

Revelry.

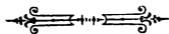
Words of Salvation.

“(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.

"THEY KILLED HIM, MISTER!"

A GENTLEMAN was standing looking in at a shop window at a picture. It was a picture of the crucifixion of Christ, and as he looked at it he thought of the sufferings of the blessed Saviour. Presently he noticed a little boy, evidently a street arab, standing by his side, gazing at the picture also. The lad seemed so interested that the gentleman thought he would speak to him.

"Do you know who that is?" he said, pointing to the picture.

"Yes, sir, that's our Saviour," replied the boy, looking up with surprise, as if to say, fancy your not knowing that!

Then wondering how the gentleman could be so ignorant, the little fellow began to tell him about the picture.

"Them's the soldiers," he said, "and that woman crying is His mother."

After a pause, with a reverent and subdued voice he continued: "They killed Him, mister. Yes, they killed Him!"

“Where did you learn this?” asked the gentleman.

“At the Sunday-school, sir,” replied the lad.

The gentleman passed on and was thinking of something else when he heard a shrill voice behind him calling, “Mister! mister!!” Turning round he saw the little street arab running towards him.

“Mister,” said he, with a triumphant ring in his voice, “I wanted to tell you, He rose again! Yes, mister, He rose again.”

Smiling, he waved his hand, and was off.

He had a wonderful story to tell, that arab boy. “They killed Him, but He rose again!” Reader, do you know the Saviour for yourself? “Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.” (Rom. iv. 25.)

NOT A CREED.

“**Y**OU seem to speak so much about a *Person*,” said a lady some time ago after listening to the preaching of the gospel. “Yes,” was the reply, “Christianity is not a form of belief, it is a

Person." How many, alas! have the idea that to become a Christian involves an assent of the mind to a form of belief or creed, each particular sect having their own notion of what is right. It makes a tremendous difference when one realises that it is a blessed, living Man who is the sum and substance of all that God has to say to us; yet the human mind is terribly dark where the truth of God is concerned. "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods" (Acts xvii. 18), said certain philosophers, years ago, when Paul preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection. It was a new thing to them—they had never heard the like before, and although the same wonderful gospel of God concerning His Son is preached to-day, there are thousands to whom it is something new and strange.

Reader, do you know the Lord Jesus? Who is He, He whom men cast away as worthless, but of whom God has decreed that every knee shall bow to Him, and every tongue confess that He is Lord? He went out of this world by the way of death, but He lives to-day! Think of it! There is a glorified Man now at the right hand of God, who has been here, and has put Himself into personal contact with men, manifesting towards them the most

amazing grace and goodness that ever was. Defiled by sin, diseased with leprosy, withered, palsied, lame and blind—they came to Him. He turned none away. All the power of God was there on man's behalf. It is true that the sinner was exposed in the light of the holiness of His Person, but only for blessing; disease, even death itself, had to flee from His presence, and mercy abounded for all who felt their need.

Yet "He is despised and rejected of men." (Isa. liii. 3.) The presence of that holy One became intolerable to men. In Mark v. we read of one possessed by demons who besought Him that He would not send them away out of the country—they found their home there. And when Jesus had delivered the poor man who had the legion, we find that the people of that country began to pray Him to depart out of their coasts! (See verses 10 and 17.) They would rather have an unrestrained maniac at large, striking terror into the hearts of the people, than the blessed, harmless, sinless Son of God! Poor, deluded man! Deluded by Satan and hardened by sin, he secured his desire completely when the time came, and Christ was nailed to the cross. Man did it! All the malice and enmity of Satan

found expression in that awful act, but it was his own undoing. Death, the stronghold of Satan, could not hold Jesus, and in the mighty power of resurrection He rose out of the grave, having gone right through death. And He lives, a Man still, at God's right hand.

On the cross He made atonement for sin under the eye of God, and now He is presented in the gospel as the One in whom we may find all the need of our souls fully met, and who will lead our hearts to enjoy all the wealth of the love of God. He is worthy of your confidence, dear reader. He has never yet failed any one who has trusted Him, and no matter what your need may be, there are boundless resources at His command and all are available to you by faith—faith in Him, the Lord Jesus Christ.

P. S. P.

“ THOU AND THY HOUSE.”

THERE was evidently much sympathy between the preacher and his hearers in the hall one Lord's day evening, so he felt drawn to relate the following incident to give point to what he had been speaking upon :—

A little girl, seated at her desk in the

schoolroom of her house, suddenly looking up, exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!"

Now, what was it that caused this outburst? It surely could not have been the unsightly, blotted exercise-book that lay before her!

No; that morning her father had read and drawn attention to the

Two Alls.

1. "*All* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.)

2. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from *all* sin." (1 John i. 7.)

The first had brought home to her, as she pondered it, her deep need; and the apprehension of the latter in her young mind had caused that joyful exclamation.

Light had broken in, and *believing*, she knew that the precious blood of God's own Son *had* cleansed her from all sin.

The audience dispersed, and as the Lord's servant left the building, he was accosted by a matronly person who, with her young daughter, had been among his hearers.

As they walked along the road, the mother told how the word spoken, and especially the incident as above related, had found lodgment in the little one's heart.

It was enough, in looking upon the sweet, upturned face of the dear child, eager for a helpful word, to see that God's gracious work had begun in her soul, and presently, after some further words, she confessed Jesus as her Saviour.

The preacher inwardly praised God, but more was to follow.

“ Sir,” said the mother, “ I can no longer refrain from telling you that a year ago, when speaking in the hall, you asked, ‘ What is Christianity ? ’ And answered the question yourself, by saying, ‘ A simple, living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.’ That word was blessed to my soul, and I have ever since been seeking the blessing of my family.”

Mrs. ——— was in earnest, her faith had grasped the promise made to the Philipian jailor, “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and *thy house.*” (Acts xvi. 31.)

Encouraged now by her little daughter's confession, her great desire was that her husband, a very headstrong man, should also be brought to Christ.

The Lord's servant joined with her in prayer for this end, and at length a crisis in the man's life arrived, which seemed to crush him to the dust.

By a rash act he had imperiled the

lives of many, and at least dismissal from his employment seemed imminent.

Broken and friendless, and in an agony of mind, he listened to the gospel of the grace of God, and after some time sought an interview with the preacher.

A stalwart man, it was very pitiful to see him as he knelt, trembling and calling on the Lord for mercy.

And God, who is rich in mercy, *had* compassion upon him, and gave him a sense of the forgiveness of his sins.

Also, intercession being made in his behalf, he was reinstated in his employment.

How great is the kindness of God! He invites us in our extremity to seek Him, saying, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Psa. l. 15.)

These incidents in the history of one family are related that parents may be encouraged to bring their children under the sound of the gospel while their hearts are tender and impressionable.

The Lord Jesus called little children to Him, laid His hands upon them, and blessed them, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." (Luke xviii. 16.) Should any then pass them by?

Also, let even a solitary believer in a family cease not to pray for the others. The Lord is faithful, and His ear ever open to the cry of the righteous. He delights in blessing. They shall reap if they faint not. Their cause is His!

Again, let the Lord's servants be encouraged. His word to them is: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccles. xi. 1), as instanced in the case of Mrs. ——. The "many days," doubtless ordered of God, that events might ripen for a twofold, and even for a threefold blessing, such is His grace! His measure—not as man's, but heaped up and "running over." All praise and glory to His name. T. K.

A DREAM.

ONLY a dream, you say! Perhaps the outcome of a fevered brain or heated imagination; and yet God does use dreams to awaken and arouse the careless to a sense of their danger and guilt and to make them think of eternity. "God speaketh once, yea twice . . . in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men." (Job xxxiii. 14, 15.)

It was in this way He spoke to Jacob (Gen. xxviii.) when a fugitive from his father's house and when he had robbed his brother of his birthright and his blessing. No wonder when he thought of God so near and heaven so near he was troubled and his conscience smote him at the recollection of his past life.

It was in this way also God spoke to Nebuchadnezzar, surrounded by all the pomp and glory of his kingdom and so occupied during the day with the affairs of his vast realm. God speaks to him by night in such a way that his spirit was troubled and his sleep brake from him. Blessed indeed when the voice of God speaking is heard in this way, either in broad daylight or under the cover of darkness. The subject of the dream I am about to relate was the child of godly parents who, although he had heard the gospel many times, had never been troubled about his sins and therefore never felt his need of salvation.

He dreamed one night, that at the end of a gospel meeting, the preacher asked any one who was ready for the Lord's coming to hold up his hand. When the invitation was given his father was the first to hold up his hand as a token that he was ready and then he disappeared,

caught up to the glory. Then he saw his mother hold up her hand in token of her readiness to meet the coming One and she disappeared also from the meeting, caught up to the glory, and he found himself left behind. Sad and solemn position for any one to find themselves in, left behind when the Lord comes. This dream had the desired effect of awakening our young friend to a sense of his guilt and need, and night after night found him afraid to close his eyes for fear his dream might come true and father and mother be taken away to the glory and he left behind. (1 Thess. iv. 16.)

After a time the Lord used Isaiah liii. to bring rest to his conscience and peace to his soul. If the Lord had laid upon Him (Christ Jesus) the iniquities of us all and if He had been wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, what need for further fear? God's wonderful testimony as to the finished work of Christ on the cross was received by him. Darkness was at once displaced by light. Fear was cast out by perfect love and the reality of his conversion was evidenced by his getting down on his knees to thank God for making him anxious, then for sending Christ to die on the cross for him and bear his sins and then for enabling

him to believe on Him as his own personal Saviour.

When God's voice had been heard speaking to him in a dream, he had turned to hear the voice of Him who spake and believed on Christ as his own Saviour and was saved. God has many ways of speaking and making His voice heard. It may be by a messenger, one among a thousand (Job xxxiii. 23), but soon that voice may cease its pleading, soon the state may be reached in this world when God says, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still." (Rev. xxii. 11.) But now, dear reader, if still unsaved, why not turn to Christ while His Spirit is striving, while the door of salvation is open and while the long-extended day of grace is running its course, and then when the Lord Jesus Christ descends from heaven with the assembling shout to call up His own you need have no fear of being left behind, shut out for ever. (1 Thess. iv.)

J. P. W.

SATAN'S NURSE.

“**F** AITH in to-morrow, instead of Christ, is Satan's nurse for man's perdition.” What a true statement! How often you hear people speaking of what they are going to do some time hence. A few months ago I was obliged to listen to a young girl boasting of what great things she was going to do in the year 1915. She was studying for a particular examination, which she intended to pass with honours, and then take a very good situation, which would mean rising to a good position. That is all very good in itself, and the writer does not say a word against getting on as well as you can. But what was so sad was to listen to a young girl planning everything so nicely for herself, and forgetting God entirely. It would be a very small thing with God to put His hand upon her long before she was able to enter for the examination.

A preacher of the gospel was once speaking to a party of gipsies in the town where I lived, and in his address he pressed home to his hearers the fact that they might be in eternity before the

morrow, little knowing what was about to happen. The same day the gipsies were off to another neighbourhood, and while they were packing up, an old woman had a serious fall, and died that very night.

On another occasion I was standing talking with a friend when an old man passed by, with white hair, bent back, and feeble step. My friend said in a jocular fashion, "When you get like that it is time to think of something different."

A young man, in the prime of life, thinks that when he is old and feeble, and fit for nothing, and only a nuisance to every one, as men speak, is the time to begin to be concerned about eternal realities, and to face the question of his soul's welfare, quite unconscious that the enemy is only nursing them up from day to day to believe his lie. Alas, in many cases before they have the opportunity of growing old God puts His hand upon them and they are gone!

Reader, you must pass on from time into eternity. Do not think that the opportunities of to-day will come round again to-morrow. Put no faith whatever in to-morrow. Have to do with Christ to-day. Hitherto you may have turned your back upon Him, nevertheless, He still waits with open arms to receive you.

“ Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” (Prov. xxvii. 1.) A. H. C.

“ THOU ART MY HIDING PLACE.”

THERE may be many ways in which the blessedness of faith in Jesus may be experienced ; but I question if any way is more vivid than the difference between hiding ourselves away from God, as Adam did in the garden after he had sinned, and hiding ourselves in God. (Psa. xxxii. 7.)

What a thought it is, that God should present Himself as He does in the gospel of His grace, as the only refuge for a sinner ; as the alone One who is able to take his part, and can effectually take his part ! Is not this one blessed aspect of the glory of God ? He makes all His goodness to pass before us, and proclaims His own name as just, yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus—the only God—because He is a just God and a Saviour ; and has thus given His challenge that there is no God beside Him ; because He is a Saviour God. There is a refuge

from the accusations of Satan—from the frowns of the world—from that which is more bitter than either—self-condemnation; and this refuge is our Saviour-God. (Titus ii. 13.) He has laid Himself out as the bearer of every woe, the sympathiser with our every care, the One who pitieth every infirmity.

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

WON AND SATISFIED.

VAIN world, depart!
 Thy subtle art,
 It cometh all too late; nor will I throw
 One glance upon thy gilded show
 Of sparkling tinsel. For another fills
 My youthful heart and life, and thrills
 My soul with joy. Past all compare His love—
 Immortal!

His Name I sing—
 Clear let it ring—
 For never sweeter chord
 By mortal ear was heard:
 'Tis Jesus Christ the Lord—
 My Saviour!

From the German.

SHELTERED!

IT was a never-to-be-forgotten night in the history of the children of Israel ; there was a great cry throughout the land, and there never had been a cry like it. Plague after plague had been brought upon Pharaoh the king, but still he held the people in bondage and refused to let them go. Last of all the great death plague swept over the land and claimed the firstborn in every house. Who can resist this, the terrible hand of death? But God would make a way of escape for His people. He was about to stretch forth His hand to deliver them, their cry had reached His ears. He had marked their sorrows, and by the blood of the slain lamb He would shelter them from judgment. "And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the bason. . . . For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians ; and **WHEN HE SEETH THE BLOOD** upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the

destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you." (Exo. xii. 22, 23.) Such was the gracious provision of Jehovah for His people, enslaved by their cruel and overbearing taskmasters. But God was about to intervene for them and to put forth His mighty power and take them out with a high hand and an outstretched arm. Reader, unless you have come under the saving grace of God you are enslaved as much as the Egyptians were of old. Whatever it is that holds you at a distance from God has enslaved you. It may not be sin, it may be the love of pleasure, or the love of possession. And yet, although at first glance these things may not appear to be sinful, for we may regard them as lawful. But if God has caused His voice to be heard in our souls and we refuse to hearken, then the seeking after these things is sinful. Do you realise that judgment is about to fall upon this guilty world? The whole system of things must come down and make room for Christ, who must reign and subdue the whole earth till all is well-pleasing to God. There is a way of escape and a way into untold blessing. The Lord Jesus Christ has shed His blood, and if your faith is in Him and His precious blood, no judgment can ever reach you any more than it can

reach Christ. I beseech you flee from the coming wrath. Wrath is coming. Of that there can be no doubt. And unless safe in Christ you will be swept away. Flee, I pray you, and find your rest in Christ.

“ALL OF GRACE.”

THERE are five things spoken of in this chapter, Ephesians ii. Two that are spoken of in the past tense, they HAD been true of these Ephesian Christians and ARE true of tens of thousands to-day and may be true of you, dear reader. Let us look at them. The first is: “CHILDREN OF DISOBEDIENCE.”

This is what marks us generally, marks the rising generation. We see and hear of it every day. It started with Adam, it goes on to-day. “By one man’s disobedience.” “By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.” (Romans v. 12.)

Behind all the selfwill of man, so manifest to-day, there is the great power of the wicked one.

The second is: “CHILDREN OF WRATH.”

Disobedience must bring its reward ; this is summed up in that word

wrath.

God's wrath. Who can stand against it ? But to go on further, verse 12, the next thing is, "WITHOUT CHRIST." It does not say without money, or wealth, or health, or fame, that man seeks so much, but *without Christ!* "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 ?" (Mark viii. 36.) Weighty words ! I pray you weigh them over. WITHOUT CHRIST ! I would not be in such a place for all the world. He is the sinner's only hope, the only Saviour offered to you. He is the way ; He is the truth ; He is the life ; He is the alone passport to glory. Yet, is it said of you, without Christ ?

Further: "WITHOUT HOPE." The future is dark, the terror of death staring you in the face. How dreadful ! Yet more: "WITHOUT GOD." (Ver. 12.) God a stranger to you and you a stranger to God and His tender love and mercy. I know of no condition of man that draws out my pity and sorrow more than that of a child of disobedience, a child of wrath ; without Christ, without hope and without God in

the world. I do not wonder at a man in this terrible condition and position doing anything. If you have been awakened to your condition as a sinner, dead in sins, that is, having no thoughts Godward, then, dear reader, I have glad tidings for you, “ Words of Salvation ” indeed.

Turn now to verse 4 in this chapter, “ But God, who is RICH IN MERCY.” Think of it! “ Rich in mercy, for *his* GREAT LOVE.” Just what you need. “ Rich in mercy.” I like that! and again: “ His great love.” It is the goodness of God that leads to repentance. It is the great love of God that has provided such a wonderful Saviour. Read what we get IN Him :

“ In whom we have *redemption* through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the RICHES OF HIS GRACE.” (Chap. i. 7.) Redemption and forgiveness. Redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace. Are these wonderful blessings yours?

Saved

BY GRACE. (Ver. 5.)

“ For by grace are ye saved through faith ; and that not of yourselves : it is the gift of God : *not of works*, lest any man should boast.” (Vers. 8, 9.) All of grace, dear reader ; all the provision of

the love of God. When you and I had no thought of God, and no hope, when we were without Christ, God in the greatness of His love and in the tender compassion of His heart provided, in His only begotten Son, a Saviour who saves to the uttermost all that come to God by Him. Do you know this wonderful Saviour for yourself? Allow me again to ask you. If not, I can heartily commend Him to you, and ask you to put your trust in Him. Obey Him, and become a child of obedience, with glory as your destiny instead of wrath. You will have Christ as the present portion of your heart, your hope to see His blessed face and have your body of humiliation changed like unto His body of glory and dwell with Him in the Father's house. May it be so, for His name's sake.

J. L.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

I WRITE this account, not only to give a word of encouragement to any young believer who may seek to speak a word for the Lord, but as shewing the perfect goodness of our God toward a poor ignorant sinner who had no thought about Him at all.

Nearly thirty years ago a young Christian had a business in a large, fashionable resort by the seaside. Her path taken up in her orphaned and desolate condition was one of extreme peril and difficulty, and yet with a great desire that an open door might be given for some to hear the glorious gospel of the blessed God which had won her own heart: this desire wrought of Himself was not without considerable encouragement.

One morning, as she stood in her shop, an aged servant of the Lord, over eighty years of age, who was on a visit in the town, came in to encourage her in her little service for the Lord. As they spoke together a man came into the entrance with a basket of ripe plums for sale. The shopkeeper had bought fruit of him before, but had not spoken to him of his soul. He was a short, thick-set man of about forty years, whose face bore marks of intemperate habits. Dressed in a blue linen blouse, he stood with his basket at the half-glass door. Encouraged by the conversation as to God's goodness which she had been having with her aged friend the young Christian stepped forward with a book in her hand to give to the poor man. He said he could not read, but his sister could read it to him. As she paid him

for the fruit she had bought he said, "You are good, ma'am, to buy fruit of the likes of me." "No," she replied, "I am not good at all, but God is good! It is God who made your fruit to grow and ripen. He made heaven and earth and the sea, and all things that are therein. He gives rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. (Acts xiv. 17.) And it is the goodness of God that leads men to repentance. (Rom. ii. 4.) If you have never thought of God, think of Him now. Read the book I have given to you, and may God bless its message to your soul." A surprised and grateful look came over his face as he hurried away.

A week passed away when the man came again, this time with a basket of pears for sale. He was invited inside, and with a tired, weary look he put his basket on one chair while he sat upon another, then with tearful eyes he said, "I haven't forgotten *them words*." "What words?" "Why, about God's goodness. I can't forget them words, and what is more I don't want to. I have been a wild sort of fellow and have wandered over many lands for twenty years; now I am broken down in health and am come here to stay with my sister for the sea air. My father sends

me fruit to sell from Swindon. But in all my knocking about, never did I hear such words as you give me. They's set me a-thinking there is a God, and I never thought there was afore. I looks up at the sky, and I says, there is a God who made it. I looks at the earth, and I says, He made that too, and I fears Him.

