

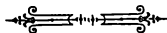
# Words of Salvation.

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

Acts xi. 14.

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

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# Words of Salvation.

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## "I DON'T BELIEVE IT."

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**A**— H— had been faithful to his country during a long service in the Marines. He had been all over the world and had fought in many engagements, out of which he had come unscathed. He was a pensioner, and followed the occupation of a night watchman.

Having several hours during the day to himself, much of his time was spent in skittle playing and in drinking. He was so reckless that his wife, who herself was unconverted, became anxious as to what would become of him. She thought that if he could be induced to attend a religious meeting he might be reformed, and through her he attended some gospel meetings.

There the Spirit of God convicted him of his state—as a lost sinner, and so

wrought upon him that both skittles and drink lost their charm, and his sin-burdened conscience almost drove him to despair. He saw no hope for himself — one of the worst of sinners — and felt that everlasting doom must be his end.

Living near was a soldier named John Lawson, who was formerly a sergeant in the Royal Artillery. He had learned that there was no peace to be found apart from Christ. Having passed through all the dangers and temptations of a soldier's life, Lawson loved to labour amongst soldiers, and was the means in God's hands of leading many of them to the Lord. Hearing of A——'s condition, he called on him and sought to point him to the Saviour.

A—— could not read, so Lawson read to him. The old marine listened intently as his friend read out these wonderful words: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Again Lawson read, "For God so loved the world," and looking at A——, said, "This includes you, 'that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever'—and that means you amongst the rest—you, A——

H——, ‘believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’”

A—— was fairly astonished; he raised his brawny fist above his head and brought it down on the table before him, saying at the same time, “I don’t believe it!”

Without argument Lawson read again, “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever [and that means you] believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,” when again with a loud voice A—— shouted, “I don’t believe it!” as his strong fist came down once more with a crash upon the table.

A third time the words were repeated, but they seemed incredible to the old marine, who had never heard the story of God’s love, and he exclaimed, with more warmth than ever, “I don’t believe it!”

Lawson seemingly changed the subject, and said, “How long were you in the army?”

“Twenty-one years and fourteen days,” was A——’s prompt reply.

At this the sergeant raised his fist, and bringing it down on the table, said, “I don’t believe it.”

“Do you think I would tell you a lie,” replied A——, angrily. “It was twenty-one years and fourteen days.”

"I don't believe it," returned Lawson.

"Wife," cried A——, "bring me the parchment."

Lawson took the discharge from her hand, quietly asking the old marine if he had ever read it, and if he believed it. A—— replied that others had read it to him, and that he believed what he had heard.

"How is it that you expect me," said Lawson, "to place confidence in the word of man, while you yourself refuse to believe the word of God?" and then again he once more read the same text.

A——'s eyes and heart were now opened, and he joyfully exclaimed, "I see it all! I believe it! thank God."

From that hour the words he had heard filled his soul with joy; during his night watches he became very anxious to read them for himself, and instead of sleeping in the day, he would lie on his back and learn to spell out John iii. 16.

He now began to preach to his wife, who through God's mercy received the blessed truth, and thenceforth their great joy was to read together and to tell others of the reality of God's love as told in the scripture, John iii. 16.

Friend, you may have read it many times; do you believe it?

Many are inclined to think at first that it is all too simple. It is true that the glad tidings of God's grace present the way of salvation in terms so simple as to be within the reach of all, and that a child can understand, but let it never be forgotten that it cost the blessed Saviour all the suffering and woe of the death of the cross that such wonderful blessing might be ours.

Let me ask again: “Do you believe it?”

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

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## “THE MAN WHO CAN STOP THE WAR.”

---

**O**N a certain Saturday evening a little group of Christians stood at the street corner in a London suburb preaching the gospel, and as the story of God's great love to sinners was sounded out on the evening air, people began to gather round, some obviously listening, while others pretended to be looking in the shop windows. Among the former was an old, white-headed man with a happy face, whom we soon found out was a believer,



who had been on the christian pathway for sixty years. As the meeting progressed, however, a man in mechanic's dress joined the listeners on the pavement and soon began to manifest a hostile spirit. Finding that his muttered remarks went unnoticed, he at length addressed the speaker in a loud voice and said, "You ought to be recruiting, not preaching." Before any one else could reply, our white-haired friend turned to the man and said, "They *are* recruiting: recruiting for the only Man who can stop the war." The objector had no answer to give and soon slunk away from the meeting.

