;

And now my heart is "satisfied":
First, "sheltered" by the blood,
For me there's no destroyer,
So says the Word of God.
I know I have been "sanctified,"
I'm set apart for Him
Who called me out of darkness
To ever joy in Him.

He's set a feast before me,
I'm in "His house of wine";
What wonderful "salvation,"
This Saviour-God is mine.
I have His word of promise,
He'll all my need supply
Till, found with Him in glory,
I praise Him by-and-by.

MY OWN CONVERSION.

“We are all as an unclean thing.”—Isa. 64:6.

“Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one.”—Job 14:4.

“Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.”—Gal. 6:15.

INDIFFERENT to God's solemn declaration of their hopeless condition by nature, and satisfied with Satan's lie of “peace, peace,” when there is no peace, deceiving themselves by saying, “peace and safety” (1 Thess. 5:2), while Divine judgment is ready to burst upon them, there are many who “believe not the truth” (2 Thess. 2:12).

I address this testimony to those who are in this condition from which God, in His grace, awakened me in the following remarkable manner:—

Indifference Changed to Alarm.

With no thought beyond the round of things seen and temporal, a visit to St. George's Rectory, Toronto, proved memorable, for instead of the usual pleasant hours with the young people of the Rector's family, I was asked to accompany a stranger to some points of interest he wished to see. My companion proved to be a ritualistic clergyman, and unsaved. Yet, in God's hands his words were used as the instrument to awaken my soul to its state.

Mr. S—— inquired as to my confirmation and religious observances, receiving curt answers, intended to discourage further question-

ing. He would not, however, yield to my attempts to change the subject, but, coming to a standstill in a narrow path, along which he took the lead, he faced me, and solemnly declared: "Young man, you are going to hell. That's where you are going." He quickly silenced my angry retort by repeating the solemn statement, to which he added the mistaken advice, that I should "confess my sins to an Anglican priest," and observe the "seven sacraments," in order to have a chance of going to heaven. I accompanied him back to the rectory, but left him at the gate rather uncivilly, scarcely concealing my angry feelings of resentment at what he had said.

I have never seen or heard of my clerical companion since, but God, the Holy Spirit, caused his words to pierce through my indifference, and to disturb my peaceful, but deadly slumbers. Awake to the awful reality of an approaching hell, I now cursed the wretched spectre, as I tried to treat it. Vainly I sought for weeks together to drown all thoughts of coming wrath, and to throw off the constantly recurring words, "You are going to hell; that's where you are going." My companion had uttered God's truth, and my efforts to stifle it, and banish its unwelcome voice from my soul, proved unavailing, so that a month later my alarm drove me to face the torturing prospect of the hell to which I was indeed going. The alternative of heaven or hell for all eternity, was forced upon my thoughts. I was next deceived into trying as a remedy, what thousands of others, blinded by the "god of this world," are still trying, namely

Turning Over a New Leaf.

Vainly I sought to bring a clean thing out of an unclean. I now became busily occupied in efforts at outward reformation—ordinances scrupulously observed proved Satan's chloroform to deaden my conscience. I began to be quite content with a mere religion. But this "refuge of lies," the searchlight of God's Word exposed, and so drove me from it. May the reader, if he has not already experienced it, be driven from the false to the one true Refuge of sinners.

A Further Discovery

"Ye have not the love of God in you" (John 5:42). Satan at this time, made an assault intended to compel my return to the godless indifference that had formerly been my habit, but in this he was met and vanquished. It came about in this way: Standing near my home alone, the adversary presented to my mind reasonings, which seemed to prove the propriety of my abandoning entirely the religious profession I had adopted. He suggested that hypocrites were despised, and pressed upon my soul the conviction that personally I should scorn hypocrisy. Then, having prepared the snare, he sought to entangle my soul by pressing upon my attention a true charge, intended to produce despair. His brief arraignment consisted of the four words—"You don't love God." This charge I could not honestly dispute, for, in spite of all the reformation to which I laid claim, I knew well that I only feared God and His righteous judgment, and could not pretend to say that I really loved

Him. Satan then assailed me with derisive contempt for the hypocrisy of professing any religious sentiment whatever, in the face of my own admission that I did not love God. I left the spot declaring my religious profession "thrown overboard," and "done with," and determined to dismiss religious subjects from my mind absolutely and forever. I strode into the house. I passed through the parlour and into the dining room without meeting any person, while, in "I don't care" spirit, I kept repeating "that ends the matter, I don't love God, and won't pretend to be religious another moment." On the dining table lay a New Testament, which I had no thought of consulting, but, passing near it, I defiantly flipped the Book with my finger, using such force that it opened, and my eyes rested on the eighteenth verse of the seventh chapter of Romans. "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." Involuntarily, I ejaculated, "Why! love for God is a good thing!" Then glancing back at the Book, my eyes met the verses lower down on the same page (Rom. 8:7), "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." The consciousness of an unseen power at work solemnized me then and there. The verses before me shattered the settled conviction I had long entertained, that "to do right and love God" constituted the way to heaven. The Scriptures declare love for and obedience to God impossible products of the natural mind, and in my astonishment at statements so new and surpris-

ing to me, I actually turned again to the Book, to make sure it was really a New Testament. With the imperishable Word of God in my hand, I went to my attic bedroom, flung myself on my knees, and cried for light as to the momentous matter now wholly engrossing my soul. With expectant earnestness I again turned to the New Testament, and the hand of God surely guided its opening, for the third chapter of the Gospel by John was the portion that lay before me. There I learned the imperative necessity of regeneration, declared by the lips of Incarnate Truth. Not the work of man, but a divine creation, entirely a new birth, not a reformation of the old. Sensible that I possessed the old nature only, characterized by love of self and self interests, but devoid of any love for God, His holy Word, or will, and described as neither capable of obeying, pleasing or understanding God, the need of being "born again" was clear to me, but its nature and the way to gain it, still remained incomprehensible. From my soul all thoughts of self-help had now fled. Creative merit or natural power to achieve or promote deliverance from my fallen condition of alienation from God, and thralldom to sin and Satan, I realized to be impossible in my hapless state. I was shut up to divine interposition, and vaguely sensible that nothing short of a second birth, the implanting of divine life, was of any avail. In this consciousness, I turned again to the New Testament, God's blessed revelation, through which already He had spoken somewhat to my soul. Sitting on the bedside, I pondered page after page of the inspired vol-

ume, and eagerly read the entire contents of every chapter, from the Third of John's Gospel to 1 Peter 1: 23. Upon the darkness of my soul the light of many a Scripture flashed, as that first memorable Bible reading of mine proceeded. "Not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the Word of God, which effectually worketh, etc.," (1 Thess. 2: 13), the divine record spoke to me of my state, described as "dead in trespasses and in sins" (Eph. 2: 1), under the solemn "curse" of God's broken law (Gal. 3: 10), a "child of wrath" (Eph. 2: 3) devoid of strength, ungodly by nature and practice, away from God (Rom. 3: 6-10). While, on the other hand, there was shown the bright intelligence of God's unmerited love (Rom. 5: 8), redemption by the blood of Christ (Eph. 1: 7) from the curse of the law (Gal. 3: 13), new birth as children into the family of God (1 John 5: 1), freedom from under the dominion of sin (Rom. 6: 21), the power of His Spirit's indwelling to strengthen (Eph. 3: 17), with love begotten (Rom. 5: 4) where God and His Word had been repulsed before.