“But, ma'am, I do want to know more about Him; will you tell me how I can be saved?” With a heart filled with thankfulness the shop-keeper told him that the God who made all things had thought of poor men, women and children who were under the cruel slavery of the devil. Man had received the devil's lie and like poison it dwelt in each one of us. If we died in our lost condition we could never be with God in His happy home. But God had sent His Son Jesus, who became man to do His will, and He had been to this earth to shew out God's goodness and love to man. But men hated Him and gave Him up to be crucified, but God let them do it, because it was upon the cross He became a propitiation for the sins of the whole world, and then having suffered He gave up His life. But though He had died and was buried God had raised Him from the dead. He was now a living Saviour

who could not die any more—One who was able and willing to save. Would he have this loving, gracious Saviour—God's own Son? How the poor man listened and wept as he heard the glad tidings that savingly met his need. They wept together as the man, like a little child, listened and believed, and said in the language of faith, "I do trust Him. I do believe He died for me, a poor lost sinner. I love Him, for He first loved me. His blood has washed my sins away." Much more was said, very simply, according to the speaker's knowledge of the gospel and the need of the poor sinner. He had to hear of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. How, too, God would judge the world in righteousness by that very Man whom He had raised from the dead. (Acts xvii. 30, 31.)

"I am a poor ignorant fellow," said the man, "but I do believe that Jesus died for me." "And God knows what you do believe," said his friend, "and will receive you on account of what His Son has done for Him as well as what He has done for you."

He was told where he could go to hear more of the gospel, but he was never seen there. They parted that afternoon never to meet again. The shop-keeper won-

dered about him, but had to wait for quite a month before she heard through a friend that he had departed to be with the Lord. A neighbour who visited about was called in to the dying man, who had hemorrhage of the lungs, but who was full of joy in the glorious prospect of seeing and being with the Lord. "Going to be with Jesus!" "All is peace!" "So happy!" were some of his last words.

Dear reader, the gospel told in all feebleness was indeed glad tidings to this poor, needy soul, who was once blind and lost indeed with regard to God, but God worked from His own estimate of His beloved Son's work upon the cross. His heart was free to go out after this poor man and to freely forgive and make him ready for the glorious home above.

May God be pleased to open your blind eyes and give you to see that it is His goodness that leads men to repentance. You will change your mind about Him then and you will say, "He is good, and his mercy endureth for ever." Come as you are, dear unsaved one, and believe the glad tidings concerning God's Son.

"He alone the Saviour is,
Everlasting praise be His!"

E. E. S.

PROSPECTS FOR ETERNITY.

IN passing through one of the wards of a large hospital in central Canada I noticed a man who was very ill, tossing about in much restlessness, and with a look of hopeless despair upon his face. I was told by the nurse that the doctors had no hope of his recovery. It arrested my steps, so that I paused before the bed as I inquired: "May I ask what your prospects are for eternity?" Lifting his head from the pillow he gave me a piercing look of distress as he replied: "There is nothing before me there but an eternal hell!" "Then let me tell you," I said, "that this is not the will of God concerning you, and the fact that you are not there *now* proves His longsuffering mercy toward you." As I sat by his bedside I heard the sorrowful story of an ill-spent life of sin and recklessness out in the bush among companions as godless as himself, until he was stricken with severe illness and, as he affirmed, was brought to the hospital to die. Eternity faced him, and he knew that he would have to *meet God*. Do you ever think of this, my readers? Some of you may say: "I am not afraid to die!" But have you considered

that it is written, "After death the judgment"? (Heb. x. 27.) Can you face *this* before a holy God? Has the question of unforgiven sins been raised by you, and has it been settled in *God's way*, so that His righteous claims can have no charge against you? If not, beware! For eternity *is* before you whether you realise it or not, and who can say how soon you may be called into it? The sick man in question was in *earnest*, and it was a glad message I was able to carry him that afternoon in pointing out how the blessed God has Himself provided a ransom for the sinner in Jesus who died, "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." I sought to shew him how the dark question of sin was taken up *there* on Calvary's cross and the holy judgment of God exhausted on the Sin-bearer—on Him "who knew *no* sin," that the believer might become the righteousness of God *in Him*. (2 Cor. v. 21.) The poor man listened, but it seemed to him too wonderful to believe! "But my past life," he said, "has been nothing but sin against God, and how *can* I hope for mercy?" "On the ground of sacrifice," I replied. "The ransom *God* has provided is of such *infinite* value *to Him*, that the sinner who owns his guilt and rests *there* is cleansed from all sin in His sight. *Your*

part is to take God at His word, *His* part is to assure you that on the ground of the finished work of Christ you are not only safe for eternity, but saved for the eternal joy and satisfaction of God Himself! The God you have sinned against is the One whose heart is *toward you*. He wants you for Himself, and to bless you with salvation from your sins, and to make you happy for ever." As the sick man still listened he grew very quiet, and as the light began to break in upon the darkness in his soul his face wore a softened expression, and I felt God had begun to work. When I next visited him he was eagerly waiting to hear more, and was able to receive the sure word of God in all simplicity. A look of restful peace took the place of the former distress, and as time went on such was the effect of the peace of his soul upon his bodily health that he gradually began to recover, to the surprise of the doctors. When he left the hospital he was rejoicing in the knowledge of a living Saviour and a blessed eternity *with Him!* Reader, *are you in earnest* with regard to your soul's salvation, or are you neglecting it? If the latter, then be assured of this, that the path you are in leads to where the path of the *rejecter* of Christ leads—to sure destruction. There

are only *two* paths, and you *must* be in one or the other. One is *broad* and leads to *destruction*, the other is narrow and leads to *life*, and it "shineth more and more unto the perfect day"! (Prov. v. 8.) "How shall we escape, if we neglect so *great* salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

E. F. P.

CHILD'S HYMN.

I HEAR them speak of Thy coming to earth,
O Christ of God for me—

A little child, and of lowly birth ;

Lord Jesus, can it be ?

Could'st Thou leave Thy home of love and light,

Thy heavenly joy and glory bright,

For a little child like me ?

I hear them speak of a life of woe,

O Christ of God, for Thee ;

They say Thou didst bitter anguish know,

Lord Jesus, can it be ?

Could'st Thou know sorrow and shame and slight,

The hatred of man and Satan's might,

For a little child like me ?

I hear them speak of a death of shame,

O Christ of God, for Thee ;

When sin's dread judgment o'er Thee came :

O Saviour, can it be ?

Could'st THOU endure sin's heavy load

And all the wrath of a holy God,

For a little child like me ?

I hear them speak of a glorious home,
 O Christ of God, for me,
 Where Thou wilt bid all the ransom'd come :
 O Saviour, can it be ?
 Can'st Thou open Thy home of love and light,
 That heavenly joy and glory bright,
 For a sinful child like me ?

I hear them speak of a song of praise,
 O Christ of God, to Thee,
 Which joyful hearts of the ransom'd raise :
 My Saviour, may it be ?
 Wilt Thou fill my heart with Thy love and light,
 For Thy praise on earth and in glory bright,
 From a ransom'd child like me ?

C. B. W.



“TAKEN AWAY FROM THE EVIL TO COME.”

IT was midsummer, and the mail train sped on through the burning plains of upper India.

In a carriage adjoining my own a family were travelling to their home in the far south.

Overnight they had left the cool mountain region of the Himalayas, where they had enjoyed a pleasant and refreshing stay amid the beauties of nature and in view of the everlasting snows.

The contrast was very great, and the elder child, a girl, felt the heat so overpoweringly that her temperature rose to a degree at which life could not continue. About noon she died.

Unaware of what had transpired so close at hand I was surprised by a visit from the grief-stricken father, who came into my carriage and related the foregoing details.

My heart went out to them in their great sorrow, a sorrow as without hope, and I arranged that they should halt at

my headquarters, where I would see to the interment.

We soon after arrived, and I did all that was possible for their comfort.

Towards evening, as the fierce heat of the sun began to abate, one of my staff, a kindly man, arrived with a small coffin draped in white.

The father admitted us into the shaded room, in which we saw lying on a couch the body of a beautiful little girl, with golden hair and rosy colour as if in life, for she had been in good health till a few hours before her decease. Two younger children were playing about, unconscious of what had happened.

As we approached the couch the mother came out from an inner room, and, seeing what our purpose was, threw herself with a cry of anguish on the body—exclaiming: “My darling, oh my darling!”

Her husband gently lifted her, and withdrew her to the other end of the room, I assisting him, while my man did what was necessary.

I earnestly sought help from the Lord for them, and to turn their thoughts to Him, in this their hour of sore trial and sudden bereavement.

I spoke of the Saviour's love and death for us, and that there was not a sorrow

that we passed through but what He had felt, and was therefore well able to sympathise with and succour us, if only we would look to Him and trust Him.

As a drowning person is said to clutch at even a straw, the lady, in her despair, caught at a word which I had quoted, namely, “the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.” (Isa. lvii. 1.)

Asked for an explanation I said that in their case it might be that God, in His omniscience, had seen something ahead in their little daughter's future which would be too hard for her, and so, in mercy to them all, had thus intervened and taken her away as one of Christ's own, of whom it is written, “He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.” (Isa. xl. 11.)

“Oh! if only I could believe that,” she exclaimed. I replied that if she would cast herself upon the good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep, and trust Him for her own salvation, He would give her faith to believe, too, that her little one, His lamb, was now happy with Himself, and far removed from every earthly peril.

The immediate effect of this word was to comfort her poor, crushed heart, and compose her mind, as we drove with the small white casket to the cemetery.

There, as the sun set, with a solemn word, yet full of hope, we laid the little body to rest till the resurrection morn.

When it was all over and we had returned, preparatory to their continuing their journey, I was thankful to note a complete change in Mrs. —.

Brought face to face with eternal realities she was enabled to take Christ as her personal Saviour, and found peace to her soul through believing on Him, the One who had died for her. Thus, in restfulness of spirit, not doubting His wisdom and love, she was also led to trust Him for the safe-keeping of her precious child.

Reader, how does this incident appeal to you? Does it bring home to you the uncertainty of life, and that while others, and it may be those dearest to you, are removed, *you* are spared a little while, through the long-suffering of God, that you may realise your need, and flee for refuge to the hope set before you in the gospel?

God speaks to us in these things, and waits to be gracious; remember, however, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment"! (Heb. ix. 27.) Are you prepared to meet your God?

SELF-TRUST.

THE Lord Jesus spake this parable unto certain which *trusted in themselves* that they were righteous and despised others (or made nothing of all the rest of men). (Luke xviii. 9.) Self-trust generally begets an assumed superiority to our neighbours. The higher a man climbs in the exaltation of self, the more his deceitful heart, which is *desperately* wicked (Jer. xvii. 9), leads him to despise or make nothing of others, especially when it takes a religious form. Solomon speaks of such in his day, saying, "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." (Prov. xxx. 12.) It is a generation which seems to have multiplied in the days of our Lord. The Pharisees were characterised by self-trust, and God's holy One was despised in their eyes. In the following parable He fully exposes their self-righteous folly.

"Two men," said the Lord, "went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, the other a tax-gatherer" (which "publican" signifies). Both men went to the right place (for the moment) for the right purpose. But, as we shall see, there are two kinds of prayer. "The Pharisee

stood and prayed thus with [or to] himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." (Vers. 10-12.) The Pharisee, intensely self-occupied and religious, prays to himself. He addresses God, and with thanksgiving, but practically his prayer does not go beyond himself. In word God is acknowledged, but self predominates, as the whole of his thanksgiving and utterance shews. The thanksgiving is for what he himself was, not for grace and mercy received. The language is so remarkably interwoven that it reads as though God were displaced in his heart and thought, and goodness so inherent in him that *he was not as others*. The Lord goes to the root of matters, and thoroughly exposes his condition by the light. The Pharisee's estimate of himself is that others were guilty of extortion, injustice and adultery, but *he is immaculate*. But there was one exception; the Pharisee was pure! The Lord read the secret of his innermost being and knew his estimate of himself, that he was no sinner, not even as this tax-gatherer.

Moreover, there was not only what he was, but also what he did. There was an

array of good works to commend him. I fast twice in the week! Think of that. How many came up to that standard? It is wonderful what "I" can do. And "I give tithes of all that I possess." All he possessed was given him of God, and His law demanded a tenth. He was only doing his duty. It was no more than he ought to do. God left him nine-tenths for himself. Surely there was no ground for the Pharisee's boast. In short, he was characterised by self-trust. Self ruled him. "I," not "God," had by a long way the first place. He begins with "God," goes on with "I," and ends with "I." *I* thank thee, that *I* am not as other men. . . . *I* fast twice. . . . *I* give tithes of all that *I* possess! He that exalteth himself, "*I*," shall be abased. (Ver. 14.)

"And the publican [or tax-gatherer], standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a [the] sinner." (Ver. 13.)

What a striking contrast! Self-trust has no place here, but the opposite. True humility marked the tax-gatherer at his temple visit. He has a deep sense of his own utter unworthiness in the holy temple of God. With castdown eyes he smites

upon his breast. His heart is humbled by the presence of sin. He would not even lift his eyes to heaven. One short sentence issues from his lips, but it speaks volumes. "O God, have compassion on me, the sinner," for such is the full force of the original. He owns his true state before God, and casts himself on His compassion. He does not speak of himself as *a* sinner, one amongst many, but without any comparison of himself with others, like the self-righteous Pharisee, he takes the place before God of *the* sinner, as though there were no other in the world. *The* sinner. Reader, have you reached the same point in your soul's history? *The* sinner is just the fit subject for the compassion of God. Christ Jesus, God's Son, is the Saviour that the sinner needs. And He died for all.

"I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." (Ver. 14.) "I tell you." The Lord Himself said it.

"God is just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Rom. iii. 26.) His heart is full of compassion and mercy. The self-righteous sinner remains in his self-righteousness. But God in righteousness justifies the self-judged sinner on the ground of the

finished work of Christ, and peace with Him is his portion. He is now justified by His blood, stands in God's presence as a just man through grace, to walk the path of the just, which is as the shining light, until the perfect day. (Rom. v. 1, 9 ; Prov. iv. 18.)

E. H. C.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

WHEN the writer was quite young there was a revival among young and old in the neighbourhood of London.

It was a joy to be brought into touch with many who, tired and weary with a mixture of law and grace so largely preached at that time in various buildings, were led by the Holy Spirit of God to see the effective work of the death and bloodshedding of our Lord Jesus Christ, who upon the cross was made sin, exhausted the judgment of God, and having settled all to God's satisfaction and glory arose triumphantly out of the tomb and ascended up in the glory of resurrection and life for evermore ! (Rom. vi. 9, 10.)

One morning in early June I was very much impressed that the Lord would use me to some soul that very day. I thought probably it would be to some girls I had invited to tea and with whom I purposed

to have a walk into a field where we might sing and talk together, several of them having been recently converted. But as I reached my home in the twilight, having parted from the girls, I still felt I had a message to deliver. As I entered the house my sister said that I had been inquired for to visit a poor, dying woman. I started off at once, after having taken some refreshment, although my sister thought it was much too late. I had some distance to go but presently reached the house in a dark street by the side of a canal. I had gleaned the name of the woman and that she was dying of consumption; that visitors and clergymen had failed to help her, though they had visited her for some time. I knocked at the door, which was opened by a matronly nurse, who said I was expected. I was immediately taken upstairs into the sick-room where the husband was holding the patient up in bed, as she had a violent fit of coughing. He gave place to the nurse and proffered me a chair, into which I sank feeling tired and unfit to say anything but "Lord, help me!"

When the coughing ceased the sick woman said: "You have brought a message from God to my poor soul; I asked Him to send me help in the morn-

ing and I have been looking for you all day."

"You are very ill, Mrs. G——!"

"Yes, I am about to die, and my agony of soul is worse than all my pains. How can I meet God, against whom I have sinned?"

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) Cannot you trust the words of the gracious Saviour? "I have heard those words many times, but they do not seem to meet my case. What shall I do; how can I know that my sin has been dealt with?"

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.) "I cannot realise it, what can I do?"

"Can you bear me to read a little from the Bible?" "Anything that will help my poor soul," she replied. I read from John iii. 1-17. I then felt I could read no more. With her whole soul she seemed to be gazing upon my face as I read and paused. "Did you, Mrs. G——, ever read of the Israelites, how they sinned against God and how after long forbearance He sent fiery serpents among them so that many of them died?" (Num. xxi. 5-9.) "Ah, yes," she replied, "I heard about it and I read about it when I was a girl."

"Well, then, do you remember that

those who were afraid of death through the serpent's bite told Moses they had sinned against the Lord and asked him to pray for them. He prayed to the Lord who told him to make *a serpent of brass*, and to put it upon a pole, and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, *he lived!*"

"Now, my dear woman, listen! God's own Son has been lifted up between earth and heaven upon the cross; He knew no sin but was made sin for such as we! You have been bitten by sin! Now look in the faith of your soul to Him who lives, who was once made sin that those who were bitten might not die but live! Look and live!"

It may have been five minutes or less ere the Spirit of God caused the truth of this fact to fasten itself upon her conscience, but a silence of deep moment occupied at least two of us in that room. Then came from her lips a shout of victory: "Bless God, those blessed words have freed me. I believe that Jesus, God's Son, took the place that I deserve; I have life out of death. I see, I see, praise Him I am saved. O Lord, I thank Thee! Thank Him! thank Him!" I went on my knees and thanked, and praised our Lord Jesus Christ, and God our Father, who had sent Him to act so wonderfully to clear the way

for His love to shew itself to such as we. Mrs. G—— joined with joyful utterances.

As the hour was late and the patient much exhausted, I left her for the night, promising to see her the next day. She lived for a fortnight in great rest and peace, in the knowledge of forgiveness through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. She was allowed to tell her visitors and neighbours of God's great love to her; they were amazed at the change wrought in her. What He had done for her He was willing and able to do for all. For her it was so simple and beautiful—all was done—she had only to receive what God offered, and be happy and thankful. Her trust was beautiful to behold. One Person was before her gaze—it was Jesus, the Lord, the Living One.

Her husband and three children were committed to God's care. I have forgotten much of our conversations during those two weeks, but this is indelibly fixed on my memory: that God had wrought with her when she was a little girl; that she had been trained under a system of law and grace, which was not able to free her from her sins nor herself. She had married an unconverted man and became careless and worldly. God, in His gracious dealings, had sent her affliction, and now

freed and happy, she passed away to the home where sin, death, nor Satan, can ever enter.

I was with her when her happy spirit departed. She left loving words for me with a message that gratified me deeply : "I am going to be with Christ which is far better."

I did not discover any work of grace in either the husband or nurse, though they professed to be affected at the time. God's matchless grace may have wrought in them in after days—they must have seen what was real in the one who had departed.

E. E. S.

"SHE'S DEAD, SIR!"

"**S**HE'S dead, sir ; she died at Christmas," was the reply I got on calling to inquire for a poor widow with whom I lodged not long since. The last time I saw her she was tolerably well, attending much as usual to her domestic duties. But she is dead. The house and furniture looked just the same ; but "she's dead, sir," was all I could learn about the departed one from the orphan daughter.

It was a solemn moment ; many thoughts pressed much on my mind. It is true that I had more than once spoken to her of the atoning work of Christ, and

of the blessedness of present peace with God; but had I thought her opportunities of hearing would have so soon ended, and that she was then actually on the brink of eternity, how much more earnest should I have been in commending the love of God in Christ to her. But now she is dead! The place that once knew her will know her no more for ever! Whether she really received Christ crucified and risen as her Saviour the future will make manifest. Happy indeed are those who now see such glory and beauty in Jesus the Son of God as to be attracted to Him, and constrained to confess Him before men. Present peace with God, and present testimony for Christ, become those who are saved by the precious blood of the Lamb. Not to confess Christ before men is indeed very solemn; to be ashamed of Christ very alarming; for “whosoever,” said Jesus, “shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.” (Mark viii. 38.)

Death is so common that many seem to think little more of it than the present separation of tender ties; few appear to regard it as God’s just penalty for sin.

