

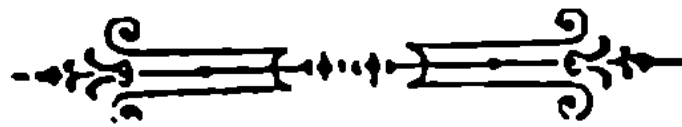
W. Bentley

# Words of Salvation.

“(He) shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved.”—Acts xi. 14.

“Salvation is of the Lord.”—Jonah ii. 9.

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# Words of Salvation.

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## READ THEM TO ME.

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**A** YOUNG man lay seriously ill, so ill indeed that it was by no means certain that he would recover.

He had been born to wealth and had lived in luxury and ease, and, alas! like many another in similar circumstances, had forgotten the claims of God.

As I said, he lay stricken down by serious illness, and on the day of which I write he turned to his nurse and said: "Nurse, I think I remember some beautiful words spoken by some one as he was dying; I think they are in the Bible: will you read them to me."

Readily enough, Nurse ——— responded to the request of the sick man, and fetching her Bible she sat down beside him and found the place in the scriptures where the evangelist has recorded the words uttered by Christ upon the cross:

"And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on

the right hand, and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Luke xxiii. 33, 34.)

Little was said after the scripture was read, and whether the poor sufferer was drawn to God by His exceeding grace shewn so touchingly in the Saviour's words, I cannot tell. That I must leave to Him who judges the secrets of all hearts.

Let me ask you, however, whether the blessed grace of Christ has ever touched your heart? That the words He uttered in the hour of His suffering and woe were wonderful words I am sure you will agree.

“FATHER, FORGIVE THEM”!

And who were they? are you more sinful than they were? They were rejecting and refusing His claim over them. And have not we done the very same thing? Indeed we have. Yes, and we can turn to God in the remembrance of that wonderful prayer and be assured that we shall be forgiven. They know not what they do!

If you really thought that you were throwing back God's love and grace in His face, would you do it? If you thought that you were refusing the only hope offered you of escaping an eternity

of woe and darkness, would you persist in your course?

No, surely not! The fact is, you have been blinded by Satan, the god of this world, and you know not what you do. Again, God takes an opportunity by your taking up this little book and reading it, of speaking to you. Are you careless? Then awake, I entreat you, before it is too late. Are you deceived? are you sure that what you trust in is the truth? You may tell me you are as sincere as I am, and I have no right to doubt it. But sincerity in a false hope will not secure salvation: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5.)

A captain may say he is sure his vessel is sea-worthy, and if questioned on the subject may say he is sincere and has perfect confidence in his ship. He puts to sea and when in mid ocean he learns that they have "sprung a leak." Every effort avails nothing and the ship founders and every one on board is lost. The captain had sincere belief in his ship, but his sincerity did not save him. And believe me, reader, you may be sincere, but is that in which you are resting worthy of your trust?

If not, yours must be a terrible awakening one day. Are you angry with me because I thus speak? Better far be angry with me than be lost. Let me urge you to consider this matter seriously and see to it that now in time, on earth, before you pass hence, you have the forgiveness of your sins, through faith in Christ Jesus and His shed blood.

“Be it known unto you . . . that through this man [Christ Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.”

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## A STRIKING QUESTION.

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**S**SOME time ago I heard of a man who boasted to a Christian that he had travelled the world over, and indicated that there was scarcely a place to which he had not been. The Christian listened with interest until the traveller had finished, when he asked the question, “Have you ever been to a place called Calvary?” After a few moments pause the answer came, “I have never heard of it.” He had never heard of the place where Jesus died. Although he had travelled all over the world he had never been there.



You may not have travelled very far, dear reader, but if, in the history of your soul, you have reached Calvary, you have reached a wonderful spot.

We all have our short history in this world but there is such a thing as soul history. The majority have heard of Calvary, they have heard the gospel, and have had Christ presented to them. He is the One upon whom we can rest for the salvation of our souls.

And with regard to soul history, the question is whether I have so far accepted or rejected Christ! He is the great test. He is the One whom this world has done away with. It has crucified Him. So another question presents itself, "Do I side with the world or with heaven?"

I have said Calvary is a wonderful spot to reach, and so it is. There have been many great events in this world, but never one so great as that which took place nearly two thousand years ago at Calvary. It was an unusual event when Christ was born, but everything hangs upon His wondrous death. You and I must depend upon that for our souls' eternal blessing.

We do well to linger at such a place as Calvary, and learn all that it meant to Jesus, and all that it means to us. The believer can say, "His death means

life for me; apart from that I have no hope.”

But let us look more closely at what He suffered. It is fully recorded in the four gospels. On a certain feast day, as the custom was, they released a prisoner, Barabbas, a murderer. And hands full of envy and hatred led Jesus away to be crucified. In spite of finding no fault in Him, or any evil committed by Him, the shout went up, with one unanimous burst, “Crucify him, crucify him”! They did so—they crucified Him between two thieves, and in so doing the scripture was fulfilled which saith: “And he was numbered with the transgressors.” (Mark xv. 28.)

Those blessed hands that were previously outstretched in blessing were nailed to the cross; those feet once wearied as He journeyed through this world were pierced in like manner. He hung there the willing Victim. “He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth.” (Acts viii. 32.)

But what did the people do after that? They took their ease. They sat down and watched the Saviour suffer. Before they had crucified Him they spat in His face, smote Him with the palms of their hands

and blindfolded Him, and asked Him to prophesy who it was that smote Him. They made sport of that blessed One. They stripped Him and clothed Him in mockery, and crowned His head with thorns. What a sight for heaven to behold. He in His love was giving Himself for them, but they in their hatred were getting rid of Him.

But remember, there was a cry wrung from His lips. Blessed, wondrous words! "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do"! Did the Father hear that cry? He did. The thief, having owned everything in himself to be wrong, and nothing amiss with Christ, was forgiven, and shared His company a few hours later in another scene altogether.

There is another point worthy of our notice. This holy sufferer was left entirely alone. His disciples all forsook Him and fled. But more than that, God forsook Him also. He hung there as the great Sin-bearer, the only One competent to take up the whole question of sin for God and man.

For three hours there was darkness over all the land, and after being forsaken by God He cried with a loud voice, "It is finished"! and He bowed His head in death. The necessary work was done, and

God was satisfied. The veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. God could then come out as a "Saviour-God," with blessing for His creatures.

Before Jesus was taken down from the cross, the soldiers came and break the legs of the thieves, but Jesus, being dead already, they break not His legs, that the scripture should be fulfilled, "A bone of him shall not be broken." (John xix. 36.) But His precious blood must be shed. One of the soldiers pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.

Does it appear a gloomy picture to you, as you read? Jesus had to suffer all this for your soul's salvation. Have you ever allowed your thoughts to travel back as far as Calvary? Have you ever thought of Jesus' suffering all this on account of your sins? Have you ever appropriated Him as the One who died for you? No one rightly begins the Christian path until they have bowed to the Lord Jesus. I would beseech you not to make light of this matter. I notice one of the main features of man's treatment of Christ was **mockery.**

He was saluted in mockery. (Mark xv.

18.) They even bowed their knees and worshipped Him in mockery. (Mark xv. 19.)

But the day is coming when every knee shall bow in reality. (Phil. ii. 10.)

Again, the chief priests and scribes speaking mockingly of Him said, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." (Mark xv. 31.) Had He saved Himself there would have been no salvation for others. I would urge you to keep clear of the spirit of mockery, it will surely receive its reward.

All that Christ passed through was God's own appointed way by which to bring in salvation. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so *must* the Son of man be lifted up." (John iii. 14.) Men would have *stoned* Him to death, but were not permitted. (John viii. 59; x. 31.) They would have thrust Him over the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, but God did not allow it. (Luke iv. 29.) He *must be lifted up*.

In closing, let me say that the same One who died at Calvary is now seated at God's right hand, still the Saviour. If your heart is affected by the wondrous story of the cross as shewn in scripture, it will surely travel in affection to where

Christ now sits, while you will ever remember what He suffered at Calvary.

“Jesus, Thy head once crowned with thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now,  
Heaven’s royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor’s brow.”

A. H. C.

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## THE FINISHED WORK.

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**J**OHN —, the saddler, was known in his village as a trustworthy workman, who took an honest pride in doing what he had to do well. But John was in trouble about his soul; he was not satisfied with himself, he feared death, and, for the unsaved, that awful “after death the judgment.” Yet John was a religious man, and one who, looking at outward things, stood better than many of his neighbours.

One Saturday evening, a friend of the saddler, who knew his anxiety of soul, called in upon him. The week’s work was just over, the last stroke had been given to the piece in hand, and John was putting down his tools, exclaiming, “That job’s done,” and as he set the harness upon the table, his friend observed that he eyed it

with the satisfaction of one whose hard week's labour was ended.

Looking at the work, and then at the workman, his friend exclaimed, "Why, John, how is this? What! you fold your hands, and sit down! Do you mean to call this harness finished?"

"Sir," cried the saddler, with some little indignation, "when I say a job is done, it is done. It means done, and well, and properly."

"How so, John? what, you call it finished, do you?" "To be sure I do—I am not one of the scamping sort—and it is finished," John warmly replied, viewing his work with greater satisfaction.

"Then I am to believe you, am I?"

John would never allow any one to question his word, and was not at all pleased at the insinuation cast upon himself and his work. He considered his word true and honest; and his work, was it not the very best he could give his customers? "Ah! John," continued his friend, "so I am to believe you, am I? and yet you won't believe the Lord Jesus."

Here John was perplexed. "Believe Him," replied his friend, "and yet doubt His work? no, that will not do. He said upon the cross, 'It is finished;' and I believe what Jesus said. He came from

heaven to finish the work which His Father gave Him to do. He came to work our salvation; neither did He rest till all was done. By faith I see Jesus seated upon the right hand of God's throne on high, in token that all is done. The scripture tells us, 'When he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.' I did not really doubt you when you said your work was done: your folded hands proved to me at once that your week's labour was over. And a pleasant thing it is, on a Saturday night, to sit down and say, 'It is all done; tomorrow I can rest.' But strange it is that you, who speak so confidently upon your work being done, cannot trust the Son of God."

John would not allow that he did not trust the Lord; yet, when his friend added, "If you do then trust Him, how is it that you have not the peace of which God speaks?" He was silenced.

Jesus said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God;" and He came from heaven to earth, and died for us upon the cross; "by the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once;" and Jesus, after He had accomplished God's will, "after he had offered one



sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God.” All is finished, and now it is peace for all who believe.

The simple illustration was used by God to John’s deliverance of soul, may it be to yours, dear reader. And instead of toiling, striving, labouring, day by day, may you rest in the finished work of Christ.

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## “DESPISING” OR “BELIEVING,” WHICH?

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**A**T the close of one of those remarkable addresses of the Apostle Paul’s he gave a very solemn warning.

He had been telling his audience about the forgiveness of sins—of forgiveness freely given by God. He had pointed out that though man had rejected God’s Son and had crucified Him, God had raised Him from the dead and that through that very Person—a risen, living Saviour—this message of forgiveness was sent.

It is surprising that such a message was not received with gladness and gratitude by every one who heard it! For all needed the forgiveness offered, as we also do; and, according to the message, any one could have it. Let us quote the apostle’s words,

“Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things.” (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

Nothing could be plainer! Forgiveness preached through Jesus; offered to all; and the one who believes receives!

But apparently the message was not received by everybody, as we might have expected it would have been, and hence the warning is added.

And what was the warning? It was this! “Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets; behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.” (Acts xiii. 40, 41.)

How solemn! Despisers perishing! God working and man in no wise believing! Alas! how many to-day are despising God’s message! It may be they have never felt their need; or they are trying to seek God by some other way.

Reader, what are *you* doing with regard to God’s message? It is all about Christ. What *He* has done and what is offered through *Him*! He is the God-provided Saviour. Are you a believer or a despiser?

Every need you have He is able and willing to meet.

Think of the grace ! The God we have sinned against has made the approach. Not, as we might have supposed, calling upon us to recompence Him and make amends to Him for all our wrong doings, but offering a full pardon. He invites us to come to Him and be reconciled.

Nothing need keep us away, for God knows us thoroughly; and knowing us He bids us come and receive full pardon.

How foolish to despise such a message !  
How wrong to despise such a Saviour !

So mighty a work has been done by Him ; every question of sin has been once and for ever settled by His sacrifice upon the cross, and through that work forgiveness is offered to you. Will *you* in “ no wise believe ” ?

To *believe* will mean forgiveness, happiness and heaven !

To *despise* will mean eternal ruin.

Again, reader, let me ask : Are you a despiser or a believer ?

M. W. B.

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## A WORD TO DOUBTERS.

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“ Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not* come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.” (John v. 24.)

---

IF all the SHALLS in scripture meant  
 PERHAPS,  
 And all the HATHS meant simply HOPE  
 TO HAVE,  
 And all the ARES depended on an IF,  
 I well might doubt.

But since the living God means what He  
 says, and cannot lie,  
 I trust His faithful word, and know that I  
 Shall surely dwell throughout eternity  
 With Him I dearly love, e'en Christ  
 Himself.

# LOST AND FOUND.

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“For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” (Luke xix. 10.)

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**I**T was getting dark one evening when a girl of fourteen came to me and said, “Oh! mother is dying, and you have not been down to-day, and she cannot find Jesus.” The woman spoken of was living in our Fens, and she had long been anxious and troubled about her sins. As the journey to her little home was difficult and dark, I therefore said to her, “I’ll come in the morning if spared, but will you go quickly home and give her this message. ‘Tell her Jesus is the good Shepherd—He is seeking her; tell her to let herself go into His kind arms and not try to *find Him*—He will *find her*—because [I went on to say] the sheep do not seek the Shepherd, but the Shepherd seeks the sheep.’” I gave her this message over and over again, fearing she might forget it, and went and told my heavenly Father all about it, and asked Him to send light to the woman’s soul.

Next day I took my journey to her house, but found she had just died. The

sight I shall never forget. All her friends and relations were assembled and telling of her dying happy moments, how she kept repeating, "He's found me—the dear Shepherd has long looked for me and now I've let Him find me." They said it was not dying, for her joyful praises and gladness of heart made her forget all her pains, as she passed away to the good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep.

Are you trying to find the Shepherd, or are you able to see the great stoop He has made in leaving heaven to seek and save the lost?

Do you not remember His own words: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." (John x. 11.) Long before we were awakened to a sense of our need He had come down to the earth and died. Truly the *good* Shepherd; no love like His! He gave His life for us. Love could have done no more. This then is what He has done for His sheep. Ah! yes, says one, if I could only be sure that I am one of His sheep, I should be happy. The poor, dying woman of whom I have spoken knew she was one of His sheep and so may you. It is simple. In the same chapter in the gospel we read: "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and

am known of mine.” (John x. 14.) Have you the sense that you know the Lord for yourself and that He knows you? Then take heart and be comforted in the assurance that you *are* one of His sheep; He gave His life for you; He knows you; and you know Him. Blessed comfort to a longing soul. But, says another, I am not fully sure yet that I am one of His sheep. Let me turn you again to the scripture: “But ye believe not, because ye are NOT of my sheep.” (John x. 26.) Yes, yes, but I do believe, I am not an unbeliever. Then clearly you *are* one of His sheep because our Lord said ye are *not* my sheep because ye believe not.

And again: “My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall

**never perish,**

neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.”

May the blessed Lord, that great Shepherd, find you as you read these lines; and in the words of the parable, He will lay you upon His shoulders, rejoicing. (Luke xv. 5.)

# “ TRYING TO FORGET THEM.”

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“ I AM trying to forget them ! ” The speaker was an elderly lady who had been listening to a gospel address.

At the close of the meeting the preacher inquired of one and another of his congregation, individually, as to their soul's welfare. In course of conversation with the lady alluded to he said : “ But what about your sins, madam ? ” and received the answer we have already given.

The folly of such a course was pointed out and how it mattered very little, in one sense, if *we* forgot our sins if they were ever before *God's* eye. We had sinned against God, and folly, indeed, it would be to try and forget things which one day will most surely have to be remembered.

We do not know whether the person heeded the remarks, or whether she is still “ trying to forget.” But what are *we* going to do, reader ?

That we have sinned against God, most, if not all, I suppose, will acknowledge. We may be unconcerned ; we may have treated the matter with indifference up to the present. But now it is brought before us we cannot deny it.

How many are like the person we have



spoken about, who was trying to forget her sins. Conscience has often and often spoken, but a deaf ear has been turned to its oft-repeated words, until, perhaps, we have forgotten some of our sins and others we wish we could forget.

Is the ostrich secure from her hunters because she buries her head in the sand? Foolish bird, we say—and yet, is not this just what hundreds of people are doing?

Anything to kill time now-a-days! The theatre, music hall, gambling, as well as the hundred and one different kinds of, so-called, harmless amusements! But why all this rush, this ceaseless, busy, restless rush—pleasure and business, business and recreation? Why? Can we answer?

We do not care to have time to think. Conscience may speak; we may be reminded of our sins. We want to forget that we are sinners.

They will be remembered one day. What an awful awakening if we are for the first time aroused to the sense of our sinfulness, as we stand just as we really are before a holy God! Not then as a Saviour, but as a Judge.

It would be poor work for the writer if he could only tell of a God who judges sin. That God will judge sin is most true;

but He is not judging, but saving now. He is a "*Saviour-God*." God is pointing us to a work His Son has done, and is telling us that, though we did not love Him, He loved us.

We need not be afraid of facing our sins, for God has faced them first and dealt with them through Jesus, once and for ever.

Infinitely better face them now, while it is the day of grace and while God is waiting to pardon, than to face them for the first time before a holy Judge!

Christ has suffered—the Just, for us the unjust. He has offered one sacrifice for sins. God's message to-day is: *Believe!* For "whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts x. 43.) And of those who believe, God says, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. x. 17.)

M. W. B.

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## "IS IT PEACE?"

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"**I**S it peace, Jehu?" Such were the words addressed to Jehu by the idolatrous son of Ahab, the wicked king who, together with his wife Jezebel, wrought evil in the sight of the Lord and

A mounted messenger comes up in hot haste to meet Jehu, the king of Israel, with these words, “ Is it peace ? ”

“ What hast thou to do with peace ? ” answers the king.

A second mounted messenger comes up with the same words, “ Is it peace ? ”

“ What hast thou to do with peace ? turn thee behind me,” answers the king again.

Joram, the king of Israel, and Ahaziah, king of Judah, made ready their chariots, and they went out against Jehu. And Joram, the king of Israel, met him and said, “ Is it peace, Jehu ? ” The king turns and in a stern voice says, “ What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many ? ” (2 Kings ix. 22.) He turns to flee, but an arrow from the bow of Jehu smote him between his arms, piercing his heart, that he sank down in his chariot. The curtain falls, and the beginning and end of this monarch in Israel is recorded for us in holy scripture. May we be permitted, friend, to put the important question to you, Is it peace ? When you think of the possibility of death, is it peace ? Nay, more, of the judgment of God that comes after death, is it peace ? When you think of a lifetime of sins, un-

confessed, unforgiven, is it peace? Of the day, if still unsaved, unblest, when before the great white throne you must stand, to listen to the terrible sentence pronounced by the Judge of all the earth—is it peace then? You cannot escape His scrutiny. Meet God you must.

Be frank and honest with yourself now, the truth is there is no peace within your breast, if you are unsaved. “There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked,” is the testimony of scripture. This has been proved again and again; amidst the unrest which prevails to-day, are men at peace? how can they be if God is not known. There is only one way that peace can be obtained. Listen! “Acquaint now thyself with him [God], and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee.” Acquaint now. It must be done now if you would know peace with God. The believer in Jesus can say, “Therefore being justified by faith, WE HAVE peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (Rom. v. 1.) He can speak of it as a present possession and a present enjoyment for his soul. He HAS peace with God. The words addressed by the chaplain after the sentence of death has been passed upon a guilty culprit are: “You must make your peace with God.”