The reply given by the veteran Christian was indeed a true and very wonderful reply. There is in the universe only one Man who can stop the war. Man (aided by Satan) can make war and bring ruin, bloodshed and sorrow on the world in which he lives, but he cannot make lasting peace. No real or permanent peace can ever be made by any man in this world. The only Man who can bring in universal peace is the "Prince of Peace." Alas, He has been rejected and cast out by this world. When He comes forth to reign, having subdued every foe, He will bring in a reign of peace and happiness such

as this world has never known. The thunder of the gun and the tramp of the war horse shall cease, and mankind will live in contentment and prosperity under the sway of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

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At the present time, however, that King is in rejection. He came into the world that He had made, and to the very people He had chosen, and they received Him not. (John i. 10, 11.) Jew and Gentile combined to cast Him out of this world. The very inscription on the cross was written in Latin (the language of the military Romans), Greek (the language of the educated and learned classes), and Hebrew (the language of the Jews). (See John xix. 19, 20.) The whole world united to send that insulting message back to God, “We will not have this man to reign over us.” (Luke xix. 14.) The world to-day is reaping the fruits of its action. Having rejected the only One who could bring in peace and happiness, they are to-day suffering the results of their folly.

Reader, what is your position in regard to the King who is coming? Do you know Him? Have you sent in your surrender? This world is a world of rebels, and if you are part of it you will

share its doom when that day of reckoning comes, as it assuredly will. Yet God in mercy gives you the opportunity to-day of coming to terms—God's terms, not ours. If you will to-day own yourself as a sinner, and surrender to Christ, you will learn that the fullest and freest forgiveness is in God's heart for you, and you may have your place on the side of the Lord Jesus Christ, the only One who can stop the war. Many are proud to serve in the army of the king of England, but the writer rejoices to be among the hosts of the Lord Jesus Christ, and would desire, too, to recruit you for Him and His kingdom. We may have to endure slights, insults and persecutions, but what of that? Those that share the rejection of the King will also share His glory, just as king David's companions, in the cave of Adullam, afterwards shared his kingdom. What is your choice to be?

If you wish to get the blessing, now is the time. At any moment the Lord may rise from the throne, where He is now seated in patient grace, and close the door for ever. If you refuse grace, there is no other alternative but judgment.

When William, Prince of Orange, became William III. of England, many of

the Scottish clans refused to own his rule, and rose in rebellion around the standard of the Stuarts. They were defeated in battle, and the English king, in exercise of his clemency, made an offer that any clan which sent in its submission by a certain date should be spared, and their share in the rebellion overlooked. Most of the Scottish chiefs wisely availed themselves of the offer, but one old chief, loth to surrender, and anxious to display his independence to the very last, delayed to send in his submission till the very last possible day. When his messenger arrived at the English camp he found he was too late—the king had left. A week or two later the whole clan was practically exterminated.

Let this be a warning to you. The time is passing fast. Come to Christ now. He will receive you, for none who come to Him will He cast out. (John vi. 37.) A full and free pardon is yours to-day. Take care you do not miss it.

A. G. D.

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## “WITHOUT STRENGTH.”

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IT was on a bright summer afternoon when, accompanied by a friend, I walked to a neighbouring village from a Canadian town to invite the cottagers there to some gospel meetings about to be held in the district. We found a response from many who were glad to attend, and before leaving the village we entered a cottage where we found a man afflicted with paralysis, occasioned by carrying too heavy a weight on his head as a mason. Leaving my friend to speak to his wife, I crossed the room to where the man lay on a sofa, evidently in a suffering condition. He could not speak without difficulty, so I asked him if I might read a few verses from scripture to him, to which he willingly acceded. Turning to Romans v. 6-8 I slowly read these verses to him, “For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we yet sinners, Christ died for us”; and then

simply drew his attention to three points given there, that is, that we are naturally "*without strength*" before God "*ungodly*," and "*sinners*," when God *commended* His love toward us, and that Christ *died* that we might be justified and saved from wrath. He listened with marked attention, but looked at me hopelessly, while great sobs shook his frame. I felt God had spoken to him through His word, and sought to shew him that just as he felt *naturally* his helpless condition of *body*, he could come to the Lord in helplessness of *soul* as "*without strength*" and "*a sinner*" before Him, and *in Him* obtain salvation and peace.

Very little more was said before we left the cottage, but a few days afterwards a christian man living near came to tell me that he was in much distress of soul and wished to see me. I went to his house at once and found him propped up in an armchair with a very troubled expression on his face. He told me that *God* had shewn him he was a sinner and ungodly, and that he felt he was perishing.