Men are appointed to death, and after that judgment, because they are sinners. The Son of God came to deliver from death and judgment by bearing sin, and by being a substitute for those who believe, in going under death and judgment. So that those who accept Christ risen from the dead, and ascended, as their life and righteousness before God, have died and have been judged in Christ their substitute on the cross. Death and judgment are therefore behind them; they have a present standing of completeness in Christ at God's right hand, and they wait for glory; they wait for God's Son from heaven; they expect to be caught up to meet Him in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord. Being cleansed from sin by the precious blood of Christ, the sting of death—which is sin—is gone. If they should die before the Lord comes, it is not strictly death, but falling asleep, as scripture calls it, or really, as I believe, being put to sleep by Jesus. But the Lord is coming quickly, and we may not even fall asleep, but be changed in a moment, and caught up to meet the Lord in the air—death and judgment behind us, and glory before us. What a victory! “Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

FAITH COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THE subject of this narrative had been for many years employed in a large house of business in London, but was stricken with paralysis, and little by little lost his sight. He had to give up his work and for a time was seriously ill. An old friend called upon him, to whom, in course of conversation, he said, "Oh, B——, if only I had done something for God I should be happy, but I have done nothing, no, nothing." His visitor asked him if he had ever noticed these words in the Bible, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, HIS FAITH IS COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS." (Rom. iv. 5.) "Is that really in the Bible?" "Yes, it is indeed," and the words were repeated again. It pleased God to bless the word to the sick man and he found rest of soul and peace of conscience in the knowledge that God had counted his faith for righteousness and had forgiven and justified him. Reader, have you yet been awakened to the sense that you must meet God and that you have nothing to offer for your acceptance?

If you believe on Him that justifies the ungodly, your faith also shall be counted for righteousness, and in the righteousness in which God regards you, you shall be accepted. Wonderful gospel! "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God." (Rom. viii. 34.) "Who of God is made UNTO US wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (1 Cor. i. 30.)

As time went on the sick man said to his friend when he called upon him again, "I wish I could get some one to lead me out into the street and stand me with my back against a wall so that I could tell the people who passed by of what God has done for me; I feel sure that they would stop and listen to a blind man." Whether his desire was ever granted I do not know, but I ask my readers whether the story of the way in which God reached him in His grace has any interest for them. Surely none are quite indifferent to the solemn fact that we must all appear before God. Although it is a solemn fact, yet no one need be afraid, for God has manifested His LOVE toward us, "because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him." (1 John iv. 9.)

JESUS ONLY.

HOW many real Christians there are at this present time in darkness! and some of them in a darkness which borders on despair, because they are trusting in their experiences, or their feelings, instead of Christ! The more we look WITHIN, the worse we feel; we should look WITHOUT and see Jesus. If you stand back to the light, and look at your own shadow, no wonder it is darkness; but if you turn your back upon your shadow and look at the glorious sun, your face will shine with its light. Some believers turn their eyes to their own dark thoughts—others look to Jesus—those are filled with heaviness, these with the light of God's presence.

It was more than twenty years ago that a young woman was awakened to feel her lost condition before God, while hearken- ing to the words of some men preaching by the wayside. After this she committed a sin (to which many would attach little importance), and it so preyed upon her mind that she lost her joy, and shortly afterwards her peace. Instead of going to God with her fault and confessing it, she looked within herself for the joy which evildoing had chased away. Twenty years

and more passed by, and the once hopeful young believer seemed nothing less than a despairing, desponding, brokenhearted outcast. What a dreary stage in the believer's passage to glory! Twenty years bowed down, like the woman of old!—twenty years unable to look to Jesus! And why all this? Because instead of looking off to Jesus, and trusting God's faithfulness and justice (1 John i. 7-10), she was seeking for "the peaceful hour she once enjoyed." But the Lord *abideth* faithful—He led this stray sheep back; and one Sunday evening after hearing the preaching of God's gospel, she was enabled to exclaim, with an overflowing heart, "I have found Him—I have found Him—He is precious to me! Yes, now I see that it is all Jesus—my feelings have nothing to do with my salvation, or with preserving me. Christ first—Christ last. For more than twenty years I have been in bondage, all because I put my SELF first, and JESUS second."

Beloved friend, Is not the death and resurrection of Jesus the only foundation? What a miserable prop is the recollection of past happiness! How is it with you? Are you not wearied with the experiences of self? Oh! leave self and begin with Jesus. Whether it be proud self, or

humble self—good self, or bad self—it is alike evil, for we should live “looking unto Jesus.” Who comes first, SELF or JESUS? We are “accepted in the beloved.” He is in glory, and we are “risen with him,” “complete in him”—what more can we want?

Does our reader say, I want the experience of these things? If you have Christ in your heart you will experience His presence, but if you put the experience of your heart first, take heed lest by looking upon your own shadow you turn your back to the light of life. “Ah! but I have sinned,” do you say? But “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin” is God’s word. The only way, either for bright experience or bright shining, is to live looking off to Jesus. Both true happiness and practical holiness derive their strength from Christ Himself, who is our joy and our power by His Spirit for living to God.

We are justified for ever, because the Lord shed His blood for our sins. In respect of our daily shortcomings, “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” (1 John i. 9.)

HOW THE LOST SHEEP WAS FOUND.

MANY years ago I was asked to see a poor boy who was dying in some wild district in Ireland.

After upwards of an hour's toilsome walking (for the roads which in some places led over steep hills were in others scarcely passable on account of the heavy marshes), on entering the miserable hovel I looked round me and at first found no sign of any inhabitant, except an old woman who sat crouching over the embers of a peat fire. She rose as I entered, and with the natural courtesy of the Irish poor offered me the low chair or rather stool on which she had been seated.

I thanked her, and passing on to the object of my visit discovered in one corner of the hut a heap of straw on which lay the poor sufferer. Some scanty covering, probably his own wearing apparel, had been thrown over him, but as to bed or bed clothes there was none discernable in this miserable dwelling.

I approached, and saw a young lad about seventeen or eighteen years of age evidently in a state of extreme suffering

and exhaustion, and it was to be feared in the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, but he opened them on my approach and stared at me with a kind of wild wonder, like a frightened animal.

I told him as quietly as possible who I was, and for what purpose I had come, and put a few of the simplest questions to him respecting his hope of salvation. He answered nothing, he appeared totally unconscious of my meaning.

On pressing him further, and speaking to him kindly and affectionately, he looked up, and I ascertained from the few words he uttered that he had heard something of a God and future judgment, but he had never been taught to read. The holy scriptures were a sealed book to him, and he was consequently altogether ignorant of the way of salvation as revealed to us in the gospel. His mind on this subject was truly an utter blank.

I was struck with dismay and almost with despair. Here was a fellow creature whose immortal soul, apparently on the verge of eternity, must be saved or lost for ever; and he lay before me now, the hand of death close upon him; not a moment was to be lost and what was I to do? What way was I to take to

begin to teach him, as it were at the eleventh hour, the first rudiments of Christianity?

I had scarcely ever before felt such a sinking within me. I could do nothing, that I knew full well, but on the other hand God could do all; I therefore raised up my heart and besought my heavenly Father for Christ's sake to direct me in this most difficult and trying position, and to open to me by His Spirit of wisdom a way to set forth the glad tidings of salvation so as to be understood by this poor benighted wanderer.

I was silent for a few moments whilst engaged in inward prayer and gazing with deep anxiety on the melancholy object before me. It struck me that I ought to try to discover how far his intelligence in other things extended, and whether there might not be reasonable hope of his understanding me when I should commence to open to him (as I was bound to do) the gospel message of salvation. I looked down upon him with an eye of pity, which I most sincerely felt, and I thought he observed that compassionate look, for he softened towards me as I said: "My poor boy, you are very ill, I fear you suffer a great deal!"

"Yes, I have a bad cold; the cough

takes away my breath and hurts me greatly."

"Have you had this cough long?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a long time; near a year now."

"And how did you catch it? A Kerry boy, I should have thought, would have been reared hardily and accustomed to this sharp air!"

"Ah," he answered, "and so I was until that terrible night—it was about this time last year when one of the sheep went astray. My father keeps a few sheep upon the mountains and this is the way we live. When he reckoned them that night there was one wanting, and he sent me to look for it."

"No doubt," I replied, "you felt the change from the warmth of the peat fire in this close little hut to the cold mountain blast."

"Oh! that I did; there was snow upon the ground, and the wind pierced me through; but I did not mind it much, as I was so anxious to find father's sheep."

"And did you find it?" I asked, with increased interest.

"Oh, yes, I had a long, weary way to go, but I never stopped until I found it."

"And how did you get it home? You

had trouble enough with that too, I dare say. Was it willing to follow back?"

"Well, I did not like to trust it, and besides, it was dead beat and tired, so I laid it on my shoulders and carried it home that way."

"And were they not all at home rejoiced to see you when you returned with the sheep?"

"Sure enough, and that they were," he replied. "Father and mother, and the people round that heard of our loss, all came in the next morning to ask about the sheep, for the neighbours in these matters are mighty kind to each other. Sorry they were, too, to hear that I was kept out the whole dark night; it was morning before I got home, and the end of it was I caught this cold. Mother says I will never be better now, God knows best; anyways, I did my best to save the sheep."

Wonderful! I thought, here is the whole gospel history. The sheep is lost, the father sends his son to seek for and recover it. The son goes willingly, suffers all without complaining, and in the end sacrifices his life to find the sheep, and when recovered he carries it home on his shoulders to the flock, and rejoices with his friends and neighbours over the sheep

which was lost, but is found again. My prayer was answered, my way was made plain, and by the grace of God I availed myself of this happy opening.

I explained to this poor dying boy the plan of salvation, making use of his own simple and affecting story. I read to him the few verses in Luke xv., where the care of the shepherd for the strayed sheep is so beautifully expressed, and he at once perceived the likeness, and followed me with deep interest while I explained to him the full meaning of the parable.

The Lord mercifully opened not only his understanding, but his heart also, to receive the things spoken. He himself was the lost sheep, Jesus Christ the good Shepherd, who was sent by the Father to seek for him, and who left all the joys of that Father's heavenly glory to come down to earth and search for him and other lost ones like himself; and as the poor boy had borne without murmuring the freezing snowstorm and the piercing wind, so has the blessed Saviour endured the fierce contradictions of sinners against Himself, and the bitter scorn and insults heaped upon Him, without opening His mouth to utter one word of complaint, and at last laid down His precious life, that we might be rescued from destruction and

brought safe to our everlasting home. Neither will He trust His beloved ones, when rescued, to tread the perilous path alone, but bears them on His shoulders rejoicing to the heavenly fold.

My poor sick lad seemed to drink it all in. He received it all; he understood it all. I never saw a clearer proof of the power of the divine Spirit to apply the word of God.

He survived our first meeting but a few days. I had no time to read or expound to him any other portion of the scripture. At times we could hear nothing but stifling, rending cough; at times he slumbered heavily for a little, but whenever he was able to think and listen, these verses in Luke xv. satisfied and cheered him. He accepted Christ as his Saviour, he earnestly prayed to be carried home like the lost sheep in the heavenly Shepherd's arms. He died humbly, peacefully, almost exulting, with the name of Jesus, my Saviour and my Shepherd, the last upon his lips.

J. N. D.

HE HAS SAVED ME!

FRANK S—— lived in the town of B—— in a cottage near me. For two years it was sad to see him gradually wasting away in consumption. I felt concerned about his soul and visited him. After a few words of sympathy I inquired as to his state in the event of his death. He replied he did not dread it so much as some people might, for he had lived a straightforward life, done his best, &c. I felt that he was comparing himself favourably with others, and I quoted Romans iii. 22, 23: "For there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." I also read Luke vii. 37-50. Here we have the story of the two debtors and of how when they had nothing to pay, the creditor frankly forgave them both. This shews God's gracious attitude towards men, for when the sinner owns he is lost and undone and has nothing to pay, then it is that God in righteous grace freely forgives in virtue of the atoning death of His beloved Son. I pointed out the difference between Simon the Pharisee and the woman who was a sinner. Simon missed the blessing because he felt no need of the Saviour, but the woman who washed His feet with her

tears received from His own lips the assuring words: "Thy sins are forgiven . . . thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

"All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him."

I called again after a few days and read the account of blind Bartimæus who cried to the Lord for mercy as He passed by. And Jesus stood still and caused him to be brought unto Him and said: "Thy faith hath saved thee." (Luke xviii. 35-43.)

As I uttered those words, "Thy faith hath saved thee," Frank exclaimed earnestly: "Yes, He has saved me too!" I replied, "Has He?" He said, "Yes, He has; and I will tell every one that the Lord is with me." This was indeed good news and we thanked God together.

On my next visit, after reading the scripture, I read an account of a youth suffering with consumption who was self-righteous. A Christian visited him and seeing he was resting on his own fancied goodness as a title to heaven, told him the gospel was not for him, to which he angrily replied: "What do you mean." The Christian answered: "'Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS' (1 Tim. i. 15), and according to your own account you are not a sinner." This

was used by the Spirit of God to open his eyes, and he afterwards said, "I've been a rare fool!" He saw himself a poor lost sinner and put his trust in the Saviour who died for him, and he was filled with joy and peace in believing. When I finished reading this incident, Frank said: "Well, Mr. G——, that is just a picture of my case, I never knew I was a poor lost sinner until you visited me, and that same night I sought the Lord and put my trust in Him." I replied, "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." (Psa. ii. 12.) After this he seemed to take great interest in the scriptures, he much enjoyed Isaiah xliii.: "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee," and Isaiah liii.: "He was wounded for our transgressions," and Psalm xxiii.: "The Lord is my shepherd." He seemed calm and peaceful throughout and never doubted his salvation. On one occasion he said, "I love Jesus more and more every time I hear about Him." I replied, "We love him, because HE FIRST LOVED us," and proved His love in His cross of suffering and death. (1 Pet. iii. 18.) Frank grew weaker every day, kept his bed, suffered greatly, but was bright in spirit. I spoke to him one day on the Lord's coming, 1 Thessalonians iv. He

said so brightly, "Yes, He'll come in all His glory and fetch me." Towards the end his sufferings increased and he longed to go; the last few hours before the Lord took him he had less pain and was quiet and peaceful. I saw him the day before he passed away. On leaving him I said, "Goodbye; rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him. Rest *in Him* now, rest *with Him* then." As the end drew near he said to his mother, "Oh, I am so happy. Goodbye mother, God bless you, the angels have come to fetch me," and a beautiful smile lit up his face and he peacefully fell asleep.

Dear reader, what do you think of Christ? Can you say with a grateful heart, He has saved me? Do not rest until you can say it through divine grace.

"When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." (Rom. v. 6.) He is now exalted at God's right hand a Prince and a Saviour; able, willing and ready to save all who put their trust in Him. He has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) Make haste and turn to the Lord before it is too late. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Why not come to Him now? D. G.

"I WANT MORE LIGHT."

J——, an old man of over seventy years, had lived a life of self-gratification and forgetfulness of God. Once a prosperous farmer, he had lost all his property through drink, and when the writer first met him he was earning his living as a labourer in the iron stone quarries a mile or two out of the village of D——, in Lincolnshire, where he lived. His wife, who was an earnest Christian, had prayed for a good number of years for his blessing, but, hardened by the long time that he had neglected the gospel, it would almost seem as if her prayers would never be answered. But God's grace is very persistent and His way perfect, and on one occasion of my visiting the village to preach the gospel, after much earnest prayer and persuasion J—— came in to hear the word. It was a great moment for his dear wife. I can see her now, arming him with expectant joy through the village to the little room where the preaching was to be held. That night the word went home in convicting power to his soul. But Satan was not going to let such an old captive and servant go s,

easily, and although J—— attended the rest of the preachings, the definite acceptance of Christ and evidence of peace in the soul were not forthcoming. One morning, while taking a meal in the house of some christian friends in a town four miles distant from D——, prior to my departure for London, a messenger came saying that J—— had been taken seriously ill and was anxious to see me.

I therefore postponed going to London and sent word to say that I would come that afternoon. Feeling much cast on the Lord for wisdom, I went. On arriving at the cottage where he was lying I learnt from his wife that the doctor considered his condition serious, and that all through the previous night his one unceasing cry had been, "Oh, my sins, my sins; there they are, cartloads of them; oh, my sins!" I sought to turn his attention to the risen Saviour who had died for his sins, but all the sins and guilt of a long life seemed to have accumulated before his mind, and he could see nothing else. His agony of soul was most distressing, as from that moment when forgiveness and salvation were presented his cry was, "I want more light! I want more light!" I stayed two more weeks in the neighbourhood, constantly visiting him. His

bodily condition improved slightly during that period, but his anxiety of soul became more acute. He could not see, in spite of the simple way in which the gospel was presented to him, that God's one and only desire was to bless him and save his soul. The day arrived when I had to leave the district and I paid my last visit, looking much to the Lord to give a word which would liberate him, and bring him into God's most marvellous light. God graciously met him and gave him light. As I sat by his bedside and talked with him, the Holy Spirit applied the word. The word of faith had come nigh him. The light shone in, and as he embraced the message in all its simplicity and blessedness for the first time, although he had heard it so constantly before, he turned to his wife who was standing the other side of his bed and said, "Why, mum, you never told me that!" What had really been the case was that he had never seen it before, and peace and joy took the place of unrest and distress in his heart as in simple, childlike faith he trusted Christ, the One in whose death God had removed all his sins and guilt. He received the gospel of his salvation. He recovered in measure from his illness and lived for about twelve months.

During this time he bore a bright testimony to the saving grace of Christ. As a rule it is a rare occurrence to see one who has passed the boundary of life affected and won by divine grace, but God's name is greatly exalted thereby. If any one in such a state reads these lines, I beseech them, ere it is altogether too late, to bow in repentance towards God and in faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. And young, unsaved reader, do not serve Satan so long. He is a hard taskmaster, and Jesus wants your life now as well as your soul for eternity. "The Lord is longsuffering . . . not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Pet. iii. 9.)

S. E. E.

THE POTTER'S HOUSE.

"**A**RISE, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to *hear my words.*" (Jer. xviii. 2.) This message came from the Lord to His servant, the prophet Jeremiah. And he went down, "And, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels." (Ver. 3.) The Lord would instruct him as to His ways with His people Israel. (Ver. 6.) It is also

written for *our admonition*. We invite you, reader, to visit in your thoughts the potter's house, for the Lord's ways with Israel shadow forth His ways with us.

The Lord is Himself the potter. The vessel that He made of clay, Israel, was marred in His hand. (Ver. 4.) But long ere He made Israel, He made *man*. He made him of the dust of the ground—of clay—and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. (Gen. ii. 7.) But, alas, the vessel was marred in His hand. Sin came in through disobedience, and rent it in pieces. This beautiful vessel of God became morally marred and shattered.

Man's history for some four thousand years proved the utter hopelessness of the vessel being restored to its former beauty. But man's extremity was God's opportunity. The potter knew from the outset that it was all over with the first vessel, but he had a resource. And God knew from the outset that whether with man or with Israel, His vessel was shattered, and that there was no hope of remodelling either so as to please Him. But He had an unfailing resource in Christ. What then does He do? "*He made it again.*" There is no improvement of the marred vessel. God begins over

again. He makes the vessel entirely anew — *another vessel*. The heavenly Potter, we would say with all reverence, works again, and creates a new vessel altogether. His enemy succeeded in marring the first, but he cannot touch the second. God's second creation, the new vessel, is *in Christ*, in Christ in resurrection, beyond Satan's reach. The truth of this is strikingly maintained in the unfolding of the gospel of God in the Epistle to the Romans. God justifies, reconciles, saves, sets free in Christ risen and brings into relationship with Himself, setting us in love *in Him* from whom nought can separate (Rom. iii.—viii.), and Satan is left out altogether. He cannot pass the death and grave of Christ, and God's new work is *in resurrection*. It is *in Christ*, and "as seemed good to the potter to make it." (Ver. 4.) It is His own design, His own work, of an entirely new order and character. Both His eye and His heart are perfectly satisfied with the new vessel. It is unique, perfect, incomparable, a masterpiece, and glory and renown redound to the Potter.

Have *you* learnt the lesson by a visit to the potter's house? What utter folly in the light of this revelation, this plain and simple story, to continue to try and im-

prove the marred vessel. Did you ever see a marred vessel, however cleverly and dexterously mended, that would pass the eye of a connoisseur as the original unmarred one? My friend, God has given up fallen man. There is no remedying of the marred vessel before Him. You *must* be born again. (John iii. 7.) And the believer, once he is in Christ, is seen as God's *new* creation, where old things have passed away, and all things have become new, and all things are of God. (2 Cor. v. 17, 18.) This vessel is perfect, of incomparable design and beauty, and good in His sight. Have you heard His words in His house, like Jeremiah? (Ver. 2.) They are wonderful words, loving, and powerful, and true.