Impossible. How could he make his peace with God? Peace has been made by Christ alone upon the cross. For HE HAS MADE “ peace through the blood of his cross.” (Col. i. 20.) Thus God can be favourable to men on the ground of the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. So the sinful person can now make his acquaintance with God and be at peace. How could there be peace so long as the whoredoms and witchcrafts of Jezebel were so many? Israel and Judah had kept Jehovah their God at a distance from them, their sins had separated between them and their God. When such a state of things existed in the land how could there be peace? Impossible! It is written: “ The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond: it is graven upon the table of their heart, and upon the horns of your altars.” (Jer. xvii. 1.) If that was so, and it certainly was, how could there be peace?

If still in your sins, if still at a distance from God, if still pursuing the pleasures of the world, how can there be peace. From the least even to the greatest, from the prophet even unto the priest, they all dealt falsely and they said, peace, peace, when there was no peace. Such things were found among God’s ancient people,

how could there be peace? And if such things are found with us, how can there be peace? There can be no soul-rest, no conscience-rest, no heart-rest, no mind-rest, but a warfare going on within, as we discover that we are not right with God. Oh, reader, see to it and that right early that you are not resting your soul upon a false hope, upon a sandy foundation, which will not stand the test of the judgment storm that is about to sweep in a mighty torrent upon this guilty world. See to it that your soul is resting upon none other than Christ, the "Rock of ages," and thus be able to sing—

"On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

E. I. E.

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## "AFTER THIS."

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**T**WO men were watching a costly funeral procession as it made its slow way through the heart of busy London, and passing by I overheard one say to the other, "It's all over with him—he's out of his troubles now."

All over with him! nay, thought I, rather the reality has only just begun with him; life's dream has ended, and the

waking is his. My first impulse was to speak at once to the man, but guessing he would not remove from his post for a time, I went on my errand, and returned in about half-an-hour.

The old man was still at the same spot, so I accosted him abruptly, “You said, friend, as the funeral passed by, it was all over with him, has it not rather just begun with him?”

“What do you mean, sir? I don’t understand you.”

“You soon forget, my aged friend, but God never forgets. You forgot when you passed your remark upon the funeral that there is something *after* death.”

And then, what half-an-hour in change-ful London streets had chased from his memory, came back to his mind, as he said, “You are quite right, I know there is after death.” “Well, friend,” I asked, “and what will be your ‘after death’? God tells us. ‘It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this* the judgment’; and after the judgment there is hell fire for such as do not receive Christ in this life.”

The man was for the moment distressed, and said,

“What will it be with me? Oh! I am sure I don’t know. I hope and I try at times, but I cannot tell.”

“Then hear what God says, ‘Be it known unto you . . . that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things;’ and listen also to this word, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.’ Believe in Jesus and eternal life shall be yours now, and after death eternal happiness.”

Reader, the sinner begins his troubles after death—all he ever suffered here is just nothing to what he will endure after death. On the other hand, the true believer is for ever out of his troubles after death.

Do you know that God says, the sinner who believes His word and His Son “shall not come into judgment; but is passed from death unto life”? (See John v. 24.) Jesus has borne the judgment of His people. He has been judged in their stead, He has endured the whole of the wrath of God due to them against sin, and believing Him they have passed from the nature state of death to the new state of life in Christ. As the believer’s judgment is passed, so his “after-death” is not wrath but glory; but as the unbeliever’s judgment is to come, so his after death is punishment, not peace. Do you believe this, reader? Those who



believe in Jesus are not looking forward to judgment, but to the coming of Him who was judged in their place. (Read Heb. x. 27-29.) His Person is now their object; glory with Him, their prospect.

Every man's sins must be judged, for God is just; the difference between saved and lost is, that the saved looked back to the judgment of their sins upon the cross, while the lost have the judgment of their sins at the great white throne yet to come.

Soon indeed will it be "all over with him," who is of the world, whose hopes are earthly, whose prospects are no greater than this scene. Alas, for them; alas, for you, reader, if Christ Himself be not your Saviour and your hope.

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## SUNDAY RELIGION.

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**O**N a certain Monday morning a young man told me that he and his people at home had, on the previous evening, sung many of the hymns in the Ancient and Modern Hymn-book; in fact he said they had a real good time. He had forgotten for the moment his every-day conduct, with which I was well acquainted. So I quietly reminded him after this

fashion: "That sounds rather odd, singing on Sunday and swearing on Monday." To which he replied, "Well, I don't profess to be *very* religious."

This young man's case is not an exceptional one. Sunday religion is a very general thing. The devil is delighted when he can make people believe that there ought to be a certain amount of reserve with them on Sunday. He does not mind how many hymns are sung as long as the words have no effect. My friend told me he liked the tunes of the hymns. So does Satan. I feel sure it is quite a usual practice for those who have no regard for Christ to engage in much that appears religious, and are quite unaware that Satan is deceiving them. This is a solemn thing.

Music may charm the ear, and act upon the feelings, but surely nothing but Christ can possibly affect the heart to the saving of the soul.

A customary Monday morning remark is—"Did you go to church yesterday?" To which varied answers are given. "It was so wet I did not move outside the door," says one. "Oh! yes, So-and-so was preaching in the evening, so I went—the first time for months. Wasn't I good?" says another.

Then perhaps there is one who has a certain regard for Sunday and thinks it right and proper to go out two or three times regularly. Others do not believe in religion at all, and consequently go nowhere. "I don't believe in it," said a man to me, "it is a lot of nonsense."

Well, my reader, whatever your opinion may be, whether you profess to be religious or no is not the question. Do you know

### Christ as your Saviour?

It is a simple question, but some are soon offended at it. There is many a nice, modest, moral, upright person who would be very much upset if that question were put to them. And yet, if the truth were owned, they would have to confess they had never put their trust in Him.

I know a man who sings in the choir every Sunday, and does his best to get others to join and yet he does not know his sins forgiven. He does not even profess to be a believer. He has a good voice for singing and likes others to know it.

There were those in the world when Christ was here of whom He said, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." Everything was of an outward character, and

the Lord had to condemn them. He read them through and through. Why was it? Because they were not religious? No, not at all! A more religious class there never was. They gave alms; they prayed; they fasted, and made a general show. Every one could see they were religious. But they were at a distance from God. They did not know Him, nor did they want to do so. It meant that their outward show had to go. If the heart is affected so that room is made for Christ, all outward show is abhorred.

So the question is not, "Are you religious?" but, "Do you appreciate Christ?" Nothing is said against religion. Not a word. But it must be remembered that there is the real thing and the false. And you may depend upon it if what you are connected with does not savour of Christ and bring Him before you, it is not the real thing.

May He give us to see that all our religion can effect nothing unless it be connected with Him. May He give us to see what we are before Him at our best, and in His grace enable us to submit to Him. We then begin to realise that we need Him every day, not only on Sunday.

# THE FRIAR'S CONFESSION.

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**S**OME hundreds of years ago, there was a poor Carthusian friar, named Martin, to whom the Lord Jesus revealed Himself by His Spirit. The friar being shut up in the lonely cell of his monastery, had no opportunity of testifying before men of the Saviour he loved, but he longed to utter the praises of Jesus, so he wrote out the following confession, which he placed in a wooden box with its precious contents in a hole within the wall of his cell :—

“O most merciful God! I know that I cannot be saved and satisfy Thy righteousness, otherwise than by the merits, by the innocent passion, and by the death of Thy dearly beloved Son. . . . Holy Jesus! all my salvation is in Thy hands! Thou canst not turn away from me the hands of Thy love, for they have created me and redeemed me. Thou hast written my name with an iron pen in great mercy and in an indelible manner on Thy side, on Thy hands, and on Thy feet. . . . And if I cannot confess these things with my mouth, I confess them at least with my pen and with MY HEART.”

Some hundreds of years rolled by, the old monastery at Basle went to decay, and part of the building was formed into a dwelling of another kind. The confession of the friar remained unseen by mortal eye. At length, in the year 1776, some workmen began to pull down the old building which had absorbed the remains of the monastery, and in doing so they stumbled upon the box, and thus was brought to light the confession to the preciousness of Jesus, which the good man had hidden in the wall of his cell.

“He being dead yet speaketh.” A voice, uttering the worth of Jesus, sounds from the crumbling wall of the old monastery cell. Doubtless the writer of the confession prayed over his words, he longed to speak of Jesus, but the darkness of Popery prevented him, yet to-day he speaks to you. With the privileges of an open Bible and a gospel testimony before you, do you say from your heart, “I know that I cannot be saved otherwise than by the death of Thy dearly beloved Son”?

“IF THOU SHALT CONFESS WITH THY MOUTH THE LORD JESUS, AND SHALT BELIEVE IN THY HEART THAT GOD HATH RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD, THOU SHALT BE SAVED.” Is your name written, as it were, in the very wounds of Jesus? His wounds tell of

LOVE—His love, God's love; but they also tell of SIN, our sins; yet those wounds of Jesus speak too of RIGHTEOUSNESS—God's righteousness. Love! Sin! Righteousness! God's love, God's righteousness, our sins. God gave His Son, and herein is love. Our sins nailed Him to the tree, and now the voice of God's righteousness declares peace by the wounds of the risen Saviour to every one who believes in Him.

Do you rest in this love, reader? "Perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." The friar had no fear; he discerned his acceptance written in the hands and side of his Redeemer as full proof of this. Nor is there other proof for your salvation, save the precious death of the now living and ascended Jesus. God's righteousness is satisfied by the work of Jesus, and now, "by him all who believe are justified from all things."

May you confess Jesus boldly in the world which has rejected Him; and the more so, since already the midnight gloom of the dark ages threatens once more to eclipse the gospel's light, and instead of the death of Jesus, works, prayers, penances, again clamour for glory. "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

# “WHAT DOTH THE LORD REQUIRE?”

(MIOAH.)

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“**Y**ES, that is the question. And if only we knew for certain, what rest of mind it would bring! But nobody seems to be quite sure.”

How often we hear words like the above when we question people as to the welfare of their souls! And yet, after all, need there be uncertainty? Has not God told us?

One thing is clear. Nothing that *we* can do can put away our sins. We may pray, we may fast, we may attend a church, chapel or meeting place; we may read our Bibles and give our money and our goods to the poor; and yet all these together cannot put one of our sins away. (Heb. ix. 22.)

We may be baptised; we may be a church member; we may take the Lord's supper; and yet in God's sight all the while we may be still in our sins.

This is very solemn, for we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that many people are hoping to put their sins away by some work of their own—their good life, their prayers, their church-going or their



observing some religious duty—endeavouring to atone for the past by a reformed or religious life in the future.

Sin is so terrible in *God's* sight and is so defiling, that nothing but the death of *God's* Son, our Lord Jesus, could put it away. (Heb. x. 4–12.)

We do not read in our Bibles that *God* wants us to try and put our sins away: for *God* knows, and He wants us to know, that we could never, never do so!

The Bible does say that “Christ died for our sins” (1 Cor. xv. 3), and “the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (1 John i. 7.)

None other than the Son of *God* could settle the question of sin.

Being *God* He knew what *God* required: being *Man* He could meet the need of men.

He has offered one sacrifice for sins. Nothing else will do and nothing more is needed.

What good news, indeed, it is for us that *God* is not requiring us to do anything—any work, penance, or the observance of any (so-called) religious duty. He desires that we should know *what He has done!*

His message to us is: “Through his [Christ's] name, whosoever believeth in

him shall receive the remission of sins.”  
 (Acts x. 43.) “Neither is there salvation  
 in any other.” (Acts iv. 12.) M. W. B.

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## “GOD’S HAMMER.”

“Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?” (Jer. xxiii. 29.)

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**I**N a country inn lived a professed infidel. He was a fine, intelligent man, and his delight was to tell his opinions to the many who frequented the public-houses which he used to visit. He became ill, and I went to see him, and found him sitting in the tap room. I spoke of God’s goodness in waiting for him and urged him to bow to the One who had laid His hand on him, but he said, “Thank you, but I do not believe a word you have been saying.” I said, “You have got a hard heart, but God’s hammer can break it.”

“Keep at him, ma’am,” said a man who was drinking at a table, “you’ll work him.”

“God will work, I can do nothing,” I said. I went home and implored my God and Father to use His hammer to His heart.

After four days had passed the poor man sent and begged me to come. He was in bed shaking with emotion and crying like a child. "God's hammer has broken my heart; I never cried at mother's grave and when my men urged me to say, 'God bless the plough! on plough Monday, I scorned and refused.'" I pointed him to the Saviour of sinners, and left him, after prayer. Three days passed and a woman was sent to tell me and all the villagers that the Saviour had found even him. I made my way to his house and was soon in his room and found very many there melted to tears of joy and praise.

"Oh!" he said, "will you tell all the men who have heard me scoff and jeer to come round this bed and hear of a Saviour's love." He then sent for an infidel friend and said, "Go on your knees, William, and cry for mercy, we are on the wrong road."

He lived six weeks, and although Satan buffeted him a good deal, yet he would hold up his Bible and say, "This book tells of God's Christ, and it is stronger than you," and he passed away happy.

Thus it pleased God to break down the heart of the professed infidel. True it was great grace, but God is gracious. This

man, who had turned away so long and so often, was at last reached and brought to see the great love of Christ in having come into this world to die for such as we are. And let us remember that it was whilst we WERE YET SINNERS that Christ died for us.

Perhaps the reader may have feared that his sins are too many and too great to be forgiven, but I would hasten to tell him that our Lord's own words are: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Come then to Him as you are, and at once.

Seated in heaven He is ready to hear the cry of your heart and He can take account of what passes in the soul, that no human eye can see and no human ear can hear.

C. D.

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## RAHAB.

(JOSHUA II.)

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**R**AHAB'S house was built on the wall of the city of Jericho, and she herself was, in the language of the New Testament, "a woman in the city, which was a sinner." She had not had the advantages, which we in this country have, of the light of the gospel, and the

influence, even where not acknowledged, of Christianity: on the contrary, she was surrounded with wickedness and corruption so great that God had to blot it out in unsparing judgment. It is true that the people of that land had had the testimony of God's creation around them, and therefore they were "without excuse" (Rom. i. 20), but they had paid no heed to it. Then God, in His grace, gave them a further testimony—the travellers who were continually arriving in Jericho brought the news of how a poor slave nation had been brought out of Egypt by the mighty power of their God, who had dried up the waters of the Red Sea before them and led them through dryshod. Doubtless some stir and heart-searching was caused by these tidings, but only for a time; for forty years rolled by, during which this people was lost to sight in the wilderness. Thus the citizens of Jericho had forty years given them for repentance.

Then again the tidings came—the two mighty kings, Sihon and Og, probably well-known and feared by the people of Jericho, had been utterly overthrown by Jehovah, the God of Israel, and nothing now lay between their victorious armies and the walls of Jericho but the little river Jordan.

It was an important day for Rahab when she heard "how the *Lord* dried up the water of the Red Sea for you," &c. (Ver. 10.) But hearing would not have been much good if she had not believed. God, in His grace, opened her heart, and she was deeply concerned. She realised that death lay before her and all those she loved. (Ver. 13.) She grasped the great fact that God was going to intervene in *her* life, and in the history of her city. Have you found out that God is going to intervene in *your* life? You may have ignored it hitherto, but "every one of us must give account of himself to *God*," the holy God, fearful in holiness, hating sin.

We see, however, that God did not only send the warning; He sent also messengers of salvation to her house. We do not know much about these two messengers, but we *do* know something of the blessed Messenger that came from God to us in all our distance and need. "God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him." (1 John iv. 9.) He was not only the messenger, "one among a thousand," but He Himself, our Lord Jesus Christ, in His own blessed Person, was the *message*. He was the Word, and the Word was

God, and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. He shewed forth in every step He trod, in every word He spoke, in every act of power, the very heart of God, in all His love and grace for poor ruined man. And never did that divine love shine out so brightly as on the cross of Calvary, where "Jesus, our Lord . . . was delivered for *our* offences," where, "when we were yet without strength . . . Christ died for the ungodly."

The answer given by the men to Rahab's appeal for help is very beautiful: "Our life for yours," or, as the margin in our reference Bible has it, "Our life instead of you to die." The believer in Jesus can look back to the cross and say, "Hereby perceive we love, because he laid down his life for us." (1 John iii. 16.)

The messengers had a very simple plan of salvation for Rahab, she was to bind the scarlet line in the window of her house, and bring all her relatives under its shelter; just as in a foreign land, in the midst of riot and bloodshed, British residents would flee to the Consulate to be under the shelter of the Union Jack, and would be as safe there as all the authority of the British government could make them. It has been said that scarlet

is the royal colour of Israel, and thus Rahab put herself and all hers under the protection of the Jehovah God of Israel, and who could harm her then. The scarlet line for us is found in Romans x. 9. "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."

Rahab lost no time in carrying out the instructions given to her, and with the scarlet line bound in the window, and her relatives under its shelter in her house, she awaited in peace the coming of those who were once her enemies, but now her deliverers.

We know how God threw down the walls of Jericho, and how Rahab was saved with all her house. In chapter vi. 23, we find her "*without* the camp of Israel." But the grace of God could not leave her there; in verse 25 we find her dwelling "*in* Israel," and from Matthew i. 5 we know that she was married to an Israelite of substance, and was brought into the direct line of ancestry of the house of David, from which, after the flesh, Christ came.

What a beautiful picture of the grace of God—



“He brings a poor vile sinner,  
Into His house of wine.”

The gospel tells us not only of the forgiveness of sins, but of “an inheritance among them which are sanctified” (Acts xxvi. 18) even now, and in the future, “an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, reserved in heaven.”

Does the reader know anything of this grace?

C. E. W. B.

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## A MOTHER'S LAST GIFT.

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**M**ANY years ago, in the county of Kent, there lived a poor widow, with an only son, who was notorious for his wickedness. She was a praying mother, and her great desire was the salvation of her son. From his youngest days she had sent him to Sunday-school, but the time came when, contrary to the wish of the teachers, he was dismissed because of his outrageous conduct.

Shortly afterwards he enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America, it being at the time of the last American war.

Some time after his departure, his poor, broken-hearted mother, now nearing the end of her days, called on one of the

Sunday-school teachers and begged a small Bible. Surprised at such a request from one who he knew possessed a Bible of large print, which she had used to good purpose, he enquired what she wanted it for. "I want to send it to my poor boy; and O sir, who knows what it may do!"

Having obtained the Bible she sent it by a pious soldier, who, upon his arrival, found the widow's son the very ringleader of the regiment in every description of vice. He made himself known to him, however, and said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present." "Ah!" he replied in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash." His friend told him he believed the poor widow was dead, "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver" (presenting him the Bible), "and James, it was her dying request that you would read one verse, at least, of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?" "Well," said James (opening the Bible), "it is not too much to ask, so here goes." He opened at the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

"Well," said he, "that is very odd, I have opened to the only verse that I could

ever learn by heart when I was in the Sunday-school. I never could, for the life of me, learn another. It is very strange! But who is the *Me* that is mentioned in the verse?" The good man who had brought him the precious volume, having proved for himself who the *Me* was, spoke to him of Jesus, and explained to him in simple language, the invitations of the gospel, the result being, that James' heart, hitherto hardened against Christ, was affected. He was attracted to the One who says, "Come unto me." His conduct afterwards proved his reality. His heart was won. His whole manner was changed. He was now marked for his excellent conduct, as much as he was previously for his wickedness.

Some time after his conversion his regiment was brought face to face with the enemy, and at the close of the fight the dead body of poor James was found under an oak tree, his head reclining on his Bible, his dead mother's gift, open at the passage, "Come unto me," &c. There were no less than fifty pages stained with his blood.

His poor mother, who had never received a bit of comfort from her son was called home before he was converted to God, but she prayed while she could, and

her prayers were heard and answered, although she did not live to see it.