I said, "Do you know what it means to be *justified*?" He did not seem to understand, so I turned to Romans v. and read, "Being now justified by his

[Christ's] blood, we shall be saved from wrath *through him*." Then I sought to shew him that Christ went into death to settle the question of sin before God, so that the believer in Him might stand *cleared* or *justified* from all charge of guilt in His sight. I told him that this message came from a living Christ in heaven to him, and that the justification was according to *God's value* of His blood shed on the cross (not how *we* valued it) and that the believer is eternally saved. But for the poor man in his distressed state of soul it seemed too wonderful to lay hold of! He was deeply convicted of sin and thought that only judgment awaited him. On leaving him I could only look to the Lord to open his eyes to His great salvation. Not long after his neighbour brought me word that he wished to see me again, but assured me that this time I should find him full of peace. This was indeed true! Light had entered his soul and he rested it where *God* rests, on the finished work of Christ. As the hymn says—

" God is satisfied with Jesus,  
I am satisfied as well." 

This had settled the question for him and brought peace to his troubled soul,

and the consciousness of sins for ever put away by the blood which cleanseth. Human words are useless unless *God* works, and when He does so, it is sure and living work!

Reader, I tell this simple story in case you may be anxious about your soul.

God waits to be gracious to you, and your every need gives you a claim upon His grace extended towards you. If you are trying to bring about a condition of righteousness wherein to stand before God, and thus obtain the forgiveness of sins, you have *no claim* whatever upon it. Your title to it is alone as a helpless sinner, "for when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the *ungodly*." Why not lay claim at once upon this offered favour, and set to your seal that *God is true*?

E. F. P.

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## SUDDENLY CUT OFF!

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**T**HE great war, with all its unlooked-for emergencies, prosecuted on a scale hitherto unapproached, and with the means of destruction perfected with almost Satanic ingenuity, calls im-



peratively for decision Christward on the part of every unsaved soul.

To illustrate the foregoing remark, which is not a mere platitude, the following incident from the battle-front in France is related.

A young English soldier, an earnest Christian, being sent over, was presently posted to the firing line.

Realising the gravity of his position, his one desire was to use every opportunity to present the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour to those around him in the trenches.

One day when the shells were falling fast, urging him to be about his Master's business, and giving emphasis to his words, he spoke pleadingly with two men who were near him.

One of these was brought to see his peril and unpreparedness to meet death, and gladly accepted Christ, rejoicing in Him, conscious that his sins were forgiven, and with the hope of sharing in His glory through all eternity.

The other soldier, though evidently moved, sought to let the occasion pass, remarking, "I intend, on returning to England, to marry and settle down, and will then think of what you say!"

This man was sitting in the trench

with his hand to his head as he uttered these words, when a shrapnel shell burst, killing both him and the other who had decided for Christ instantly, while also smashing the left hand of their christian comrade.

How exceedingly solemn for a soul, thus warned, to be

**suddenly cut off!**

God's word says, "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. xxix. 1.)

The unsaved soldier was loyal and obedient, would not for a moment have questioned the orders of his commanding officer, and yet he had neglected those of One infinitely greater.

For hear again what scripture enjoins:  
"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.)

In His grace He invites sinners to turn

to the Lord Jesus Christ, who died in their stead that they might know Him as their Redeemer.

But for those that refuse Him as such, then judgment, which is God's strange work, must take its course. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

How appalling the contrast between the portion of the unsaved soldier—a neglecter of this great salvation, and that of the other who, through faith in Him was, in an instant, ushered into the presence and joy of his Lord!

May this incident bring home vividly the uncertainty of life, the wisdom of those who are prepared "to meet their God," and the utter folly of any who postpone, even with the best intentions, His

present offer of mercy.

"For . . . behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2. Cor. vi. 2.)

Remember—"the time is short!"

T. K.

## A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

---

**W**—— was respected by all who knew him, and trusted by his employer. He also attended the gospel meetings in the hall, but had hitherto made no distinct confession of Christ.

Suddenly a crisis in his life began to develop. He was accused of extorting money from the numerous workmen under him, and evidence was collected with a view to his being prosecuted.

The extraordinary point elicited, however, was that W——, though evidently cognisant of what was going on, had no active part in it, his wife being the culprit.

It was proved that, using her husband's name with those in sub-charge over the men, she had for a considerable period levied blackmail upon them.

When the exposure occurred W——'s health became affected, and acute heart trouble ensued.

His manly, open countenance wore a look of pain and constraint as he faced the inquiry, never saying a word that

would incriminate his wife; so that the matter remained in abeyance.

Soon W—— took to his bed, from which he was never to rise.