A marvellous light, dispelling the darkness, flooded my soul as I closed the book after reading 1 Peter 1: 23—"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God that liveth and abideth for ever." My faith reposed upon the Person and work of Christ, and on that sure Word of God, and through it a life new and incorruptible, like its Author's, was begotten in me, and was consciously known in my delighted soul. I fell down on my knees to thank God, pouring out

praises to Him for His redeeming love. The new life which I had thus received, manifested its nature in a newly begotten love, impelling my soul to offer adoring, grateful acknowledgments. And then I rose to leave that attic room "a new creature" in Christ Jesus (2 Cor. 5:17).

I can truly say I have no knowledge of ever hearing the truth of the Gospel before that ever-to-be-remembered day of my conversion. Although reared in an atmosphere and environment of religion, I positively knew nothing of my ruined and lost condition as a sinner, or of the need of being born again. I considered my heart anything but "desperately wicked." Indeed, I believed it to be my highest duty to cultivate that barren soil, in expectation of a crop of commendable fruit for God's acceptance. But into this dense darkness divine revelation shone, and the Holy Spirit, using the life-giving word, wrought in my soul the miracle of regeneration. Never having known of anyone confessing to being saved in this life, or knowing the present pardon of sins, I really supposed myself to be possessed of a direct revelation from God in heaven, unknown perhaps to any other in the world. So that for two whole days, the private, unspoken enjoyment of this inestimable boon continued.

Working in a busy banking office, my duties precluded time for lunch. So at the noon hour, while engaged writing entries with my pen in one hand, and in the other holding a sandwich, a much older fellow-employee approached me, with whom I had held practically no previous

intercourse, except uttering such blasphemies in his hearing as to shock a ranting dissenter, for so I regarded him. Placing his elbows on the opposite side of the desk, and resting his chin on his hands, he gazed for a few moments squarely into my face, and then said: "C——, I believe you are saved," to which I made the heartfelt answer: "Thank God I am." Slowly, and with solemn emphasis, he repeated Rom. 10:9, 10: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Freedom to confess Jesus my Saviour and Lord, was the emancipation this Scripture brought me. Then from the lips of this first fellow-believer with whom I had Christian intercourse, I learned the glorious truth of the blessed Lord's intention to come a second time, not to suffer, to bleed, or to die, but to receive to Himself His loved, chosen, and dearly bought people (1 Thess. 4:16; Phil. 3:20). My cup of bliss then "ran over." Before evening, I visited the cricket ground, and declared to my companions what the Lord had done for my soul, anticipating that all would immediately listen to my testimony, and accept God's love gift, Christ, as their personal Saviour (John 3:16). But so deep-seated in the human breast is the sin of unbelief, that I found no one in all that company to share my joy, or even to express the least desire for the happiness I testified of. From the cricket grounds I made my way to a clergyman's study, and

there declared afresh my new-found joy, with the knowledge of peace made by the blood of the cross (Col. 1:20). But there, I was only to hear crushing response. But such was the power and joy of God's salvation in my soul, that I could protest he might as well tell me the sun never shone, as that light divine had not come into my soul. For we have it put in 2 Cor. 4:6: "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." No earth-bound cloud has yet for a moment eclipsed that Sun of my soul, the arising of which I have told of in this story of my conversion. In the happy enjoyment of peace to begin with, grace to go on with, and glory to end with (Rom. 5:1, 2), I have travelled heavenward, and to a joyful eternity, for thirty-four years since that eventful day on which I was brought to God.

The gain, the joy to me of salvation has largely occupied my mind while writing this narrative, but a Saviour's heart made glad, and "rejoicing in the presence of the angels of God," tell the full-fruits of redemption. For sinners saved by grace afford the Saviour's heart delight, and cause the heavenly host to rejoice. Give Him the joy of receiving you to-day, reader, as He received me that day long ago. You need the living water, and some day, indeed, you will know it. It is freely offered (Rev. 22:16) now, but may be for ever out of reach to-morrow. Be wise then to-day. Ask yourself now. Where shall I spend eternity?

HUMAN FOLLY.

SOME years ago there lived in the centre of France a young woman who was surrounded by admirers and whose life was one continual holiday. After a time, in the midst of her pleasures, a strange paleness spread over her cheeks; her eyes became unusually brilliant, and this was thought to be the result of fatigue, but the doctors declared that it was caused by a serious illness which could not but be ultimately fatal. The family was greatly distressed by this announcement, and the one thought among them was to conceal from the loved one the alarming report, and to provide for her a succession of pleasures. Reassured by all this, she gave herself up to all that could interest or arouse, and was full of hopefulness even to the very portals of the tomb.

The family did not wish her to die at Nice, so they hurriedly took their departure from that city. They stopped a couple of days at Marseilles, where the invalid made some purchases which seemed to quite revive her.

Returning to her own part of the country, she there thought of nothing but dress and projects of one kind and another. However, death was approaching with rapid pace, and she knew nothing of it—her weakness increased continually.

“I am drowsy,” she said one evening, “let me go to sleep; that will do me good; to-morrow I will feel better.”

She fell asleep, and never wakened.

It was like a thunderbolt to this family, which lost in her the joy and delight of their lives.

“I have only one consolation,” said the weeping mother some days after to a friend who visited her, “and that is that she died without a single thought or suspicion that death was approaching.”

And it was thus that this young woman went to appear before God. Deceiving herself, deceived by her family, who lied to her up to the very last, her very death bed, doing as much as was in their power, everything to plunge this unfortunate into eternal condemnation!

Travellers tell us that the ostrich, when pursued by hunters, hides its head in a bush or in the sand, thus tranquilly submitting to death. Because this creature does not see the danger, it is supposed to conclude that the danger has ceased to exist, and so the hunter laughs at the foolishness of this poor beast. The ostrich is not altogether at the last extremity. Tracked for a long time, it has exhausted its strength in its effort to escape, but give it a little breathing time, and the least chance to escape, and it will at once be off again. It is because it sees deliverance impossible, and death certain, that it shuts its eyes to a danger from which it cannot get away.