Praying mother, to you I would say, "Pray on, and take courage." You may never see your wayward son rejoicing in God's salvation, but God will answer your prayers to His own praise and glory.

To those who have the young laid upon their hearts, and who seek to serve the Lord in that sphere, how encouraging! How often there is one child more troublesome than all the others put together. Surely that one should be prayed for as much as any. He will probably get the blessing later on, while others who have appeared outwardly good have missed it.

If there is but one verse of scripture committed to memory, the Spirit of God can use it. Our part is to wait upon God, being discouraged at nothing.

Should a child of many prayers read this narrative, let him take heed. See that you respond to the gospel invitation. Have you proved for yourself who the *Me* is? Jesus is still ready to *give* if you will but *come*.

A. H. C.

# “FROM ALL SIN.”

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**C**APTAIN HEDLEY VICARS, when under deep conviction of sin, one morning came to his table almost broken-hearted and bowed to the dust with a sense of guilt. “Oh, wretched man that I am!” he repeated to himself, at the same time glancing at his Bible, which lay open before him. His eyes suddenly rested on that beautiful verse, “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (1 John i. 7.) “Then,” said he, “it can cleanse me from mine”; and he instantly believed with his heart unto righteousness, and was filled with peace and joy. From that time to the hour in which he died in the trenches before Sebastopol, he never doubted his forgiveness, or God’s ability or willingness to pardon even the chief of sinners.

“Cleanseth from all sin.”

Here is only a word of three letters, but how much it includes, ALL. Yes! all sin. With many of us as we look back over life it seems such a black record. What a long list of sins, if they could all

be told. And what a burden they are upon the conscience! In the dead of night we think of them. Ah, yes! and, like a flash of lightning in the summer sky, they come rushing into our thoughts in the busy whirl of the day. Who would not like to know that they were all cleansed away! Would not the reader? Think then upon these words: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

It is not what we can do or bring for our acceptance. It is "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son." It cleanseth, not partly, but fully, and not only for our satisfaction but for God's—He is satisfied, and if He is satisfied, ought not we to be also? Oh, reader, believe me there is peace and rest of soul to be found in accepting God's word and believing it. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." In the days of old the blood of the victim had to be shed or there could be no atonement for sin, but now, since the Son of God has died and shed His blood, there is a way of approach for all who will accept God's way and draw near to Him through the precious blood of His Son Jesus Christ. It is a wonderful offer to all nations under heaven and none can afford to turn a deaf ear, for all have

sinned and come short of the glory of God.

But while it is true that ALL have sinned, it is equally true that “the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from ALL sin.”

The old man tottering on the edge of the grave, with life's sins behind him—he who has turned away from God and His mercy all his days, may find cleansing from all his sin in the blood of Jesus Christ, for it cleanseth from ALL sin. But the young man in the hey-day of his folly, “sowing his wild oats” may, if awakened, turn to God and be cleansed. His sins may be great and dreadful, but the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.

Oh, that God may grant to many who read these words to believe them. He alone can, and that He will is our earnest prayer.

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## AN ITEM ACCOUNT.

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**A** DOCTOR once sued his patient in the county court for refusing to pay his fees. Payment had been refused because the doctor would not give a detailed account of the number of visits. The

case was soon settled, judgment being given for the defendant.

Passing out of court the doctor said to the judge, "It is an unjust judgment, and you will have to render account some day."

"Yes," said the judge, "and an item account."

This brings before me a verse in Romans xiv. 12, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Think, my reader, what this means. The great white throne will be a place where those who appear there "shall give account to God."

Now let me ask you to go back as far as your memory serves and trace the windings of your sinful life. The sins of childhood, youth, middle age! Sins that lie covered up in your bosom, known to none but God. There are sins that you would blush to have known by your very dearest friend. We should not like it to be thought that we are as bad as we are. Come now, tell me, would you like to give account of them to God? Would you like to meet Him this day, and look into His sin-abhorring eye and render account for all that is past? No one can deny that the sentence would go against us. That long account of our



sin would rise up and condemn us. The awakened conscience would add its amen to the just sentence, "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." If you are awakened I rejoice to say that I have most blessed news for you. I can tell you of a Substitute, One who was great and good—great enough to render a just account to God. The dark death sentence of sin was taken upon Himself. That holy, sinless Saviour went to Calvary; upon His spotless person came the judgment of God. "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." This glorious message is preached for your acceptance and comfort. God sends it to you. He tells you Christ died for the ungodly.

You have not a word to plead. Your only hope is in a frank confession—"guilty before God." (Rom. iii.) Placing yourself in His hands of sovereign mercy, He will gladly pardon; He will frankly and freely forgive. As far as the east is from the west, so far will He remove your transgressions. (Psa. ciii. 12.) Will you then accept in simple faith the work Christ Jesus did for you? You must surely know that no good deeds of yours can possibly remove your sins. No promise of amend-

ment can blot out the account of the past life. All is naked and open before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. If you were a tradesman and had failed in business and were about to appear in the bankruptcy court, and some kind friend came and offered to meet your debts and settle every outstanding account, what would you do with such an offer? Why, of course you would gratefully accept it, and thank him for it. Oh, that even now as you stand, a poor bankrupt sinner with nothing to pay, you would accept what the Lord rendered in His death. Do now accept it and thank Him for it. He would assure your heart with precious words like these, "God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." (Eph. iv. 32.)

J. H. L.

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## "GOD COMMANDETH."

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**A** MESSAGE has been sent by God to everybody—to the rich, to the poor; to the learned, to the illiterate; to men, to women, to children—to ALL. God has sent a message to you.

He is going to judge this world in righteousness by His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ—the despised Jesus of Nazareth, who was rejected and put to death by

man, but who has been raised from the dead by God.

But before this day of judgment comes God has sent this message so that we may have to do with Him now in the day of grace as a Saviour-God, and never have to meet Him as a Judge in the day of judgment.

The message is simple and can be easily understood by all, though it is to be feared that the majority to-day are practically indifferent to it, and with some it is positively and wilfully ignored.

It is not addressed to any particular nation, nor to any distinct class of persons, but, as we have said, it is sent to all. Let us quote it:

*“God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.”* (Acts xvii. 30.)

Note ; it is to all men, everywhere !

There is no country, no town, no village that is not included in “everywhere” ; and there is no man, no woman, no child who is not included in “ALL” !

Reader, you are included. Have you repented ? Judgment is God’s strange work. He desires that all should be saved, and hence has opened a door, so to speak—a door of repentance—by which we may return to Him. In longsuffering mercy that door is still open for you ; but mark !

there is no repentance the other side of the grave: death shuts that door for ever!

The passage in which we read the message goes on to explain why such a command is given.

We are sinners, every one of us, and hence are called upon to repent; for, as the verse reads:

“He hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.” (Acts xvii.)

To-day is the day of salvation, and it is now that God enjoins us to repent, for He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

But this is not all. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and it was when we were yet sinners that Christ died for us.

How simple and beautiful this is! We are sinners; and hence “repentance towards God” is necessary—it is the open door through which I may return to God.

Christ is the Saviour of sinners, He is the only One who can meet my need; and hence my faith may rest in Him, there must be “faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Would you not like to turn your back on the past for ever—the past, with its failure, its weakness and its sins? You may do so. You may repent. And not only so but God, too, will act in like manner, for He will remember your sins no more, He will cast them, as it were, behind His back for ever. (Isa. xxxviii. 17; Heb. x. 17.)

Repentance is not reformation. Many have tried to turn their back on the past, to "turn over a new leaf," as folks say. But the past remains just what it ever was—the back leaves of our life's book are just as they ever were. This does not meet the case. Our consciences are not put at rest like this. A reformed future cannot undo a sinful past.

Repentance is turning to God about the past and owning our sinfulness to Him.

God does not tell us to blot out the past by a better future. He tells us of His way of salvation—He points us to Christ.

Christ has died the Just for the unjust; He has offered one sacrifice for sins; and on the ground of that finished work God can justly save and forgive the sinner.

Our faith cannot rest on anything in ourselves or on anything that we can do. If it does, we may well have doubts as to

our safety. But it can rest wholly on Christ. He is both necessary and enough.

“To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.”  
(Acts x. 43.)

M. W. B.

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## TRYING FOR EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS.

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**I** STOOD with a friend of mine talking with an old lady of eighty-four years of age and after asking her if she could read we handed her a tract, which she seemed glad to receive.

She told us how good God had been to her all her life, and that she had a lot to be thankful for, seeing she was able to read at her age. She said, “Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.”

We were inclined to think by her conversation that she was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that she had peace with God. However, we did not desire to take things too much for granted, so we asked her how long she had loved the Lord. But strange to say she at once became very fidgety, and was anxious to

change the subject. We repeated our question, and she replied, "Well, I try to be good." She evidently did not wish us to stay any longer, but before taking our departure we left a verse of scripture with her, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5.) She said she had read that, but had not apparently understood it. Oh! that souls would give up trying, and simply put their trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work.

We made a point of calling upon her for several weeks, but could not get into conversation with her again. She would answer the door, and just open it wide enough to see who was there, and shut it again at once, so that we were only able to hand her a tract.

One week, when in the district, we heard that her next door neighbour had passed away during the week, who also was of a great age, but we could not ascertain that she had departed to be with Christ, "which is far better." It was our desire to speak to our aged friend about her neighbour and suggest that perhaps it was God's voice to her. But no, we had the door firmly closed in our faces. She would say in a despairing tone, "I

cannot speak to you to-day, I am not well enough." We were greeted each week with a similar excuse. We cried to God on her behalf, but were not permitted to speak to her. At last the time came when my friend and I were parted, and have been ever since, as far as serving our Master together is concerned. We have not been able to visit the old lady since. Whether she is still in the body I know not, or whether she is a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ I cannot tell. One thing I am sure of is, that she had many an opportunity of listening to words whereby she might be saved, but refused week after week. She was content to go on trying to be something she could never attain to in her own power. God's word plainly says, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Rom. iii. 12.) One would think that eighty-four years of trying would be long enough to prove the hopelessness of such a course. Apart from anything else the truth of God's word must be accepted by us, and applied to ourselves. To try and make ourselves fit for Christ is but a reflection on Christ and His finished work. All that God required was accomplished by Him. It is *His work* that satisfies God, nothing that you and I can do. It is only by our acceptance of Christ and His



work that God can accept us. He can accept us in the perfection of Christ when there is nothing in ourselves to commend us.

Our old friend's labours were all in vain. If she had seen, many years before, the greatness and value of Christ's work in God's eye, she would not have attempted to try to be good. She would have seen her own wretched state by nature which necessitated the death of Christ.

But her case is one among many. Like Naaman the Syrian, we like to do something great. "Wash and be clean"—sounded too simple for such a great and honourable man. We take a long time in accepting the truth as to ourselves by nature.

Reader, the great work is done by the only One who was great enough to do it. Are you lowly enough to accept it?

A. H. C.

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## AN ALLEGORY.

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**A** LARGE ship with sails set was to all appearance moving towards the port for which it was bound. Actually, however, it was being carried slowly and imperceptibly by tide and undercurrent

towards the quicksands, and presently would be lost with all the unsuspecting crew and passengers.

Beneath the deck the dining saloon was filled with passengers who, heedless of their danger, were feasting and making merry. The sense of safety and security was expressed on every countenance; for little did they know or even think that danger was near, and that they would so soon perish.

Another sailing ship, less pretentious than the former, is seen battling against the storm and tide with every sign of energy displayed by those on board; but, notwithstanding all the efforts of the crew, no real progress was being made. The ship was moving, it is true, but only tacking to and fro, for the storm and tide being against her, no real progress was made.

Smoke is seen on the horizon and another ship comes into view, steering straight against storm, tide and under-currents, and heedless of them all she is making sure and steady progress. The billows break against her bow only to be dashed into clouds of spray. She seems to laugh at the opposing elements and goes straight onward on her course. The secret of her progress lies in the fact that

she has powerful engines on board, and being thus rendered independent of external influences, she is not hindered by the opposition of the elements.

The three ships of my allegory serve to illustrate three different experiences realised by men on earth. The first sets forth the condition of the multitude of men, who, under the delusion caused by the "prince of this world," are occupied with exciting pleasures and the daily routine of this life, and are ignorant and heedless of the fact that the hand of death will soon put forth its deadly grip and set them face to face with God, the righteous Judge.

The second ship battling against storm and tide illustrates those who have been awakened and are endeavouring by their own efforts to carry out that which they know to be right, but find the opposition of the world and flesh too strong for them. Not having learned that they have no strength either to resist the world outside or the flesh inside they energetically endeavour to overcome, only to be again and again defeated. Their efforts end in failure and disappointment, and will do so until they avail themselves of God's way of deliverance, which is found in Jesus Christ our Lord.

My last illustration sets forth the christian state, as without effort the Christian is enabled, in the power of the Holy Spirit whom he has received, to go steadily onward against all the powers of evil that are increasingly arrayed against him, knowing that the Lord in whom he is trusting is stronger than them all, and that greater is He that is in him than he that is in the world. He has learned that the grace and power of Christ are at the disposal of his faith, and he goes onward in liberty and triumph. The storm and opposing powers of evil are still engaged against him, but in the realisation of divine love he is more than conqueror through Him who loves him.

Which state of the three is descriptive of my reader? Is he drifting heedlessly to destruction? Or is he endeavouring in his own strength to respond to God's desire concerning him but disappointed that he makes no progress? Or is he in the triumph and victory of Christ by the Spirit so that he is in happy liberty? This last is God's desire for every one who may read these lines.

E. W.

# JESUS SAID IT.

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**I**N a crowded London court, a poor Irish lad was lying sick. On his window-sill were a few bright red flower-pots, and the carefully tended flowers gave their pleasant smell to the evening air. His little room was very clean, and as tidy and comfortable as his poor mother could make it, for she had hard work now that her son was ill to find enough to keep the home together.

“Michael, you are very ill: perhaps you may die. Are you ready?—do you think you would go to Jesus?” a christian friend inquired. “Yes, my lady, yes,” said he; “I am sure I should go to heaven.”

“And why are you so sure, Mick?” she asked again.

“Oh, ma’am,” was his answer—“Jesus says, ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you’—and that’s Mick—‘He that heareth my word’—and I do listen to His words—‘and believeth on him that sent me’—and I believe—‘*hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life’—and *Jesus never told a lie!*”

This was simple faith—Jesus never deceived any poor sinner, and His word was life to Mick! He was an ignorant lad; as to doctrines of religion, he knew nothing of them, but he did know that he was a lost sinner, that Jesus died for lost sinners, and that if Jesus said, “Verily, verily, I say unto you,” Jesus was to be depended upon.

Do you not long for this childlike faith, reader? I think you are cast down because of your sins sometimes, and that you tremble at the accusings of your conscience and at the roars of your adversary the devil. But hearken to the words of Jesus. They are the words of One who cannot lie. He says, “I am the truth;” again, “The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.” Do you believe the words of Jesus? If so, you have everlasting life. “VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU, HE THAT HEARETH MY WORD, AND BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT SENT ME, HATH EVERLASTING LIFE.”

Is it enough for your soul’s satisfaction that Jesus hung upon Calvary’s cross and died for our sins, and that He rose again the third day; that God “laid upon him the iniquity of us all.” It was God’s doing, mark you, not yours, and Jesus “His own self bare our sins in his own

body on the tree." Jesus was the sin-bearer, and if a believer on Him, your sins are forgiven. And if Jesus bare them in His own body, where are your sins? Not upon you, not now upon Jesus, for He sits upon the throne of God in glory. Where then are your sins? Gone, gone, for ever. Gone from the sight of God, from the presence of eternal justice, so that all who believe in Jesus, God declares to be justified from all things; and this perfect acceptance by God of the work of His Son gives us not only peace, but the privilege of walking before Him and serving Him on earth.

Heaven is peopled with believers. Hell with unbelievers. Your eternal happiness depends upon your taking God at His word. May He grant you to believe.

Suppose we were to ask the professor, "Are *you* ready? Do you think *you* would go to Jesus?" What would be the answer?

"I hope so." And why do you hope so?  
"I am trying my best."

Ah! poor unbelieving heart, it is not by works, works of righteousness, which we have done, that we enter heaven; the death of Jesus is our title to glory, and that alone.

## “LEFT ALONE.”

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“**A**ND Jacob was left alone”! (Gen. xxxii. 24.) Yes, he who had been a wanderer, he who had planned and schemed and supplanted; the days of whose life had been few and evil. He was left alone! He had come to the end of his resources. For twenty years he had lived in the energy of his will. Unhappy man! There are numbers like him in the world to-day, actuated and governed by their own will.

But Jacob is left alone. He rose up at night, taking with him his wives and sons, and passed over the brook Jabbok, all that was dear to him, all natural ties dismissed, and then commences a night scene: “and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.” It was a moment of intense exercise for Jacob. Have you ever known a moment like this in your history? The wrestling continues until the day-break. Will Jacob prevail over the angel? It was the moment of his weakness. But he clung to him. “Let me go”! said the angel. “I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.” He was surely in great straits, but he was determined for blessing. The supplanter,



the wanderer, the man who had a stone for his pillow, saying: “I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.”

Reader, the blessed God has followed you in all your wanderings, He desires to bless you. Jacob had to be crippled before he could be blessed. God’s eye was upon him: His eye is upon you. You cannot prevail against Him: His power is great, but His love is infinitely greater, and it is this which will break you down, when you perceive it. The day is near when He will exercise His power to the fullest extent, but to-day is the day of grace, when the love of God expressed at the cross, where Jesus died, is being told out in the gospel. It is realised by those who, in simple faith, bow before Him and accept His word. There was a moment in Jacob’s history, a moment already referred to, when he saw God face to face, and his life was preserved. Has there ever been such a moment in your history? have you ever been alone with God? have you ever been down on your face before Him?

And Jacob was left alone. Wonderful moment! Left alone to be blessed; left alone to hear the voice of God. An intensely real moment to every one who knows it. We are brought face to face

with eternal realities. This is the place where blessing can reach us. The blessing of God that maketh rich; the blessing that is eternal.

Jacob had said, "I will appease Esau with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face; peradventure he will accept of me." Is not this the language of many to-day as they think of God? they think that they can make a bargain with Him, but He is not to be appeased in that way. Indeed, He does not need to be appeased at all. Good works of ours God will not accept as a sacrifice by which we may approach Him. Jacob said, "Peradventure he will accept of me!" What folly! What strange thoughts men have of God! No! a thousand times no! These are not God's terms upon which He desires to bless men. God can only accept those who believe in His Son; those only who accept Him as their Saviour and rest their faith on Him risen. His death, His glorious resurrection, has fully satisfied God. Christ alone could be the perfect sacrifice; He alone could bear the judgment of sin; He alone could endure the wrath of God against sin, that men might come near to Him and know His grace to them. The blessed Lord Jesus has brought God so near to man in

all that He was in this world, that where there was once the greatest distance there may now be perfect nearness. May there come a moment in the history of every reader when they are left alone to be blessed.

E. I. E.

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## CALL THEM IN.

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**M**AGGIE D—— was a simple-minded country girl until enticed away to a seaport town by other young women who had gone there from the country. Higher wages and greater privileges were the great attraction. These things soon appealed to Maggie, her country ways and thoughts were soon given up, and, sad to say, her thoughts of home and those who loved her dearly. It was not long before she was lost sight of altogether. Her father and mother, under the pressure of their grief, went to an early grave.

Many years after a poorly dressed woman was noticed coming wearily up the village where Maggie's home had been, halting now and again in her weakness and pain; she seemed no stranger by the way she took the various turnings, but it was not until she reached the old

chapel that she stopped. It was to listen, for the small company inside were singing and it was the words that arrested her attention.