I saw him again from time to time and spoke to him of his soul's eternal welfare, reading also from the scriptures, and shewing how "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." (Heb. iv. 13.)

One bright morning I called and sat by his bedside. His voice had completely failed, and he suffered from violent heart spasms at intervals, indicating that the end was near.

When more restful I sought to bring before his spiritual vision once more the tender, pitiful, loving Saviour in all His holy, pure, and devoted pathway while upon earth—the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and how nothing unholy could ever enter His presence, but that, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Also that "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 9, 7.)

He listened attentively, and I urged him to confess his own and his wife's wrongdoing to God, there and then,

before whom he must shortly answer for deeds done in the body.

I gently took his hand and asked him, voiceless as he was, to press mine, in token that he had confessed to God, and had claimed the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus.

He closed his eyes, and his strong, masculine face worked convulsively for a time; then he became calm, opened his eyes, and warmly pressed my hand.

How gladly I then knelt and joined with him in thanksgiving to God, who had subdued his stubborn heart, cleansed him from all his guilt, and had received him for Christ's sake; who had said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

In the evening of the same day a messenger with a conveyance came to me in haste, summoning me, at his wife's urgent request, to the dying man's side.

I found the large bedroom crowded with their friends, men and women, many weeping—as the poor patient lay in his terrible death agony.

They made way for me, and I stood by the bed, amid the now silent company.

It was a solemn moment, but it was with a note of triumph that I was enabled, from what had transpired in secret that

morning, to commend the spirit of the unconscious sufferer to the safe keeping of his Saviour till the resurrection morn.

This narrative of a death-bed repentance is recorded, not that any yet in their sins might be encouraged to defer decision for Christ, but, on the contrary, to point out the danger of delay.

Here was one, passing away into eternity with all the weight of his sins unconfessed, arrested and pardoned of God, who is rich in mercy, just ere it was too late !

Reader, while God waits to be gracious His word emphatically declares :

“ To day

if ye will hear his voice.” (Heb. iii. 15.)

To-morrow may never dawn for you !

T. K.

## MELTED BY GRACE.

**O**NE bitterly cold January evening I observed a man standing in a corner of the street sheltering himself from the biting wind and sleet. I knew him by sight to be a respectable man. I passed on, but seemed impelled to turn back and speak to him, begging him to come that night to a gospel preaching. I cannot

say that the invitation was graciously accepted; however, at last he consented to come, with the remark that it would be better than standing about in the wet.

A young man addressed the meeting, and said that he had come into the very same room only a short time before a scoffer and quite regardless of eternity. But God had spoken to him and had shewed him his need of a Saviour, and, he added, "I am now rejoicing in Him." Then with the love of Christ flooding his soul he told the audience of the wonderful love of God towards perishing men.

Many were deeply impressed and convicted of sin, and strong men were weighed down under a sense of their need and lost estate before God. Among them was the man whom I had invited to come that night.

He had spent the greater part of his life in the navy, and had been in numbers of scenes of active service; he had faced many dangers, and death itself in some of its most terrible forms. Latterly he had been discharged, disabled by the loss of an arm; yet, through all his marvellous deliverances and hair-breadth escapes, he had never once thought of the goodness or the love of God. But on hearing the young man speak of his own salvation, the



heart of the old sailor was touched and melted by a sense of the mercy of God.

He saw at once his great need and his position as a sinner, guilty before God, and he accepted the sinner's Saviour, who said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Reader, perhaps you may think yourself far better than the old sailor of whom I write, but you need a Saviour as much as he, and I beg you to put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. He died to save you, and He lives to keep you, if you will but trust in Him.

K. R.

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## THE LAST CALL.

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**T**HESE words printed in bold letters on the side of a Glasgow tramcar caught my eye the other evening while passing down the street. As I thought them over it occurred to me that while of course they were intended as an appeal to men of military age yet they could also speak in another way. Think for a moment of the

Call of God.

In Genesis iii. 9 we read that "the

Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?" Adam had sinned, and in fear of God hid himself. God called him by his name and found him out in his real state. The man said, "I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself."

When God calls no one ought to remain hidden, for when God calls He calls in grace. What has been your answer to the call? If we do not meet God as Saviour we shall be compelled to have to do with Him as a judge. How sad to think of this while God in His long-suffering grace is lingering for us to answer the call of His grace. There are many voices in this world at the present time, but there is one voice of first importance, and that voice is the voice of God. In the present crisis a voice calls out for men to come forward and join the colours and fight for a peace for which the world longs. But, dear reader, there was a moment in the world's history when the blessed Lord gave Himself a spotless Victim on the cross and

made peace

for man; and, thanks be to God for it,

He made peace by the blood of His cross. Do not wait till the last call! If you do not heed the blessed voice which calls you now in grace you must answer the last call, and it will be to judgment.