A Christian is not a patched up sinner, with reformed flesh, but set apart by divine grace and power in Christ, *complete in Him*. God has ended fallen man in the flesh, as before Him, in the cross of Christ, His Son; the Christian is *made again, another vessel*, a new creation, as *seemed good* to the Potter to make it. Infinite mercy! Again we ask, have *you* learnt the lesson of the potter's house?

E. H. C.

GOD'S WORD OR MAN'S— WHICH ?

HOW simple is the truth of God when it is received with unquestioning faith; and such is the only attitude of soul that becomes us in having to do with God and His word. Yet there is an inherent tendency in each one of us to allow thoughts of our own to interfere with the simplicity of what God has set before us, and thus many are often in distress instead of rejoicing in the blessed assurance of peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. There is a lack in us naturally of the consciousness that man, being estranged from God, can have no right thoughts about Him or what is according to His mind. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." (Isa. lv. 8, 9.)

Many earnest souls have allowed thoughts of man, reasonable enough to the human mind and judgment, to enter into their conception of the truth of the gospel, and such ideas, alas! materially

affect their happiness, and they are constantly assailed by doubts and fears as to whether it will be "all right" with them after all.

A servant of the Lord had occasion some time ago to speak to a young woman about her soul, and found her in this uncertain and unhappy frame of mind. She would be ultimately saved, she thought, if she kept holding on to the end. Such was the kind of teaching under which she had been brought up, and little wonder was it that, in the consciousness of her own weakness and failure, she was in a state of miserable bondage and dreaded the prospect of not being able to "hold on" after all. But God had better things in store for her, and through grace she was led to see from the scripture itself the difference between God's word and man's.

The one who spoke to her simply turned her attention to the scripture, Acts xvi. 30, 31, and requested her to read it. "Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." When she had read this, he added the words: "*As long as you keep holding on.*" He then pointed out John x. 27, 28, and she read: "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";—"*As long as you keep holding on,*" said her friend. Again she read, at his request, verse 29: "My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all: and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Again he added, "*As long as you keep holding on.*"

In a moment the truth in all its blessed reality dawned upon her soul, and she saw that the thoughts she had entertained were not God's thoughts but man's, and that they were not in the scripture at all. In simple trust she accepted the word as it stood, and put her whole confidence in Him who undertakes "to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing *he ever liveth* to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.)

Now which will you have, dear reader? God's word as indicated by the scriptures; or man's words, which find no support in scripture? It is God's thought that your heart should be filled with joy and confidence before Him, not with doubt and fear as to the future. In the consciousness that the Lord Jesus undertakes to keep you, He would have you enjoy the provision of His grace, and daily learn to

know more and more of the fulness of a love which is “strong as death.” The combined power of the whole world could not deliver one soul from the grasp of death ; even so it is impossible for the love of Christ to fail in keeping His grasp upon one whose trust and confidence is in Him alone, and not in their ability to “hold on.”

P. S. P.

“ I’M GLAD TO ACCEPT IT.”

“ **W**ILL you go and see my husband ? ” said a poor woman who had been recently converted. “ He is ill, and I think he may soon die, and I am very anxious about his soul. ” “ Is he awakened as to his condition ? ” I inquired. “ Can he say what you said a short time ago, ‘ I’m lost, and on the road to hell ? ’ ”

“ Ah ! my poor husband has not got to that yet, I fear ; but you see, I am very ignorant about such things, having only just come to Jesus myself. He is a much better scholar than I am, and he reads the Bible a great deal, and talks about the wonderful stories in it, but then he does think himself so good. He has been

a teetotaller, too, for many a year, and is a very industrious man: as good a husband, and as kind a father as ever was, and he seems to have a sort of pride in his goodness. He does not like me to say much to him, for he says he knows so much more than I do." The wife and I agreed to pray for the husband, and on the following evening, accompanied by a friend, I went to see him. He was sitting by the fire with his wife and youngest son. He appeared glad to see us, and asked us to speak loudly, as he was hard of hearing. I took the proffered seat next to him, and waited to hear what he had to say. He told me of his complaints, his work, how long he had been employed by one master, of his club and of his teetotalism.

At last I asked, "Do you read much?" "Yes," he said, "I always keep the Bible here," and he turned round and took a large-print Bible off a table; then putting on his spectacles, he turned over the leaves admiringly, saying, "Some pretty stories there are in it, too. Now, what could be prettier than the tale of Joseph and his brethren, or of Daniel in the lions' den?" "Let us leave both Joseph and Daniel," I said, "and hear what God has to say about ourselves. In Romans iii. it

is written, ‘ *All* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.’ Each of us in this room is included in that word ‘ all,’ but there is a difference, for some of us can say we are going to be in the glory with the Lord Jesus Christ; your wife will be there; what about you?”

Great beads of perspiration stood on his brow, but not a word did he speak.

I opened the Bible, and read from Matthew vii. 13, 14, “ Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”

“ Now, Mr. C——, there are two ways spoken of in the verses which I have read; can you tell me which way you are in?” “ I am in the broad way,” said he, slowly.

“ And where does that way lead?”

A solemn silence followed my question. In that little room God, by His Holy Spirit, was working, opening the blind eyes.

The answer came—“ It leads to hell!”

“ My poor husband,” cried the wife, “ God grant that you may never go there.”

My companion and I could only thank

God for giving another sinner to see his lost condition. "God is love as well as light," I continued, "and 'God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'" (Rom. v. 8.)

"Now will you rest your soul upon the word of God, and accept His offer of rich, boundless mercy?" But James C—— had been asleep for nearly sixty years, and was now only just aroused to the fact that his life had been a terrible mistake, and that his righteousnesses were as filthy rags. Well might he be afraid, and reiterate, "I'm going to hell!"

We repeated in his ear the good news of accomplished redemption; of God's satisfaction in the work of His Son, and of a risen and glorified Saviour at God's right hand. But he sat stolidly silent, seemingly only alive to the truth that he was in the broad way that leads to destruction. Committing him in prayer to God we left him for the night.

Various causes prevented me from seeing him again for about three weeks, though his wife told me that he was so ill as to be confined to his bed, and his agony of soul appeared to increase. I met her in the street one afternoon, when she said, "Surely the Lord will have mercy upon

him. He prays sometimes all night, calling upon God to save him from going down into the pit. Can’t you go and see him again ?” “ God may use some other channel beside me,” said I, “ but let us wait upon God to use His own word to him and I will try to see him this evening.” It was with a trembling heart I found myself again in his room.

His wife had gone for his medicine and a neighbour was sitting by his bedside ; she arose, saying she knew we would like to be alone, and then left the room. I turned to the sick man, who looked very ill and very sad.

“ My poor friend, I know your body is suffering, but is it well with your soul ? ”

“ Oh that it were ! ” he replied.

“ You know that you are a sinner ? ”

“ Indeed I do ; a very vile one too.”

“ ‘ This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ It is also written that as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so the Son of man has been lifted up ! It is worthy of your acceptance to believe that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

A bright look came over his face as he said, “ I’m glad to accept it.”

“And do you really believe in what God’s Son has done?”

He looked at me then, nor did I question the words he uttered: “I believe from the very depths of my soul on the Lord Jesus Christ.”

“And what has the blood of Christ done?”

While the tears rolled down his cheeks, he fairly smiled and said, “Cleansed me from all sin.”

“And what have we to do?”

“To thank Him for what He has done.”

“Let us thank Him now.”

While our prayer and praises went up to God the wife came in; she saw the change and a joyful “praise the Lord” came from her lips. It has been observed he had read much of the scriptures; when he became converted the Holy Spirit used this knowledge and gave him to understand the things of Christ and shewed them unto him.

Reader, have you learned that you are in the broad way? If so, will you accept God’s salvation?

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.”
(Acts xvi. 31.)

“IF I COULD ONLY TOUCH HIM!”

IN a cottage in a little Derbyshire village some time ago a woman was lying seriously ill. Hers had been a very exemplary course; she had been a dutiful wife and a good mother, but like so many with a similar record, she had counted on this as a means of salvation, and had entirely ignored God's way of blessing.

To one whose eyes have been opened it is truly amazing—the innate perversity of the human heart when it is a question of having to do with God. If God says, “By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin” (Rom. iii. 20)—man says, “If I try to keep the law and do the best I can, God cannot expect more of me.” The fact is God demands nothing of us but the simple recognition of His right to bless man on His own terms. It is a good thing from a human standpoint for a person to lead a quiet and upright life, but, as Elihu of old said to Job, “If thou be righteous, what givest thou him? or what receiveth he of thine hand? Thy wickedness may hurt a man

as thou art ; and thy righteousness may profit the son of man." (Job xxxv. 7, 8.) So that good woman's life had earned for her the respect of her neighbours and the filial response and love of her children ; but complacent in the thought of her own goodness, she had refused to consider God's way of salvation when presented to her some time previously by one who had the interest of her soul at heart.

It was not God's thought, however, that she should miss the blessing, and as she became weaker in body, she began to be really anxious about her soul, and to question the foundation on which she had rested her hopes for eternity.

At the request of a friend a servant of the Lord called to see her one day, and upon his inquiring as to her welfare she replied, "I am very ill indeed, sir, and the doctor has now given up all hope and can do me no more good." As she spoke the tears rolled down her cheeks ; and, with his heart turned to God in prayer on her behalf, the visitor replied, "Your case seems to be very much like that of a woman mentioned in the Gospel of Mark." The sick woman was at once interested and desired to know more about the incident, and her visitor proceeded to tell her of the woman with the issue of blood.

She had heard of Jesus, and said, “If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole.” (See Mark v. 24-34.) At this point all the anxiety of the sick woman about her soul found expression in the exclamation, “Oh, sir, if I could only touch Him! If I could only touch Him!”

“That is by no means a difficult matter,” was the reply, “for there is no occasion even to leave the bed whereon you are lying in order to reach Him.” Her friend then spoke of the way in which Christ is available to faith, not through any effort of our own, and in doing so he read from Romans x. 6-9, and continued his remarks in the following strain:

“‘The righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above.)’ Christ has already been down here, having come in perfect grace to put Himself into personal contact with men, in order to make known what fulness of blessing is in God’s heart toward us. ‘Or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.)’ The Lord Jesus Christ descended into the deep; He bore the wrath of God against sin on the cross and then entered into death. It was for the glory of God

that He went there, but no power could by any means hold Him in that place, for on Him personally death had no claim. By the glory of the Father, therefore, Christ was raised up from the dead (chap. vi. 4), and no effort is required on our part to reach Him in the deep, even if that were possible, for He is no longer there. 'But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus [or, Jesus as Lord], and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' Our salvation therefore depends not upon what we are but upon what Christ is."

Thus in a simple manner the invalid had presented to her the way in which God undertakes to bless apart from any righteousness of our own, and glad enough to leave the unstable foundation upon which she had hitherto been resting, she turned to the Lord and proved the truth of the word that "whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. x. 13.)

Some time after this a lady called to see her, and referred to the visit of the one who had thus presented the truth to

her. “Ah,” said the sick woman, recalling the occasion, “I wanted to touch Him, but He has touched me!” With a mind now at rest and her confidence in Christ alone, she lingered for a short time to bear witness to the grace of our God.

Many there are like this person who have realised in some measure the fruitlessness of their own efforts to be good, and who would like to “touch” Him out of whom virtue went for the healing of the woman spoken of in the gospel; and if you are one such, dear reader, I can assure you, whilst no effort can avail on your side, He has spared no pains in order that He might touch *you*. He came down from above to take up the case of poor, fallen humanity, and He undertook to touch us in the only place where we could be reached, namely, in death itself! “By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.” (Rom. v. 12.) Having taken upon Himself the judgment of God in regard of sin, Christ has passed through death and is now exalted at the right hand of God, a Prince and a Saviour—available now to you and me by simple faith, through which alone is it possible to secure salvation both for time and for eternity. P.S.P.

EVERY MOUTH STOPPED.

THERE is nothing to be gained by arguing when your mouth is stopped and your words will not be listened to. In our various standings and positions in life, we are proved to be *without excuse*. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God!" How sweeping the statement; how hopeless the position. What can be done in the face of such a state of things? Simply bow to them; accept them as God's statements about us! Take sides with God against yourself; like the man in the parable: "God be merciful to me **THE** sinner." (Luke xviii. 13.)

It was when the leper was covered with leprosy that the priest could pronounce him clean. (Lev. xiv.) God can now shew us that on account of the death and resurrection of Christ, He can "be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Rom. iii. 26.) He makes it clear to us that we are justified **FREELY** by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, "whom God hath set forth a propitiation *through faith in his blood.*" (Rom. iii. 25.) God, in perfect righteousness, can meet a poor, lost, helpless man in grace, and grant him forgiveness, full

and free. And the same poor, lost, helpless man can meet the righteous and holy God and be justified freely by His grace. Wonderful meeting-place—CHRIST! Wonderful blessings resulting from this meeting—forgiveness and justification! Have you met God under these favoured conditions, dear reader? If not, God invites you to meet Him. “Be ye reconciled to God.” (2 Cor. v. 20.) “To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.” (Heb. iii. 7, 8.) “Now is the accepted time.” (2 Cor. vi. 2.) I would plead with you, as bringing this message from God. Bow to His appeal, His appeal made in grace. Remember, however, that there is a moment coming when you will have to bow to the word of His power, if you will not heed the appeal of His grace. “Every knee shall bow.” (Phil. ii. 10.) This is the day of His grace. Oh, be wise and turn to a God rich in mercy, able and willing to save you.

J. L.

TO HIM THAT WORKETH NOT.

MEN are very slow to learn that if they wish to be accounted righteous before God, *they must leave off working.* It seems to be as natural as to breathe the

air for man to think he must *do* something to put himself right with God. Once his conscience is aroused to a sense of sin in the light of His holy presence, his natural thought is that he must turn over a new leaf, give up sinning, lead a better life, and seek henceforth by a moral and religious course to propitiate and please God. A more complete setting of things upside down could scarcely be imagined. It is all self from beginning to end, and Christ entirely left out. If God expected a man to be his own saviour, well and good. But God ended the day of man's doings by bringing in *Christ*. Man was a sinner before God's holy law was given. It was added because of transgressions, and made his case worse. (Gal. iii. 19.) He was a sinner without the law, and a transgressor under it. Verily, if the law could have given life, righteousness should have been by the law. (Gal. iii. 21.) But that the law could not do, and hence this high and holy claim of God proves the hopelessness of man obtaining righteousness by his own works before Him.

But Christ magnified the law and made it honourable. (Isa. xlii. 21.) And bearing the curse in the judgment of sin on the cross, He wrought the mighty work of

eternal redemption to the glory of God, cried, "It is finished," bowed His blessed head in death, and His precious blood was shed. (John xix. 30-34.) And God raised Him from the dead, and gave Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in Him. (1 Pet. i. 21.)

Abraham before the law, and David under the law both believed *the promises of God* in relation to Christ, and God imputed righteousness to both of them. Having fulfilled His promises, God imputes righteousness now to every one who believes on Him, on the ground of Christ's finished work. Hence the Spirit of God, through the Apostle Paul, tells us, "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 4, 5.) What could be clearer, although so contrary to the natural thought of man's deceitful heart? The ordinary course of things in this world is, so much work, so much pay. The employer is indebted to the workman or servant for his work. It is a debt. There is no grace in it. The idea of favour does not come in. The reward for the labour done is *not* reckoned of *grace*, but of *debt*.

But what we get set forth so simply and preciously in the gospel is that all is of *grace*. The man who "*worketh not*" (mark that, dear reader, the one who does no work at all), the one who ceases from his own wretched sin-stained doings, but *believeth on God* (on Him who has done the whole work Himself through Christ), that *justifieth the ungodly*, his faith is counted for righteousness. Mark well again what it says, "*the ungodly.*" Not the godly, or those who try to be godly; not those who try to stand before God by their own good works, moral or religious; nay, but the ungodly. He justifies "*the ungodly.*" Not that He justifies ungodliness. Far be the thought. But He justifies the ungodly from his ungodliness. He, God, does it. He counts him a just man on account of Christ's work, notwithstanding his hitherto ungodly course. All our works together, whatever their character, are mixed with sin. Hence it is "*not of works.*" (Eph. ii. 9.) Why, if it were of works, *we* could boast, both here and in heaven. But where is Christ then in all that? Away with it. Christ is *the* godly man (Psa. i.), and He it is who died for us, and did the whole work. On that ground only does God justify the ungodly. Believing on Him who did it,

our faith is counted for righteousness. We are now justified by *His blood*. (Rom. v. 9.) God raised *Him* from the dead for our justification.

In view of this, believing God's promise, "David also describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." (Rom. iv. 6-8.) Who could describe it better? Who realised more than David the blessedness of it all? On the ground of works he failed. He sinned deeply. But God's mercy and goodness brought him with deep searchings of heart to self-judgment. And God forgave him, covered his sins, imputed no sin to him, but righteousness instead, without works. This was blessedness indeed! And it is equally true for us to-day. Dear reader, is that blessedness yours? Have you—one of the ungodly, that is, unlike God, in darkness and sin, instead of being as He is, love and light—have you been accounted just by Him without works?

But, as you read all this, the question may arise in your mind, have works no place? Do they not come in at all? Surely. Not as the ground of our justifi-

cation, but surely as the evidence of it. God justifies the ungodly wholly and solely on the ground of the finished work of Christ, and in Him, but in accounting us just, it is that we may be just. We are justified by faith without works, but faith worketh by love (Gal. v. 6), and shews itself in works. Good works, pleasing to God, are the fruit of faith. Without them faith is dead. (Jas. ii. 26.) He who professes to be justified by faith, but whose works are no proof of it, needs to take earnest heed to his ways.

May God in His grace give each reader of these lines to know that he is justified without works before Him, but practically justified both before Him and men, by corresponding good works to His praise. (Eph. ii. 10.)

E. H. C.

THE PARDONABLE—NOT UNPARDONABLE—SIN.

TRAVELLING on board one of the great liners which ply between England and Australia, I was struck by the varied character of humanity found there. People in all sorts and conditions of life, with different objects in view.

There were religious officials, missionaries, professing Christians, a spiritualist professor, the world's famous fasting man, commercial travellers, young men seeking a new country, women and children either having left home or going there, and the usual gay throng pleasure bound. To be in such company is a great test to any one who desires to be true to a rejected Christ, but a path of separation from evil in the sense of His grace is bound to tell in the end. Among the people was an old Scotch woman, seventy-eight years of age, who was returning with her husband to their farm in New South Wales from a trip to the old country. On making her acquaintance I found her to be a true lover of Christ, and she used to sit beside me and repeat all the hymns she knew and speak of the love of Jesus and the preciousness of His word until she almost cried; and yet she had not real settled peace in her soul, because she could not see the end of her "own wicked self" as she called it.

Between her seasons of brightness and joy, she had times of most distressing agony of soul, when Satan would seek to crush her by bringing the terrors of judgment before her mind, and as with the Psalmist: "The sorrows of hell en-

compassed her about." I felt assured that there was some hidden reason for this and she became the subject of much waiting upon God that He might set her free. Having sat down beside her one morning, after a while the dear old soul broke down and unburdened her heart, telling me the secret of her sorrow and unrest; she had never told a single soul before. When quite a young girl, her father, who must have been a bad man, although in the christian profession, used to be continually telling her that if she did not repent she would be cast into hell. He was always saying such like things. One day, as she was sweeping her room, he came up to her and said, "You will soon be sweeping the floor of hell," and she, in a fit of temper, turned and replied, "Damn God and you." The poor soul was in sorrow and repentance immediately afterwards, but from that day to the time she poured her distress in my ears, she had never had the assurance that God had forgiven her that sin. For over sixty years she had carried it in her soul, fully believing it to be the unpardonable sin. As she told me the tears streamed down her face and we sat there, my hands clasped in hers, and I felt a climax had been reached in her history. Mark iii. 28

to 30 came immediately before me. I read verse 28, "All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme." To enforce it I said, "Do you suppose that Jesus would have said on the cross 'It is finished' if that one sin of yours had been left out and He had not borne it?" "Thank God! thank God!" was all she could say. Then I asked her what she thought the unpardonable sin was. Of course her reply was, that after professing to be a follower of Christ, she had fallen into sin and was lost for ever. I told her the unpardonable sin was that the people around Jesus when He was on earth said the miracles He wrought were by the power of Satan, "because they said, He hath an unclean spirit." (Mark iii. 30.) "Would you think of saying that?" I said. "Oh no, no," she replied. After a little more she said, "I will go down and tell God and ——" I could see that she was going to say "and ask Him for forgiveness." I stopped her and said, "Now, you have asked God many and many a time to forgive you that sin, I know." "Yes," she replied. "Well now," I said, "Thank Him for His free and full forgiveness." She went off, finding her way through her tears to

her cabin to do so. Other things she told me spoke of a life of conflict with Satan and self, but from the moment of coming into living contact with Christ as the Deliverer, the abiding joy of the liberty wherewith He freed her filled her soul. In reaching a risen Christ she reached for the first time a spot where there is no condemnation. Later on during the voyage, in her earnest desire for the conversion of her husband, she passed on a tract that I had given her to him with the words, "Now begin, and do not leave it till you have reached yon side." She had found out something of the blessedness of that sphere, the other side of the death of Christ, where He is risen and where every believer, in Him by the Holy Spirit, enjoys the full favour of God.