“ ‘Call them in,’ the poor, the wretched,  
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold,  
Peace and pardon freely offered,  
Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
‘Call them in,’ the weak, the weary,  
Laden with the doom of sin,  
Bid them come and rest in Jesus,  
He is waiting, ‘Call them in.’ ”

She draws nearer and leans upon the door-post, much moved. Whilst the next verse was being sung she sinks down upon the step and listens again.

“ ‘Call them in,’ the broken-hearted,  
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame,  
Speak love's message, low and tender,  
'Twas for sinners, Jesus came.  
See the shadows lengthen round us,  
Soon the day-dawn will begin,  
Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
Christ is coming, ‘Call them in.’ ”

The woman groaned as the tears began to flow down her cheeks, but she cannot move. Again she listens, the preacher is in prayer: “Lord! we thank Thee for the privilege Thou givest Thy servants to call in any who feel the pressure of sin. Call upon them to come into Thine arms of

love, stretched out to welcome all that will come to Thee. Mary with the devils came to Thee; the woman who was a sinner of the city came to Thee. Yea! Lord, Thou knowest how many in this company that have come to Thee; and, Lord, what a welcome Thou hast given each of us! Now, Lord, if there are any who hear my voice who have not yet come to Thee, draw them by the cords of Thy great love."

Maggie (for Maggie it was) could bear no more, she rose up and trembling from head to foot entered the chapel and cried, "Is it true what you were singing, and what you are praying about? if it is, pray for me; it is just what I want." The congregation turned at once to see who it was, and this strange interruption of the service. The preacher looked up and said at once, "It is true! It is true!! Jesus will do it for you." And coming down from the pulpit, the service was turned into a prayer meeting and then into a praise meeting. The Saviour received more than one who turned to Him at that time, and Maggie was among them. She soon made herself known to the people, a sad, sad story. The pleasures of sin leading to the downward way. Alas! how true the word: "The way of

transgressors is hard." She related how the doctor had told her she was dying and would not live more than a month: "A great desire came over me to see my native village once more before I died. By the help of others I came, and oh! thank God for letting me come, for I have found the Saviour." And the preacher added, "The Saviour has found you." She lived some weeks after this and gave ample evidence of a real work of God in her soul.

Reader, in telling this incident, as nearly as possible as it was told me by some one from the very village I have referred to, I desire to shew you the true grace and abounding mercy that is in the heart of God to even the vilest sinner.

J. L.

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## PREPARED, OR SAVED?

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**I**T is no uncommon thing to hear it said that so and so was prepared to die, although he was not himself assured that he was saved, and in some cases had left a doubt in the minds of others as to his salvation.

It is to be feared that some resign themselves to death only because it is

inevitable, and trust their eternal future on the bare hope of the mercy of God, without having a true idea as to how His mercy can be extended to them.

A person who has trusted his precious soul to Christ is assured by the word of God that his sins are forgiven him, that he has everlasting life and shall not come into judgment (John v. 24), but without that assurance what is death but venturing into it without knowing the great issue on the other side ?

Many a man has gone before a judge confident that he would be able to make good his own case, only, however, to find out his mistake, and that he had deceived himself in the matter. How many vainly hope that their case with God will somehow come right at last, who have not complied and are not even willing to comply with God's requirements that they should commit themselves to Christ, freely owning what it is to be sinners before God, desirous of His forgiveness and salvation. (Rom. iii. 21-26.)

There are some, alas ! even many, who hold a *fatal error* in their doctrine, and pass by Christ, refusing to be saved on the ground of His blood and death on their behalf, although the teaching of the word of God is that it is "the blood that

maketh atonement for the soul," "without shedding of blood is no remission," and that it is "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

God does not accept a sinner or allow his approach to Him on any other ground. "I am the way . . . . no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." (John xiv. 6.) He would not accept it in the case of Cain, who wilfully refused to offer a sacrificed *lamb* (type of Christ crucified) as Abel did. (Gen. iv. 1-7.) Thus Cain ignored the fall and the consequences of it upon himself and the human race, although he had been taught it by his parents, Adam and Eve, no doubt many a time, and probably with many a tear.

This is taught, too, in the parable by the king refusing to allow the man to sit amongst his guests at the marriage supper, who presumed to be there without putting on the wedding garment which had been provided for him, and which act signified that he refused to be clothed in God's righteousness in Christ. The only remedy for sin is the blood, the work of Christ on the cross, and vain and foolish indeed is he who either turns away, or does not gladly avail himself of the rich provision God has made for his need, in His own



appointed way. Cain's error is commented upon in Hebrews xi. 4 ; 1 John iii. 12 and Jude 11. Whilst God will not be approached excepting through Christ, happy is it for the believer to address God not as God merely, but as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, they being accepted in Him, and having their communion with God through Him.

How awfully sad is the fact that so many souls should be misled as to seek to approach God in defiance of His own written word. Even in earthly things the King can only be approached by the appointed channels, and the heads of businesses in many places can only be reached through their appointed representatives. If it be so in human affairs, how much more imperative is it in regard to approaching God !

Dear reader, permit us to say to you in faithful love, that it would be the greatest folly on your part, and will lead to your eternal ruin, if you do not act upon God's gracious and loving directions so plainly told for your instruction in His word. How precious is your soul ! and if it were a thousand times more guilty, so great is God's estimate of the value of the marvellous work of Christ that you may be assured of your acceptance and salvation.

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in him *should not perish*, but have everlasting life.” (John iii. 16.)

“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” (1 John iv. 10.) “Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.” (Acts iv. 12.)

H. J. T.

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## TIME LOST.

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**H**OW many people think how time is passing away and of the many opportunities of hearing the gospel which we miss? Time past often means time lost; with the future we have nothing to do; the present only is ours, and for how brief a moment no one knows!

“Life at best is very brief.”

We remember being much struck some years ago by the two words, “Time lost,” printed in large letters on a sign-board in the middle of a field; and on enquiry found that they had reference to the games of cricket played there. The

minutes lost, through various causes, during the games were allowed for and were played over again. We thought, at the time, how very many would like the same privilege granted to them of living over again those days and years spent in pleasing themselves when self was the centre of their thoughts and not God; and even when we knew better, the hours and often days that were spent at a distance from our very nearest and best of friends, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Nearly two hundred years ago a poet wrote :

“ These hours that lately smiled ; where are they  
now ?

Pallid to thought, and ghastly ! drowned, all  
drowned

In that great deep, which nothing disembogues !  
The rest are on the wing : How fleet their flight !

’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours  
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven,  
And how they might have borne more welcome  
news.”

“ But,” some reader may say, “ Have  
we not a word about

redeeming the time ? ”

“ Yes, we have, dear friend, but that has  
to do only with the present and means

that not a moment should be lost of the little time left us, but should be used in seeking Christ, the precious Saviour of sinners.”

A celebrated queen of England called out on her death-bed: “A million of money for a moment of time!” but that could not be granted, as the poet wrote some time after her death, “None can be recalled, none given back.” And how true his answer in another place to this question, “What is time worth?” “Ask death-beds! they can tell.”

There is a time to be born and a time to die, a time to get and a time to lose.

“Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.”

Begin well by accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour and continue doing well by being here always and only for Him.

C. A.

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# “JESUS CHRIST IS MY SAVIOUR.”

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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 some one 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, 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 liii.

"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 the He?' I hazarded the reply, '*Jesus Christ.*' 'Ah,' he said, 'Go on,' and I read slowly on until I came to the words, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one 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 sun-beams, he looked so happy and peaceful, no cough, 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 shewed 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 flyleaf of this Bible an account of your meeting with me here and reading to me Isaiah liii. 6 and 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 shewn 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 liii. 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.

G. I. E.

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## A GOOD PERSUASION.

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“**W**HAT is your persuasion?” is quite a usual question among the religious class. It is rather interesting to notice the persuasion of those in the scriptures, and particularly that of the Apostle Paul. There came a time in his history when he was brought before kings

and others in authority. One notable day he stood before King Agrippa for the testimony of Jesus. He spoke to this great man of the prophets of old, whose testimony was concerning the coming One—Jesus. He asked him a plain question, “Believest thou the prophets?” and he answered for him, “I know that thou believest.”

The prophets wrote of Jesus, and to refuse their testimony meant to refuse Jesus. The king was apparently convicted. He was acquainted with the scriptures, but they had no particular charm for him. It is only as our hearts have to do with the Lord Jesus Christ that the scriptures have any charm for us. He is the great theme of the scriptures.

Probably King Agrippa thought too much of his worldly position to become a Christian. The apostle's remark was with weight, and had an effect upon him. He was not prepared, however, to let conviction have its way. He said, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.” This did but stir up the affections of the man of God as he stood before the king, and the others. His heart goes out to all who hear his voice. He expresses his desire for them, and his heart yearns, as of one who had been reached by the grace

of God. Listen to his words, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." He was the Lord's prisoner, and was bound. He wished they were all like him with the exception of his bonds. Happy man—happy though bound. He could sing at Philippi with his back bleeding and his feet in stocks. He could praise God in adverse circumstances. What a difference between the two men. I would rather be Paul the prisoner of Jesus Christ in the dungeon, than King Agrippa on his throne. I would rather share the reproach and suffering of Christ than enjoy the luxury and wealth of the dignities of this world.

However, if some would not be persuaded, there were those that would. (Acts xxviii. 23.) Many were found on a certain day with the apostle, at his lodging, and it would appear that they spent the whole day with him. But what was it that kept them? What held them? It was the way in which he spoke to them, and the *One* of whom he spoke. He persuaded them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses and out of the prophets. What a theme! To think that he should speak only of *one Man*, and

yet hold the attention of *many*. Reader, have you been persuaded concerning Jesus? Can you join the apostle in his persuasion?

I visited a young man some time since who was on his deathbed. He boasted in his infidelity, and declared there was no God, if there were he would not be suffering as he was. He considered he had suffered quite enough for the sins he had committed. I tried to shew him that the very fact of his suffering for so long (he had been on his back for months) was a proof of the love and longsuffering and forbearance of God. But he refused it all. I endeavoured to persuade him concerning Jesus, and to shew him how Jesus had suffered for his sins, but he would not be persuaded. I was obliged to leave him, and before I could visit him again he was in eternity. As far as I know he died as he had lived—without Christ.

I would plead with you, if still unsaved, to take care.

Again, Paul is persuaded concerning the believers at Rome. They were once in that terrible category in chapter iii., where we read, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." But after God in His grace had worked, and they had believed the gospel, he can say, "I myself also am

persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are

“full of goodness.”

What a real thing it is to appropriate Jesus; to be persuaded in this day of grace. Do not take sides with King Agrippa, but be like those that came to the apostle in his lodging, and were so taken up with the One he would persuade them of, that they could not leave him. They stayed the whole day. A. H. C.

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## CHRISTIANITY, A LIVING REALITY.

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**D**EATHBED conversions, so called, are for the most part doubtful, not that one would limit the grace of God, for the crucified thief who had sinned all his life with a high hand against God, is not the only example of a soul who, when he could sin no more, turned to the Lord, and in grace received a full pardon of all his guilt, and passed from time into eternity washed in the blood of the Lamb to join in the new eternal song of the redeemed by-and-by. Blessed be God, these conversions, a few days or even hours before death, still occur to the everlasting praise of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and to the

exceeding joy of the soul thus saved at the eleventh hour from a lost eternity.

F— S—, who died last month at M—, at the age of forty-four, was a monument of the saving grace of God, who willeth not the death of a sinner. When quite a young man he entered the army; he served all through the Boer war in South Africa, and there contracted consumption, from which he suffered for some years, and which eventually carried him off. On his return from Africa, he was discharged from the army as unfit for future service and received a pension. While in the army, he went in for all kinds of pleasure, “the pleasures of sin for a season,” and thought himself very happy, but he said before he died that the last two days of his life had been the happiest he had ever spent. Much of his leisure time was spent in reading sceptical books and attending agnostic meetings. During these years his mother had pleaded with God for his salvation, and longed for his conversion, but he was very determined in his infidelity, and would not allow any one to approach him on the subject of salvation through Christ, affirming that he did not believe in the inspiration of the Bible. Notwithstanding these sceptical doubts he, after a while,

began to read it, to the astonishment of all, and he said to some one that he found it a very remarkable book, and that he wished he could believe it. He said also that he was praying for himself. Does not this remind us of the Lord's words to Ananias in reference to the Apostle Paul when he was sent to restore him his eye-sight after his sudden conversion on the road to Damascus, "Behold, he prayeth."

The Spirit of God had begun a good work in F— S—'s soul, and just two days before his death he told his mother as she sat by his bedside after a night of great bodily suffering, that he had put his trust in Jesus, and that he knew God had forgiven him all his sins, and that he was at peace with God, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Henceforth he was never tired of speaking of the wonderful love of Christ in having come from heaven to seek and save such a sinner as he had been all his life, and he expressed great joy at the prospect of soon seeing Jesus and being like Him and with Him for all eternity. He said he had found *Christianity a great reality*, indeed his face lit up with joy as he said to those about him, "I am so happy, so happy in Jesus, it is all sun-

shine now, His precious blood has cleansed me from all my sins.”

A few hours before his death some one repeated to him the chorus of Fannie Crosby's hymn,

“I shall know Him, I shall know Him,  
When redeemed by His side I shall stand,  
I shall know Him, I shall know Him,  
By the print of the nails in His hand.”

Looking up, he exclaimed in feeble but joyful accents, “I shall know Him too. Oh! it's wonderful, it's wonderful, I should like to tell others about it.” He then expressed great sorrow for having been so rude to those who had visited him, and spoken to him about his precious soul in the early stages of his illness. He longed to be with Jesus, but expressed the desire to see his younger brother before the Lord took him. The Lord graciously answered the request and enabled him to have quite a long talk with him. He pleaded with him to accept Jesus as his Saviour and not to put it off as he had done himself to a dying hour. He begged him not to take pieces out of the Bible, but to take it as a whole, and he would soon understand it.

He departed to be with Christ, March 7th, 1912. His last words were, “God be with you for ever. Amen.”



Dear reader, may I ask you this one question, Have you, like F—S— and thousands of others, found *Christianity a great reality*, or are you still a nominal Christian only, with a name to live while you are dead? Does the religion you possess give you peace with God, joy in the Holy Ghost, and love to the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour? If it does not, I plead with you to seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near. Jesus bids you come to Him for pardon, peace and everlasting life. “Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” “I am the way, the truth and the life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me.” “This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.”

M. S. S.

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## DID HE DIE FOR ME ?

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

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**I**N my visits among the poor and ignorant I once met a poor girl who was dying and who had no concern about her soul. She did not know one text

from God's word; but after shewing her God's hatred of sin and also His love to fallen man, she became through His power convinced of her state; and being in deep distress at this, she was very delighted with the good news that Jesus died for sinners. She said one day, "I believe He died for sinners. Did He die for me?" I said, "I don't know, it was for sinners." Then she exclaimed, "It was for me." I said, "What would you say if He came into the room now." She said, "Wouldn't I thank Him—shall I thank Him now?" She lifted her thin hands and looking up, said with great fervour, "Thank you, Lord Jesus, for dying for a poor sinner like me."

She lived a few days after this, but her mother and those with her said she was always praising and blessing Him who had died for her.

Oh! the wondrous grace of God.

C. D.

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## SAVED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

**A** DIVER said on one occasion that he had in his house what would probably strike a visitor as a very strange chimney ornament—the shells of an oyster

holding fast a piece of printed paper. The possessor of this ornament was diving on the coast, when he observed at the bottom of the sea this oyster on a rock, with a piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached and commenced to read through the goggles of his helmet. It was a gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his unconverted heart that he said, "I can hold out against God's mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus." He became there and then a repentant and converted man—saved at the bottom of the sea.

What pains God takes to reach people and bring them to Himself! Has the reader realised this yet; and has he turned to God to own His goodness?

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## WATER OF LIFE FREELY.

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**M**OFFATT, the African missionary, when in England, was asked to say in a few words what Central Africa was like. His reply was:

"You think of the water you once threw away."

The mariner lost, on wild billows rocking,  
Clings to the frail raft, so helpless and brave

The wild waves around his thirst only mocking,  
 His shipmates all buried 'neath ocean's dark  
 wave.

No chart and no compass, weary and thirsty,  
 No shelter protects from the sun's scorching ray,  
 No shore to be seen, his bottle now empty,  
 "He thinks of the water he once threw away."

'Mid the wild roar of battle the brave soldier lying,  
 Shot down by the foeman on war's bloody plain,  
 In torture, surrounded with dead and the dying,  
 He thinks of the dear ones he'll ne'er see again.  
 No friendly care through the long night of sorrow,  
 The ghastly wounds open, he hopes for the day;  
 Will some friendly hand bring relief on the morrow?  
 "He thinks of the water he once threw away."

Out in the desert, the sun and sand scorching,  
 The traveller allured by the phantom so fair;  
 Worn out, disappointed, his fevered brain bursting,  
 He sinks on the sand in dark, hopeless despair.  
 Now helpless and lonely, fevered and thirsty,  
 Above him the wild birds keep watch for their  
 prey,  
 Lost, friendless and desolate, his calabash empty,  
 "He thinks of the water he once threw away."

There's a clear, flowing fountain of infinite mercy,  
 It springs from the fathomless depths of love's sea,  
 The Spirit and bride say, "Come, all ye thirsty,"  
 And drink of this water, so boundless and free.  
 But alas! that so many refuse God's great offer,  
 And live without Christ through short time's  
 fleeting day,  
 Till they land without hope with careless and scoffer,  
 "And think of the water they once threw away."

## A FIRM OFFER.

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I HAD long known B——, a member of my own service in India; he had a good memory and an aptitude in quotation generally, and often, in his cheery way, sought to display his superiority by citing scripture when we visited one another.

Having been transferred to another district, he came, after a long interval, to see me in my new home. Casting a rapid glance at a text which hung over my mantel-piece, he remarked, with a smile, “wrong again!”

“What is wrong?” I rejoined.

“Why,” said he, “as every one knows, the scripture reads, ‘Whosoever will, let him *taste* the water of life freely.’”

“Shall we look at the verse,” I replied, quietly, and he assented, with an assured expression.

I turned to Revelation xxii. 17, and read, “Whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely.”

My friend’s gaiety vanished in a moment, and earnestly beholding me, he

said very gravely, "Why, that amounts to a *firm* offer."

I replied that it did, and warmly invited him to accept it, as from God.

He owned that he had hitherto carelessly understood that the word was "taste," conveying to his mind that he could, as it were, sip and come again, but that "take" narrowed down the issue, either to accept or leave the Holy Spirit's offer.

The awful solemnity of the latter alternative seemed to press heavily on my friend, and I had the joy of noting from that hour a change in his demeanour.

Many years have elapsed since then, and recently he passed away, a humble, reverent believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Some time after the incident above related, while on the return voyage from a visit to Australia, I was shewing a fellow-passenger my photographic album, when his attention was arrested by a view of my Indian sitting-room, in which the identical text used in regard to B— was clearly represented. As he read the verse, I said there was a little incident in connection with it which had much interested me. My companion, the Bishop of W—, desired me to relate it, which I did.

The following Lord's-day evening the bishop preached in the saloon to a large audience, and as I sat above I was astonished to hear him give out the familiar scripture, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The bishop then related the facts of my story, and, after an earnest gospel address, fervently appealed to the audience, among whom there were many people of standing and position, not to trifle any longer with God's full and free salvation through Jesus Christ, but to close with it as a firm offer. I could see that a deep impression was produced. The day is at hand that will declare it. The bishop himself, a sincere and earnest worker, soon after resigned his see, to labour in the gospel as a missionary in Persia, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, and has since entered into rest.

Thus, one little circumstance can, in the mercy of God, be used of Him to arrest the attention, and it may be in sovereign grace, bow the hearts of many. To Him be all the praise.

As a stone cast into still water causes ever increasing circles, and sound is merged in space, but not lost, so God has said of His word, "It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that

which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." (Isa. lv. 11.)