It is not *your* fitness that He requires but simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. No one of us could ever make himself fit for God, but the death of Christ has made a way for all, and now God invites us to come just now and as we are and *He* will make us fit for His presence, and we shall enjoy a peace that man on earth has never known.

Come to Him now and take your stand for Him in this world which has cast Him out, He who had the right to reign. God is for us; He seeks our hearts for Christ. Give Him your heart, answer His call and enjoy the love of Christ and nothing shall separate you from Him.

“Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? . . . Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from

the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” (Rom. viii. 33, 35, 38, 39.)

“Oh! hear the call of Jesus,  
He calls aloud for thee;  
Himself He gave, thy soul to save,  
He died to set thee free.

“Oh! trust Him, then, poor sinner,  
His heart is only love;  
He’s coming soon to take us home,  
To dwell with Him above.”

J. H.

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**“I KNOW THAT, WHATSOEVER  
GOD DOETH, IT SHALL BE  
FOR EVER.”**

(ECCLES. III. 14.)

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**I**T is being said that England and her Allies are carrying on the war with the object of securing a firm and lasting peace. Was ever an object so foredoomed to failure? Peace will no doubt be secured, but will it be firm and lasting? The answer must be in the negative, for how can a peace which is not founded on righteousness be firm and lasting? Therefore it is as certain as anything can be that no efforts of men, however genuine and well-intentioned they may be, will effect this, because men themselves are

unrighteous. Even now we hear that after the war an industrial crisis of

enormous magnitude

will arise, and already, presumably with a view to possessing greater power when that time arrives, influential trade unions in this country have amalgamated.

In such a scene, and in such circumstances, what peace, quietness and assurance is the portion of those who have received "a kingdom which cannot be moved." Why? Because they know that God's beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, in His wonderful death laid in righteousness the foundations of a kingdom into which no disturbing element can ever come. They know it is *God's* kingdom, immovable, unalterable, altogether outside the knowledge and the influence of the natural man. They know that, "whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever."

But, reader, there is a personal side to this question. Have you no disquieting thoughts? Do you not often wonder what is going

to happen next?

As you look around and within, do you not desire the possession of that which

cannot possibly be taken from you in time or eternity, and which is essential to your real and lasting happiness? Listen! The Lord Jesus Christ, who has established everything for God that is abiding and eternal, and which really matters for you and me, died and lives again. God offers you freely a part and place with Him in that world where sin and its awful consequences can never come. Are you going to accept His offer now? Surely you will not vainly cling to that which your conscience must tell you is passing away and which can never give you lasting satisfaction. If you trifle with and postpone the settlement of this question you are running

**a terrible risk,**

for there is not the slightest doubt that the day is fast approaching when this offer, so lovingly and earnestly made now, must cease for ever. Then these solemn words, “He that is unjust, let him be unjust still” (Rev. xxii. 11) will be true of you, and, oh! I pray you, remember they will be pronounced by Him who alone will have the right to do it, and “whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever.”

These simple lines have been written

with one desire that you may now realise your great need of that which will give you peace and joy now and evermore, and that you may find the perfect answer to that need in our Lord Jesus Christ. Then you will be able to sing out of a full heart:—

“ In peaceful wonder we adore  
 The thoughts of love divine,  
 Which, in that world for evermore,  
 Unite our lot with Thine.”

B. A. L.

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## GOD'S VOICE FROM THE ROCKS.

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**T**HERE are some noted rocks called the “Cow and Calf Rocks,” high up on Ilkley Moor, Yorkshire. On the flat top of the larger rock there are several texts of scripture very deeply carved, where they have been for generations. One of them especially appealed to us as “God’s voice from the rocks.” It is:—

“ I AM.”

If you read Exodus iii. you will see that “I AM” is the name in which God was pleased to reveal Himself to Israel as their Deliverer from Egypt’s cruel

bondage by the hand of Moses. God said to Moses: "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel,

I AM hath sent me unto you."

"I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey." (Exo. iii. 8.)

The children of Israel were, of course, sinners as others are, therefore a holy God could not, so to speak, effect their deliverance from their enemies and bring them to Canaan, apart from death, for *death* is the only way of approach to God for any one.

So that God required them to slay their lamb (a type of Christ) and sprinkle its blood on the lintel and two side posts of their doors outside, for God, their Deliverer, had said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." All the first-born of Egypt had to die, and did, but God said, "Against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue," and we know God brought it to pass.