Reader, are you there? Where are your sins? Doubting believer, where is your faith? Christ risen is the answer to the whole question of sin and guilt, and God's thought for you is, part with Him where He is, in all the fruit and joy of the victory which He has won. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 1.)

A NEW OBJECT.

S— was in deep concern about his soul. He was the son of christian parents and the subject of many prayers, but like many another, alas! he had gone his own way in wilfulness and sin, determined to have his fill of this world. But God in His mercy spoke to him and brought him to a dead stop one day by a verse of scripture which he had heard in his earlier years. It came into his mind when nothing particular was engaging his attention, but filled his soul with unspeakable dread as he considered the words: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." (Heb. ix. 27.)

Solemn words! and they would not be silenced. They seemed to dog his footsteps wherever he went, and the thought of his sins in the light of that judgment "after death" was more than he could bear. He longed for some one to ease him of his burden. He thought of the great preachers of the day, men renowned for their eloquence and learning, and went

to hear them one after the other; but although there was no fault to find with their words and the clearness of their speech, he failed to get what he so earnestly longed for—the knowledge of his sins forgiven and peace with God.

Now God has His own way of bringing light to a soul, and S — had yet to learn that all the wisdom of man has no place in connection with the ways of God in blessing. A great deal is thought in this world of wisdom and learning, but with all his boasted ability and his achievements man is not one whit nearer to God. Indeed, so far as any knowledge of God is concerned, the wisdom of man has suffered an ignominious collapse. Look at the cross of Christ! There was the blessed Lord of glory, the One who came from God with a message of love and grace for man, and He was put there by the very people whom He came to bless! The leaders of the people were there, men who boasted in their wisdom and knowledge, and they judged Him to be worthy only of a malefactor's gibbet! Never was there a greater and more awful mistake, for that blessed Person was none other than the Son of the living God! Where is the wisdom of man in the face of all this? It is worse than useless. To give

place to it therefore would be only to make vain the cross of Christ, which is a witness to its utter futility. Hence the Apostle Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, says: "Christ sent me to preach the gospel: not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect. . . . Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. . . . But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; that no flesh should glory in his presence." (See 1 Cor. i. 17 to 31.)

So it came about in the ways of God that S—— found himself one day in a little room, where a few simple folk were gathered to hear the gospel. The speaking was a great contrast to what he had heard on previous occasions, and the one who spoke was a man of little education, but who, though ignorant so far as this world's wisdom goes, was able to preach

“Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.” A hymn was sung at the close of the meeting, including the verse :

“In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new Object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.”

As these words were repeated, the Spirit of God was pleased to open the eyes of S——, and he saw that he had been looking in the wrong direction for help. A new Object now filled his vision, and Christ as the wisdom of God became the resource and rest of his troubled heart. He learned that the judgment of God in regard of sin, which he had so much feared, has been borne on the cross by the Lord Jesus Christ, so that God might be “just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.” (Rom. iii. 26.)

The cross of Christ was a thing of contempt in the eyes of poor, deluded man (Matt. xxvii. 39–44), and “the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.” (1 Cor. i. 18.) Yes, God has triumphed, and has made infinitely glorious that scene of ignominy

and shame, and has used the terrible folly of man as a means to display His wisdom. And Christ is the central object of all. *He* is the wisdom of God, the resource of His love. Is He your resource, dear reader? No other resource will avail you if you are to be right with God; all the wisdom of man will leave your soul in utter darkness so far as the true knowledge of God is concerned, but in Christ you will find an answer of peace for a guilty conscience, as well as a worthy object, able to satisfy every desire of heart and mind.

“Now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.”
(Heb. ix. 26-28.)

P. S. P.

**FULL SURRENDER ; OR,
"IS ANY THING TOO HARD
FOR THE LORD ?"**

(GEN. XVIII. 14.)

PROCEEDING one evening to the Mount for a few days change, I arrived at the crest just as the sun was setting.

I knew that the sanatorium was nearly devoid of soldiers at that the healthiest season of the year, and that my friend, Miss P——, had also closed her home and had left the place on a visit elsewhere.

My thoughts, however, ran on the line of service for the Lord, seeking how I might use the time for Him.

Just then a well-built man in uniform approached from the direction of the barracks. Drawing rein, I accosted him, and asked whether it would be possible to get a few men together for the reading of the scriptures.

He smiled, as if it were the last thing he could wish for, but nevertheless seemed pleased at my invoking *his* assistance, and said he would see what he could do, and would let me know.

I learnt that he was Sergeant R——, of the Royal Fusiliers, in sub-charge of the sanatorium, and he certainly looked every inch a soldier.

On calling at the military school, my christian friend C——, a soldier teacher, said that I need not expect Sergeant R—— to further my object, as he had found him proof against any spiritual advances on his part.

Next day, however, Sergeant R—— was as good as his word, and assembled the few soldiers that were in the sanatorium, so that C—— and myself had quite a good time with them over the word of God.

This continued daily during my visit, and there was at least one case of distinct blessing—a soldier confessing Christ.

Sergeant R—— was present on each occasion, but though respectful, retained his superior attitude.

On my bidding him farewell, and thanking him for the attention he had shewn me, I urged him to attend the meetings in the soldier's home, when resumed, and he replied that he would.

Later, I heard from Miss P—— of Sergeant R——'s frequent presence at the home, the wholesome atmosphere of which she trusted, reinforced by the

prayers of many, was beginning to break down the reserve maintained by him.

Some months elapsed, and on revisiting the Mount, I preached one evening at the home. While I sought to shew the heinousness of sin in the sight of a pure and holy God; the peril of one yet in his sins, and the efficacy of the Saviour's blood to put away those sins for ever—a deep hush came upon the meeting, and a soldier seated near the back fainted. It was Sergeant R——, who had to be carried out.

A considerable interval followed the above occasion, during which Sergeant R——, though evidently searched in heart, still held out.

One morning I received a letter from Miss P——, stating that Sergeant R—— had received orders to rejoin his regiment, and that C—— and other christian soldiers had held a meeting for prayer in Sergeant R——'s behalf, at which the latter was present. They prayed that God would give him no rest till he had found Christ.

I had just a little while laid down this note when the sound of wheels on the gravel outside announced that some one had arrived.

Presently Sergeant R—— was ushered

in, and we shook hands. His strong, manly face wore a strangely happy expression, and I at once saw that a crisis in his life had arisen.

With concentrated earnestness he proceeded to relate as follows, all his former reserve and superior attitude having vanished.

“Two hours since when I took my seat in the mail cart, being the only passenger, with the driver in front, and bade farewell to many kind friends, my mind was apparently as unconcerned as ever.

“As the conveyance proceeded, however, the road winding in and out down the side of the Mount, the most gloomy thoughts seized me despite the brightness and beauty of the scene. All my history of late passed in review before my mind, and I realised, as in a moment, my ingratitude to many who had sought my soul's good, and my neglect of God's great salvation. (Heb. ii. 3.)

“My mental agony became so terrible, as I felt myself to be deluded, lost and in the grip of Satan, that I was constrained, there and then, seated in the swiftly moving vehicle, to call upon God for mercy.

“I thought of all the occasions on which the Holy Spirit had brought me

under conviction of sin as I heard the gospel preached, and yet how I had always endeavoured to throw off such impressions.

“I realised that God was now bringing me to see that I could never satisfy His just claims apart from Christ, and that my self-righteousness was but as filthy rags in His sight. (Isa. lxiv. 6.)

“Thus wrought in by the Spirit, as I believe, I no longer tried to justify myself, but gladly made full surrender to God.

“As I did so, intense peace filled my soul. Satan no longer held me. Henceforward Christ for me; my precious Saviour and deliverer!

“The remainder of my journey down the mountain was as pleasant as the first portion had been gloomy, because of the joy that now possessed me.

“All nature seemed to share in my happiness and to join in the praise and thanksgiving that went up from my full heart to God.”

Sergeant R—— paused, and after some further converse, during which I observed the depth and reality of the work of grace in his soul, we knelt together, while I commended him to God ere he rejoicingly went on his way.

Thus were the prayers of many answered, God signally honouring His ser-

wants in not allowing Sergeant R—— to leave unsaved.

All glory to His name! “Is any thing too hard for the Lord?” (Gen. xviii. 14.)

The value of prayer, whole-hearted and intent on the blessing of others, cannot be over-estimated. “More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of!”

God delights to be entreated, and He takes a way, all His own, to accomplish His people’s requests. “Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.” (Zech. iv. 6.)

When all human instrumentality had apparently failed in subduing the heart of Sergeant R——, God’s Holy Spirit intervened, and a work was done in a moment that shall last through all eternity.

There are precious souls to be saved on every side; shall we not be concerned about them?

May this brief history of God’s dealings with one commend itself to any who are conscious of similar self-sufficiency. Such are yet in their sins—“for there is no difference: for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” (Rom. iii. 22, 23.)

“That *no* flesh should glory in his presence.” (1 Cor. i. 29.)

Then having been brought, through

God's mercy, to see this, as in Sergeant R——'s case, the now self-confessed *sinner* is "justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." (Rom. iii. 24.)

T. K.

"WASH YOU, MAKE YOU CLEAN."

WHOSE words was the prophet Isaiah uttering when he said, "Wash you, make you clean"? *The Lord's*. To whom were they addressed? To the people who had been privileged to stand in His favour. And why? Because they had sinned grievously. And the desire of His heart for them was that they might, before it was too late, escape the merited judgment of His hand. (Isa. i.)

"Wash you, make you clean," is equally a message of moment for all to-day. We too need to be cleansed to be fit for the Lord's presence, for all have sinned. (Rom. iii. 23.) Hear the condition into which Judah had fallen, and you will surely not be surprised that they are exhorted to wash. The Jews were rebels, ignorant, sinful, laden with iniquity, evil-doers, corrupters, forsakers of the Lord,

provokers of the Holy One, backsliders. Their whole head was sick, their whole heart faint, with no soundness from foot to head; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores! (Isa. i. 2-6.) Heaven and earth are called to hear it! (Ver. 2.)

And are we, men generally in privileged Christendom, any better than they? Romans iii., 2 Timothy iii. and many other scriptures of the New Testament witness to the contrary. We all need to be washed equally as God's people of old.

But, notwithstanding their sad moral state, they continued the outward service of God! Though so corrupt that the prophet is led to address them as Sodom and Gomorrah (ver. 10), they continued to offer their sacrifices and oblations, to keep new moons and feasts, and to offer many prayers (vers. 11-15), but they are plainly told that the solemn meeting is iniquity. (Ver. 13.)

And, notwithstanding this and many other solemn warnings, what are masses around us doing to-day? Following the world in unjudged sins, daily doing their own will, and walking their own way; tens of thousands follow the external worship of God, uttering many prayers, whose hearts are far from Him whom they

address! The Lord said of the Jews, and it is equally applicable to mere christian professors, "I cannot away with [or, I cannot bear with it].... I am weary to bear them.... I will not hear." (Vers. 13-15.) And He adds, "your hands are full of blood." (Ver. 15.) Some readers may say, Well; that is not true of me at any rate. Are you so sure? Is not the whole world guilty before God of shedding the blood of Christ, His Son? Can you or I then cry exemption. The Jews themselves cried, "His blood be on us, and on our children." And were not Herod and Pilate made friends over His death? And was it not Gentile soldiers who mocked and crucified Him? Guilty we all are before God, terribly guilty. But mercy and loving-kindness fill His heart. Hence He says to us "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes." And what is the way to do this? "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much sope, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God." (Jer. ii. 22.) That then will not do. What will? When the Roman soldier pierced the blessed side of the Lord Jesus, forthwith flowed blood and water. (John xix. 34.) The precious blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin;

the water of the word purifies morally and sets apart to God.

“Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” (Ver. 18.) Alas, the mass of His people of old were unreasonable, and remained in their sins. And how many are like them to-day. What can be more unreasonable than to profess Christianity, but to be careless as to what its Author says in His word. Men reason and argue against the thoughts of God, criticise His word and ways, instead of letting them criticise them, and follow their own or others devices, or mere traditions, as to the putting away of their sins and their cleansing before God. Scarlet and crimson they are in His holy sight, and no human effort or device can ever make them otherwise. There is one way, and one way only, the way of God. He will make *them* white as snow and wool, if you will only bow to Him and His word. He will make *you* whiter than snow through the precious blood of the Lamb, His Son, in His blessed presence for ever.

Which then, dear reader, is it to be? Will you *believe God, and trust in the all-cleansing blood of Christ*, or go on in your

self-righteous folly, trusting in yourself, your doings, your religion, with a heart really far from God, and making His word of none effect? God presents Christ to your heart, and His blood to purge your conscience. There is no other possible way of escaping His judgment, or of standing before Him.

And then He adds, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." (Ver. 19.) Precious promise! God not only cancels our guilt, and makes us fit for His presence, to joy in Himself, but provides a rich spiritual portion and feast for every one who yields his will to His and walks in happy obedience to His word.

"But if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword: *for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*" (Ver. 20.) Every rebel shall come into judgment, and "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

E. H. C.

“THE ELEVENTH HOUR.”

AN infidel lay dying in a village, of Lincolnshire. For many years he had scoffed at the things of God and mocked at Christians as they passed his door, but now that he found himself weak and helpless, and knew that *eternity* was before him, the truth forced itself upon him that there *was* a God, and that he must meet Him!

Reader, have *you* faced this fact? He trembled at the thought, but could find no rest for conscience or heart. About this time I was asked to visit him and found him quite free in speaking of his past life, and how differently he now looked at things he once denied.

“People come and talk to me,” he said, “about the *love* of God, and the *grace* of God, but this is just what makes me feel *more* miserable!” “And why so?” I asked. “Because,” he replied, “I have *sinned* against *love* and against *grace*, and how could a holy and righteous God have mercy on such as I am?” “But,” I said, “if it were proved to you that the

God you have sinned against has found a *righteous ground* upon which He can forgive you, and take you into His eternal favour, would *that* not satisfy you?" "Can a *just* God do this?" he asked.

I opened my Bible at Romans iii. and read, "that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." "Do you not see," I said, "how God *has* found a way to justify or clear you from guilt on a *righteous ground* if you accept His Son as your Saviour, who died 'the just for the unjust, to *bring us* to God'?" He did not reply, but as I went on to point out how all the righteous claims of a holy God have been met for *the believer* in the death of Jesus so that *His love* may flow out to him, his attention was very marked, and he begged me to read more to him on the subject. So I read how when all were proved *guilty* because "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," it was then that the blessed God Himself had found a ransom in sending Jesus, the Son of His love, as a *sacrifice* for sin that we may obtain forgiveness and blessing. The distressed look on the poor man's face gave way to one of hope as the light of God's word broke in upon him, and I felt *He* would finish His work in his soul. At other visits we still read

Romans iii. with other scriptures, and by degrees the wondrous gospel of the grace of God unfolded itself to him, and peace filled his heart. He lingered some time before he was called away, and gave good proof of having "passed from death unto life."

Reader, *Christ* is the righteousness of God to every soul who *pleads guilty* and rests in His finished work, for "he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew *no sin*; that we might be made the righteousness of God *in him*." (2 Cor. v. 21.) E. F. P.

GAIN AND LOSS.

"**W**HAT shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36.) Man's heart generally is set on *profit*—on that which he thinks will profit himself, or his family, or his business, or his country, as the case may be. But there is one thing, through the blinding power of Satan and the deceit of his own heart, that he is very shortsighted about, and that is, *the salvation of his soul*. The vision of the natural man is very con-

tracted. It is bounded by a very circumscribed horizon. This world and time are mostly its bounds. The former is fast fleeting away, and man's life at most is but a very short span. Death is here, and may summon the reader of these lines at any moment!

Now the One who uttered the words at the commencement of this paper was the Son of God; and all wisdom dwells in Him. Each of us does well to weigh such a momentous question. We are in the world. Apart from the curse it is a beautiful place, and there are many delightful things in it, just suited to the natural heart. But certainly it is no evidence of wisdom when a man sets his heart upon that which will assuredly elude his grasp, and may do so at any moment! The one who strives most for the world and the things that are in it can never obtain but a comparatively small portion. And the Lord says, "What shall it profit a man, *if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*" What indeed? It would be a false and unsatisfying gain. A Christian once remarked that the world is not big enough for the heart of man. Prominent men, who have gained far more of it than their fellows, are witnesses of dissatisfac-

tion. Solomon, the wealthiest, wrote vanity and vexation of spirit on it all. (Eccles. ii. 11-17.) Alexander, the great and successful Grecian emperor, is said to have shewn his disappointment in tears when the world was at his feet. Poor man, had he conquered a hundred worlds he would only have been a hundred times more dissatisfied.

What man calls gain in this world mostly proves to be loss. It is, alas, only too often, at the expense of the soul. As the lust of it increases, whether as to wealth, honour, power, or whatever form it may take, the claims of the soul become stifled and ignored. What a fearful loss! The soul lost for eternity, through the paltry baubles of a world made up of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, lying in the wicked one. (1 John ii. 16.) What profit, what gain is that? It is irremediable loss. There are but few in this and other favoured lands, where Bible light is so widely spread, who have not heard these momentous words. But, alas, how many pay no heed to that which the Lord hath spoken!

Which are *you* going in for, dear reader? Present temporal gain and future eternal loss? Or, will you receive

Christ, suffer present loss, to enjoy both now and in the future eternal gain with Him. Saul of Tarsus, who was more determined in his hatred against Christ than you perhaps are, having been brought to his bearings by His voice from the glory, collapsed at His feet, and learnt that *all true gain was in Him*.

Has your mind hitherto been set upon the world and its varied offers and charms? Learn now that all is vanity, and your life but a vapour, ere it be too late. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." (1 Pet. i. 24.) "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof." (1 John ii. 17.) This being so, answer now in your soul, What shall it profit a man—*you*—if you were to gain it all? *You* may be the next to hear the Lord's summons. Death may knock at *your* door to-day. What will happen then? All your supposed gain dropped for ever! You brought nothing into the world, and it is certain you can carry nothing out. And how about your soul? Your immortal, never-dying soul! Think of it, unsaved; and if unsaved, *lost*. Lost, not because you were worse than others, but because you lived for self, time and the world, instead of Christ,

eternity and God. Satan offered you the world, *and God offered you Christ.* And in your folly you accepted the former.

But blessed be His name, it is not yet too late. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, God or Satan, Christ or self? The whole world could not satisfy you, but Christ can more than fill your heart. *Will you have Christ?* God offers Him to you as a *present Saviour.* His blood will cleanse you from all sin, and He Himself will rejoice your heart, the moment you, in self-judgment, believe on Him. In Him you will find true, present and everlasting gain. May God in His great grace give you to bow to His glorious name.

E. H. C.

“ I’M GOING HOME WITH CHRIST.”