Reader, the time is short, the day of grace is passing—how do *you* stand with God?

Have *you* accepted His firm offer? If so, life and blessing are eternally secured to you, and you shall not come into judgment—the awful portion of all who “neglect so great salvation.” (Heb. ii. 3.)

T. K.

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## THE WISE MAN AND THE FOOL.

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**T**HE scripture saith, that the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God, and that He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. In a country town there lived a half-witted man, who was a butt for the sport of the idle lads there. “Billy,” they would say, “prove if there be a God if thee can: we know that there is none.” “Shame on ye, lads,” Billy would shout; “shame—ye should know better talk than that. No God—no food, no clothes!—one lives up top I know; yes, He does though.”

One day poor Billy, in common with



several other persons, heard a preacher telling of God's salvation for ruined sinners. After the sermon was over, a young fellow came swaggering up to half-witted "Billy." "Well, Billy, I don't believe a word that he says; he's only talking for pay, that's what those fellows preach for—just to get a living. 'No God!' that's the religion for me." "You'll find out that there's a God when you're dead though," said Billy in an instant; "you'll find it out when you are dead, won't you? No God, indeed! why, who gave you your work or your bread? No God! ah! you'll find it out when you're dead." Billy tried hard to convince the young man; he followed him to his home and continued his simple reasoning, but to no avail; and at last left him for his own poor little room.

Early on the Monday morning he hastened to the young man's house; the shutters were closed, and the place was still. He went upstairs, and there stood the young man's wife, weeping bitterly. "He is dead, Billy—he is dead," wept she. "He died in the night; he went off to sleep and never woke again, poor fellow;" and the poor young woman wept again. "He has found out that there is a God now then, mistress, has he not?" said

Billy. And the frightened man hurried downstairs into the street, crying, "Yes, he's found out there is a God now he's dead."

And so he had in all verity; he had discovered that there is an eternity, a place for bad spirits, and a place for good spirits. The solemn, simple truths of heaven and hell the sceptic had found out.

Have *you* learnt these things in the light of God's presence, dear friend? I do not ask you whether you have learnt them from the traditions of your parents—doubtless you have. Doubtless you "know all about it;" you have heard all these sort of things; you know them by heart, or are you an avowed infidel? "The fool saith in his heart, 'No God.' " Well, be you infidel or one supposing yourself acquainted with the whole matter, you need salvation, for if you do not come to Jesus as a little child, you will never enter into the kingdom. That is a fact, *unalterable*; Christ has spoken it, and His words will never be changed.

Come as a little child, and all will be well. You will find pardon and peace; you will be happy; you will have no fear of death, for Christ has conquered him that had the power of death, that is, the

devil. Come as a simple child ; give up opinions—learn of Jesus. Be content to be saved, since you cannot save yourself. Let the Lord do it all, as you can do nothing. He has died, been buried, and risen again. All is complete—all that you have to do is to believe in Him.

Let alone hard questions of every sort ; you are a sinner ; one who *deserves* death, for the "wages of sin is death." See, then, Jesus under the weight, and bearing the penalty of sin ; see Him dying on Calvary ; hear Him cry "It is finished." The debt is paid. God has accepted the ransom. This is the simple gospel.

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## THE WRECK OF THE "TITANIC."

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**T**HE fateful morning of April 15th, 1912, will long live in the memory of those who were on board the great ocean liner "Titanic," as she sped her way across the Atlantic for New York, with her thousands of passengers. Little did they think of a terrible calamity. Many were asleep, others engaging in all kinds of pleasure, but suddenly everything was interrupted when it became known that the vessel had struck an iceberg, and that her

passengers (over two thousand souls) were in imminent peril. Who could rightly picture the scene! Women and children ordered to take to the boats and the men, some panic stricken and others comparatively careless, believing the great vessel was unsinkable. Suddenly the great ship took a mighty plunge and sank in over two miles of water.

Men may build great ships which appear to be proof against every danger, but they cannot build against the might of His power "who ruleth the raging of the sea." Was not this terrible disaster the voice of God to men? The cause of the disaster was that the vessel struck an iceberg of gigantic size.

What folly to suppose that men could invent anything that would be proof against the might and power of God,

"Who plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

Men are powerless to control the ocean. The great ship was running at high speed; no doubt it was hoped that they might break a record, but the safety of hundreds of precious souls was at stake. The loss of the vessel was indeed a terrible calamity, and one that will be remembered for many a long year.

But let us pause a moment. The hand of God was surely in it all. Should we not hear the voice of God? Surely we should! Such a calamity should speak loudly to us all. None of us can escape the touch of God's hand, however we may try. In infinite goodness God seeks to check man's foolish career in sin that he may know that God ruleth in the kingdom of men. "Who can stay his hand, or say unto him: What doest thou?" Not one, whether a millionaire or a pauper, all alike must come under His hand, and it is well for those who come under His hand for blessing now in this day of longsuffering and mercy. Men live in pleasure and wantonness on the earth without God and without hope. We are told that no expense was spared to equip the "Titanic" with every modern improvement, the very latest inventions and all that art and device could suggest to avoid or prevent a calamity, and every luxury was provided to pander to the taste and desire of lovers of worldly ease and pleasure, altogether forgetful of Him who holds the very breath of man in His hand. We are foolish not to heed the warnings which are given from time to time and bow our ears and listen to God's voice. He is not willing that

any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. He is worthy to be trusted, and to make His acquaintance now means eternal blessing, enjoyed now and entered into more fully when life's brief day will be over. Meet God we must, either before His judgment-seat or now to know Him as Saviour.

We may not have to face death as those poor souls on board the "Titanic," rushing as they did into the very jaws of death. It must have been a heart-rending scene, the moans and cries of those who were drowning must have been terrible to hear, as the ship so quickly sank to the bottom of the ocean.

We will not linger any longer over this scene so strangely sad, but turn to the reader, if still unsaved, to say how terrible his position is. You are perishing, and if still unrepentant you will be lost for ever. Think of it, ponder over it, and at this moment without delay cast yourself at the feet of Jesus, who is not only willing but able to save. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." "To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." "Turn ye, turn ye . . .

for why will ye die? ” Jesus has died, has risen again, and from the heights of glory He is beseeching men to come to Him and be blessed. May the terrible calamity so recently happened be used of God to speak to the reader.

E. I. E.

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## READY.

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**T**HERE are three passages of scripture to which I desire to draw the attention of the reader; they each contain the word which stands at the head of this paper, a word of immense importance to each of us. Before doing so let me ask the following questions:

First, have you found out you are a sinner *ready* to perish?

Secondly, have you found out that “the Lord is *ready* to save”?

Thirdly, are you *ready* to meet God?

I once put the last of these questions to a young woman who was in the last stage of consumption, and her answer was quick and intense: “I am dying, and I am afraid to meet God; I am *not ready*.” I said, “Thank God for that answer.” She said, “How can you say that?” My reply was, “You are not indifferent; you see your danger, and

feel your need of a Saviour, and God has a very distinct message for such as you." I told her of God's provision in the death of Christ, the meeting of His claims, and her deep need, and that He was satisfied with Christ and His work, and required nothing from her, but had everything she needed to offer her: forgiveness of sins, righteousness, salvation, &c.

The light broke in upon her, and she exclaimed, between her fits of coughing, "I see it! I see it! The blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanses from all sin; it has cleansed me."

Reader, let me put the question again to you: "Are you ready to meet God?"

### Ready to perish.

The first scripture I desire briefly to draw your attention to is in Deuteronomy xxvi. 5: "A Syrian *ready* to perish was my father." Jacob is here referred to; he dwelt in a land of famine, all its resources were exhausted. He was ready to perish, and had to go down into Egypt to Joseph, who had all resources in his hand.

The prodigal in Luke xv. had to come to the end of his resources before he came to himself, and returned to his father. He was brought to feel the



pinch of want, and exclaim, “I *perish* with hunger.” He had got low enough to desire the husks the swine did eat, but no man gave unto him. But when the light reached him he discovered there was goodness in his father’s heart, and he exclaimed, There is bread enough in my father’s house, and I perish with hunger. “I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him . . . I have sinned.” We know the sequel. His father met him with outstretched arms, and fell on his neck, and covered him with kisses, and brought him into the house, in the best robe, the ring and the sandals. By this parable we learn all the resources of God are open to the one who takes his true place before Him, acknowledging: “I am a sinner *ready* to perish; I perish with hunger.”

### Ready to save.

The second scripture referred to is in Isaiah xxxviii. 20: “The Lord was ready to save.” The pressure of death was upon Hezekiah’s spirit. “He will cut me off with pining sickness.” He also speaks of the bitterness of his soul. Dear reader, have you ever been face to face with death and felt its bitterness, the severing of every tie here, and the

solemnity of passing into eternity, and have you cried out like Hezekiah, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." If not, face it now in God's presence, and you will find, like Hezekiah, "The Lord is *ready* to save me," and a song of salvation will be put into your mouth.

**All things are ready.**

The third and last scripture I would call your attention to is in Matthew xxii. 4: "All things are *ready*: come unto the marriage." This parable begins with Christ in glory. God's answer to all that Christ did on earth is His exaltation. He alone overthrew Satan's power, and met God's claims, and His exaltation is the celebration of what He has accomplished. Will you join in the celebration of grace, owning that Christ alone is worthy of a place in the presence of God. Give up your own thoughts and doings; confess Him as your Saviour and Lord, and you will find there is a place for you also in God's presence. You can only sit there in the sense of Christ's worthiness. You have nothing to provide. God has made all the provision, Christ is the righteousness, the wedding garment that God has provided.

If you bring your own garment of self-righteousness when the King comes in to see the guests He will say, "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?" You will be speechless. Then the King will say to the servants, "Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." It will be no question then of the character of the guests, but the wedding garment. You must have Christ alone for your righteousness, otherwise there is no place for you at the feast. You can only come to it admitting you have no claim, and that death and judgment are upon you. Come; for all things are *ready*! If without Christ, you are a sinner *ready* to perish, but the Lord is *ready* to save, and all things are *ready*, come to the wedding. May the language of your heart be:

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

J. McF.

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## JESUS FOR ME.

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**A** LITTLE girl once came to a preacher, anxious to be saved. He

opened her Bible to shew her a particular text which he thought would help her. While turning to find the scripture his eye caught sight of a verse that she had marked. What do you think it was?

“Be ye holy, for I am holy.” (1 Pet. i.)

“Why did you mark this?” he inquired.

“Because I thought I must be holy in order to be saved,” she replied.

“Well, and how did you get on?”

“Why, the more I tried to be holy, the more unholy I found myself to be.”

“Well, read the verse on the next page: ‘Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.’”

After she had read the verse the preacher asked her, “Who is referred to by ‘the Just’?”

“Jesus,” she replied.

“And who was the unjust?”

“Me,” she replied.

“Well, then, read it so,” he continued, “putting in the name of Jesus and your own”; and she read, “Christ also hath once suffered for sins, *Jesus* for *me*, that he might bring *me* to God.”

Ah! That is the gospel—*Jesus for me*.

Oh, let me ask you, Have you this peace of which I am speaking?

# THROUGH FAITH.

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SOME years ago two men, a bargeman and a collier, were in a boat above the rapids of Niagara, and found themselves unable to manage it, being carried so swiftly down the current that they must both inevitably be borne down and dashed to pieces. At last, however, one man was saved by floating a rope to him, which he grasped. The same instant that the rope came into his hand a log floated by the other man. Thoughtless and confused, instead of seizing the rope, he laid hold of the log.

It was a fatal mistake; they were both in imminent peril; but the one was drawn to shore, because he had a connection with the people on the land; while the other, clinging to the loose, floating log, was borne irresistibly along, and never heard of afterwards.

Faith puts one in touch with Christ and hence we are saved, whereas works, even if we cling to them, can never bring us salvation. *They* have no link with the *other* side, but CHRIST has—He has

entered in, within the veil, and if our faith is in Him we have an anchor for the soul, both sure and stedfast.

Reader, I pray you see to it that your faith is in Christ, not in your works, or feelings, but in Christ alone.

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## “IS IT SETTLED?”

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**WE** were passing from one ward to another, visiting the aged poor at a seaside workhouse and distributing a few tracts written in bold type especially for those advanced in years. One of the tracts bore the title, “Is it settled?” so we put the query to several of our aged friends and in many instances received the answer: “Yes, thank God!”

Now it is all-important with men of the world that things should be settled; with men of business it is important that their accounts should be settled, everything must be strictly accounted for in order that business may proceed on a sound basis. Men are shrewd and far-seeing in things of this life, very little escapes their observation. Let us venture to ask the thinking man of to-day, though it may be a subject not altogether likely to gain his

ear or arrest his attention—still it is a matter that must be faced sooner or later—Is your account with God settled?

Reader, you have a heavy debt, a mighty score of unforgiven sins of which to give account. Debts contracted by men will plunge them into hopeless ruin and disgrace if they are not satisfactorily met. Alas, alas, we can speak of any topic of the day, the financial position, men will tell you the best way to invest in stocks; indeed the subject of pounds, shillings and pence commands very great attention; but we are not permitted to press our investigation and suggest a brief consideration of the interest of the soul. This is a most important question. “God breathed into man’s nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.” It is high time that the reader began to take a serious view of things and consider his latter end. “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.” Solemn word! Stern justice in all its reality will be arrayed against men and the awful sentence pronounced against those who have refused to surrender to Christ: “I never knew you: depart from me.” The One who dwells on high with grace upon His brow will sit as judge of all the earth in that day.

A terrible crisis in the world's history will soon take place. He will overturn, overturn, overturn. But, listen: His glorious arm is outstretched toward you. He is mighty to save; the penalty of sin has been paid to the full, and God is glorified in that mighty transaction. "He has battled death's forces, rolled back every wave." Blessed be His peerless name; He has triumphed over everything, every foe has been disarmed. The great question of sin has been settled for God at the cross. Jesus cried: "It is finished!" God has no more to say; Jesus has met every claim that God required on account of man's sin, and there is nothing now but for you to bow to Him.

Let us ask again: "Is it settled?" A momentous question, this, surely! Face it you must, evade it you cannot. Most of our aged friends of whom I spoke at the beginning could speak with certainty on this subject, they knew their sins were forgiven and that God would remember them no more; yet, strange as it may seem, when the question is put to some: Are your sins forgiven? they will say: "I hope so." They will tell you they know Jesus as their Saviour, but at the same time will



say they think it presumption to say their sins are forgiven. Is it not greater presumption to doubt God and His word? He says, “I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name’s sake.” They say: “But I feel so sinful.” Stay, it is not your sins that trouble you, but the consciousness of indwelling sin; sins are the fruit but sin is the root. Listen, Jesus has put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, the whole question both of sins and sin was gone into by God and has been settled by Christ for God. God made “him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might become the righteousness of God in him.” The Lord Jesus bore our sins in His own body on the tree, but more, He was made sin and both our sin and our sins have been met by Him.

Reader, let me earnestly ask you: Do you believe God, who has raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead? If you do, then you may be truly assured that as to your acceptance before Him it is settled. Much will have to be learned afterwards, but as to your sins they are forgiven for His name’s sake; and as to sin, thank God, you can say: God made Him to be sin for me and He has condemned sin in the flesh

in the person of His own Son, Jesus Christ.

This is the gospel story; may God grant the reader grace to believe it!

E. I. E.

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## THE WORLD OR CHRIST?

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**B**OMBARDIER C—, of the Royal Artillery, serving in India, was told off to assist the sergeant who controlled the canteen. The more liquor the soldiers could be induced to consume, the larger the profits, which were applied towards the furtherance of certain sports, &c., with a view to promoting the happiness of the men.

C—, himself a steady young man but without Christ, and quite in the whirl of the world, saw the evil effects of drink among his comrades, one of whom, once a gentleman of position, had fallen through its baneful influence and enlisted, was disowned, and so lost to all he held dear.

C— determined that he would only concern himself with the manufacture of mineral waters, and told the sergeant of his scruples. The latter stormed at him, and told him to attend to his duties —

otherwise he would make him suffer for it.

Just then a gospel address was given at the Soldiers' Home—an institution owned and managed by a christian lady, as a counter attraction to the canteen.

The artilleryman, troubled in mind, and seeing no way of escape from obeying his superior's orders, was brought by a believing comrade to the meeting. There he met with the seeking Saviour, acknowledged himself a helpless sinner, cast his burden upon the Lord, and found pardon and peace.

He went on well for a time, and then ceased attending the home, to the sorrow of all who were interested in him, refusing all persuasion.

After a few months, I again visited the place and sent a note to him saying there would be a meeting that evening in the home, and that I would be pleased to see him there. I was agreeably surprised at receiving an immediate answer, stating that, owing to the pressure of those over him, he had relapsed, and had again taken part in all the follies with which he was surrounded, but that he found it much harder to stay away from the Lord and christian intercourse, than to combat with the course of this world.

To the joy of all present, he appeared at the meeting, but looked most unhappy; so that, after speaking on the sufficiency of Christ to meet the utmost need of all who put their trust in Him, it was a memorable sight to see the sorely distressed artilleryman kneeling, and a bright, believing comrade at his side pouring forth his heart in prayer for his friend. There was a long pause, and then poor C——, thoroughly heart-broken, confessed before God his weakness and sinful course, and worst of all to him, the denial of Christ, his Saviour. Thus, diligently seeking a place of repentance and pardon with tears, we earnestly commended him to the Lord, who heard and answered our cry abundantly.

The man was sorely tested, but was enabled to stand and witness a good confession, and was shortly after that transferred to another cantonment.

There, in the prayer-room, he held a nightly meeting for reading the word, singing gospel hymns, and prayer, with the result that, ere long, three comrades were led outright to Christ, and several others brought under conviction of their need of a Saviour—the Holy Spirit's blessed work.

Thus God honoured His trembling

young servant's simple faith and testimony, and greatly was he missed when his good service earned him promotion as sergeant in a newly-formed battery in England.

Reader, is it not clear that we need a power outside ourselves to enable us to withstand the temptations and wiles of the devil, in whichever form they may assail us ?

Let me affectionately ask whether you have ever awakened to the sense that God loves you intensely, and would fain save you to the uttermost, that is, to the very end (Heb. vii. 25), if you will only allow Him to have His way with you ?

Then, having yielded, would you ever be ashamed of Jesus, and deny the Lord that bought you with His own precious blood ? Perish the base thought, and rather seek to testify with Paul, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." (Phil. iii. 8.) T. K.

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## WHO IS YOUR GOD ?

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**T**HE following appalling instance of idolatry has been recently brought before my notice:—At a meeting for prayer, an old woman was remarkable for her punctuality and regularity; her poverty and age drew forth the sympathy of some christian ladies who attended the same meeting, and the old woman was frequently the subject of their benevolence. On a sudden they missed their friend, and ascertaining where she lived, found that she was dying. The woman was very reserved, and as the ladies could not reach her heart through conversation, they offered to read from the Bible to her, hoping thus to soothe her spirit; but to their astonishment and horror, the old creature flatly refused to hear anything from the scriptures. Being deeply interested in her soul's welfare, they procured a christian nurse to attend her, for the old creature seemed wretchedly poor.

The nurse carefully watched over the old woman, and at the last, observing the look of death upon her face, and hearing her murmur something, she hastened to the bedside to catch the

sounds, and, bending over the dying lips, she heard them faintly whisper—"Gold! gold! gold!" With these words the woman fell back and died. In her withered hand was clutched a purse of gold—*her god and her destruction*. To gain gold she had assumed to be pious, but in her last moments she revealed the true state of her soul by crying to her god—GOLD! GOLD! What a fearful example is this of the end of a worshipper of false gods in our land!

Dear reader, who is *your* God? are you scrupulous in your observance of prayers—nay more, do you take into your lips the emblems of the precious death of Jesus, and yet all the time are you a worshipper of a false god—Reputation, Fashion, Gain? How hateful is such service to God, who searches the heart! Has He not said, "This people . . . honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me"?