But the great, the insensate folly, is that man should close his eyes to a fatal condition which he can avoid, and look away from a danger from which there is a way of escape, and because he does not wish to think of death, of judgment, of eternity, he tries to persuade himself that there is neither. Ah, eternity is impending; judgment awaits you; and death threatens you. Another step in the darkness

and your foot may be in the great gulf which is stretched out before you. Of what avail is it to close your eyes? Look the danger straight in the face, and you will see the path of escape from condemnation; and since God offers you grace; since He has a pardon for you, accept the salvation which He offers; and since God has provided a Saviour, come at once to Him. Trust in Him, and when you have found in Him pardon and peace you will no longer fear death nor judgment, and you will have the joy of telling others of the Saviour who has redeemed you.

“WE CAN ONLY DIE ONCE.”

SUCH was a favorite expression of a young Scotchman who had left his native country to seek his fortune in one of our colonies. If any danger presented itself, or death, sickness or accident were spoken of or alluded to, he would say in a light kind of way: “Well, we can only die once, anyhow.” I used to think when I heard his remark, Is that so? Will that expression bear the light of Scripture? and have been compelled to admit that it will not, for we are distinctly told in Rev. 20:14: “And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death.” And in chap 2:11 of the same book: “He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.” So it is quite evident by the Word of God that it is possible for us to die twice. The same book tells us what constitutes the second death, i.e., the lake of fire. A reading of the whole passage in Rev. 20 (let me quote it: “And I saw a great white throne, and Him

that sat on it from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. 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. And death and hell or hades (there are two words translated hell in the Bible, Gehenna and hades, here it is hades) were cast into the lake of fire, and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire”) shows who those are who have to die twice, viz., those who (1) have died in their sins and are raised in the second resurrection (see Rev. 20:5, 6); (2) are judged out of the things written in the books according to their works (verse 12); (3) are not found written in the book of life. But in chap. 2:11 already quoted we read of some who overcome and are not hurt of the second death, who are they? Rev. 12:11 tells us of some who “overcome . . . by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, Satan accused them in verse 10, but they could
 “Point to the atoning blood
 And say, ‘This made my peace with God.’ ”
 Reader, which class are you among?
 Are you going to die twice? or,
 Have you overcome by the blood of the
 Lamb?

“IT WAS FOR ME!”

ONE stormy Sunday afternoon, at the hour when a class of young women usually gathered in a little mountain cottage, one young girl only waited for her teacher. She had been learning during the week the sweet words contained in the 53rd of Isaiah, and as she toiled up the hillside she had been repeating the verses to herself; but they were only to her then as the “very lovely song of one who had a pleasant voice.” She did not know the meaning of “being healed by His stripes.”

After prayer, with which the hour of teaching always began, Mary repeated the first four verses of her chapter. When she reached the fifth verse: “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”—the tears filled her eyes, and before reaching the end of the verse her head sunk down, and the fast-falling tears dropped on the open Bible before her, as she sobbed out: “It was for me, it was for me!”

The intense solemnity of that moment prevented any other words being spoken than these in answer to her words: “Let us thank Him, dear child, that it was for you.” They knelt down, and after the teacher had thanked the Lord for opening the eyes of her dear scholar to see Jesus as her substitute, the weeping girl in broken words said: “Lord Jesus, I thank Thee that Thou didst die for me, that Thou didst take my punishment”; and then the sweet calm of conscious acceptance in the

Beloved stole into the broken heart, and peace with God was sweetly realized.

Rising from their knees, the teacher saw a troubled look pass over the bright face upon which "the light of His countenance" was shining, and in deep distress the child said: "Oh! my father, my mother, my brother!—they do not know this joy." So they knelt again to plead for those still "far off," and rose up comforted.

The joy of resurrection life filled the heart of that young girl with unspeakable joy; but it was only when by faith she could say: "It was for me."

Till the disciples saw for themselves that the grave of Jesus was empty, the words of the women who returned from the sepulchre were like "idle tales." Have you, reader, ever known the joy of realization, that He was wounded for your transgressions, that He was bruised for your iniquities, that the chastisement of your peace was upon Him? If not, you are far from God, outside in the darkness of unbelief and death; and until you accept the love of a living, loving Saviour, and see Him as your sin-bearer, there is no peace, no life, no joy for you.

Oh! believe this love that is yearning over you—that was stronger than death, and is as infinite as God Himself.



THE SOWER

HOW AND WHEN.

“Whose heart the Lord opened.”—Acts 16:14.

YOU ask me how I came to Christ?
I do not know,

There came a yearning for Him in my heart
So long ago.

I found earth's flowers would fade and die,
I wept for something that would satisfy;
And then—and then somehow I seemed to dare
To lift my burdened heart to Him in prayer,
I do not know, I cannot tell you how,
I only know He is my Saviour now.

You ask me when I came to Christ?
I cannot tell

The day or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well.

It must have been when I was all alone
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin,
I think, I think 'twas then I let Him in.
I do not know, I cannot tell you when,
I only know He is so dear since then.

IT WAS BUILT UPON A ROCK.

YONDER on the rocky islet of Pladda, washed by stormy seas, stands the lighthouse, flashing its welcome beams of light across the dark deep waters to guide the mariner to his desired haven. Angry storms have blown and wild seas have dashed against it, yet it has stood year after year, unmoved and unshaken. Why? Because it is firmly built upon a rock, which neither winds nor waves can move. That lighthouse is like a sinner saved by grace and built on Christ the eternal Rock of Ages. A mere religious profession is of no avail, it is likened to a house on a foundation of sand. However well it may look in fair weather, the storm of trial or coming judgment will prove it to be unreal. Nothing will stand save that which is built upon Christ. Ask yourself, what do I build my Christianity upon? Is it on vows, or promises of better living? These are only sand foundations. Is it that you are a church member and a worker in some good cause? There is no Christ and no conversion in that. You are building on the sand. Do you have certain experiences and feelings and happy frames which cause you to suppose that you are born again and on the way to heaven? Many have all these and are deceived. Their hope is in self from first to last. There is no Christ as their rock foundation. What you need as a guilty sinner is a Saviour, and God has provided one in the person of His Son. In Him alone there is salvation. Upon Christ alone, His Divine person, and His perfect work, you are told to rest, for salvation. "All other

ground is sinking sand." It is not your good works or your religion, or Christ and what you can be or do. It must be Christ alone. As a sinner, lost, undone, and hell deserving, I am glad to flee from my sins and my self-righteousness, from all that I am or ever hope to be, to find in Christ my salvation and my all. "He only is my Rock" (Psa. 62:6). I want no other. "My strong Rock" (Psa. 31:2) which can never be moved. "The Rock of my salvation" (Psa. 89:26). Do not omit the "my," for it must be an intensely personal matter to cast yourself upon Christ and to prove His saving grace and power in your soul's experience.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG BROTHER AT HAMILTON.