“ **C**HARLEY ” S—— was an old man of seventy one, a painter by trade, and I first made his acquaintance when he came to do some work where he was employed in South C——. Taking the opportunity one day of speaking to him about his soul I discovered that he, like so many more, had hardened his heart

against God, and, deluded by Satan, considered that his life had been better than most others. As far as the future was concerned he had no fear of death or what might come after. Yet he refused God and His grace with blind unbelief and contemptuous scorn. My heart was moved with compassion as I looked at him, hastening thus in his blind delusion to a Christless grave and a Christless eternity. Death had already cast its shadow over him, for he had suffered with bronchial trouble, which had been getting worse for some years. With a word of warning I left him, and knowing how rarely a soul who has reached such an advanced age is brought to a saving knowledge of the grace of God I gave him up in my mind as a hopeless case. About a week later he was taken ill and a doctor was called in to him on the Sunday, who, considering his condition very grave, forbade him to go to his work the following day. However, he disobeyed the doctor's orders and went to work. He put in one day only, which turned out to be his last, for the disease which was in his system seized him and laid him low. That week passed without any particular concern being felt in my mind in regard to him, but throughout the following week, hear-

ing that his condition was extremely serious, I constantly thought of him. Remembering the hardness of heart he had shewn I did not respond readily to my exercises about him, but as the days went by I felt impressed that I should go and see him. Saturday having arrived, I looked to the Lord for help and direction and He gave me a distinct message from His word to take to the dying man. It was this: “ For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.” (1 Pet. iii. 18.) My heart was assured that God, in His wonderful grace, was bent on blessing him, and, feeling unworthy in myself to be chosen for such a mission, but happy in the thought of the worthiness of Him of whom the scripture spoke, I set out with my message. I found the sick man stretched out on a bed in the basement, which he and his wife occupied.

“ They thought he was going this morning,” his wife said, and as she spoke I felt that God had spared him for my message, and I thanked Him. He gave me a look of recognition as I approached his side and a chord was struck in that hitherto hardened heart as I said, “ Charley, I have just come to tell you that God loves you.” With all the simplicity and earnestness

which the Lord gave me, I gave my message. It was not a question now of what he might be here on earth, it was too late for that, but of plucking his soul from the brink of a lost eternity and setting it as a rich trophy of grace, in view of the paradise of God. I told him of the One who had once suffered for sins, the just One for us the unjust ones, and having suffered and died, had risen again from among the dead and would, as He did with the dying thief on the cross, carry him, if he would let Him do so, right through death and home to God. He drank in what I told him. Admitting his sinful condition, all his past thoughts failing him in this hour of extremity, and, constrained by the grace that had met him, he put his trust in the risen Saviour who had died to win his soul. I illustrated my message by supposing that he had committed a deed which incurred the penalty of the law of the country, he was brought before the judge, tried, and found guilty. The sentence is passed, but a friend comes forward and suffers it all. "Now," says the judge, "you can go free, a pardon is secured to you, justice is satisfied, the penalty is paid." He understood perfectly; Jesus was his friend and He suffered for sins, paid the penalty for

the unjust ones, and believing in Him we are free. But the wonders of divine grace were yet to be told and I said, “Now look, can you imagine the judge, having given you your freedom, saying ‘I want you to come to my home and live with me’”? He said, “No, I cannot.” But that is just what God has done. Christ has not only suffered for your sins but He wants to carry you home to the God who loves you, to live for ever with Him. A simple prayer brought forth from his lips what appeared to be a genuine response, he repeated my message after me, the text from the word,* and before I left I tested the work in his soul with a question, and his answer assured me of its soundness. His eyes glistened as he summoned all his dying strength to say, “I’m going home with Christ.” I left him, promising to call the next afternoon to see him, but at ten o’clock that same night he passed away; nay, was lifted by his Saviour whose saving grace he had proved at the last, and carried right home to God. Marvellous, super-abounding, triumphant grace! Is there anything too hard for the Lord? He had gone a good long way, and by a margin of only a few

* “Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.”

hours received the gospel of his salvation just in time. If one who has gone as far reads this account of triumphant grace, I am encouraged to beseech him, even though the hour be late, to turn to the Lord, for He will abundantly pardon. And, young reader, do not leave it for so long a time, you may never have the same opportunity. Your time is God's time, NOW!

S. E. E.

THE SINKING LINER.

WITHIN ten minutes over one thousand persons were ushered from time into eternity. What a short time to prepare! Ready or not, their end had come, and go they must into the presence of God. What a stern reality! Perhaps several of them had *almost* been persuaded to turn to Christ, but had put off the matter until a more convenient season.

How true is the word of God. Life is but a vapour. How clever the god of this world has been in blinding people's eyes; what efforts he has made to make them fear the ridicule of the world which would be poured upon them if they turned to Christ! Reader, how is it with you?

Have you ever really sat down alone, and thought what it would be like, to be suddenly called into the presence of your Maker? Well, you may say, "How can I help being born in sin; it is no fault of mine." The fact that you were born sinful does not make you guilty, but

you have sinned

and that must shut you out from the presence of a holy God. "Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God." (Rom. xiv. 12.) "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." (Eccles. xii. 14.) Perhaps you are among those who are anxious to be on the Lord's side, and to know your sins forgiven! Has it ever dawned upon you that Christ Jesus whom men preach in the gospel has really come down from heaven. You may say, "Yes, I quite believe it, but I cannot say that I am affected by it." Once again I ask your attention. The first man, Adam, brought in sin, and its penalty—death. You know you and I have sinned. You know we must die. How soon, who can tell! The second Man out of heaven, Christ, came to bear our sins and the penalty, to destroy death. God sent *a man* to

destroy death, because a man had brought it in. But this man that could destroy death must be a man who had never sinned, and so God's Son was sent. He took upon Him the whole question of sin and sins and said as it were, "I will pay the full penalty, for I know what a holy God needs."

He, the Son of God, died. Crucified by the hands of man, forsaken by a holy God, because he had upon Him the sin of the whole world. And can you not believe upon Him? In that fearful time on Calvary's cross He bore the judgment our sins deserved. You perhaps may say, "Is that all I have to do? That is an easy salvation; I can just believe, and then live as I choose."

Reader, supposing you had been one of those on that sinking vessel, and a boat came along. A loud voice was heard above the roaring of the waves, "The boat cannot hold one more, but I will give up my place for you, if you will accept it." Think of yourself changing places with a strong-looking man. He takes your place on the sinking ship, you take his safe place in the boat. Once safely seated you look round, just in time to see your substitute sink below the seething waves. What would be your

feelings towards him? The deepest love and gratitude would well up from your heart, and you could never tire of thinking or talking of him to those with whom you came in contact. You would constantly exclaim, "He died for me." Now think of that One who really died to put you and your old state away from the sight of God for ever, and to present you as a son with Himself before His Father's face.

Do you not think that having the salvation He died to win you would be continually thanking Him, and longing to walk well-pleasing before Him for the remainder of your life? I am sure you would. The Christian, with all his failings, really hates sin and desires to please the Saviour to whom he owes so much.

M. D.

THE WAITING SAVIOUR.

“Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” (John vi. 37.)

COME thou weary one to Jesus,
 Nor His grace and mercy doubt ;
 Jesus Christ receiveth sinners,
 None that come will He cast out.
 He doth ready stand to save thee,
 Full of pity, love and power ;
 Why, oh why then, not come to Him
 And be saved this very hour ?

See His hands and feet once piercèd
 When He hung on Calvary's cross,
 There He bore sin's awful judgment,
 There He suffered shame and loss.
 'Twas for you and me the Saviour
 Agonized upon the tree,
 To obtain for us salvation
 And to set His people free.

Come then to Him and no longer
 Tread the broad and downward way,
 He will fill thy heart with gladness,
 Turn thy darkness into day.
 He will wash thy soul defiled
 In His own most precious blood,
 Thus He'll fit thee for the presence
 Of a holy, righteous God.

He will send the Holy Spirit,
 With His peace thy heart to fill ;
 And the Comforter from heaven
 All thy doubts and fears shall still.
 Thus indwelt by God's own Spirit,
 Abba Father, thou wilt cry,
 And the Spirit with thy spirit,
 Shall of Jesus testify.

CRIES FOR MERCY.

MERCY is one of the many blessed attributes of God, whose nature is love. He delights in mercy, and His mercy rejoices against judgment, and endureth for ever. (Psa. cxxxvi.) None ever cried to Him for mercy, and none ever will, till grace ceases to flow and judgment come, but who was heard and received it. But His word shews that a moment is rapidly approaching, when the neglecter in the day of His grace will surely cry for mercy in vain. We have striking instances when our Lord was on earth, of appeals to Him for mercy by sufferers in body, &c., and no one was refused. They illustrate forcibly His mercy to sinners in the day of their need.

In Luke xviii. 35, a certain blind beggar, hearing a multitude pass by, asked what it meant? They told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. Immediately he cried, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." They which went before, little entering into His blessed mind, and the great mercy which filled His heart rebuked

him, that he should hold his peace. But the depth of his need would suffer no hindrance, and only led him to cry more earnestly, "Son of David, have mercy on me." His heartfelt cry was followed by one of the most lovely scenes of scripture. Jesus, the Son of David, stops, and places Himself at the disposal of a poor blind beggar! What a meeting! What magnificent grace! Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto Him; and when he was come near, He asked him, saying, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight: thy faith *hath* saved (or, healed) thee.

"And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God: and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God." (Ver. 43.)

Have *you* ever been awakened to a sense of your deep need of mercy as a poor, morally blind beggar, and cried to Him, now glorified on high? He is the same Jesus, His heart full of mercy and compassion for troubled souls. You cannot cry to Him in vain. He will surely shew mercy, and open your eyes to gaze by faith upon Himself in His glory and beauty. And you shall hear His voice, saying,

“Thy faith hath saved thee.” And then, drawn to him, with your spiritual eyes open, you will delight to follow Him, and glory will flow from your heart and lips to God. And many, as they perceive His gracious work in you, will give praise to Him.

In Luke xviii. 9, surrounded with self-righteous Pharisees, who trusted in their own righteousness, counting others as nought, our Lord spake a remarkable parable, picturing to the life the difference between their character and that of those who sought and found mercy. A Pharisee and a tax-gatherer went up into the temple to pray. The former prayed to himself, and all about himself, citing his own good deeds. The latter in true humility and self-judgment stood *afar off*, and would not lift up *so much as his eyes* unto heaven, but smote upon *his breast*, saying, “God be merciful to me the sinner.” It was a short prayer, but a very efficacious one. It began with the name of God whom he addressed, and ended with mentioning himself, and that only as one who had no desert but judgment at His hand, *the sinner*. But *mercy* came between. The self-judged sinner took his right place. It was with God, against himself, but he knew His heart,

and cried, "be merciful." Never did such a cry to Him who knoweth the hearts of all pass unheeded. Impossible! Hear what the Lord said about him, "I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Dear reader, where do these searching words of our Lord find *you*? Are you wrapped up in yourself and your goodness, in Pharisaic pride? Or, have you come out in your true colours as a sinner for whom Christ died? (1 Tim. i. 15.) Have you seen yourself like the tax-gatherer as *the* sinner, as though there were no other, whose only hope is the mercy of God? God, who is just, will not only shew you mercy, but justify you—you may go home *justified*. (Rom. iii. 25.)

In Luke xvii. 11, the Lord, in a certain village, met ten men that were lepers. Standing afar off, they cried, "Jesus, Master, have *mercy* on us. And when he saw them, he said, Go shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed." Judaism was of God, and priesthood originally ordained by Him. But the priests had corrupted themselves and others. He was there in the light of priestly service. He recognizes the law of Jehovah. But as the lepers were on

the way to the priests, virtue went forth from Him, and they were cleansed.

“And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks : and he was a Samaritan.” (Ver. 16.)

This is a striking picture of what is happening morally on all sides to-day. Many, suffering from the moral leprosy of sin, cry to the Lord for mercy. And what a system of ordinances cannot do for them, He does. Many through His mercy are cleansed in His precious blood and healed. But how many turn back to glorify God, to bow before the face of the Lord Jesus, and to give Him thanks? How many who benefit by His work and word are drawn to His person?

Jesus said, “Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger. And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole.” (Vers. 17-19.) Have *you* returned to Him, appreciating His mercy, and have *you* heard His blessed voice, saying, “Arise, go thy way: thy faith *hath* made *thee* whole”?

In Luke xvi. 19-31, we also find a cry for mercy. But, alas, it was too late!

The blind man, the tax-gatherer, and the lepers cried to the right person at the right moment. But here we find a man who missed the hour of mercy, and cried for it where mercy never can be found. A rich man, richly clad and fed, living entirely for self and time, in forgetfulness of his poor and suffering neighbour, had to face the general lot of men, and dies. It adds significantly, and *was buried*. Doubtless it was an imposing funeral, attracting gazing thousands, the mass probably indifferent as to his hereafter. But the Lord draws the curtain aside and shews him in hades crying in vain for mercy and the smallest mitigation of his excessive misery. Space will not permit us to enter into all the details. But learning the hopelessness of his own case, he desires that his five brethren left on earth should be warned. The reply was that they had adequate testimony in the scriptures, and that his thought that if one returned from the dead they would repent, was vain. One *has* returned, our Lord Jesus. Dear reader, how are you treating the testimony of the risen Saviour? Take heed! Turn to Him for *mercy now*, and He will shew it to you. But live on in self-gratification and forgetfulness of God and your neighbour,

and you will soon find out and reap the fruit of your folly in endless despair. Be warned whilst it is called to-day. To-morrow may be too late. A merciful God is waiting to welcome you. A merciful Saviour is waiting to shew mercy to, and to save you. And His mercy endureth for ever. May God grant that you may be the happy recipient of it *now*.

E. H. C.

“WHAT PROFIT?”

“**W**HAT advantage will it be unto thee? and, What profit shall I have, if I be cleansed from my sin?” (Job xxxv. 3.) Job is an example of the self-righteous man. He “had multiplied his words against God.” He had said “that his righteousness was more than God’s.” Proud boasting this; presumptuous in the extreme. Strange that he should think such a thing, still more so that he should express it, yet he continued his parable, maintaining his integrity nearly to the end. The candle of God had shone upon his head, but God would make it shine in his heart, that the very inner recesses of his being might be laid bare and he brought

face to face with One who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all. Whose terror would not make him afraid, or His hand be heavy upon him. Then would he learn the immense gain and advantage of being cleansed from his sin. God would try this man to the end and He would triumph in him. Would Job be the loser? Surely not! He would realise the immense gain of being put through such a test. His enormous herds of sheep and oxen gone, his servants slain with the edge of the sword. The Sabeans had made a mighty slaughter in a very short time, a great wind had come from the wilderness and smote the four corners of the house and dealt the death blow to the occupants; stroke after stroke had come suddenly upon this great man of the East.

Where could possibly be the gain in all this, it may reasonably be asked. Stay, friend, it was written in a later day: "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" (Dan. iv. 35.)

God was about to bless Job through all this by an increased knowledge of Himself, and this would be true gain in the

end. Could this be loss? It is better for a man to lose his wealth, yea, even his health, indeed everything he may have here, than lose his soul, the redemption of which is precious. It is the soul that God is interested in. Let us ask the question: “Are your sins forgiven”; have you peace with God; can you look into the future fearlessly, knowing that all is settled for ever? If not, pause a moment while I direct attention to such an important matter. You may be a shrewd, far-seeing kind of man, very little escapes your observation, but perhaps the matter of your soul’s destiny has not up to the present caused you much concern. You cannot afford to trifle with eternal matters, however you may do so with things of time. The passengers of the ill-fated “Titanic” were suddenly brought face to face with death—men of renown, men of wealth, of high station in life, as well as the poorest, sank beneath the waves, and all that they possessed was lost in the bed of the ocean. But more than that, we fear many of them were unprepared and are there to await that day, when the sea shall give up its dead and they shall stand before God. How true it was in their case. They were brought into desolation in a

moment—in a moment they were consumed with terrors. But in the face of all this will it be any profit, any advantage if you are cleansed from your sin; will it be any advantage if you turn to Jesus? Will it be any advantage to you to confess Christ, will it be any profit to turn from the world and all its vanities, and emptiness, and delusions, and come to Christ?

We can gladly and truthfully say we have found it to be so, it has been an immense gain to us to be cleansed from our sins, to have peace with God. Our sins are forgiven, our peace is made, our heaven is secure. Praise God for this, for we can say we are the subjects of His wonderful grace, and through all eternity we shall never cease to adore Him who is worthy of homage and of praise. But how can I be cleansed? Listen! “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (1 John i. 7.) It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.” “To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.” (Acts x. 43.)

E. I. E.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

“**I**S it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.” (Lam. i. 12.) Such an appeal of the Spirit of Christ in the prophet of old may well arrest the attention and lead one to consider what Christ has suffered for our sake. The precious record of what He passed through is given for our enlightenment, and the amazing grace of our God becomes increasingly manifest as the truth is received.

In the Gospel of Mark we find the Son of God as Man in this world doing the will of God. He had come for that purpose. The will of man was in evidence around Him on every hand, and His very perfection only served to bring more into view the deadly opposition of man to God. Men would get rid of Christ at all costs. He had not done anything wrong, but they hated Him all the more on account of that, for the presence of perfect goodness only accentuated the evil of their hearts, and they could not tolerate the exposure. Oh, how terrible is the power of Satan over the hearts of men! They

will prefer darkness to light, evil for good, so long as they can maintain an outward respectability, which shall commend them in the eyes of their fellows. Is it so with you, dear reader? Are you striving to maintain a good character outwardly when you know in your own heart that you are not right with God? In Mark vii. the Lord draws aside the veil and lays bare what is behind the deceitful outward appearances of men, and He says, "For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders," &c. (Vers. 21-23.) It does not necessarily follow that these things come into manifestation, but they are there, and the sooner we admit the truth the better, for the One who exposes the condition is the One who can deal with it in perfect grace.

In the face of all the opposition the Lord Jesus pursued His way, His one object the will of God in the midst of a world which had departed from Him. The religious leaders of the people sought to take Him by craft and put Him to death; Judas sought to betray Him, and who shall tell the sorrow that filled His heart as He thought of His own loved disciples deserting Him in the hour of His deepest trial! All that is contemplated

in the early part of Mark xiv., but nothing turned the blessed Lord aside from the path of God's will.

But in verse 33 we find He "began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy," and He said to them, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death. . . . And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee ; take away this cup from me." All the subtilty, the treachery and the weakness of man He could face with a calm and quiet spirit, and sing a hymn (ver. 26), but what is it that causes such words as these to fall from His lips ?

Dear reader, have you ever been troubled about your sins ? Have you ever spent one sleepless night in distress on account of them ? Let me point you to One who realised to the full what they are in the sight of God. He was *troubled about our sins* ! That was the secret of His terrible distress as recorded in Mark xiv. He would put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. No other course was open if the grace of God was to reach you and me ; but it was no light matter for Him to face the wrath of God. He had trodden His way here in perfect communion.

with His Father, His every act had gone up as a sweet savour to God; and now, as the awful reality of what He was about to suffer passed under review, His holy soul shrank from it all. We, alas, are only too familiar with sin in various forms, but here was One who had never been defiled by it in the least having to face the prospect of bearing the curse and wrath on account of it. Well might He pray that if it were possible the hour might pass from Him. But was it possible? Where would you and I have been had it been possible for Him to be released from all that was involved at that moment? Blessed be His name, He had but one desire in the midst of those overwhelming circumstances, and we are privileged to hear Him say, "Nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt." If sin were to be atoned for it was not possible that that cup should pass from Him. There was no other way to secure deliverance for you and me, and in unutterable love and devotedness to the will of God, He passed on to the cross.

The shame and ignominy heaped upon His blessed Person by wretched, sinful man surpasses adequate expression: Judas betrays Him with a kiss; the false witness sought against Him breaks down, and He

is condemned for *speaking the truth*; He is spit upon, mocked and buffeted; Peter denies Him with oaths and curses; a murderer is chosen for liberty and He is delivered to be crucified. What a sight! "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid."

Was this all? Nay, there was still that dark, bitter cup of wrath for Him to drink, unseen by human eye, and out of the darkness which shrouded the earth while He hung upon the cross the awful cry was heard, "My God, my God, why hast *Thou* forsaken me?" The tender heart of Jesus had been crushed. He looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but He found none. And now, forsaken of all His own, the terrible fact was made evident—He was *forsaken of God!* God accepted that voluntary sacrifice of Christ, and His holy wrath against sin was felt in all its dread reality by that blessed, devoted Substitute. And Jesus died alone—alone in the universe!