"The world passeth away, and the lust thereof:" not merely the world, but the pleasures of it. How soon will the eye close to its idols and lusts for ever! Ah! should you die grasping a shadow, and your dying hand unloose its vanity for ever; should you go into eternity having nought save your sins with you; how

awful the awakening! Consider, dear reader, who is your God!

Blessed are they who have laid hold of Christ!—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." Blessed to be *one with* Him—to be *in* Him—to be a fellow heir with Him!

Reader, is this your portion? Then give Him the praise. If not yours *yet*, it *may* be yours even to-day, even as you read this paper.

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN, IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?" (Mark viii. 36.)

"GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE." (John iii. 16.)

As a bright contrast to this painful story, let me tell you of the dying words of one who believed in God's Son. "JESUS, JESUS," were his last utterances on earth; and as his spirit left his body, upward it flew to his Lord and his God in the glory. If you love Jesus, you too shall utter His name with great delight. By the grace of God's Spirit, may your living or dying words be Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! the precious name of Jesus! and you shall be satisfied when you awake in His likeness.



## GOD INVITING.

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**G**OD not only provides the gospel; He also sends out a testimony *inviting* needy persons to accept His provision. In the Old Testament we have many prophetic allusions to this attitude of God. We read, "Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world." (Psa. xlix. 1.) Again, "Come now, and let us reason together." (Isa. i. 18.) Again, "Ho, every one that thirsteth." (Isa. lv. 1.) When we come to the New Testament the invitations are clearer still, as we read, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) Again, "As many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage." (Matt. xxii. 9.) Again, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) This shews the attitude God has taken up with regard to the provision He has provided. How this should embolden the anxious sinner to look to God for fitness, and not endeavour to provide a fitness for himself.

God's provision is admirable to die with, and dying testimonies are innumerable of persons, both young and old, who when

dying could testify that Christ was all-sufficient to die with, as they had found Him all-sufficient before death called them. Some died peacefully, some died happily, and some died rejoicingly, but all testifying to the preciousness of God's provision.

Was there ever an infidel, or agnostic, or unconverted person who was happy at the thought of death? They may have died without thought, but never happy at the thought of dying. The infidel cries for opium to stifle his fears. The agnostic says, "No one knows the future," and so takes a leap in the dark.

God was hidden behind the veil till Christ died, yet we constantly find the Spirit of Christ in the Old Testament writers making earnest appeals to men. We read, "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." (Prov. i. 20.) Again, "Doth not wisdom cry?" (Prov. viii. 1.) Again, "Unto you, O men, I call." (Prov. viii. 4.)

When Jesus was on earth, we find how He continued the same attitude, and so we read: "Jesus stood and cried saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." (John vii. 37.) But at last He had to say: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under

her wings, and ye would not!" (Luke xiii. 34.)

The Lord seemed to review all His pleadings, both by His Spirit in the various prophets of old and His own words and works, and at last had to say, "Ye would not."

When the Holy Spirit came down from heaven the testimony continued through the apostles, and although they have passed, the testimony still continues, and real gospel preachers beseech sinners to believe the glad tidings.

Reader, may God grant, in His great grace, that you believe and are saved.

G. W. G.

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## WITHOUT MONEY.

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**F**OR the last seventy-seven years a newspaper has been published weekly in Dublin containing advertisements, interesting information, scientific and otherwise, and a short story, but no politics. The paper is scattered over the city and suburbs free of charge. You have only to go into the office in Fleet Street and ask for a copy of the paper, and it will be handed to you over the

counter as a free gift. On the third page each week the following paragraph occurs :

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John iii. 16.)

The above text is God’s advertisement of glad tidings. It has been the means of saving millions who have heard and read it. The “whosoever” of the text means you, reader. Thank God for it, and, in believing, rejoice evermore.

Oh! the good news, the glad tidings of salvation “without money and without price!” I ask you, dear reader, have you believed it “with the heart”; have you thanked God for it; and are you filled with all joy and peace in believing?

The newspaper in which the above paragraph appears each week is to be had for nothing, but it costs the publishers a good sum of money before it appears each Saturday. In the same way God’s great salvation which is offered you freely, cost God the giving up of His well-beloved Son on Calvary’s cross, there to die “the Just for the unjust that he might bring us to God.”

# A CHRISTLESS GRAVE.

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**A** LADY was distributing gospel tracts in an American city and handed one to a conductor on one of the street cars. Taking the tract the man said: "You always give me one of these religious papers; I suppose you think me a very wicked fellow, but I am about as good as they make them." A little conversation followed and the lady pressed upon the conductor the urgency of his soul's salvation. "Oh, well," said the man, "there is plenty of time for me to think about these things; I am still young."

Reader, you may have a similar thought. Many say, there is plenty of time; I truly mean to be saved! How foolish to be deceived thus when none of us can tell what the morrow may bring forth. A child once asked her mother how old one must be before he dies. The wise mother gave her child a long piece of string, and told her to go into the graveyard and measure the graves, and every time she measured tie a knot. Soon after the child came back with the string full of knots. "Look, mother, the graves are all

sizes!" "Yes, dear, that is when people die; at all times and ages."

But to return to my story. When the lady left the car she turned to the conductor and said: "Remember, the time is short and you need not go to a Christless grave and to hell; Jesus died for you."

The same day the man had leave and was going off his car for an afternoon's outing; he tried to step from one car to another when his foot slipped and he was run over and seriously injured. He was taken to the hospital and before the day was over he died. Thank God, however, he was turned to the Lord Jesus in simple faith before he passed away, and died in the peace and joy of knowing in whom he had believed. He repeated the scripture so well known to many: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him." (2 Tim. i. 12.) It is great grace on the part of God to grant remission of sins to all who turn to Him in the sense of their need. It may be said by some, God will not accept one who lives with his face turned away in selfwill and then at the last hour, when one is awakened to a sense of need, cries out for help and salvation. God is unlike men, He is rich in mercy, and will save those

who turn to Him, even if it be at the last hour. But who can tell when his last hour will come? Reader, you know as well as I do that we may be called away suddenly, or in a long and suffering illness when perhaps no opportunity will present itself for thinking quietly over these solemn matters. Oh, believe me, it is the greatest folly to postpone turning to God. Folly! it is worse a thousand times; it is sheer madness. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation! We know well enough, if we pause to think for a moment, that we must meet God and render an account, sooner or later.

Stay, I beseech you, for a moment in life's pathway and hearken to my words. Some of you who read what I write may be in all the whirl of the world's pleasure, where conscience is silenced for the while; but the day must come when the music and laughter will cease.

A prominent man once wrote that he had occasion to go back to the theatre for something long after the performance was over. One small light glimmered in the great building; the stage was empty, the boxes, the stalls, the pit—oh! the awful silence; and he said that the thought flashed into his soul: "The day must come when all that vast crowd so recently

here—actors and audience, must pass away—and where?” Ah! that is a serious question. Where shall we spend eternity? Do not be deceived any longer by the glamour and glitter of this world. It is a sham show and cannot afford you any solace in your hour of trouble. God seeks to arrest your attention and awaken your interest in order that He may fill your soul with peace and joy. God is good; He has laboured long to reach you and lingers still in the riches of His grace. Hear the words written by His Spirit: “Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.” (Isa. lv. 7.)

“Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else. I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall confess.” (Isa. xlv. 22, 23.)

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## THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

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**M**Y friend Mr. W—— had spent a long life of commercial activity in Lon-



don and was utterly careless about his eternal welfare; well "read up" in politics, and all the exciting news of the day, and fond of discussing such subjects, but without any thought of God. He was laid up seriously ill. On hearing of his illness I hastened to see him. The change in his appearance was great; he was so reduced and altered that I hardly knew him. He was evidently death-stricken, the end could not be far off. He expressed the greatest pleasure in seeing me, an old friend, at least one upon whom he could rely as a visitor to his sick chamber. He knew well what I had come for. After a few words about his bodily state, he looked up anxiously and said, "I am done for now . . . . I am dying . . . . I can never be better." A solemn conversation followed on the great realities of the soul and eternity. The following is substantially, almost exactly, what he said to my inquiry as to the state of his mind; and being very able to express himself, he made rather a long speech. But as it expresses a very popular view I speak of it.

"I know I am dying, and I have no hope but in the mercy of the Almighty; and I have been paying more attention to my religious duties lately . . . . I have

neglected them too long . . . . I have been asking the Almighty in prayer to forgive my sins. I know I am a great sinner, but He is merciful, and I trust He will hear my prayers . . . . I mean not to forget these things any longer. Last evening after I had spent some time in prayer, I felt great consolation within me."

That word, "great consolation," exhausted my patience. I felt it was time for me to speak; besides, he was greatly fatigued, being short of breath; but I felt that my work was not to soothe him in his delusion, but to disturb his false dreams of "consolation."

"I am glad," I said, "that you are thinking so seriously about these things, but you will not think me unkind if I say that you have completely overlooked the only remedy for sin." "What is that?" he inquired. "The blood of Christ," I replied. He looked very anxiously at me. "It is a right thing, of course," I said, "to pray, but no amount of prayers or consolation within you, apart from the blood of Christ, will ever remove one single sin from your soul. Unless you are washed in that blood, be assured, you must go down to hell under the guilt of all your sins." Knowing his circumstances and his past career, I spoke plainly and strongly.

I pressed this one point—the blood of Christ shed on the cross for the chief of sinners, God's only remedy for sin. That it was either implicit faith in that blood or to perish for ever. The great truth for him to seize now was this: There is no limit to the power of the blood of Christ, and that faith in the efficacy of that blood would bring down from heaven the immediate, full and everlasting forgiveness of all his sins. And now to pray that he might have a deeper sense of his sin, and of the precious blood of Christ.

After giving him some texts to think over and praying with him, I left. But I could not get him out of my mind. So I wrote to him the same evening and embodied in a letter all I had said about his sins and the blood of Christ, and sent him some more tracts and books besides. I allowed one week to pass before calling again, when I received a letter from his daughter begging me to call, as her father wished to see me. I went the same day. As I entered the room, he raised his hand, with a glad welcome expressed on his face; and when I said, "How is it with you?" "Nothing but the blood!" was his only reply; "Nothing but the blood!" I could scarcely reply for a moment, my heart was so full. "Praise the Lord! praise the

Lord!" was nearly all I could add for a little. The Lord had graciously opened his mind and bowed his heart to the great truth about the blood of Christ. I found he had read the tracts and was diligently reading the scriptures. He said that he was happily resting on the truth that Christ had died for him, and that he was saved through faith in Him.

He lived about three weeks after this: I saw him repeatedly, we had free conversation together about the things of the Lord, and he always seemed happy as to his spiritual state; but I would only add that my last visit was one never to be forgotten. It was the closing scene. There is always a peculiar solemnity and reality in seeing a man die. If he is not right before he dies he cannot be put right after; the scene closes for ever. All my anxiety seemed to awaken as at first. He could hear, but not speak. I begged him to assure my heart if he were perfectly happy resting on Jesus and His precious blood, by pressing my hand, which I placed in his. He pressed it, moved it to and fro, with his eyes staring on me as if to say: What more can I do? All is peace.

I prayed, as if to help him across the line. But, oh! the parting! His wife and daughter were terribly distressed; but

he was far past such emotions. I turned to leave, pointing to heaven as the place of our next meeting, to which he assented with a slight movement of the head, and a bright, speaking expression of the eye. I left, and hurried away to recover my self-possession.

Since his departure I have heard from those who called upon him during his illness that he said, speaking of himself: "Yes, I have been a careless sinner, and there is nothing between me and hell but the blood of Christ; that is all I have to rest upon." This was a great comfort to me.

Reader, what are you resting upon? Do not, I beseech you, rest upon your prayers, or feelings, or indeed upon anything but the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5.)

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## LOST !

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**T**HE fitful moonlight shone upon the waters at midnight when a sailor, while carrying out his orders, fell overboard into the dark sea. His cries of

agony rang bitterly in our ears as the ship shot past him, and all that we flung to him failed to reach him. The mate instantly ordered the ship about, and crying, "Lower away the quarter boat," leaped into her. Alas! THE TACKLE WAS FOUL! Oh! the terrible delay: moments seemed like hours. "A knife!" shouted the mate; and snatching one from a sailor, he cut through the ropes. The command "In, men, in," was instantly obeyed by four stout fellows, and at last down went the boat to seek the lost. The crew gathered upon the deck to watch the result; and, dark as it was, there was light enough to see that tears rolled down many a sailor's cheek, and some could be heard murmuring a prayer. Soon the little boat was out of sight, and we could only hear the shouts as they sought to reach the ear of their drowning fellow: then all was still, save the wind howling through the cordage, and the heavy flapping of the sails as the ship lay to. Suddenly a dark spot rose upon the wave, and we saw the moonbeams flashing across the dripping oars: the boat was returning. "All well?" we eagerly cried. A half-spoken "Too late!" murmured along the waves; and we knew, too well, what had become of the brave fellow.

Thus an eyewitness describes the loss of a fellow man. Perhaps, as the hapless sailor sank, he thought of his childhood, of his home, it may be his mother's voice sounded in his ears, and her loved countenance filled his eye ; but never, never would he see her by his side again upon earth ; he was lost ! and why ? Willing hearts and hands hastened to his rescue, but the tackle was foul, they arrived *too late*.

Reader, if still unsaved, *as a perishing soul*, as one who is sinking down into eternity, accept salvation through the blood of Jesus. It is not a time for you to trifle with your soul—the drowning man cries for life ! Yet his grave is but the sea, his separation from those whom he loves but for time ; your grave is hell, your separation from the home of God, eternal. Was there delay upon the Saviour's part ? Listen to His words, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." And that will was the salvation of God's people—"By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once." Did He falter in the great and painful work of saving sinners ? "How am I straitened till it be accomplished," He said.

And now, to-day, He knows just where

you are, your every sin, your every unbelieving thought. He knows too, to the hour, how long a time you shall have given you for repentance. Could the boat's crew have but heard their drowning companion's answer to their shouts, they would have found him and borne him safely to their ship. Alas! with you, dear reader, the deafness is wilful: Jesus calls; will you answer? That voice was uplifted, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But this suffering was passed through, so that to-day He might, by His Spirit, declare to you full and everlasting salvation. He stretches out His hand—will you regard? That hand was nailed to the cross for the sake of those who slew Him.

Love to perishing sinners brought Him from heaven to the stormy world, love still calls from heaven to the lost. Believe, poor lost soul, upon this mighty and loving Jesus, and for time and eternity it shall with you be "All well."

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**"IT'S TOO LATE TO CHANGE MASTERS."**

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**A** FEW years ago a poor, friendless navy was dying of heart disease,



and the people with whom he was lodging sent for me to see him.

His lodgings were close to his work, and were situated near the top of one of the Yorkshire moors where a pipe-track was being made. He had only recently given up work, but was quite worn out owing to exposure, and the hard, rough life he had been living.

He soon saw that I thought seriously of the health of his body, and enquired if I did not think he was dying.

I replied that he was very ill, and soon found an opportunity to ask him if he were to die where he would spend eternity.

His reply greatly struck me; it was this: “I’ve served the devil all my life, and it’s too late to change masters.”

The very honesty of his confession encouraged me, sad indeed as it was, and so I urged him to come to Christ. The exact words I do not remember, but their substance is well expressed in the verse I now quote:

“Venture on Him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.”

After a pause he said, “Do you think He’d receive me if I came now?”

I gladly told him that the Lord Jesus

had said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) I offered to pray with him, but this he declined. No doubt prayer seemed an unusual thing to one who had owned himself a captive of Satan.

I felt, too, that the man was really in earnest, and perhaps thought that for him to listen to or join in prayer would be too great a contrast to the Christless life he had led, to appear real. He was very weak, so I said little more to him.

After giving some directions as to the care of his body, I left him, feeling thankful for the opportunity of telling a lonely fellow-traveller of the risen, living Saviour, in whose name and by whose directions repentance and forgiveness of sins were to be preached among all nations. (Luke xxiv. 46, 47.)

His time here was indeed short, for that same day he passed out of time into eternity. My hope was that this man had gone, like the dying thief mentioned in Luke xxiii. 40-43, to be with the Lord, and not to be with the devil and his angels where rest and peace can never come (Isa. lvii. 20, 21), and where "a great ransom cannot deliver." (Job xxxvi. 18.)

I felt encouraged in this hope when I

recalled the wondrous graciousness of God as recorded in Job xxxiii. 24, 27, and 28: “He [that is, God] looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; he [that is, God] will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light.”

Now, dear reader, let me ask you a question: Have *you* ever owned to God that *you* have sinned, and thus—by repenting—caused joy and rejoicing in heaven? (Luke xv. 6, 7.) Have you received the gift of forgiveness of sins which is offered you, and learned that the Christ “who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification” (Rom. iv. 24, 25) is the measure and pledge of our righteousness and acceptance? for He “is made unto us righteousness” (1 Cor. i. 30) and we are accepted in the beloved One. (Eph. i. 6.)

Have you changed masters; have you confessed that Jesus is Lord? If not, let me encourage you to do so at once, by quoting to you the word of God, which tells us that “the same Lord over all is rich” (or “infinitely kind”) “unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” (Rom. x. 12, 13.)

## TWO MEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER DEATH.

**I**N Luke xvi. 19-31 the Lord gave a parable relating to two men after death. The picture was painted in no uncertain colours, and the object the Lord had in view was to enlighten persons concerning what to expect immediately after death.

To man's eye the rich man had everything which he desired, while the poor man seemed to lack the necessaries of daily existence. However, death came to both, and they both vanished from this world.

The Lord then drew aside the curtain to shew where they had gone to after they had died.

The man who was poor in this world's goods was evidently rich in faith, and heir of the kingdom (James ii. 5), and so he went to Abraham's bosom, which signified association with the one in whom the promises of inheritance were deposited; while the one who was rich in this world's goods went to the hades of the lost, and his spirit was "tormented in this flame." (Luke xvi. 24.)

Reader, if death calls you away as you read this paper, will it be yours to pass into the Lord's presence?

G. W. G.

# THE WRONG TRACK TAKEN, BUT THE RIGHT TRACK FOUND.

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I HAD been asked to visit an aged couple in the city of Lincoln, the husband suffering from an incurable disease, and the wife very anxious about him. I found the old man sitting by his fireside and quite ready to enter into conversation with me concerning his soul's welfare. Upon my asking what ground he had for the assurance he gave of his safety for eternity he replied: "Well, I have done no harm to any one, I am a good neighbour, and I try to keep the law of God, and what can I do more than this?" As he spoke I felt how hopeless it was by any *human* effort to open his eyes to this fatal way of reasoning, but I knew that *God* could let the light into all this moral darkness, and on Him I counted. Old Mr. B—— was very deaf, so getting close to his armchair and raising my voice I said clearly and distinctly in his ear, "You are on the wrong track!" Looking at me in astonishment he replied, "I do not understand what

you mean." Again I repeated, "You are on the wrong track, because that is not *God's* way of salvation." *He* has said, "All have sinned, and come *short* of the glory of God," and again, "It is *the blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul." At this the old man seemed a good deal disturbed, and inclined to resent it, but added, "If that is not the *right* way, can you tell me a better?" "Yes," I replied, "and if you will listen I will read from scripture what God has pointed out as His only way for sinners like you and me to be saved; for our title to heaven is not in anything *we* can do but wholly in what *Christ* has done." So the old man listened as I turned to Romans iii. and there read how all are under sin, none righteous, *no, not one*, all gone out of the way, and the way of peace *have they not known*. Then I sought to point out the alone ground upon which God can justify or clear a guilty sinner: that He has brought in redemption by the Lord Jesus Christ, and that through faith in His finished work God has now a *righteous ground* upon which He can save sinners. When I ceased speaking it was plain to see that old Mr. B—— found *his* view of things did not at all accord with what was in *scripture*, and a look of perplexity and

discomfort was in his face as he said, "Well, well, I must *think* over this!" I begged him to do so, and pressed the fact that it would be an awful and terrible mistake to take our *own* way and be lost eternally, while God was waiting and longing to *bless us*, and make us happy in *His* salvation!