MANY thanks for your letter, and also for the good wishes.

The light has dawned on me at last! I am now certain that eternal life is mine. It really surprises me beyond all comprehension, to think that this, "the greatest of all gifts," has been waiting for me all along, and I have never made an effort to seize it! The inspiration came as I was reading Titus 3:4-8. With the faith that happily I now have, I will henceforth try to do good works, knowing that the Lord delighteth in them. Is it not right that when He has done so much for me, that I should do something, be it ever so little? He cannot have despaired of me, else why do I live.

Please accept my best thanks for having put me in the way of salvation.

PARTING AT THE BOUNDARY.

IN the midst of a dreary waste, often covered by Arctic snows, around the sterile Caucasus mountains, thousands of Russians, exiled because of their faith in Christ and love for God's Word, spend their years in separation from their families and friends by order of the "Emperor of all the Russians." The parting of these exiles from their friends, who sometimes accompany them to the boundary, has been described by eye-witnesses in most affecting terms. Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, brothers and sisters part there, never to meet on earth again, for in the wilds of Siberia life is usually short and the exile is glad to exchange his rude hut or cave for a home with Christ, which is "very far better" (Phil. 1:23). Sad and sorrowful as such a parting is, there is another which is infinitely more sad and yet is happening without much being said about it every day around us. It is the parting of sinners from saints, of the children of God from the unsaved, of those who are to be with Christ from those who are without hope and "without God in the world" (Eph. 2:12). Does it ever occur to you, reader, that an hour will come, when you must say a last farewell to those who love you and are lovers of the Lord? They have pleaded with you time and again to receive the Saviour who has saved them; they have warned you of your danger in neglecting or rejecting the great salvation. But have you heeded their message? Are you saved and fit to die? Can you now read your title clear to mansions

in the skies? If so, all well. But if not, there is a parting hour not far off, when you must bid a last farewell to God and Christ and the Gospel which you have so often heard. Think what that parting will be! It will be for ever. Haste while you may to the Saviour. Trifle no more.

RELIGIOUSLY GOING TO HELL.

“**R**ELIGIOUSLY going to hell.” What a startling expression for a man to make about himself, and yet how true! It was the testimony of a church-member, one who attended its services, partook of its ordinances, its worship, and its works—but he was unsaved. He knew not the Lord (John 3:36). The Holy Spirit had never convicted him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and he had never found peace and forgiveness through “the blood of Jesus Christ” (Eph. 1:7, 2:1-9). In the midst of good works and fair professions he had only “the form of godliness,” and was indeed religiously going to hell, hard on the “broad way which leads to destruction” (Matt. 7:13); for God hath said, “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven” (Matt. 18:3); but he knew nothing experimentally of what this meant. No doubt he was considered by his fellow-men to be a model man and a good Christian, but he lacked the “one thing needful . . . which shall not be taken away” (Luke 10:42). He was fair to look upon on the outside, but God looked on the inside, where He seeth the heart to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,

and all the good works and fair professions and self-righteousness are in God's sight as "filthy rags" (Isa. 64:6). He had never been "born again" (John 3:1-16), was dead in trespasses and sins, a child of wrath (Eph. 2:1-7). Already condemned (John 3:18) and on his way to hell as surely as though he had never entered the door of a church or heard of the way of salvation. He was sitting at ease in his pew while hell yawned at his feet, and Satan lured him on to destruction under the sound of the pulpit.

Saved by Grace.

But listen to what God, who is rich in mercy (Eph. 2:4-5) and not willing that any should perish (2 Pet. 3:9), did for him when He showed this man that he was guilty and undone—a sinner "short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:19-23). He revealed Jesus unto him as the friend of sinners, dying for the ungodly, the Just for the unjust, taking his place in judgment that he might have a place in glory (Isa. 53). He believed the good tidings, and though far off by nature, he was made nigh by grace through the blood of Christ (Eph. 2:13), through His grace he had forgiveness of sins (Eph. 1:7; Col. 1:13-14), he was "justified from all things" (Acts 13:38-39), and had "peace with God" (Rom. 5:1-10). He was a sinner saved by grace, through faith, "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2:8-9); "for to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4:4-5). He was no longer trying to do his best

for salvation and hoping to be saved when he died, but through faith in the Son of God he was born of the Spirit, born from on high, born of God (John 1:12-13). He was now ready for the good works which God's children walk in (Eph. 2:10; Titus 3:4-8), not because He expected to be saved thereby, but because he was already saved and had passed from death unto life (John 5:24).

“God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3:16).

“THERE ARE SO MANY HYPOCRITES.”

YES, unfortunately for them, there always have been, and I suppose there ever will be, a number of people in the world, who profess to be what they know they are not in reality. They are, undoubtedly, hypocrites, people who profess to be the children of God, but who have not been born again. Folks who sing, and say that they love the Lord, but whose works too plainly declare that they do nothing of the kind. Men and women who say they hope to be in heaven at last, but who in the meantime have turned their backs toward it, and are treading fast the way that leads to hell.

But surely you do not offer this as an excuse for refusing to become a real Christian? Suppose we advance the argument on another platform, and see how it will look.

Some time ago it was rumored that a number of counterfeit bank notes were in circulation. They were said to be photographed from

genuine notes, and several of the counterfeits were detected. The rumor was certainly calculated to put people on their guard, and to cause them to carefully examine every bank note that was offered them at the time. But what would you say of a person who, having heard of the existence of these counterfeit notes, came suddenly to the conclusion that every bank note was a counterfeit, and forthwith decided that he would destroy every one in his pocket book? Would it not be whispered that the man had become a maniac?

With equal justice may it be said that he who, having found that "there are so many hypocrites," suddenly concludes that every Christian must necessarily be a hypocrite too, is a madman. Men counterfeit only that which exists in reality, and if there were no real Christians on the earth, there would be no hypocrites.

A genuine Christian is a person who has received Christ in his heart. He has been born of the Spirit of God. The divine image has been put upon him. He has been "created in Christ Jesus unto good works." A hypocrite has none of these; he has only the outward form, and sooner or later God will expose him. Will you allow yourself to reject the salvation of God, to lose your soul, to forfeit heaven, to merit hell, by looking at the hypocrisy of others? God can make you a genuine Christian. He will, if you believe His Gospel, and receive His Son. But if you refuse and reject Him, it will be no excuse in the coming judgment that "there are so many hypocrites."

THE DRAFTED MAN'S SUBSTITUTE.

A PERSON, in the course of a morning walk, visited a cemetery, and there noticed a man planting flowers upon a grave. He asked him:

“Is it your son who is buried there?”

“No,” he replied.