Oh, sinner, think of what that means to you! "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Christ was forsaken that you might never be forsaken. Is it nothing to you? He bore the judgment that you might go free. Oh, the immeasurable grace of that stupendous work! Yet the

value of it is available to you whoever you are who may read these lines. Is it nothing to you, my reader? God grant that it may touch your heart!

“Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.” (Isa. liii. 4-8.)

P. S. P.

“ I WILL COME.”

IT was a damp, cold evening some years ago when a christian man stood under an old upper room where the glad tidings of God's grace was preached, with the earnest desire in his heart to invite others to hear what filled him with praise and gladness. As he stood there he noticed a poorly clad but respectable looking woman come slowly along. He drew near to her, inviting her to go upstairs to hear words whereby she might be saved. “Thank you very much for your kindness,” replied the woman, a tear falling from her eye as she spoke; “I sorely need comfort, for I am in great trouble. I am now going to see my sick daughter, but when I return I will come.”

“I trust you are not one of those who wait for a more convenient season. God says, ‘Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.’” “I do want to be saved,” she replied; “and, oh! believe me, I will come.” She hurried off, and the man breathed a prayer she might

not be hindered from hearing the gospel. God heard his prayer, and that night Mrs. K—— sat in the old room.

For several years her path had been one of deep sorrow. Child after child had grown up, and then disease had carried them off. At the time of which we write her husband was ill, and her eldest son and daughter were both sinking, while she, the wife and mother, was unable to afford them nourishment. No wonder that in the bitterness of her heart she exclaimed: "All these things are against me."

Our attempts to comfort her seemed at first to mock her, though she listened with deep interest, saying: "I'm so miserable; I would do anything to feel as happy as you look. I've tried over and over again to be good, but I cannot feel any happier. I am almost in despair through my troubles, my poverty, and my badness of heart."

Again and again we pointed her to the Lord Jesus as the One able and willing to meet her every need, but the troubled look rested on her care-worn face, while pressing her hand to her heart, she kept repeating, "I'm so bad here."

How powerless one is to heal the sin-sick soul! It is only as led by the Spirit

of God that a human instrument can be used to convey the message of life. She gladly accepted our offer to visit her, saying, “ I shall be glad to see any of you, for I have heard words to-night that I shall never forget.”

On the following evening I took my way to the poor woman’s house. “ Can I see Mrs. K—— ?” I inquired of the young man who opened the door.

In a few moments Mrs. K—— appeared. “ Ah !” she exclaimed, “ you are one of the happy ones I saw at the old room yesterday ? ”

“ Yes, Mrs. K——, I am truly happy, and I have come to see if you have joy and peace in believing.”

“ Well, I cannot say I have yet ; but,” she broke in, “ do you mind standing here on the doorstep while we talk ? I cannot ask you into my only room for my sick husband is there, and I would rather be alone with you.”

“ Do not make any apology, Mrs. K——.”

“ How you seem to know the Lord,” she said. “ If I only knew Him I should feel such happiness ! I could not sleep last night for thinking of your happy faces. I thought Jesus must be precious indeed to reflect such brightness in you.”

“ He truly is the altogether lovely One !

But, dear friend, He is willing to make Himself known to you to-night. You say you believe on Him?"

"Yes, most truly I do."

"Does not the knowledge of what you find in Him bring comfort to your heart?"

"It ought to do so," she replied, "but I have not peace."

"Perhaps you are looking at yourself, expecting to find some improvement there, instead of looking off unto Jesus."

"I cannot help looking at my poor bad heart; I feel so miserable. But I want to thank Him for dying on the cross for me, a lost sinner."

"Mrs. K——, you will never be able to praise Him while you look at yourself. Tell me, where is Jesus now?"

"In heaven, to be sure."

"Yes, and God points you to Him as the One who was raised from the dead for your justification. (Rom. iv. 25.) Let but your faith receive that risen One as your peace, and perfect rest will be yours."

"All thy sins were laid upon Him;

Jesus bore them on the tree;

God, who knew them, laid them on Him,

And, believing, thou art free!"

As I finished quoting these lines a bright smile broke over Mrs. K——'s face,

and clasping her hands she exclaimed, “ Bless the Lord, I see it now. He is my peace! And if I want to be bright, I must keep on looking at Him where He now is. Just the same,” she added, as her eye rested on the moon shining over our heads, “ as the moon receives light from the sun, so shall I get all from Himself.”

“ Yes, dear friend, just in the same way.”

“ Oh, how wonderful all this good news is to me! I who, when invited up to the preaching yesterday, was bowed down with sorrow and sin, now enjoy a peace which passes all understanding.” Tears of joy fell from her eyes as, standing upon the doorstep, she continued to praise Him who had given her rest. “ I should like to see Him,” she said, “ the precious Jesus! I wish He would take me now, for I am ready to meet Him. Oh! what weary years I have spent without Him! Long, long I toiled for rest, but found it not. What I have now is through His finished work. Ah! that my dying son and all my family knew the joy of forgiveness! But He is able to save them. I will pray for them and tell them what the Lord has done for my soul.” It grew late, and we were obliged to separate. “ It was the Lord who put it into your

heart," she said, "and I shall never forget to thank Him for being invited into the old room yonder, and for your visit to-night."

These were no idle words of Mrs. K——'s. She was enabled amid poverty and suffering to shew forth the praises of Him who had called her out of darkness into His marvellous light, from the power of Satan unto God. All around her owned there was reality in her faith, and her husband repeatedly spoke of his wife's happiness, spite of all their trying circumstances.

For years after, hers was the language of the Samaritan woman, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" (John iv. 29.) And many responded to the invitation given, and believed in Him. Shortly after her conversion her sick son was visited by a servant of the Lord, and became the happy possessor of God's great salvation. Then mother and son rejoiced together as heirs of the grace of life, till the latter triumphantly departed to be with Christ. Though Mrs. K—— had trials of no ordinary kind for some years, yet her faith shone clear and bright until she was taken from the infirmary of a workhouse to be in the blissful presence

of the One who loved her and whom she learned to love.

Dear reader, is Jesus your Saviour? Will you be glad to gaze upon His loved face? Can you say, "The Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me"?

E. E. S.

HOW A HARDENED SINNER BECAME A FORGIVING SAINT.

"**J**UST call and see my father. He is ill, and as hardened as ever." The old man referred to was well known in the village as a cross, unkind, morose neighbour, and had said his only son's name would be taken out of his will, because he had offended him. The visitor went and was helped up a very rickety staircase to the bedside of one who seemed to neither know nor care about his soul. But the Lord in tenderness softened his heart when she told him how God loved him.

On her next visit he said, "Oh! I am such a sinner!"

"How many sins have you got?" she said.

“Well,” said he, in great agony, “this room would not hold them from top to bottom.”

She was inspired with hope, and just pointed him to the Saviour of sinners, prayed and left him. On her next visit she saw such a change in his face, so happy and bright, and he began by telling her he had got a Saviour now who had put away all his sins, and the load was gone. She rejoiced, and they praised the Lord together. “Now,” she said, “as God has forgiven you, will you tell your son and forgive him?” Judge of her surprise when he quite refused to forgive him. She, however, prayed to God the Father about it and left him. On calling again he said: “Will you call and tell my son I forgive him and wish to see him.” She did so, but the son now refused to go, at which the old man was very grieved, but being in great earnestness he asked a woman to get a cab, and next day he got to his son’s house—three days before he died. Peace was made, and the old man died happy in the Lord—a trophy of His grace.

This simple story is related as shewing how God’s grace abounds, even towards those who have lived many years in ignorance of Him. That grace is the same now.

Oh, reader, if you are afar off from God, draw near, I pray you. He will abundantly pardon.

C. D.

“ GONE WHERE ? ”

I RECALL an incident of my boyhood days. My mother used to deal at a certain shop to which I was often sent on an errand. The owner seemed to take a kindly interest in me, and I became very fond of him. I must have been only about twelve years of age, and was never more delighted than when I could get behind his counter and help him, as I thought.

He was a good-natured man, and would often ask me to tea with him, but one day he was taken ill and was obliged to keep his bed. I missed him very much, and used to call to inquire how he was. One day I was told that he was very ill, and this only made me feel the more anxious for him. I continued calling. But one day when I called to inquire the shop assistant, who knew me very well, replied, when I made my usual inquiry, “ How is Mr. E—— ? ”

“ He’s gone ! ”

Not quite understanding what he meant, in my childish way I said, "*Gone where?*" Never shall I forget the way the man looked at me, I fancy I see him now. He seemed to shun the idea of mentioning death. "You know what it means when any one is gone, don't you? **HE'S DEAD!**"

I did not know what to say, and I could see the man was not prepared to say much either, so I ran off home to tell my mother.

What effect my simple question had upon the shop assistant I do not know. May be it set him thinking where he would go when his time came to depart this life. I trust it did.

How often that remark has been made when a soul has passed out of time into eternity.

"He's gone!"

And how often, as far as the relatives left behind are concerned, he has gone to the gloomy unknown beyond.

But if a believer passes away there is no gloom before his eyes, everything is as bright as it can possibly be. Another little word can be added when we express ourselves as to what has become of him.

"He's gone HOME!"

How sweet! Where is his home?

Where Jesus is! “*Absent from the body, present with the Lord.*” Who would wish him back? Who would take him away from home? Who would rob him of the “far better”? Who would mourn for him as those would who have no hope? Who would renew relationships that must needs be broken up by the cold hand of death?

Reader, it will probably be said of you some day, “He’s gone!” Will your friends be able to say, “We know it is well with him; he put his trust in the Saviour, and he is with the One he loves?” Will they be able to add the other little word—“home”? Or will the question be asked in dread uncertainty, “Gone where?”

The enemy is able to lull you to sleep at the last, singing “Happy day,” and you may never have confessed the name of Jesus. You remember the numbers who went to a watery grave singing “Nearer, my God, to Thee” when the *Titanic* foundered, but I wonder how many were really nearing “home,” how many were about to be “present with the Lord”?

How soon the end comes sometimes! Is it without warning? No! Never! Many a warning have you heard. God

would not permit you to pass into a Christless eternity without telling you of Christ. But you perhaps have permitted the enemy to beguile you. Some paltry charm that he has presented to you has captivated your heart instead of Christ. And if you are not careful he will throw it on your hands for ever, and you will be destitute of Christ.

The golden opportunities of the present moment are yours. "*Let him that is athirst come.*" (Rev. xxii. 17.) A. H. C.

WHAT AFTER DEATH?

MR.S. — had long followed the course of this world and drank deep of its pleasures, becoming hardened in sin.

Her husband, a christian, had borne with her, suffering intense sorrow, his home a miserable one. His one resource was in looking to God for support, and in mercy to turn his wife from the evil of her way.

Thus, at a mature age, satiated with things which can never satisfy, and a moral wreck, she, in her despair, thought only of self destruction.

But He who met with the woman at Sychar's lonely well (John iv.) now in mercy intervened in Mrs. ——'s behalf.

In a dream, hell loomed before her soul, as a great and loathsome reality, so that she awoke in an agony to an acute sense of her position as a lost sinner, and of her need of a Saviour.

Unsaved reader, have you ever considered the question: "What after death?"

Hear what scripture says: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment.*" (Heb. ix. 27.)

Mrs. —— had to be brought to see that she could not escape the just consequences of her sins, even by ending her earthly existence, but she was wilful and slow to learn, not realising the goodness of God which was leading her to repentance.

About this time, while consulting her physician regarding her shattered bodily condition, she mentioned her state of mind.

He, knowing her history, earnestly advised her to make instant confession to God, quoting 1 John i. 9: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

She did not act on this advice, how-

ever, but deliberately planned to make away with herself. She wrote a letter to her husband informing him of her purpose and left it under her pillow. Then she took train for Margate, intending to drown herself there, but on reaching Chatham she was conscious of a voice speaking to her very soul, "— get out!" This being repeated, she was constrained to get out of the train and to return by another to her home.

Shortly after she sought counsel from a servant of the Lord, who urged her to turn to God and have it all out with Him, citing 1 John i. 9, the selfsame scripture which her doctor had quoted.

Struck by this coincidence, but still unrepentant, Mrs. — then determined in her mind to put God to the test, as it were, and called upon one who she knew to be a believer.

Should Mrs. T— quote the same scripture she would take it as God's special word to her and turn to Him, otherwise she would destroy herself.

Mrs. T—, unaware of this fearful design, received her lovingly, shewed her the kindness of God, heard all her sinful story and recited the identical scripture above mentioned, namely, that "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to

forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Overwhelmed by this direct answer to her despairing cry to God, Mrs. —, in deep contrition and repentance with tears, made humble confession to Him, casting herself entirely upon His mercy.

Mrs. T—, profoundly moved by this confession and Mrs. —'s wretchedness, earnestly prayed with her so that, ere she left, she was comforted by a sense of forgiveness.

How inscrutable are the "ways of God in compassionate grace, meeting with sinners in their headlong course to destruction and turning their faces heavenward!

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

Mrs. — gladly acknowledged the Lord Jesus as her Saviour and sought to live to Him, but a little later returned to Mrs. T— distracted with doubts.

The latter was enabled so to present Christ to her—the living expression of the love of God, so that every fear vanished and peace filled her soul, which now overflowed with love and gratitude to Him. "Perfect love [the sense of *His* love] casteth out fear." (1 John iv. 18.)

She has since experienced the joy of the Lord as her strength, and her husband rejoices with her, his prayers abundantly answered.

Their home is now a happy one—such the transforming power of grace—a centre whence prayer issues for the blessing of others.

May this brief relation of the deliverance of a sin-stricken soul prove the means, under God, of encouraging others to cast their burden upon the Lord. Listen to the Saviour's voice gently pleading with you, and do not delay, "*Now* is the day of salvation." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find *rest* unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. xi. 28-30.)

T. K.

THE LIGHT OF CHRIST'S SALVATION.

AN officer who gives the details that follow regarding the conversion of a comrade, ascribes his own blessing, under God, to words uttered at Malta by the same major who was used in India to his friend.

There is no limit to the grace of God, and He is working through His servants in many an unlikely place, and amid circumstances that man might class as uncongenial.

“Captain —— was known in India as one of the best gentleman riders, and very popular there because of his fine bearing and manners.

“At Quetta I knew him to be fond of polo, races and sport of all kinds, and apparently a thorough man of the world.

“Some years later, at Mhow manœuvres, he came to my tent, when I noticed a great change in his facial expression. On asking him the reason he said, ‘Ah! I have seen the light of Christ’s salvation since

I last saw you, and in this very town, a year or two ago. It came to me in an address given by Major ——.' For the few minutes we had then together there was mutual cheer as to the Lord's leading and goodness.

"Not only was there a change noticeable in the appearance of Captain ——, but his whole life spoke; so much so that the extensive worldly sphere in which he had moved was stirred by his bold witness as to the "light" he now bore testimony to—in refusing certain things he once excelled in."

Reader, how does this incident affect you? Have *you* "seen the light of Christ's salvation?" Has it illumined you?

Are you prepared to say with the Apostle Paul: "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and 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. 7, 8.)

Many years afterwards, when the captain had become a general and a living witness for Christ, especially in the army, he could write to his friend thus: "There is no training for soldiers compared with

war, and no doubt this is the reason that all His soldiers are kept continually on active service. After over twenty years in the field we seem to make little progress, but each year we realise more and more how helpless we are in the open, and how impregnable as long as we remain in His fortress."

He had proved the truth of the blessed assurance that "the name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." (Prov. xviii. 10.)

Let me earnestly entreat any unsaved one in these perilous times to seek instant shelter in that precious name.

Hear the witness of scripture to it. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow . . . and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii. 9-11.)

Yes—every knee shall yet bow to Him. Will *you* do so *now*, in this "day of salvation"?

How sad and solemn to *have* to do so when *too late*!

T. K.

ALL RIGHT, YOU.

HAVING recently crossed the channel on the eve of the outbreak of war, our steamer was stopped by signal by a watch-boat outside Dover harbour. Shutting off steam until we got within close range, one of the watch on board, knowing we were friends with no evil intent, shouted in stentorian tones through a speaking-trumpet, "*All right, you,*" leaving an indelible impression on the mind as the words sounded over the waters, and then, "Hoist up your flag before entering harbour." We steamed forward again with perfect confidence, though surrounded with powerful forts and strong ironclads, whose guns were no doubt loaded and the men behind them ready for any emergency.

We were thankful to hear these welcome words after a hurried but delayed journey across Germany, Belguim and the North of France. But one's thoughts quickly applied the significant words, "*All right, you,*" with a strong stress on the *you*, to an entrance into harbour of infinitely more importance, into a land where war and all its exigencies and sorrows are unknown!

God has declared in His everlasting

word that His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, wars against evil, and is appointed Judge both of the living and of the dead. (2 Tim. iv. 1.) By nature we are His enemies, deserving His wrath, and none can escape without repentance towards God, faith in that blessed One, and reconciliation to God through Him. Of all such it can be said now, "All right, *you*."

The moment draws rapidly nigh when every individual will either receive a blessed welcome into the eternal harbour of rest or be shut out for ever. By nature, and by practice, we would add, we are *all wrong*, and the change from that condition to be *all right with God* must take place *now*. May this little message be a warning to you, ere it be too late. You may never have another opportunity. We are in the midst of an awful catastrophe, brought about by the power of Satan and the will of man, and permitted of God in His inscrutable wisdom as a chastisement for infidelity, rebellion and wickedness, that men may judge themselves and move to Him through Christ. Will *you*? How blessed for that heart, in the midst of all, which enjoys peace with God through Christ's finished work, and assurance that it will be "all right, *you*," at the moment rapidly

approaching, when it will be a matter of entering into God's eternal haven of rest.

We had no question upon our hearts whether we should have right of entrance at Dover: it was the portal to our native land. We knew that we belonged *there*. So now, through abounding grace, we know that the gates of the heavenly harbour are wide open to us. Impassable for the enemies of God, we know that we belong to the heavenly land, that it is "all right, you," for every believer, for His word assures every one such that he is among the many sons whom He will bring home to glory.

War is declared against evil, and there will be no mercy for those who appear before God as enemies in their sins. But judgment is His strange work, and mercy rejoices against it, grace abounding and bringing salvation to the lost till that day. Even in the midst of His present severe governmental dealings there is *grace*. But, alas, alas! for every soul that neglects or despises it!

Are you resting upon His sure word, trusting in the precious blood of Christ, so that your heart is assured that the words, "all right, *you*," apply now to your case, banishing all fear, both now and evermore?

WORKS OR GRACE.

IN reading the gospels, one cannot help being struck with the many contrasts which abound in it, and when we ask the reason, is not the answer, that it pleases God, "who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust" (Psa. ciii. 14), and have only poor, finite and feeble understandings, to put these striking contrasts before us, so that we may learn by them. You look upon a picture, with a bright object in the foreground and with a very dark background, and the latter shews off the former, so that your whole gaze is fixed on the bright object, and not on the sombre background. What a contrast meets us in Luke xv. between the younger son and the elder brother; the one will take all his natural endowments and acquirements, all that God has bestowed upon him, and, throwing off all restraint, will launch out into life in the vain pursuit of something satisfying, something that will last; but how vain and futile to seek in self-indulgence either lasting happiness or satisfaction. He will even hire himself to a citizen of the far country in the wild pursuit of the world's pleasures. A time comes when

he has "spent all," and then he will return and say to his father, "I have sinned" and "I am not worthy." Nothing but blessing awaits him on his return—the ring, the robe, reconciliation, heaven's brightest and best are his. What a contrast to the self-righteous elder brother, who, although within reach of the sound of the music and dancing and entreated by his father, is angry and will not come in!

Again in chapter xvi. you have the rich man faring sumptuously every day, and clothed in purple and fine linen, and a certain beggar, who was laid at his gate full of sores. The great gulf which separates the one from the other is fixed, and when the curtain is drawn aside for a moment and we are allowed to penetrate into what is outside time, we find the one in torment, the other in bliss, the one in hell with all its indescribable misery, and the other in Abraham's bosom.

Again in chapter xviii. there are two men brought before us very different—very far apart from each other: the one a self-righteous Pharisee, who stood and "prayed thus with himself." Self-sufficient, self-contained, self-satisfied on the ground of his *own works*, and forming his own estimate of them and setting his own value on them, he can put himself

on a pinnacle far above other men; the other a publican, who will not as much as look up to heaven, but smiting his hand on his breast casts himself unreservedly on the grace and mercy of God. The one is abased, the other exalted.