Then I left him, his wife remarking, "I feared he was all in the wrong way of thinking, but I don't know the *right way myself* just so as you read it out of the *Bible*." Calling at the cottage on the following morning I left a little paper, in large type, with the simple gospel message, which I asked Mrs. B—— to give to her husband when he awoke, as I knew he did not rise until noon, and with the message from me that the way of life and peace was in it *for him*. On retiring for the night, after our conversation, the old man could not sleep. He had become deeply troubled, and his distress of soul increased as it became clear to him that all he had been building upon for his soul's security was without *foundation*, as it was not *God's* way of safety, so that with death before him ere long, he found himself guilty and lost before a holy God! At last, in anguish of soul, he cried to God to put him on the right track, as he was

altogether on the wrong one. Then he fell asleep, and on awaking found his wife standing at his bedside with the little paper in her hand, and the message from me. He seized the paper eagerly and read it through. As he did so the light of God's salvation shone into his troubled soul, followed by the peace which passeth all understanding, as he rested upon the finished work of Christ. A week passed, and knowing nothing of what had taken place since I last called, I again visited the aged couple. I was shown into the little room, where I again found the old man in his armchair, but oh! how changed was the expression of his face, which now bore the impress of the peace he enjoyed! "I think you have some good news for me to-day," I said, in approaching him. Stretching out both arms he exclaimed: "Thank God! He has put me on the right track!" Happy indeed it was to converse with him after this, and often did I call at their cottage before leaving the town. The dear wife became very anxious to make sure for herself of the way of peace and blessing, and I had the joy of seeing her also truly converted to God. I never saw the aged couple again, for both had passed away to be forever with the Lord before I again visited



Lincoln. But I heard that the closing testimony of both was clear and bright to the end, witnessing of the grace which had delivered them from the power of darkness, and translated them into the kingdom of the Son of God's love. In closing I would say, *Be not deceived!* The natural mind harbours what is vainly thought to secure the safety of the soul. No greater blind has the enemy of souls than this fatal delusion! "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Without a *living and personal link* with a *risen Christ as Saviour* there is no safety for eternity. Good works have their place, but only *after* Christ is thus known, and on the line of *privilege* alone. "To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, *his faith* is counted for righteousness."

"I cannot work my soul to save,  
That work my Lord has done,  
But I can work like any slave  
From love to God's dear Son."

# “A VISION OF THE NIGHT.”

(JOB XXXIII. 14-30.)

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**A** LADY, whom I knew well, young and attractive, was suddenly stricken in health, so that her devoted husband, under medical advice, hurried her from place to place, in the hope that change of scene and air would restore her.

All that was done, however, was without the desired result, and she was brought home utterly prostrate, her doctors puzzled, and attributing her condition to “religious mania.”

A friend, who was a Christian, called at this time on her husband, and found a number of other visitors who had called to express their sympathy. He was asked to see the invalid, and consenting, was shewn into her room.

As she lay in bed, worn and wasted, her dark eyes unnaturally large and bright, she eagerly greeted her visitor.

He sought to soothe her troubled mind; and assured of his sympathy, she proceeded to relate the real cause of her illness.

“One night I dreamed that I was in heaven,” she said. “All was exquisitely beautiful and holy, and my heart was

quite transported with delight at all that I saw. Then, in a moment, as it were, I felt myself to be in hell, witnessing the awful torments of those who were there. I awoke in an angry and rebellious spirit against God. Why did He not allow me to remain in heaven? This thought has affected my mind these many weeks since, and I have had no rest or peace night or day, although it was only a dream. Is it possible that you can explain the matter to me?”

Her visitor, thus appealed to so earnestly, looked to God for an answer, and after a pause replied as follows: “I think that, without doubt, God, in His infinite grace, is dealing with you, desiring to win your heart, and to save your soul. In giving you first a vision of heaven, then afterwards of hell, He has shewn you, as it were, the blessedness of the one, and the awful nature of the other, clearly with the desire that you might seek Him and be brought to heaven.”

The poor sufferer's intense expression softened into one of great relief, as she exclaimed, “Oh, if I could only believe that, for it has been all very real to me, and I have felt as if I were eternally lost, and foredoomed to hell.”

Her friend then quietly stated God's

righteous claims, and His way of salvation through a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the finished work of the cross. The tender compassion also of the One who died for our sins, and who said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

This proved to be God's message to her soul. With joy she accepted Christ as her Saviour. After giving thanks to God, and commending her to His tender care, the visitor took his leave.

The enemy of souls, however, does not relinquish his victims without an attempt to retain them, and the poor invalid was tested accordingly.

Despite her speedily improved health and evidence of new-found happiness, her husband, on learning the reason, at once wrote his friend a furious letter, denounced him for having ministered to his wife's weakness, as he termed it, and forbade him to visit the house again.

Some months elapsed, during which he completely ignored his friend whenever they happened to meet; till one day, he stepped up to him, and, in an apologetic way, said he would be pleased if he would call upon his wife again.

He called again as soon as possible, and found her seated under a tree in the

garden, looking much better in health, but her mother was on guard, to restrain spiritual things being discussed.

After a warm greeting, and saying how she had longed to see him again, she assured him of the rest of soul she now enjoyed, troubled only to know what work she could do to merit this great salvation? She appeared to think that besides trusting in Christ for salvation she ought to be doing something herself. Alas, this is a common impression!

Taking a Bible, and turning to Romans iv., and pointing to verse 5, he, with the mother's grudging permission, handed it to her daughter, without remark.

A quick, bright look of intelligence conveyed to the friend, as he presently left, that the verse had done its work, and had brought light and peace to her heart. The scripture reads thus: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."

Some time elapsed, the lady recovered her health, and in process of time they had to leave the place. The residents decided to give a ball in their honour.

Here was another test for the one who so recently had found a Saviour in the Lord Jesus. The husband desired his

wife to don her gayest dress for the occasion, and would take no refusal on her part.

She wrote to her friend, who had been such a help, informing him of the matter, earnestly desiring his prayers, that God would deliver her in this sore strait.

The morning of the day of the ball arrived, and, to her surprise but joy, her husband came to her, and, without a word on her part, said to her affectionately, that if she did not care to attend the ball, she need not do so. Thus the Lord delivered His tried disciple in His own way.

This simple narrative of facts is recorded as shewing how it pleases God to work, sometimes by the simplest means.

God's ways are not as our ways. He brings low in order that He may lift up, and lift up so that none can bow down. He speaks in a dream, in a vision of the night, and indeed in many other ways. Reader, has God spoken to you? Do you propose to turn a deaf ear? Let me pray you not to do this, but rather withdraw yourself from all the turmoil and strife of life and get alone with Him on your knees. Remember the words: "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." (James iv. 8.)

## WONDERFUL PEACE.

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**A** LADY, who had lived to the great age of a hundred years, in possession of all her faculties, except that she was somewhat deaf, recently closed her long pilgrimage on earth. A friend, who had known her for many years, being asked to visit her a few days before her departure, spoke to her in loud tones of *peace with God*. The well-known and precious words of the gospel of God at once met with response in her soul, and she murmured in reply, “*Wonderful peace, wonderful peace!*”

For the greater part of her life, she was known as a believer on and follower of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the testing moment of the approach of death proved the reality of her faith. She was no stranger to peace. It was not a high spiritual attainment on the eve of eternity, but a solid blessing that had long become part of her life. Thousands through ignorance, carelessness, self-occupation, or unbelief treat such a blessed truth as a mere chimera of the imagination. Yet it stands inscribed on the page of scripture, the record of the living word of Him who

cannot lie, and in the clearest language, that peace with God is now the sure portion of every one that believeth.

That those who live in a whirl of worldliness and ungodliness lack it, we are in no way surprised. Nor that those who vainly attempt to attain the favour of God by their own morality or religious works, fail to attain it. That is most assuredly *not His way*. It *leaves out Christ*, or at most would use Him, in the deceit of Satan and of the human heart, as a mere makeweight. One plain word sweeps away in a moment that refuge of lies, namely, It is "not by works of righteousness which we have done." (Titus iii. 5.) Strange that so many turn in upon themselves, seeking peace with God through their own efforts, in the face of the light of the scripture! Every Bible in this favoured land testifies to the contrary. Listen, dear reader, to what God has to say about it, and forsake your own foolish thoughts for His!

What indeed saith His word? Christ "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, *we have peace with God* through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. iv. 25; v. 1.) What could be simpler? Who has been without offence?



Not one. Whose righteousness is not mixed with sin? Not one. How then can any stand in themselves before an offended and righteous God? It is an utter impossibility. How wondrous then His love in giving Christ His Son! And He, the sinless, holy, inoffensive One was delivered for our offences. Whose? *Ours*. To whom does that refer? Assuredly to every one that *believeth*. To *you*, if you do so. *And* raised for *our* justification. God did it Himself. He raised Him that we might henceforth and for ever be just in His sight. Have *you* apprehended by faith this simple, blessed truth? What is the result? *Peace*. "Being justified by faith, *we have peace* with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Peace, perfect peace, not through yourself, but through Christ.

Well might one who had believed it, known it, and enjoyed it during a long life murmur, "Wonderful peace, wonderful peace!" It was made for us by a divine Person. God made peace by the blood of the cross of His dear Son. (Col. i. 20.) His way is always perfect, hence you may rest assured that peace was perfectly made.

And there is more. Our aged friend had learnt that also, and hence her blessed

realisation, as life was ebbing here. God tells us that if we are careful about nothing and pray to Him about everything (Phil. iv. 6, 7), we not only have peace with Him, but have also the peace *of* God which surpasses all understanding. And that where the lovely traits of Christ are fostered and practised in the Spirit's power, that with that soul *the God of peace* would dwell. (Phil. iv. 8, 9.) Christianity is a very practical thing, and its practical effects had been seen in this aged disciple of Christ. Peace with God was hers, and a long life of prayers and godliness had borne fruit in the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and the deep sense of the presence of the God of peace.

Wonderful peace this side of death and the grave was her blessed experience ere she passed the border land, where there is nought but perfect and wonderful peace in the presence of God through Christ for a day which has no end. Is this peace yours?

## TWO MEN NIGH TO DEATH.

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**T**HE two men who are described in Luke xxiii. 32-42 had been associates in crime and had been judged by the Romans as being worthy of death, so they were at that time undergoing the penalty of the law on crosses, placed on each side of Jesus.

How wonderful that they should have been placed equally near to Him! During their lives they did not seek His company, for they loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. (John iii. 19.)

But at the close of their lives they were fixed close to Jesus. What will they do? One railed on the mysterious Person who hung so close to him, challenging Him to prove Himself to be the Christ. Jesus made no reply to him; He had nothing to say at that time to an unbeliever.

The other, shocked by the railing of his companion, rebuked him; and then appealed to Jesus as the King of Israel, requesting a place in His coming kingdom. Jesus had an immediate reply for him, and by a "verily" promised him a place that day with Himself in paradise, be-

cause the kingdom was not yet ready to be revealed in power.

These men, who had been companions in crime, were now for ever separated by Him who came to make division. (Luke xii. 51.) For one in unbelief died in his sins, and went to hell; while the other by faith was justified and went to paradise.

Faith has always been counted for righteousness (Rom. iv. 3), and the Lord's ready response to faith shewed that He recognised the man righteous and fit for companionship with Himself in paradise. What a trophy of grace! Truly by grace he was saved without any works of his own.

# THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

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**A** GREAT sorrow had fallen upon a mother whose heart was dark toward God. A little child, who was the idol of her heart, had been suddenly snatched away by death after a few days' illness! She was a winsome child of three years of age, and the mother's heart was as though frozen with grief, and hardened with rebellious thoughts against the God who had thus dealt with her.

I knew of the sorrow, and that the wild grief of the poor mother in her lonely cottage almost forbade the neighbours to approach her with a word of comfort. She lived in a village not far from Ottawa, in Central Canada, where I then resided, and her husband was known to me as a Christian. He besought me to go to her, so with a heavy heart, though longing to be used of God to her soul, I ventured to the house. At first I could only sit and listen to the outpouring of sorrow, and the touching description of the little one's ways, followed by reproachful words against the God who had laid His hand upon the treasure of her heart. So I sat

quietly waiting for what God might use to make His voice heard.

“Listen, Mrs. W——,” I said at last, “I have something to tell you! There was once a Shepherd who went forth on a stormy night to gather His sheep in safety from harm into the fold. As the flock followed Him there was one sheep who resisted all His care for its safety from the storm fast approaching, and repeatedly turned aside, refusing to follow. Then the Shepherd, in loving concern for the wilful sheep, stooped and lifted the little lamb by its side to His shoulders, and the mother sheep followed, bleating, to the shelter of the fold!” I turned to the stricken mother as I closed my simple tale, and saw it had found its way to her heart. The pent-up feelings gave way and she burst into a flood of tears! “Dear Mrs. W——,” I said, “*Jesus* is the good Shepherd of the sheep, and He loved your darling child even more than you did. But He loved *you too*, with a love that is infinite, and He could not leave you to perish in the storm of this world’s judgment. So He lifted your little lamb into His glad home above, and *won’t you follow Him there?*” The work was done, *God* had spoken, and I said no more, leaving her alone with Him who had caused His voice to be

heard in her soul. But I had the joy of knowing soon after that she truly turned to Him. I visited her often later on, and her subdued and consistent life as time went on proved the reality of a heart won for Christ, and another sheep safely folded. And now, dear reader, has this simple story no voice for you? The Shepherd *still calls*, and His grace still saves those who turn to Him. See that you refuse Him *not* “lest you *despise*, and *wonder* and *perish*” with those of whom the apostle spoke in Acts xiii. 41. E. F. P.

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**“ I BELIEVE IN THE  
FORGIVENESS OF SINS.”**

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**W**HEN Luther was first exercised about his salvation, the penitential mortifications of his body, coupled with the deep trouble of his soul, threw him into a severe illness. He addressed many anxious questions to those who surrounded him, but received no comfort. Thick darkness covered their minds also. But one day he was visited by an old monk, who knew the way of peace; and won by his kindness, the sufferer opened his heart. This humble messenger of God, in reply to his doubts, repeated the well-known

words of the creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

Luther, like many more nominal Christians, had been familiar with this form from childhood, but it had never given him the comfort it conveyed to one whose faith simply stood in the power of God. He repeated the words, as if to fathom their consoling significance.

"Ah," said the old man, "you must not believe only that David's or Peter's sins are forgiven. The devils believe that. Hear what St. Bernard says, 'Believe that, through Jesus, thy sins shall be forgiven *thee*.' This is the witness that the Holy Spirit puts into the heart of man. *Thy* sins are forgiven *thee*."

On being questioned further concerning this peace-communicating faith, the monk replied, "To believe is to love; and whosoever loves shall be saved." Luther received as the word of God, and not of men, the simple truths he heard from him and others. Through the personal application of the gospel, and realising the truth that the just shall live by faith, he utterly renounced the idea of meriting salvation. Spiritual health hastened his recovery from bodily sickness, and he was soon found singing the praises of the Redeemer with his whole heart.



Millions since Luther's day have continued to repeat the words of the creed, “ I believe in the forgiveness of sins.” We do not find fault with it. It is a very good thing to believe. We believe it ourselves. But of what avail is it, if only the utterance of the lips? God looketh upon the heart. How about *my* sins? That is the question for each one of us. Can the reader of these lines say from the heart, “ I believe in the forgiveness of *my* sins.”

A man may believe what is true, that there are millions of money in the Bank of England, and he may repeat the fact from year's end to year's end, but of what profit is it to him, unless some of it is his? He may believe also, that there is some there for him, but unless he applies for it, or draws a cheque, how can he come into possession of it?

“ There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared,” saith the psalmist. (Psa. cxxx. 4.) But the knowledge of that fact will not avail you, unless, so to speak, you put in your claim. Thank God, there is forgiveness, full, free and eternal, for every one that believeth. That is, not for the one who merely repeats it as an article of faith, or as a formula, but for him that believeth from the heart, that sets to his

seal, so to speak, that God's word is true. Forgiveness of sins is no new thing in the world. David knew it and rejoiced in it. Not on account of his life or works, but he believed God. Abraham also. God fulfilled His promise. He sent His Son Jesus, and He bore the judgment of sin. On the ground of His death and bloodshedding, God revealed His righteousness. As a righteous God He forgives all who bow to Him and believe His word. Of every one such He says, "Thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. viii. 12.)

This is the only way, God's way, by which we receive forgiveness, and it shuts out all human merit. This is what Luther learnt, and what Luther taught. It is for the glory of God, and makes nothing of man. It exalts and gives all the glory to Christ. Through this Man, raised and exalted at God's right hand, is preached unto us the forgiveness of sins. And by this Man, all that believe are justified from all things. (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) And John, viewing believers as children, says, "I write unto you . . . because *your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.*" (1 John ii. 12.)

But the question may arise in some reader's mind, "Are there then to be no

good works at all?” Far be the thought. 'Tis now good works begin. Through the infinite value of Christ's finished work alone are our sins forgiven, but God gives His Spirit to those that believe, and He alone dwelling in us is power that we may henceforth live to God as forgiven ones, abounding in every good work to His praise. Are *your* sins forgiven?

E. H. C.

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“ SPENT ALL.”

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**B**LESSED are they who know that they have “spent all.” At this present moment there are many who are endeavouring to give God something. They would be givers instead of being the receivers. Thus, in place of peace, they have restlessness.

It was my privilege not long since, to hear from the lips of a dying believer this truth plainly confessed: and it is a solemn thing when the soul is about to enter God's holy presence, when the various thoughts we have had to buoy us up are utterly removed, and when the solemn reality of meeting God is our hourly expectation. What can give confidence at such a time but Christ?

The Christian of whom I speak had for some time dreaded the reality of meeting God, which the stern hand of death was forcing upon her. She could not look back to her religious duties—as men call them—to her life, in any shape or form, for comfort; and how did God shew her the way of peace?

He taught her in the silent hours of sickness that doing, doing, doing, was worthless, and brought her to own *in His presence* that she had SPENT ALL, and was nothing in herself. This lesson learnt, she realised herself as having nothing, as being nothing. After this she learned God as having everything, and being everything to her in His Son. Then peace flowed in like a river, deep, still and calm; and righteousness became to her soul like the waves of the sea, boundless. She could say, “I am never troubled about the question of my sins for a moment, for I know that Jesus has paid in His own blood what I owed, to pay which I possessed nothing; He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself—He finished the work His Father gave Him to do.

Troubled heart, God meets us in His grace as bankrupts who have “spent all.” Thus it was with the woman who touched the hem of the Lord’s garment. When

all human resources had failed, when her physicians had made her worse rather than better, and all her living was spent, by coming to Jesus and merely touching the hem of His garment, she was immediately made whole. She did not anticipate the love of the Lord to her; no, she trembled and was astonished; but He, whose joy it is to save our souls, said, “Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.”

Come thus to Him now. Come as one who is utterly bankrupt, who has “spent all.” You may come trembling, but *come*, and you shall hear Him say in the tenderest love to you, “Be of good comfort, go in peace.” If you are ever made rich for eternity it will be as one who has “spent all.” Why wait weary years to learn the welcome truth that none but Christ can save you? He is able, He is willing. Tarry no longer—come to Him as one who has “*spent all*” and He will *give all* to you out of the riches of His grace. “HE BECAME poor that we through his poverty might be rich.” Thus too was it with the prodigal, who after he had “spent all” began to be in want. He brought nothing with him to his father, save his wretchedness and rags. The poor woman brought nothing

with her to Jesus, but her misery and disease. But they received all they needed and far more than they ever expected. And so shall you, dear reader, for you expect at most, peace about your eternal salvation, and rest from your doubts and darkness, but you shall have more than these, even the Father's love and the kindness of Jesus for ever. Blessed are they who know that they have "spent all," and begin "to be in want."