The same God who was merciful to Israel is revealed to-day as

a Saviour God for all,



and surely all need the loving and gracious Saviour, "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." (Rom. iv. 25.)

To-day all have sinned and need to be delivered from Satan's cruel bondage and brought to the heavenly Canaan, which flows with blessings far richer and more durable than "milk and honey."

God says in His word, "He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned . . . he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and

his life shall see the light."

The Israelites had to believe God and so have we. Well indeed is it to have heard the gracious voice of God and acted upon it, and so be sheltered by the precious blood of Christ and ready for the glorious heavenly home of eternal peace and joy.

"Pascal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins were on Thee laid;  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.  
 All Thy people are forgiven,  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made for us with God."

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## OUR DOUBLE NEED OF CHRIST.

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**WE** have in the two cases—Naaman and the widow woman—alluded to by our Lord in Luke iv. a fine illustration of our twofold need of Christ.

Naaman illustrates our sinfulness or uncleanness; the widow of Sidon our desolation. But the grace of God met both. Forgiveness is preached on the ground of grace (Acts xiii. 38), and the grace of God brings salvation to all. (Titus ii.)

How often our “thoughts” and pride stand in the way of our getting the blessing we desire and so greatly need. It was so in Naaman’s day. (2 Kings v. 11) The rivers of Damascus might have been far finer than Jordan was from a human point of view; but they were useless to cleanse Naaman from his leprosy! It was not that Jordan possessed any particular healing virtue in itself; but it was God’s way of blessing, and no one is ever blessed by God who refuses His way of blessing. The will of man must bow to God! God’s way must be accepted. And what is God’s way of salvation to-day? Let scripture reply:

“If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” (Rom. x. 9.) Everything else may be tried, but nothing else avails. God tells us *His* way. The obedience of faith complies and is blessed.

M. W. B.

## “THE PRINCE OF PEACE.”

THE angry tide of war rolls on,  
 Danger and fear are rife,  
 As nation after nation joins  
 The fierce and deadly strife.

From weeping, broken hearts the cry  
 Goes forth for help, and peace;  
 Can naught the tide of evil stay?  
 Or make these wars to cease?

In vain we look around on earth,  
 No remedy is there;  
 'Tis naught but sin and death and dearth,  
 A scene of dire despair.

But hearts look up, rejoiced to know  
 The coming Lord is nigh;  
 The One to whom “all power is giv'n,”  
 All power on earth, on high.

Oh! come then soon, blest Lord!” we cry,  
 Thou glorious “Prince of Peace”!  
 'Tis Thou who “heals the broken heart,”  
 Who “maketh wars to cease.”

M. E. H.

## WITHOUT GOD—WITHOUT HOPE !

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**G**EORGE BRUMMELL was a remarkable man, but his closing days sound a serious warning to all who forget God.

He was born in 1778 and it is related that at the age of sixteen he received an appointment as an officer in a regiment of hussars. A favourite with his brother officers, he soon became distinguished for his elegant manners and refined taste.

At the age of twenty-one he succeeded to property of the value of thirty thousand pounds, principally in ready money. Being now master of his own time, he resolved to devote himself wholly to a life of fashion. A taste in matters of dress was that for which he laboured to be distinguished ; and he so far succeeded that the tailors of London soon learned to regulate the fashions by his decision.

Brummell was, through his intimacy with the Prince Regent, admitted to the highest circles of the nobility. No party was considered complete without him, and the morning papers, in giving the

details of a rout, always placed his name first on the list of untitled guests.

For years he gave the law to the highest fashionable circles. A nobleman would think himself honoured by having his arm during a stroll in the west end.

Years passed away and, alas! times changed, and in an obscure town in France an old man clothed in rags could have been seen walking the street with tottering steps, with a crowd of children following, mocking and jeering as he went. It was Brummell, the man of fashion, fallen from his high estate.

Embarrassed by extravagance, he was compelled to flee to the continent, where, deserted in a great measure by his hollow friends, he soon fell from one degree of wretchedness to another.

For awhile he had pursued, on a diminished scale, his former course, but was at last arrested for debt. His agitation was great on this occasion, and he gave way to a flood of tears.

Resistance, however, was useless, and he found himself the inmate of a wretched and squalid jail.

On his release he became dependent on the kindness of others, and eventually lost his reason.

In his lonely garret he would at times

imagine that he was giving one of his fashionable parties, and bow to the empty chairs with ceremonious politeness. Eventually he had to be placed in an asylum, and an English clergyman who visited him said, "Never did I come in contact with such an exhibition of vanity and thoughtlessness."