The last one of these contrasts was strikingly brought home to the conscience and heart of a young soldier, who had narrowly escaped with his life in the late South African war. In one of the many battles in which the British were engaged, a Mauser bullet passed through his body, but without touching any vital part; after this narrow escape he was invalided home and found himself in one of our public institutions, where the gospel was preached. His narrow and we might say marvellous escape from death had not had the effect of softening his heart or making him anxious about eternity, but rather the opposite, and his aversion to the truth was manifest in many ways. For instance, his head was never uncovered during the preaching, or prayer or singing, and he generally had a companion by his bedside, who joined him in playing draughts during the time the meeting lasted. This went on Saturday after Saturday until the thought of God's grace laid hold of him.

“Not of works” (Eph. ii. 9) barred the way he was on. Is seeking to make oneself fit for God’s presence by giving up what the conscience is troubled about a work; is turning over a new leaf a work? Is the making good resolutions and relying on strength of will to keep them a work? All these he had tried. And would not all combined commend him, a sinner, to God? To which we answer, all these are works, and God’s word says salvation is not of works, lest any should boast (Eph. ii. 9), but by grace through faith. (Eph. ii. 8.) The light of God’s pardoning grace apart from works reached his soul, and for the first time he saw how God could bless apart from works, because of the mighty work of His Son on Calvary’s cross. That work had met the claims of righteousness and justice, and all the law’s demands, so that mercy might with open hand “dispense her store” and God manifest His love towards sinners in pardoning them. Grace reached him. The goodness of God to him led him to godly sorrow for his past thoughtless, reckless life, and God’s testimony to the finished work of Christ on the cross was received by him. His new-found joy was very real and praise filled his heart. Again and again through the night, after

believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, he almost felt impelled to shout aloud for joy. The guilty past all blotted out as with a thick cloud. Glory of unnumbered years his portion for the future, and God's great salvation his present portion.

When recovered and able to go about again his message to all who seek to tell of God's way of salvation through grace to others was: “Tell them,” said he, “there is no preparation needed to fit any one to come to Christ. Tell them to come just as they are.”

“All of grace; yes, grace surpassing,
Such a portion to bestow;
But the love, all knowledge passing,
Grace has called us now to know.” J. P. W.

“NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO DIE.”

THE British troops in the North of France were making a desperate stand against the Germans with that courage and coolness for which they are famous. The trenches were littered with dead and dying, but the survivors fought on undaunted, while the great German shells burst over their heads. Two men stood side by side loading their rifles, when a shell struck the trench, wounding

several of their comrades. "A near thing that time; it will be our turn next," said one of them, carelessly. "Let's hope not," replied the other; "I am not good enough to die." A moment later a bullet laid him low—he fell back dead.

Hurled into eternity at a moment's notice, and "not good enough to die." How solemn! How foolish never to have made the discovery before. But let me ask you, friend reader, have *you* made this discovery? Do you know that *you* are not good enough to die? You are probably in comfort and safety as you read these words, but death may find you even there. He is stalking through this land, as well as on the battle-scarred lands of the continent, and some time you must meet him. You are not here for ever. Some day you will have to pass out of this world, and what then?

You may be good enough for this world. You may be an excellent father, a devoted mother, or a model son or daughter. You may fill your place in this life to the satisfaction of yourself and every one else, but are you "good enough to die"? Why did the soldier of whom we have written speak thus? He realised when face to face with death that he had to meet God. He may never have thought

of it before. How many thousands are passing easily and carelessly through life, thoughtless of the God with whom they *must* have to do. You must have to do with God—either in time or eternity, either as Saviour or as Judge, you must have to do with God about the question of your sins. If you avoid the question now, you will have to face it some day. To appear in the presence of God as a sinner can only mean eternal banishment and destruction.

What then are you to do? The gaoler in Acts xvi. made the discovery that he was not good enough to die, and from the depths of his heart came the question, “What must I do to be saved?” Have you ever asked that question? Listen to the simple and blessed answer, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” But can I be saved for time and eternity simply by believing? You can. It is not your faith that saves you, but the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Your faith merely makes the wonderful results of that work yours. The mighty cost of your salvation was borne by Jesus when He went to the depths of darkness and anguish at Calvary. The penalty of your sins was met there, and now you can go free. Will you not accept this simple

and wondrous salvation? God offers it to you here and now. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.) You will not be afraid of death if you have been cleansed in that blood. Every stain of sin will be removed from you. God views you without a spot. What a salvation! Why not be saved this day, and to God will be the glory?

A. G. D.

THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE.

"**N**OW my thoughts are for the future, what success, what pleasures and possibly what failure and disappointments the future has in store for me. Time alone can unravel such mystery."

Such were the remarks of a young man to the writer some months ago, as he was about to leave the country for Australia, where he was determined to go, with the expectation of getting on in the world.

He was formerly a Sunday School teacher and choir singer, but I never once heard him mention the name of Jesus, or say a word in His favour. I heard him say a good deal about himself and what he was going to do. He invited me to accompany him to the other side of the ocean,

offering to pay my passage, with a view to getting gain in the world, and nothing else; but I declined his offer with thanks.

I read a letter from him after he had sailed which was full of hopes for the future, but there was some uncertainty in his remarks too.

It is quite true, as he said, that the future has something in store for him, as it has for every one. Disappointment very likely if we do not know Christ. But there is no disappointment for the believer.

A man often travels to the other side of the world to get present gain, but it is only the same old world after all. Man's heart is just the same over there as everywhere else, and present gain in this world cannot satisfy it.

But there is gain for the present and for the future also. The Apostle Paul had nothing and yet possessed *all things*. You, dear reader, can be as rich as that. Ask a Christian who is going on in enjoyment of Christ what he lost when he turned his back on the world and its pleasures. He will say, "I lost *nothing*." Now ask him what he gained when he turned his face to Christ and gave his heart to Him. His answer will be, with emphasis, "I gained *everything*." He is the man who has bright hopes for the

future, enjoyed even in the present time. Great expectations are his, and what he expects is surely coming to pass. There is no disappointment in Christ.

In the case of our friend he said, "Time alone will unravel such mystery." But not so with the believer. Everything is unravelled for him by Christ Himself. When he looks into the future all is bright. He shall be with Christ and like Him for ever. What a prospect!

Great possessions will be taken from your grasp when you think you hold them more firmly than ever. They will be gone, and your precious soul stranded for ever. Do not forget that riches take to themselves wings and fly away.

Then again I would urge you not to think too much about the future and neglect your previous history. "For God requireth that which is past." But if you were prepared to face the question of your guilt before God, you could not settle your affairs with Him. The grand fact is that Christ *has settled everything*. Something that you or I were not competent to do has been done, and God is satisfied, and there is forgiveness in His heart for you.

I ask you a simple question. Did you ever hear a sweeter story than that which comes from the heart of God? A. H. C.

“HOW SHALL I PUT THEE AMONG THE CHILDREN?”

FATHER, did you ever mourn over a son who left his home, and though you tried by all means to get him back still he would not return? Thus was it with God when He uttered the words in Jeremiah iii. to those whom in Exodus iv. He had called His firstborn. Satan got hold of man in Eden and determined to mar the lovely image of God by causing man to listen to a lie and turn away. God came so lovingly into that garden, but finding no response He had to eject him from the place of innocence. But still God was not daunted! Love did not tire: nor did man's enemy. Satan caused a king to wish to kill all the firstborn in Egypt. Still God watched, and spared Moses to represent His firstborn and preserve him. Nothing daunted Satan says: "I'll go to Pharaoh and tell him to pursue the firstborn," but alas, he and his "sank as lead in the mighty waters."

What a wonder that wayward man did not see God's love for him! We find

instead God saying in Isaiah i.: "I have brought up children, and they have rebelled," and in another place, "How shall I give thee up?" and "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." "My bowels yearn for thee." At last the Father retires into His own counsels, and says, "What shall I do? I will send my beloved Son." Satan knew that place. Awful to say, he put it into the king's heart again to slay the firstborn, but Satan was baffled. God shielded His dear Son and allowed Him to walk about telling the whole world of the Father's heart of love, and that He had come as Man amongst men to take sin and death on Himself and bring a new life and a pleasant land for "as many as received him." (John i.)

Now, dear friend, have you received Christ the Son as your only way of getting back to God? You say, "My sins are so many!" How is that? Because you have been led away by Satan. But God laid on Jesus the iniquity of us all. You say that God says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." But Christ, the rejected One of men, has died in order to lift from you the death you deserve. Have you ever thanked Him? Christ died to put your sins and bad state away from the

eye of God, and now God says of those who believe, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. x. 17.) And the Father was so delighted with this work that He raised Christ from the dead, and He entered into a new life as the risen One. This new life now is yours in Him. The Father rejoices to see the returning prodigal, and all heaven rejoices with Him to see you return and to hear Him say, "This my son was dead, and is alive again. It was meet we should make merry. Bring the best robe, ring and shoes, and adorn him, not as a prodigal but as a son," and the smile with which He greets Christ is yours and never leaves His face. It is the glory of the Father in Jesus' face. Happy children! John rejoiced when he said, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." "Oh," you say, "I am not like one." But the same verse says, "When he shall appear, we shall be like him." How we may rejoice in Christ Jesus "with joy unspeakable and full of glory," and though left here for a while we are looking for Him to come and take us to the Father's house and heart for ever. Praise the Father and the Son for such perfect love!

C. D.

SAVED !

YOU are in the deeps. You struggle for salvation, though in your struggle you feel that you are perishing and being swept into eternity. Ordinances to you are of no more avail than was the life-buoy to the drowning sailor; good in itself, the thing was useless to him because he could not make use of it. However precious ordinances may be, your utter weakness, your perishing condition render them unavailable for you; you are past ordinances. It is just at this point that unbelief and self-confidence struggle. Man does not like to believe that he is what God declares him to be, "without strength." He is entangled and in danger of death, though attached to the letter of Christianity. You need one to save you, a person, and you want Christ.

And whose hand is this reached forth to save? whose voice so near you? The hand is strong, the voice is love. It is Jesus. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. He is the Saviour, He has come to the very place where you are—come out of heaven to the sin and misery of earth in order to bring lost and

helpless sinners up to the glory where He is. Salvation is not a life-buoy thrown out of heaven for you to make use of, or to get entangled in and lost; it is the life-boat come to the drowning man.

Jesus lifts the saved one into the place of safety and brings him to heaven. Louder than the glad cry aboard the ship the shout of angels over one sinner saved by Jesus! What a Saviour is Jesus for the lost! “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” Accept this faithful saying, of a Saviour coming into the world and saving sinners. “By him all that believe are justified from all things.” (Acts xiii. 39.)

As the drowning sailor rejoices over the salvation provided for him in the life-boat, so rejoice, perishing one, in the salvation made by Jesus for the chief of sinners, even for you.

“ I WENT TO JESUS.”

“ **O**H, that I had peace with God, but I am too great a sinner to know yet that I am saved!” So thought B——. Often was he pointed to the Lord Jesus,

and shewn that the word of God bade him take the water of life freely. He said he had a true desire to come, but could not. Then the words of Jesus were pointed out to him, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." (John vii. 37.) But no, B—— could not come yet—his heart was too hard; it seemed to grow worse instead of better, notwithstanding all his efforts. Onwards he went on the journey of life, day after day, night after night, mourning and grieving, his heart becoming harder and colder.

He who shivers *outside* the house in the cold, cannot get warm. God invites us to come *within*, and to warm at His fire; but the sinner says, "I must be warmer in myself first, I am too cold—too cold to accept such an invitation." So there he must remain shivering until he gives up his own thoughts and accepts God's. How is it with you, dear friend? Are you warming yourself at the fire of God's love and grace, or are you outside in the coldness of your own heart? The door is open—enter in.

After some time I saw B—— again, and he had a beaming face such as is seldom seen. "'Tis all right," said he, "I have peace with God—my sins are all forgiven." "But why were you so long

before you could say this ? ” “ Because I was trying to make myself better. I worked hard at it, but I found myself worse and worse.” “ And how did you get peace at last ? ” “ Why, I WENT TO JESUS, and the moment I came to Him all was right. I wanted to do something ; I tried hard to pray and repent, and make my heart soft, but the more I tried the worse I felt, till at last *I gave up all my doings and I went to Jesus*, and I have had no trouble since.”

B—— did not find it difficult to love his Saviour after this, for faith is the root on which love blossoms. Without the root of faith there can be no flowers of love ; this is God’s order, “ we love him *because* he first loved us.” All our goodness is in Him, and His grace it is which nourishes the life He gives us in His Son. They are ever barren and unfruitful who only cultivate the worthless soil of their unconverted hearts ; and those who seek for spiritual wealth within remain insolvent until at length they draw upon the riches of God’s grace, and none can realise happiness in God’s presence until faith says, “ Jesus Christ is my all in all.”

Dear friend, have you been to Jesus to warm your heart ? If not, go now ; all is peace and joy inside the house, and the

door is open. "By ME if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." (John x. 9.) "OF HIM, AND THROUGH HIM, AND TO HIM, ARE ALL THINGS: to whom be glory for ever. Amen." (Rom. xi. 36.) Rejoice in a God who is everything to His people, "we are the circumcision, who worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." The religion which looks to self in any way, which puts up man in any form as strength, lowers Christ in proportion as it exalts the flesh. God warns you off that fatal ground: "Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision." (Phil. iii. 2.) If you trespass thereon you will find its misery, but if you come inside the house you will obtain life and peace and joy. Snares of various kinds are set upon that forbidden ground, and too many even of God's people are caught there. Yet the door stands open wide, and Love cries "Come," and Grace echoes, "Freely." What you have to give up is nothing less than your efforts to be something, and what you have to take is God's own word, God's own Christ, His full, and everlasting salvation FREELY.

ADAPTED.

“ A FRONT SEAT IN HEAVEN,”

IT is sad to see what a very great hold superstition has upon many people's minds, and largely so among professors of religion.

Superstition is quite opposed to faith in God as shewn in His word, and, indeed, is contrary even to common sense. Some imagine that they can reach heaven in one way and some in another, and all quite outside of what is so distinctly set forth in scripture for the guidance of faith. We will give a striking example of the emptiness and evil of superstition which occurred recently and is quite public.

A case came before the magistrate at a police court of a housekeeper obtaining some hundreds of pounds sterling from a superstitious woman, who seemed quite pious, to propitiate saints about getting the claimant to heaven. It was stated in court that this housekeeper declared that her father was janitor in heaven and chief assistant to St. Peter. Also that she had many good friends in heaven, and in consideration for certain payments promised to reserve her victim one of the best places in the “celestial abode.” And also

that by propitiating some influential saints she would secure for the one she was deceiving "a front seat in heaven." For her crime, needless to say, she was sentenced to a term of some years imprisonment.

Now the word of God is quite clear in making known the way of salvation, and any who really desire to spend their coming eternity in heaven need have no difficulty whatever about the all-important matter. In that unfailing word we find such plain passages as these:—

First, "WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE." (Isa. lv. 1.)

Secondly, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us." (Titus iii. 5.)

Thirdly, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8, 9.)

Fourthly, "Not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." (1 Pet. i. 18, 19.)

Fifthly, God "now commandeth all men every where to repent: because 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. 30, 31.)

Yes, God raised His beloved Son from the dead and exalted Him to His own right hand in glory to be a Prince and a Saviour and

an object for faith.

HE did all the work and paid all the price. Praise His holy name ! We are all helpless and poor in regard to heavenly things. Yet any true repentant believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is entitled to say, “ He was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.” (2 Cor. viii. 9.) The lower we go down with Christ here the nearer we shall be found to Him in the glory of His coming kingdom.

“ Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased ; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.” (Luke xviii. 14.) Dear reader, do you know this gracious Saviour as your personal Saviour ? If not, why not ? He is worth knowing and He still waits to save. **DO NOT KEEP HIM WAITING . TILL YOU ARE TOO LATE !** Remember that such a loss as yours could never be repaired. No, *never ! NEVER ! NEVER !*

“ Behold the Lamb with glory crowned !
To Him all power be given ;

No place too high for Him is found,
 No place too high in heaven.

To Him whom men despise and slight,
 To Him be glory given ;
 The crown is His, and His by right,
 THE HIGHEST PLACE IN HEAVEN " !

J. N.

AN ALIEN OR MADE NIGH— WHICH ?

THE meaning of the word " alien " was forcibly brought before me when crossing the English Channel a few days ago, a young person dressed the same as others, and to all appearance one of a large crowd and willing to pay for her passage across with the same coin as others, and with the same desire to get across as they had, yet when the steamer was steaming down the harbour could be seen standing on the jetty left behind.

You ask, Was there no room on the outgoing steamer? Was every available space filled? Had the number of passengers been so many that the regulations would have been infringed by one more walking up the gangway and coming on board? Or was there a fear lurking in this young person's heart that the huge

steamer was unseaworthy, or the captain incompetent to bring her to the other side?

To all these questions we reply, No!

The vessel was seaworthy; the captain had crossed backwards and forwards scores of times with his living cargo of passengers; there was plenty of room on board.

Then why was she left behind? Simply this, she was an "alien," "a stranger," "a foreigner." Unfortunately for her she had been born of foreign parentage and in a country at war with England, so in this present time of unrest and upheaval, as an "alien" she could not alter her parentage nor change her country, she was prohibited from crossing the Channel and thus left behind.

I cannot tell what became of her, but I felt what a lesson the incident teaches us.

In Colossians i. 21 men in their natural state are said to be "alienated and enemies in mind by wicked works," and in Ephesians iv. 18, "alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart."

Alienation from God came in very early in the history of this world. "The wicked works," "the ignorance of God," and "the blindness of heart" all followed in quick succession. What gigantic dimensions they have assumed at this present

moment. All through the ages the darkness has been illumined by occasional bright flashes of light from God, and the ignorance has been dispelled when some soul has simply believed God (Acts xi. 6), and, like Noah, has by faith seen the coming storm and judgment about to fall on a world of corruption and violence, who, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; or, like Enoch, separated from all that was contrary to God on the earth, walked with God and had the testimony that he pleased God. But still the distance and alienation of heart continued, still the ignorance of God, the hardness of heart, the wicked works remained.

But what a day for this world when in the "end of the ages," in "the fulness of time," God sent forth His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to tell out His heart of love for sinners, to measure in His death all the distance that lay between a holy God and those who were enemies and alienated in their minds by wicked works. His incarnation opened first the tale of grace and love, as He passed along through this poor world binding up broken hearts and giving deliverance to captives the wondrous tale was continued; sad Gethsemane's garden nor Calvary's cross with

all its shame and woe did not end it. On the cross He took the guilty sinner's place and suffered in his stead. He died to win our full confiding trust, and now God has raised Him out from among the dead and still the story of God's love revealed through the cross is going forth. Still His blood avails to make atonement for wicked works and His love can melt the hardest heart. Still God is beseeching sinners to be reconciled to Himself, so that instead of being "far off" they might be "made nigh," instead of being "strangers" and "foreigners" they might become fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God.

And now, dear reader, does the word "alien" describe your state? Born of fallen parentage, in a world that has by wicked hands crucified His Son. Will you be left behind when He comes back to take His own to be with Himself?

What a sorrowful condition! What a dangerous position!

Turn just now to the Saviour. He has answered every question as regards your guilt and your "alien" condition, and longs to save you and bring you across to the glory land for His own joy and your eternal blessing. He is able, He is willing; only trust Him.

J. P. W.

THE DAYSMAN.

(JOB IX. ; XXXIII. 6, 7.)

“ My terror shall not make thee fear,
 Nor heavy be my hand,”
 Oh, sinner, stay ! God’s message hear !
 Do not His grace withstand.

’Tis not the trumpet, long and shrill,
 With claims of holy law,
 Nor earthquake dread of Sina’s hill,
 To fill thy soul with awe.

But soft and low, in tones sincere,
 The Saviour speaks to thee ;
 My terror shall not make thee fear—
 Oh, come ye unto Me !

Yes, come, nor fear to Him to tell
 Thy heart’s sad, sinful plight ;
 He’ll snap the bonds of Satan’s spell,
 And turn to day thy night.

F. S. P.

“ For there is one God, and one Mediator
 between God and men, the man Christ Jesus ;
 who gave himself a ransom for all, to be
 testified in due time.” (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6.)