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## THE CROSS AND THE THRONE.

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**T**HE world has been tested with the question: "What think ye of Christ?" The reply was, He is an impostor, and only worthy to be crucified! Hence the awful scenes of the cross!

The Man of God's delight, the Son of God, was nailed to a cross betwixt two thieves! Forsaken by His disciples, betrayed deceitfully, witnessed against falsely, publicly dishonoured and maltreated, judged and condemned unjustly, the object and derision of the ungodly crowd, the guileless and innocent victim of the deepest religious and political hatred, mocked with a cruel crown of

thorns, Jesus patiently suffered all, that He might accomplish the will of God.

The world, of which every one of us by nature forms part, is guilty before God of the death of His Son, and has yet to render an account to Him for that awful deed!

Behind it all was the terrible and malignant power of Satan and his demon hosts. Using men as his instruments, he sought to get rid of the Man of "God's purpose," that he might reign without a rival as the prince of this world and of the power of the air. Little did he realise in his subtlety and wickedness how he would overreach himself. His apparent greatest victory proved to be his greatest defeat.

Jesus, the Son of God, patiently endured all, that, fruit of perfect love to God and to man, He might offer Himself, the unblemished Lamb, through the eternal Spirit without spot a sacrifice to God for sin. Forsaken of God upon the cross, He bore sin's judgment, and glorified Him. Entering the domain of the strong man, He went into death to undo his works. (1 John iii. 8.) Neither death nor the grave had any claim on Him, in whom was life. Voluntarily He entered those gloomy portals that He might overcome him who held its power. (Heb. ii. 14.) It

was not possible that God's holy One should see corruption, or that the guarded cave should retain the blessed Son of God. When God's bitter enemy vainly thought to have won the victory, Christ rose triumphant over all. Satan received a blow at that moment which will finally and eternally bring both himself and all his power down. (John xii. 31.)

Having shewn Himself by many infallible proofs, Jesus passed through the opened heavens, and took His seat at the right hand of God. What a marvellous contrast! The Man of God's delight, the Son of God, sits exalted on God's throne. That blessed brow, once crowned with thorns, is crowned with glory now. He who suffered every mark of dark dishonour here, is honoured above all by God Himself, and by every holy intelligence in the vast expanse of heaven. The Man of God's purpose, Centre of all His counsels and ways, the Man whom He delighteth to honour, sits before Him as the victorious and triumphant Saviour, Lord and Head of all, the joy of His blessed heart. He is God's appointed Heir, who shall shortly claim and administer the kingdom, and fill the whole heaven and earth with the glory of His name.



Meanwhile, the question is again put to us all, "What think ye of Christ?" We have seen the world's estimate, and we have seen the estimate of God. The question is now a momentous and individual one for all. Am I still with the world and Satan against Him, or have I bowed in heart to the glorious One exalted upon God's throne? The eternal welfare of each depends upon the answer. Judgment has been pronounced, and the world is subject to it. (Rom. iii. 19.) It lies already in the wicked one. (1 John v. 19.) Woe be to him who is on the world's side when the judgment falls! But criminal judgment is passed for every one who believes on the glorified Son of God. Having borne the judgment on Calvary, His precious blood was shed, which cleanseth us from all sin, and he that believes on Him shall not come into it. (John v. 24.)

Death and judgment are behind us,  
 Life and glory lie before;  
 All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,  
 There they spent their utmost power.

What then think *ye* of Christ? As we value your soul, and desire your eternal salvation, we would press this momentous question home. Time is fleeting rapidly by, and there is not a moment to be lost. Meet Him you must, as a Saviour or a

Judge; and the accepted time, the day of salvation, is *now*. Bow then in self-judgment before Him, ere it be too late, and believe on His glorious name. E. H. C.

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## HOW MAN MISJUDGES GOD.

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**I**N passing through a village in the Midlands I called at the door of a sick man. He was one who had suffered long, and there seemed no hope of recovery. But worse than all he was one who had no other thought of God than of hard rebellion against Him. He knew nothing of His goodness which leads to repentance, and cared for nothing but relief for his suffering body. His was a pitiable case, and as I marked his unhappy face, expressive of the misery he was in, my heart ached for him! "Well!" I said, as he told me of all he had suffered, "I suppose you think God is a *hard* God who has laid His hand upon you in judgment, and seeks your destruction?"

"That's about it," he answered gloomily. "Man," I said, looking him quietly in the face, "you are as great a coward as Adam!" "What is that?" he inquired, somewhat aroused. "Why, don't you

know," I said, "that Adam ran away from his best Friend, and tried to hide from Him because he had sinned, and he was afraid to face Him? Adam had ruined himself, and would have *gone on* in his ruin, had not God sought him in his hiding place among the trees of the garden to save him from himself and the consequences of his guilt!" The sick man gazed silently at me as I went on to shew how God has been seeking sinners ever since, and has provided for them what He did for Adam—*redemption* through sacrifice. That we are *born* lost through Adam's sin, and then become *guilty* through our own sins, and yet the goodness and grace of God ever seeks to save. That He is *for us* as sinners, though against our sins, our *truest* Friend! It is He who provided a Saviour—Jesus, and it is He who longs to bless us and make us eternally happy. But the devil makes us think just the opposite, and so do our blind hearts! As I spoke I could see the expression of his face change, and a more softened look was there. Then I told him how God was speaking to him through his affliction, and how He could have let him go on in his sins, and be lost for ever, but that in *mercy* He had laid His hand upon his body in order to save his soul. I

pressed the *immense* importance of turning to Him *now* in "the day of salvation," and how the distress and suffering of the body here was as nothing in comparison to the loss of a soul that must live *eternally* either in weal or woe! The poor man listened steadily now, but said little. I gave him a gospel paper on parting, and next day left the village.

It was several years before I returned there again, and he had long before then passed away. I called to see a christian woman in the next house, and she told me that some time before his death he had become so changed in his ways that his friends were astonished! She herself always had dreaded seeing him in the adjoining garden because of his angry moods, often accompanied by oaths, but latterly she found him so gentle and kindly disposed that it was a pleasure to meet him. I could only thank God for these indications of His grace, and trust that he was indeed "a brand plucked out of the fire," even at the eleventh hour!

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

E. F. P.

**“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A  
MAN, IF HE SHALL GAIN  
THE WHOLE WORLD, AND  
LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?”**

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**T**HE subject of this narrative was a young man brought up in a christian home, with all its hallowed influences and sacred associations. Instead of following in the steps of his godly parents, an inordinate ambition to amass wealth and climb to the top of the commercial ladder swayed him completely.

One Lord's day, tired of the home life, he decided to visit some relations in a neighbouring town. On reaching the house he was informed that the family had gone to church. Turning on his heels he muttered: “Bother this religion!”

In order to while away the time he went for a walk. Suddenly a storm broke over the town and he was compelled to seek refuge in a church. The place was crowded; a vacant seat was found just in front of the preacher, an aged and faithful servant of Christ.

He was just announcing his text: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

He repeated it three or four times, then said: "There may be a young man in this company who is determined to get on at all cost, to become a wealthy man, or to attain a position of influence in this world. If so, let me ask him to seriously consider these words: 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'" How far these words affected him it is difficult to say, but let us follow our young friend. He went to London. The restraints of home gone, he plunged into all the gaiety of the great city.

Like many another, he sought satisfaction in one continual whirl of pleasure. He frequented the theatre, the billiard table, the race course.

What the prodigal found in the far-off country was that companionship with the world brought him down to feed on husks, and this he had to learn also.

The Lord Jesus, in speaking to the guilty daughter of Samaria, said: "Who-soever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." (John iv.)

Every sin-stained stream of earth bears witness to the truth of these words. Have you found this out, my reader?

God had His eye on the young man of our story. Wherever he went those words rang in his ears: “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” They spoiled his pleasure, and disturbed his peace.

Dissatisfied with London, he determined to visit Paris, hoping amid fresh scenes of gaiety and pleasure to find the satisfaction he craved for. God followed him there. Those words continually rang in his ears: “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” Sleep departed, anguish and agony of soul possessed him. He retraced his steps to London and stayed the night at an hotel.

The Spirit of God had been working in his soul, teaching him the emptiness of earth’s wealth and splendour; the hollowness of its gilded charms. As he retired to rest he heard some one singing, “How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.” Listening attentively he found it came from the adjoining room. Looking through the keyhole, he saw that the singer was an old gentleman. After the hymn was finished, he read the word of God and then knelt down in prayer.

The listener could resist no longer, he knocked at the door. A voice from within said, "Who is there?" He answered, "A young man in deep anxiety of soul." "Come in! come in!!" There and then he pointed him to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, and spoke of the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, and fits the vilest sinner who believes for the presence of God.

In that room divine light shone into the young man's soul, he discovered for himself the value and preciousness of the name of Jesus.

The courts of heaven rang with triumph; another repentant sinner had turned to God through the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

Our young friend retired to rest (real rest this time). A divine peace filled his soul; his thirst had been quenched at the fountain of living water.

What the world had failed to give, he found in Christ. He was both saved and satisfied. He did not awake until a late hour in the morning, and to his sorrow found the old gentleman who had pointed him to Christ had gone, but the peace and rest remained with him. ¶

Years rolled by and he became a successful man of business, but instead of



the love of money controlling him he delighted to use his means to minister to others.

Through the good hand of God in process of time he again came across his old friend, who was in temporal need. You can picture the deep joy of his heart in being able to minister to and care for him. He had reaped spiritual blessing and it was a delight to minister temporal good. If you had asked him in after life: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" he would have answered, "Misery, eternal misery!"

What is your answer? Put in the scale on one side the wealth of a Rockefeller, a Morgan and a Rothschild; and in the other the value of your immortal soul: Your final destiny hangs upon your answer.

H. F. N.

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## A CRY FOR HELP.

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**I** WAS sitting one morning on the pier-head at Yarmouth, enjoying the sweet stillness of the scene, with no thought of death or danger near, when my ear caught the sound of a stifled cry for "help." It seemed to come from one whose strength

was well-nigh gone. I rose quickly, and looked down over the rail which guarded the pier. A man who had been bathing, having got out of his depth, was clinging to one of the joists for support, and crying for help to those above in a voice growing faint from exhaustion.

Never shall I forget the look of agony in that upturned face. There were but few persons on the pier; but I called to a gentleman near, who, with great presence of mind, cut the ropes of the awning, and lowered one of sufficient length to reach the drowning man. I afterwards ascertained that he was by this means saved from a terrible death.

I saw in that dying man a picture of thousands of souls perishing around me from day to day—souls building on some cherished hope which can give no present peace or ultimate security; *it cannot save*. It may be the vain hope of working out a salvation by works of righteousness, by a high morality, by ordinances, church-going, prayers, fasting, alms-giving, or by sincere repentance. Alas! beloved reader, if you cling to these, death will come and sweep you away into the ocean of eternal wrath. But suppose that to one thus vainly clinging the thought should come that he is not safe—that his

hold will have to be relinquished—that his prop will fail. He looks round; there is no escape! Behind him, a broken law—*forfeited favour*—sin unforgiven; before him, retributive justice—cold, relentless—destroying as that sea upon which the drowning man's eye rested that morning. A sinner in such a state sees that he can *do nothing*; he looks for deliverance, but sees none. Shall he perish thus? He cries, "Help, Lord!" When, lo! the answer is heard, "In *me* is thine help." "*Look unto me, and be ye saved.*" From the cross of Calvary comes immediate deliverance. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. (1 Pet. ii. 24.) This is as the rope let down to the drowning man. Had he aught to do but to lay hold of it? Did he begin to question its power to save him? Did he stay to ask, Is it meant for me? He saw it—he seized it—he was sinking without it; but by it was drawn up safely out of reach of the devouring element.

Reader, are you crying for help, conscious of your lost condition? The cry is heard, the salvation *is* accomplished; it was wrought out fully and for ever when the cry "It is finished" issued from the lips of that blessed One who died for you and me on the accursed

tree more than eighteen hundred years ago. Believest thou this? No other trust will avail in that day when the rejecters of this full and free salvation, who have chosen to stand upon the insecure foundation of their own merits, will find themselves overwhelmed by the tide of God's righteous judgment. Oh, reject not the gracious offer of deliverance *now!* Give up all other dependence, hold fast the hope set before you. *There is no condemnation* to them who are in Christ Jesus. Justice is satisfied, the atoning work is done. The prodigal, clothed in the best robe, learns what it is to be a beloved child in the Father's house. He is now the heir of eternal glory; a present partaker of the joys and privileges of the family of God; sealed with the Spirit until called to enter upon the full possession of his purchased inheritance. Blessed portion! May such, through grace, be yours and mine.

E. H.

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## POOR RICHARD.

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**R**ICHARD E—— was a very poor man living in Somersetshire; his occupation to retail coals in small quanti-

ties to the poor. He thus earned but a scanty living for himself, wife and five children. He was unable to read, and did not care to go to church or chapel as he had only his working clothes, his others being in pawn. In the midst of his distress, he became ill with consumption and was obliged to give up his work. His poor wife was compelled to take his place with the cart, and Richard was left to attend to his own sufferings, and also to the wants of the children. At this juncture a poor christian man living in the same village heard of his illness, and knowing the life he had led, felt deeply for his state, and went to see him. He was much touched with the scene of misery, but above all he trembled for the soul of poor Richard. He pointed out to him therefore his danger, and spoke to him about Jesus, whom God had sent to die for sinners, "for God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." (John iii. 16.) He then left, but prayed much for him, and visited him again and again, and through the Lord's mercy his visits were used to awaken him to a sense of his real state before God. He began now to know himself to be a sinner—he began to dread the awful wages of sin, but as yet he could get no peace, as he thought he had some-

thing to do himself, or that there was something yet to be done before he could be saved. Not long after two christian ladies visited him; they found him in a dreadful state of misery and want, but this was forgotten by the poor man beside the great need of his soul. They spoke to him of the love of the One who could say when here on earth, "Come unto me, *all* ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He said, "I know He is good, but my heart is so hard, I can't trust Him." They then spoke to him of the poor woman who only touched the hem of His garment and was made instantly whole, and twice he exclaimed, "Oh, that I could reach Him, oh, that I could touch Him!" They tried to explain to him that the way to reach Jesus, the way now to touch Him, is to believe on Him; but they were unable to give him any comfort, and left him still heavily burdened with his sins.

A little later, on a Sunday, in the evening, they again visited him and asked him how he was. "Don't speak to me about my body," he said, "my sins are *so heavy*." Many passages of the word of God were repeated to him, but none seemed to give him any relief. He kept on saying, "I am in an agony!" He was asked if he

thought he was too bad for God to pardon him? After some thought he replied very emphatically, "No, I believe He will save me some day."

The text was then repeated to him respecting Jesus. (1 Pet. ii. 24.) "Who his own self *bare* our sins in his own body on the tree." Poor Richard instantly raised his head from off his pillow and exclaimed, "Then it's done!" He was answered, "Yes; Jesus said, It is finished!" He immediately cried out, "Then my sins are gone—my burden is gone—precious Jesus—He died for sinners—He died for me as well as for others."

From that moment he began to praise the Lord with a loud voice. One of the ladies asked if she might thank the Lord for having had mercy on him. He said, "Do, do; I know He has saved me." She accordingly thanked God for His great mercy to this poor sinner, and whilst she was thus praising and praying, poor Richard responded to every word that was uttered, and when his visitors took leave of him, and bid him good-bye, he was so occupied with praising God aloud for His mercy to him that he took not the slightest notice of them. They went into the next room to speak to his wife, and they still heard him praising the Lord; in

the course of his pouring out his full heart, they overheard him say, "Oh, Lamb of God, I hope," then immediately retracting his word, he said, "No, I don't hope, for I *know* Thou hast saved me." Only one little sentence of prayer was uttered by him whilst they thus listened to him, "Oh, Lamb of God, now Thou hast saved me, keep me from sinning against Thee evermore." All besides was a full tide of praise. How wondrous the power of the name of Jesus, when revealed by the Holy Spirit, thus to give at once the garment of praise instead of the spirit of heaviness.

A day or two after, his visitors again called on him, and they found him still rejoicing in the love that had sought and saved him. He was asked by one of them if he would like to live? He answered, "Yes; if I were sure I should always keep close to Jesus, I would like to live a little longer for the sake of my dear children; but if I should go away from Him I would rather die now, and be taken to His glorious throne." The speaker said, "Do you fear lest you should fall away and be lost, Richard?" "Oh, no!" he answered, "the blood of Jesus Christ will keep me safe for ever; but I thought I might get away from Him, and that would be so



sad." She replied, "You are not able to keep yourself, are you?" He answered, strongly shewing the true sense of his own weakness, "No more than a fly." "But Jesus can uphold you." "Yes," he said, "with one finger." On the following day, one of God's servants was taken to see him, and happened to ask him how old he was. Richard thought he referred to his spiritual birth, and answered, "I am only four days old, sir." He then spoke of the last Lord's day evening when he had found peace, and turning to the lady through whom the Lord had been pleased thus to bless his soul, he said, "We shall talk of that evening, and praise God for it, when we are in heaven together." During a subsequent visit he spoke of his neighbours, how his heart yearned over them, how he wished they might every one come to Jesus as he had, and said how happy it made him to think that the Lord's people were going about telling sinners about Jesus, whom he felt to be so precious to him. He was asked if he liked to see the Lord's people himself. His answer was, "My heart bounds with joy when they come in, as they come to speak about Jesus."

Two days before he died he was visited by a Christian, who labours much for the

Lord in preaching the gospel. He was in perfect peace and he read to him Revelation vii. 9 to the end and said, "You will see Jesus before I shall." Richard replied that he hoped he (his visitor) might live a little longer, as he was able to tell of the love of Jesus to poor sinners. He then said to him, "Richard, what will you sing when you get there; will you sing of your own goodness?" He answered, "I'll sing of nothing but the precious blood of the Lamb."

Early one morning, about four in the morning, two brethren, on their way to their work, went to see if he was yet alive, and saw him for the last time on earth—consciousness was gone—he lay quite still and happy; they remained a little while by his bedside and prayed over him, that the Lord Jesus would be with him in the valley of the shadow of death, and that he might depart in peace. Their prayer was heard, and at half-past six o'clock that same morning he quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

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## A HAPPY MAN

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ONE day a minister invited to his house to tea a man who frequently annoyed him during his preaching by shouting out "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" and the like, when anything particularly appealed to him.

While tea was being prepared the minister handed him a scientific book of dry facts and figures, to keep him quiet, as he thought.

Within a few moments, however, the minister was startled by a sudden outburst of "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" "What is the matter?" he asked. "Why this book says the sea is five miles deep!"

"Well, what of that?" inquired the minister.

"Why! the Bible says my sins have been cast into the depths of the sea, and if it is that deep, I need not be afraid of them ever coming up again—Glory!"

That man, there is no doubt, was exceedingly happy. Probably he had in his mind the verse of scripture in Micah vii. 19, where it speaks of what God will do in the future for Israel. He is a God

who pardoneth iniquity, and delighteth in mercy. But what He will do for Israel in a future day, He can do for every individual in the present.

The man above referred to is an example of Psalm xxxii. 1, which says, "Blessed [or happy] is the man whose iniquity is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

He had every reason for being happy, because his sins, however great, whether past or future, were all taken into account in the death of Christ.

God is so completely satisfied with His finished work, that He offers forgiveness to all. Whether it be the Jew in the future, or the believer in the present day, God is pleased to forget his sins, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Can you say that your sins are covered? If so, God will no more impute sin to your account, Christ has borne the judgment, and you can go on your way rejoicing. Not that you need go about exclaiming "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" in public. But you will have much cause to thank Him who did the work, and praise God who sent Him.

A. H. C.