Shortly after this he became worse, and his nurse noticed that he assumed an appearance of extreme anxiety. He fixed his eyes upon her as if asking for assistance.

Poor soul! she little knew what to do, but made him repeat some form of prayer, and he laid down and died.

There is but slender hope that he turned to God in those closing moments. It is to be feared that as he had lived, so he died, without God, and, alas! without hope.

Poor man! behind him a wasted life, in which there had been no thought of God, and before him an eternity, which, had he but turned to God and accepted His proffered grace, would have been one of cloudless light and joy.

Reader, your days are flying swifter than a weaver's shuttle; how do you stand with God? Let me urge you to weigh up all that is standing in

your way of turning to Him and bowing down in allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Is it money? The wealth of all the world, if you owned it, cannot be carried beyond the grave.

Is it pleasure? The rarest enjoyment with which the human heart could be filled will die out in a groan of anguish if you pass hence without God and without Christ.

Is it fame? Your name may be carved on the noblest of earth's monuments, but your only renown in the depths of hell will be that you refused the overtures of God's goodness.

Oh! soul, believe me, to be without God is to be without hope. But there is mercy for you to-day; hear the blessed words written on the page of scripture, inspired by the Spirit of God:—

“Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.” (Isa. lv. 7, 8.)

Mercy at the hands of the blessed God, whom you may have slighted and sinned against. What wonderful grace! Seize the present moment, I beseech you, and

forsake your way. Return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy.

The death of the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, is the eternal witness of the grace of God to sinful men—to you. Can you, with that before you, turn away? A life of wealth and gaiety here is poor compensation for an eternity of woe.

“Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (2 Cor. vi. 2.; Acts xvi. 31.)

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## THE CAPTAIN'S WARNING.

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**A** LAKE Ontario steamer was about to cast off at the Hamilton Dock on an October morning for her voyage down the lake. The captain was on the ship's bridge superintending the operation.

As is often the case, several late-comers were seen hastening to get aboard, and in danger of being left behind. As a matter of fact, this is almost a daily occurrence, and there are those who lose the opportunity of embarking, to their great disappointment and loss.

At this juncture I was standing on the deck just below the bridge when some



remarkable words fell from the captain's lips. I was not personally acquainted with him, though I had often noticed him as a man of quiet and cheerful demeanour.

I shall long remember the words he uttered, and I hope they may have sunk deeply into the hearts of some of those who heard them.

As he watched the efforts of those who were endeavouring to reach the wharf before the gangway was removed, he said, apparently addressing an acquaintance among those who stood on the deck below him, loudly enough to be heard by all in that part of the vessel, "*This is like what will happen at the resurrection day; many will try to get in when it is just too late.*"

One cannot but realise that the captain's words are only too true. This fact is a most serious consideration for all who live in these favoured countries in which the light of

God's precious gospel shines.

It raises questions of such great and pressing importance as to demand the most serious attention of every one of us.

Is there among my readers one who has often heard of Christ, of the mercy and power and salvation that are in Him for men, but who is not heeding God's word, and, therefore, is still unsaved? Perhaps pursuing earthly trifles and worldly pleasures instead of the Lord Jesus Christ and eternal things; yet hoping to be still able to come to Him later—at some more convenient season?

If such be your case, let me urge you to be warned by the captain's solemn words. There can be no doubt about the truth of them. In the day that is rapidly approaching many who hoped to be safely and happily inside with Christ and the saved will, alas! find themselves outside a closed door, at which they will knock in vain, saying,

“ Lord, Lord, open to us.”

But He will answer in those awfully solemn words that will settle their eternal destiny,

“ I know you not.”

(Matt. xxv. 12.) Then nothing will remain for them but to lament their sin

and folly in having neglected to hear God's voice in the gospel, and in not receiving and possessing His great salvation, which is in Christ for all. The prophet has put their lament into strikingly solemn and sad words: "*The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.*" (Jer. viii. 20.)

Little as men realise it, the time in which we live is a remarkable one in the ways of God with them. It is a day of wonderful opportunity: in the precious words of scripture it can be said, "*Now is the day of salvation.*" It was not always so in the past, and it will not always be so in the future.

This wonderful period was inaugurated by the coming into the world of Jesus, the Son of God, when He became man. (See Luke ii. 10-14 and John i. 14-18.) It was established when He—the holy and sinless One, died as the divinely provided and approved victim for man's sin; when, at the cross, He went down under the righteous judgment of God against our sin, into untold depths of sorrow and suffering, until He lay in the grave itself. The Prince of Life lay among the dead for us. Our sin and God's love had brought Him there.