“Is it your brother, or some near relation?”

“No, no.”

Laying down a little plant he held in his hand, he said:

“Well, I will tell you the whole story. When the war was declared, I was called to go. I had a delicate wife and seven children. However, I felt myself compelled to leave them as I had nothing to pay for a substitute. I got ready then to go to fight the enemy, leaving all. The evening before I was to leave, a young man whom I knew came to see me, and said:

“‘You have a large family, and I am a single man, I will go in your place.’

“He therefore went as my substitute, and in a great battle he was wounded and taken to the hospital. After a lengthy period of suffering, he died, and was buried here. For a long time I have greatly desired to visit his grave. With this in view, I have economized in every way I have been able, and finally, having saved enough money for the journey, I arrived here yesterday, and to-day I have found the place where my friend was buried.”

The eyes of the poor man were filled with tears. He took up again the plant he had laid on the ground, and proceeded to plant it by the side of the tombstone. Underneath the name of

the dead soldier these words were written:

“He died for me.”

As to ourselves, there is One also of whom we may say:

He died for me.

One who has given His life for the world, for us, not on the field of battle, but upon the cross, where He was nailed as a malefactor, not to save us from a military enrolment, but to save us from eternal condemnation. This One is Jesus Christ the Son of God, of whom it is written:

Christ died for our sins (1 Cor. 15:3).

He was delivered for our offences (Rom. 4:25)

He was made a curse for us (Gal. 3:13).

He gave Himself a ransom for all (1 Tim. 2:6).

The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all (Is. 53:6).

Jesus Christ has been given of God as our propitiatory; when we believe in Him He becomes our substitute, and this great gift was given long before we were born, and God then accepted His expiatory work as sufficient for our justification; He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God.

A young man who had drawn a fatal number in the conscription, was able to secure a substitute acceptable to the military authorities. This man was killed in battle. The recruiting officers, needing more men, called again on the liberated conscript to take his place in the ranks. He, however, through a lawyer, contested the demand, pleading that he had gone to

the war and been killed in the place of his substitute, and that the law had no further claim on him, and this the judge allowed and the recruiting officers had to accept, ceasing all further effort to enrol him.

The Word of God proclaims the same as to the believer. He has been judged, condemned, and executed in the person of Christ. He must have accepted this work as a sinner under the condemnation of God for his sins, otherwise the work of the cross will not release him from the claims of the law, which demands the death of the sinner. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

The way of salvation is exceedingly simple. We have but to take our place before God as a sinner, we must believe in the fulness of the work wrought for sinners at the cross, and in the glorious Person who accomplished the work, and then we can say:

He died for me.

I HAVE FOUND IT.

THERE is recorded the history of a poor Hindoo whose conscience had been deeply stirred on account of his sins. He had consulted the priests, and had done all that they had commanded, without dispelling his soul distress. He had made a long pilgrimage, crawling along on his hands and knees; he bathed in a number of fountains whose waters were said to have miraculous curative properties; he had fasted until he was reduced to a mere skeleton; but all to no avail, the sense of sin and misery was as great as ever. At length he was advised to put sharp nails in his shoes,

and to go to a distant temple where he would find an idol to which he should offer sacrifices and prayers. He went there, and sad and discouraged he started on his way home again.

One day, when he was nearly exhausted, he sat down to rest under the shade of some trees by the roadside, and he found himself near a missionary who was preaching the Gospel to the passers by. The preacher was speaking from these words: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and he explained that Jesus was able and willing to save all that came to Him. The pagan understood the word; his heart was touched; he took off his shoes of torture and threw them far away, saying: "Here is the Saviour I have so long sought! God be praised, I have found Him at last."

What had occurred? What extraordinary phenomenon had so instantaneously produced this marvellous transformation? How was this troubled conscience calmed in a moment? You will perhaps say he was an unbeliever and became a believer, but that hardly meets the answer to the questions as belief may be, and often is, misplaced. This man knew there was a God, and he sought Him; he believed there was a future punishment, and his desire was to avoid it; he believed in a salvation and he wanted it. Here then was a believer who acted according to his faith; and, in fact, every man is a believer, even the most sceptical, for he acts according to his faith. Faith is inherent in man, but the difference all lies in what and in whom he believes; in what his faith rests. The materialist believes in himself; he takes

his own will as his god, or his pleasure, or his intelligence, and he lives consequently for pleasure, mercy or science. The poor Hindoo, who knew there was a God, believed also in himself, since he thought he should be the instrument of his own salvation, but as he sought God and sought salvation, God revealed Himself to him, and gave him to understand that he was deceiving himself in the object of his faith. He has set forth Jesus Christ as such. It is not to believe that any sort of works can obtain salvation, but belief in a salvation which has been made.

The pagan made this exchange joyfully, and while his previous faith had only caused anguish and torment, his new faith in a crucified and risen Saviour, and in the completeness of His work, produced at once peace in his heart.

And now, if in this country where Christ has been announced as a Saviour for so many years, you are still, like this Hindoo, trying to work out your own salvation; seeking peace for your conscience in your own works; perhaps regretting that you have not the true faith, just look away from yourself, your works, and man's doctrines, to the person of Jesus and the work He has accomplished for you, and then you, too, will be able to say: "This is the Saviour I have so long sought; I have at length found Him; God be praised!"

THE MINISTER CANNOT SEND YOU TO HEAVEN.

A YOUNG wife lay dying of consumption.

All that a devoted husband, skill, and kindness could do was done, but the disease had gone too far. Husband and wife were most respectable, their outward conduct irreproachable, their married life one of happiness and content, but there was one great lack—neither of them had any saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

When it was found that the doctors could do no more, a minister was sent for. Can any one imagine that it is time enough when the approach of death is heralded? To think that a few words of counsel and a prayer, even by the most godly of ministers, will put a lifetime of wrong right is a piece of deception. God cannot countenance such folly. He says: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them" (Eccles. 12:1). "Those that seek Me early shall find Me" (Prov. 8:17).

I do not mean that the aged are not sometimes converted, nor that some do not get salvation on their dying beds; but God's direction is plain, and it is folly to disregard it. He says: "Now . . . in the days of thy youth."

The minister came, but what could he do? He could only point to the Saviour, that Saviour so long neglected. He could show the road to be travelled, but faith alone can take

that road. Alas! there seemed to be no faith to believe in Him, no desire to look to Him.

The minister left, and as he left a lady visitor arrived. She had come hoping to speak some words of comfort and help, but, alas! the poor sufferer could not now listen. Her strength was fast failing, and as it failed she cried out to her husband, "I thought the minister could send me to heaven, but he can't—he can't!" The minister could not save. Only Christ can save. He could only point the way. The anxious must travel that way for himself or herself, or all else is of no avail.

Ponder well this incident. Is this your hope—that when you can enjoy the world no more you will send for the minister. If so, be warned in time, and turn with all your heart, even now, to Him who alone can save you.

DIVINE LOVE.

WE have now come to that period in the history of God's ways with man when His love as perfect is manifested in the cross of Christ. The whole condition of man from Adam to Christ has been looked at in every way; full trial has been made in the long patience of God, of what man was, and is, and the result has proved to be without one good thing towards God.

Four thousand years of probation, and every fair trial under all the possible circumstances in which man could be placed, demonstrated his true character and condition. He is not only without one good thing towards a merciful and long-suffering God, but there is in his

heart and in all his ways the presence of every evil thing. Negatively and positively, in principle and in practice, man is essentially ungodly.

God had known this from the beginning, but it was not until after it had been fully proved that He takes His place towards the sinner in Christ Jesus, according to the greatness of His love and the riches of His grace. This is a point of immense practical importance in the history of souls. How often we have found a young believer greatly troubled and long kept from the peace of God through experiencing so much within that is contrary to Him. How can I believe God loves me—how can I believe He hears my prayers—how can I believe that I am His child, with all this indwelling sin? This perplexity is natural, and so far it is right to be troubled on account of indwelling evil; but Satan's object is to keep the soul in this state, and to turn the mind upon self for evidences, and so to harass and perplex the feeble in faith. Such souls have not yet learned the grand truth which the apostle is here discussing, and which is now before us—perfect love to the sinner, consequent upon, not before, the trial of man, and founded on the finished work of Christ. When this grand, consoling, peace-giving truth is known, all doubts, fears, and perplexities must immediately disappear. Nothing short of perfect rest and cloudless joy would fill the soul, and nothing could disturb its sweet repose. It is one with Christ in resurrection, beyond the reach of every foe, and possessed of His “unsearchable riches.”

THE SOWER

THE SIN-OFFERING.

STILL, O soul! the sign and wonder
Of all ages see—

Christ, thy God, the King of glory,
On the Cross for thee;

From the Father's bosom come,
Wandering soul, to bring thee home.

See Him of His God forsaken,
Hear His bitter cries

Rise unanswered through the darkness
Of the silent skies—

See the fountain of the blood
Shed to bring thee back to God.

Mine the sin, O mighty Saviour,
Laid by God on Thee—

Mine eternal condemnation
In Thy Cross I see—

In Thine agony divine
See the curse that else were mine.

See the conquest and the triumph
Thou for me hast won;

Justice satisfied for ever,
All God's pleasure done.

Thus, O smitten Rock, from Thee
Life eternal flows to me.

Unto me, the base, the guilty,
Flows that living flood;

I, Thine enemy, am ransomed
By that precious blood.

Silent at Thy feet I lie,
Lost in love's immensity.

THE SPY; OR, THE RACE FOR LIFE.

THE scene of this exciting incident was the East Coast of Africa, and the year in which it occurred 1889. Some German vessels of war were cruising round the coast, guarding territory which by aggressive policy they had acquired in those parts, and for this purpose were employing spies to search for and give the necessary information. The pursuance of this policy had greatly incensed the natives against them, and whenever they caught the spies they tortured them and put them to death.

The writer was at this time serving in H.M.S. "B——" on this station, and was a witness of this thrilling incident. A spy, having been taken prisoner, was condemned to suffer the agony in dying which barbarous savages know only too well how to inflict; he was taken to a small hut, and a savage placed over him as sentry, to await his fearful doom on the morrow. The distance of his place of confinement was about half-a-mile from the water's edge. Early in the morning on which the man was to be executed we dropped anchor close inshore for the purpose of purchasing from the natives anything which might be of interest. A boat was lowered and, with an officer in charge, ordered to pull for shore.

Imagine, dear reader, the feelings of that poor wretched man awaiting death! He could see the British ship drop anchor, the boat manned and armed, and the Union Jack proudly waving in the breeze; he also knew that if he could but gain the shelter of that flag, all would be well. So he determined to make the attempt, and either succeed or perish. Bracing every nerve for the struggle, he drew himself up, and with

a spring threw himself at the door, which, not being over-strong, fell with a crash. Dashing through the savage hordes assembling to witness his execution, he had gained several yards before they recovered from their surprise sufficiently to give chase, and then, with a wild yell of hatred and revenge, they sprang after him. Swift as a hound escaped from the leash, on sped the prisoner, *hope* filling his breast and nerving every muscle and sinew for the struggle, while shots from the pursuers whistled past him, and spears, swords and assegais glinted in the burning sun.

Meanwhile, the officer in the boat had taken in the situation at a glance, and ordering his men to pull with all their might, in three minutes the bows of the boat grounded on the beach, and in another second the crew stood ready to defend the panting fugitive, who, with a leap, cleared the gunwale, and reaching the stern, fell exhausted under the flag.

I shall never forget the delight and joy of that man as he realized his wonderful deliverance from the fearful death that a few moments before had awaited him. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life" (Job 2:4). But what is this life for which man is willing to stake the eternal welfare of his soul? "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not" (Job 14:2).

My reader, have you ever seriously considered this? If not, do so now, for "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9:27). I know you have read with interest the escape of the spy, but have

you thought how much his case resembles your own. Yet how much less had he at stake than you have if yet unsaved! He was condemned to die; so are you, for thus it is written, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment. So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many: and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. 9:27-28).

Like a flash of lightning the poor fugitive sprang from the hut, all his strength, energy and power, every nerve, sinew and muscle strained to the utmost in the last and victorious struggle for life, and all for the life that "fleeth as a shadow and is gone." And will you not flee from the wrath to come for your immortal soul's sake? Decide now for Christ, and you shall be saved; for it is written. "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"

A GOD OF LOVE.

OFTEN in this day when we hear different remarks concerning God, and His beloved Son, the heart goes out for those who are still in the iron grasp of the enemy, who leads them captive at his will.

The above remark is one that frequently meets my ear, with which many bring dishonor upon that blessed name.

"Could or would a 'God of love' have poor souls suffer as you say they will?" is the remark of many a one who has not yet learned that that One is of too pure eyes to behold iniquity and cannot look upon sin.

Dear reader, if you are one who so looks at God and His dealings with man, I would say but a few words which I hope may be of some benefit to your never-dying soul.

Go back with me, but for a moment, and imagine that great and terrible scene which took place, just outside that great, religious city of Jerusalem, nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

There, between two thieves, hangs no other than the Son of God, enduring the undescribable suffering of the cross, is mocked and spit upon and nailed hand and foot to that accursed tree.

Dear reader, how terrible, yet this cannot be compared with what He passed through at the hand of God.

Why was all this? It was because all had sinned, and come short of the glory of God. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life

Think of such love? Is that One not a God of love. "Whosoever" takes in every one, as a little boy said, it means you and me and everybody and since He has made provision for every one, there is no excuse for those that reject or neglect His great salvation, and I can tell you on the authority of God's holy word that He can and will judge this world in righteousness and all those that are still unsaved when Christ returns again to this earth, which may take place at any moment, will weep and wail in the torments of hell forever.

Dear unsaved reader, come to Christ while it is still the day of grace and be saved for eternity.

HUMAN OPINIONS AND DIVINE THOUGHT.

TO my thinking," says one, "if one tries to act rightly, that is all God asks of us."

"My opinion," says another, "is that we should do our best, and trust to the mercy of God."

"I am no worse than others," says a third.

While yet another will say, "I have neither killed nor stolen. My religion is to do no wrong to anyone."

And this is, in effect, your religion, your opinion, your thought. It consists in being satisfied with yourself, or in trying to be better. However excellent all this may seem to you, the conclusions first and last are quite in opposition to the mind of God.

God says that you have sinned, that all have, and furthermore that nothing that you can do can wipe out a single sin, and surely He is right.

Transplant from the side of the road a root of the nettles or from the woods a wild pear tree to your garden. You may do everything in the way of cultivation, and you will doubtless have an abundant crop, but the nettles will continue to be nettles and the pears only wild fruit. In order to obtain good fruit, a new stock must be grafted into the pear tree and the old wood cut away, and no fruit allowed to form except on the grafted part, that is to say, a new life is communicated and that is God's way as to the children of men. There must be new birth and without this none can enter the kingdom of heaven. This is quite clear from the teaching

of the New Testament, and by new birth only is the entrance. Neither intelligence, nor education, nor morality, nor kindness, nor human religion is of any avail for entrance into that kingdom. Frequenters of art galleries as well as frequenters of brothels, tract distributors and thieves, members of religious societies and ruffians from the street, ministers and murderers, philanthropists, sceptics, blasphemers, whatever may be their culture or their depravity, all are in the same place of rejection if they have not passed out of the place of death into that of life by the only way divinely appointed and that is by new birth, the door of entrance into the kingdom of God. What a future and what companionship for eternity for the self-righteous who think they need no repentance.

But there is hope for all; whosoever will may come and drink of the water of life freely. What God demands He gives. What we cannot do He does. Trust in Him. Let Him use the means He puts before you—we cannot, through our own efforts, produce the new birth. Nor indeed do we deserve such a gift; it must be received from God as pure grace, and the means is by faith in Christ, whom we accept as the gift of God. It is written God hath given unto us eternal life. and this life is in His Son. Whosoever believes on the Son hath everlasting life. We have been bought at a price, and that price His precious blood. He has sent forth His Holy Spirit to unite us by a living faith to Him so that we thus become new creatures, in Christ Jesus, children of God. The way is simple, practical, free, placed of God at every door, because God wills that ALL MEN SHOULD BE SAVED.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

BEFORE entering publicly my profession as physician, I was engaged as assistant in a hospital. In such a place one gets acquainted with a great deal of human suffering. But amidst these things the precious fruit, which alone the faith which is in Christ Jesus can produce, are also to be seen. The latter were nothing new to me, for in the earliest days of my youth I had had opportunity to see them, and especially in the life of my dear mother. She had been a godly, pious woman, quite often telling me of the dear Saviour and as often I had been a witness of her wrestling in prayer for my soul's salvation. But neither one nor the other had made a deep impression upon me. The older I grew, the more wicked I became. For the God of my mother I did not care in the least, but rather sought by all means to drive Him out of my thoughts. I was in danger of becoming a thorough infidel, but for the voice of my conscience which ever accused and reproached me for not walking in the path of my dear mother, who for many years was then in a far better scene than this world of sin and misery.

About this time an incident crossed my life which gave the same an altogether different course.

One day a seriously injured hod-carrier was brought into the hospital, who had fallen a considerable height while climbing a ladder. The case was hopeless; all we could do was to ease the pains of the unfortunate man. He seemed to realize his condition, for he was fully conscious, and asked me how long he would last.

As it was in vain to keep the truth from him, I gave him my opinion in as cautious a manner as I could.

“So long yet!” he answered. “I thought it would be sooner, but He knows best.”

“Yes, I believe I know it,” I answered. And the man looked at me, endeavoring to smile.

“I understand you very well, but I meant some One else,” he answered with difficulty.

“Have you any relatives whom we could notify?” I continued.

The patient shook his head. He stood alone in the world. His only wish was to see his boarding lady once more, because he owed her a little sum and also wished to bid her farewell. His desire was, of course, granted.

It happened to the man as I had expected. After a week of much suffering he died. I went to see him on my regular visits, at least once a day. What struck me most was the quiet, yea, almost happy expression which was constantly on his face. I knew he was a Christian, but about such matters I cared not to talk with him nor hear about.

After the man had died, some things regarding the deceased's affairs were to be attended to in my presence.

“What shall we do with this?” asked the nurse, while holding a book in her hand.

“What kind of book is it?” I asked.

“The Bible of the poor man. His boarding lady brought it at her second visit. As long as he was able he read it, and when he was unable to do so any more, he kept it under his bed cover.”

I took the Bible and—could I trust my eyes?

—*it was my own Bible*, the Bible which my mother had given me when I left my parents' home, and which later, when short of money, I had sold for a small amount, *yes, I had sold it*. My name was still in it, written in my mother's own hand, beneath it the verse which she had selected for me. I stood like in a dream, but I regained my self-control, managing to conceal before those present my deep emotion. In seemingly indifferent manner and tone I answered the nurse: "The book is old and has hardly any value. Let me keep it and I will see about the rest."

I took the Bible to my rooms. It had been used frequently. Many leaves were loose, others torn; the cover was also damaged. Almost every page gave evidence that it had been read very often. Many places were underscored, and while looking through it, I read some of the precious verses, and a word I had heard in the days of my youth returned to my memory. With a deep sense of shame I looked upon the precious book. It had given comfort and refreshing to the unfortunate man in his last hours. It had been a guide to him unto life eternal, so that he had been enabled to die in peace and in happiness. And this book, the last and most precious gift of my mother, I had actually sold for a ridiculous price.

I need not add much more. Be it sufficient to say that the regained possession of my Bible was the cause of my conversion.

The voice of my conscience could no more be silenced. I found no rest until I arose and came to Him whose hand of love I had often repulsed, but who ever thought of me in love

and compassion. God gave grace so that I was enabled to understand and believe that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," of whom I too seemed to be one of the chief.

A TRAMP WITH TRACTS.

IT was a lovely day in October (not cold enough to make an overcoat necessary but cool enough to make brisk walking desirable) when we started out early in the morning with a bag full of tracts for a day's tramp. Our route for the first three miles lay through beautiful but sparsely populated country, but with plenty of telegraph poles into which we stuck scripture cards for the wayfarer. In the first village we were eyed with the usual curiosity and disdain accorded tract distributors, but were comforted to find a woman we had previously met in the hospital and from her we received a warm welcome. From this village for a distance of about a mile the road gradually descended between lovely high banks and overhanging trees to the river. About half way down we noticed a gentleman strolling around the grounds of a sanitarium and climbed the bank to give him some tracts. Glancing at them for a minute he turned to us with tears in his eyes and remarked, "I love the Lord Jesus, too." Dear fellow Christian, if you have ever had a similar experience distributing tracts you know what joy was ours. After a few minutes happy conversation with him we gave him a bound volume of this magazine and some more tracts, which he began immediately to distribute.

Only a few yards further on we stepped into a quaint old stone cottage, built at right angles to the road, and were greeted by a cheery looking old colored woman. When our mission dawned upon her she threw up her hands with delight, exclaiming, "Lor, brudder! I never was visited like this before." And then the old lady told us of her many trials and of how the Lord had sustained her through them all, winding up by saying, "It's a gran thing to be borned again, ain't it?"

We have often noticed that when we have met simple children of faith like those described we generally meet also those who are indifferent to God and His claims upon them, some indeed bitter against Him, and to-day was no exception to this rule. Leaving our old colored friend we made for the ferry. The ferryman took the scripture card we offered him, glanced at it and threw it into the river, remarking, "God and heaven is a fraud." We reminded him that the One he despised was the One he must meet, in judgment if not in grace.

The next three miles were without incident, except to meet with a friendly greeting at a farm at which we had called on a similar outing. We arrived next at an important suburb where we stayed long enough to get lunch. In the restaurant we gave a scripture card to a man at an adjoining table. He read it, turned it over and looked at it for about five minutes, then quietly drawing his chair nearer remarked that in his opinion one religion was as good as another, that he himself formerly belonged to "church" but had left it, although his children still went to Sunday school, while he read the

Sunday newspaper. We asked him, after he had expressed his opinion that one religion was as good as another, whether he was happy. He frankly admitted he was not. We then pointed him to the One who alone could make him happy, and proceeded on our journey, leaving him to the One who knows the secrets of the heart.

The next nine miles lay through an old and fairly populous district and over bad roads so that at the end we were pretty footsore. During this part of the journey we were struck by the number of times we were asked, as we handed out a tract or a card, "What is it—a five-dollar bill?" or, "a ten-dollar bill?" This question made us think of another, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Then again we were comforted by a Christian lady we found sitting on a bench awaiting a trolley. She gladly took our tracts, promising to give them to her father-in-law, who although seventy years old had been an infidel all his life until the last few months, when a serious illness had given him a glimpse of eternity and changed his views entirely.

Two miles further brought us to an old and populous town where we distributed many scripture cards and then by train five miles to a little village, where we met, by previous arrangement, a little company of about thirty persons for the gospel. Then home at ten o'clock after a long but enjoyable day. The results we cheerfully leave to God, knowing that the truth given out will return laden with blessing if believed, or laden with condemnation, and robbing of all excuse, if rejected.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

IT is nearly 4 p.m., the ship's bell has been tolling for some minutes, the steamer's engines have been stopped, and she lies in the bright afternoon, rolling quietly in the southerly swell that pulsates the great blue ocean. There is a look of expectancy on the faces of the passengers, and a solemn stillness seems to fall over everybody, as a company of sailors come along the deck carrying on a hatch a body covered with the Union Jack.

Who is it? One of the seamen! A few hours ago he appeared as well and strong as any of his shipmates who are now carrying him. That morning no one had suspected as he went about his duties that aught was the matter with him, or that death was so near, but after a little exertion, no more than ordinary, he had thrown up his arms and fallen on deck, and without return of consciousness, in two or three minutes had passed into eternity.

Very few of the passengers knew anything about it. The little world in which we moved went on with its music and laughter, and its enjoyment of the marvelous scenery amidst which the steamer was cruising at the time. But death, uninvited and unexpected, solemn, silent and ruthless, had broken in upon our little company and taken away our shipmate beyond the help of his fellows, beyond this life with its duties, its pleasures, or its opportunities of a full, free and eternal salvation, to stand naked and alone before his God!

How awfully sudden and irresistible death had come to him; but who can tell whether the writer or reader of this may not at any moment

be called away just as suddenly and unexpectedly. "What is your life?" asks the apostle. "For ye are a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away" (Jas. 4:14, R.V.). "Verily, a man at his best estate is altogether vanity [a breath]" (Psa. 39:5). Why then should we presume or act as if we had a lease of life, as if everybody was mortal except ourselves?

But now the ship's company, with many of the passengers, have gathered round the body, as it lies on its rough bier at the open gangway. A minister, who happens to be on board, begins to read the funeral service, and soon he reaches the words, "We commit the body to the deep," the hatch is tilted up by two of the sailors, and the body, sewn up in its canvas shroud, slips from under the Union Jack and plunges into the depth of the sea, there to rest until, at the voice of God, the sea gives up the dead that are in it.

And then what? I cannot tell; but this I know, by the sure Word of God, that if he whose body we have just committed to the deep was a believer in the Lord Jesus and in the work He finished on Calvary's Cross, it will be well with him. The Lord is coming some day to call His own who have fallen asleep, from the grave and from the sea, and if a believer, our shipmate shall from the depth of the Tasman Sea enter into eternal bliss and glory; but if he passed into eternity unreconciled to God through faith in the Lord Jesus, if he lived and died neglecting or rejecting the grace of life, presented so freely in the Gospel of God's love, he will be in the ocean's depth until the Great White Throne

is set up (Rev. 20:11), when the sea will give up the dead still in it, and he shall stand before Him whom he neglected as a Saviour, and by Him be righteously judged and cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death.

Reader, you are to have a part either in the resurrection of life, or the resurrection of judgment. Which would it be if the Lord called you away as suddenly as He did this seaman?

The service is over, the engines start again, and the ship is soon on her course and making her way across the sea. How quickly the incident seems to be forgotten: soon music and singing, games and amusement, are again in full swing. And thus the world, in spite of such warnings, lulled to sleep by some opiate of Satan's, rushes on to eternity.

Had God manifested His love toward man before He had proved what was in him, He might have been afterwards disappointed, as men speak, with his ingratitude and disobedience; and we might reasonably enough have been in doubt as to what God would now say, and whether He would not turn away from us and judge us as hopelessly evil. But, oh! blessed! precious! yea, thrice precious truth to the soul! it was not until man had been fully tried in every way, and his terrible guilt consummated in the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, God's well-beloved Son, that His love is fully revealed.

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