But when all the work of suffering and

sin-bearing was finished, and this to God's satisfaction and glory, He was raised to life again by God's power, and, forty days later, passed up into heaven, and is now there, as a man, in the presence of God, waiting for the moment appointed by His Father, when He will return in power and glory to set up His kingdom here.

In the meantime, God is announcing that there is forgiveness and salvation in Christ for all who will come to Him. But God also warns us that this wide-open door will be closed when little expected.

If you are still unsaved, let the captain's words appeal to you as a friendly warning, leading you to repentance toward God, to come to the Lord Jesus, and to confess His name as Lord. If you are outside at that day, no amount of regrets will undo your sinful folly in neglecting God's salvation. To-day he says, "*Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.*"

To-day He is saying,

"Come unto Me";

but ere long that same voice will be saying,

"Depart from Me."

Each one of us will have to hear one or the other of these words. But now God's gracious message to all is, "*If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.*" (See Rom. x. 9.) E. J. W.

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## HAPPY WITHOUT THE SAVIOUR.

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**S**OME months ago I handed a gospel book to an elderly gentleman. He refused it, but a long conversation ensued.

"I am out recruiting," said he, "and that is all I am interested in at the present moment. My religion is to do all the good I can. I spend my money in sending things to the soldiers at the front. The post office assistant remarked a few days ago, 'What a lot of friends you have in the army, sir!' I answered, 'I have not got one!' I simply do it because I am happy in doing it. Everyone ought to be prepared to do all the good he can. He will not be far out at the finish if he does that."

He then went on to relate a little of his career. He said, "I was brought up a *very* religious boy, and went to sea under the care of a *very* religious man, but he could do nothing with me.

"My brother was a local preacher, and my old father tried hard to teach me the way to heaven, but even he was unable to drum anything into me."

Here my friend laughed proudly, as if he believed he was beyond the reach of every one.

"I'm not ignorant of the scriptures," he continued, "I have read the Bible through three times, every word of it, and have come to the conclusion that it was written by Arabs."

He had evidently travelled a good deal, and went so far as to say he had been in the stable where the Saviour was said to have been born.

At this juncture I joined in and said, "Do you know the Saviour? You say you have seen where He once lay as a babe, but do you know Him? That is of far greater importance."

He ignored my question and went on to talk of his experiences, and some tight corners he had been in during his travels.

"I have had a dagger thrust into me

in six different places, and was left for dead; but all I thought about was my poor mother, and what would become of her.

“I have been nearly drowned twice; but all I thought of was what would become of my wife and children. I had no fear of death. I was quite happy.”

He certainly appeared to be very happy, but it was a happiness which seemed to centre in himself and what he was doing. He boasted in thinking of others before himself, and his religion appeared to consist of little else.

I ventured, however, to ask him what made him so happy.

He replied, “There’s not a happier man living. Nothing troubles me; I simply keep on laughing.”

I tried to shew him that apart from the Saviour he could not possibly be happy according to God; but he did not see his need of a Saviour.

Nothing troubled him. No! Not even his sins. He was happy in his own opinion, and yet a sinner before God. A false peace filled his soul.

Satan can make a man happy outwardly, but there still remains that aching void in the heart, which none but Christ can fill. “Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful;

and the end of that mirth is heaviness." (Prov. xiv. 13.)

My friend finished up by accusing me of trying to convert him, which was, of course, impossible, as far as I was concerned. He was not, however, beyond the grace of God. Cleverer men than he have been soundly converted to God, glad to turn their backs upon themselves. He assured me it was no use speaking to him about such things.

Alas! How many there are who, thus blinded by Satan, do all they can for others, thinking of their needs, and ignore their own condition before God.

I heard a man say recently, "Charity comes first." It is nothing but a delusion of Satan. He keeps them busy *doing*, lest they should stop and think of what lies ahead, or lest they should catch some simple remark about Christ which may touch the heart and awaken them to a sense of their need of a Saviour.

Reader, are you among those who consider themselves happy enough without Christ? Depend upon it, the weeping time is coming. It is only Christ who can make you truly happy. Satan may keep you laughing and persuade you that no one could be happier, but the long, endless night of sorrow will surely come



if you continue without Christ, for without Him you are without hope.

A. H. C.

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## MAN'S WORD AND GOD'S.

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**T**HE following is a very short account of what led to the conversion of a Miss W——, quite well known to us. She is now with the Lord.

Some ladies, who came to stay at her house, persuaded her to accompany them to a gospel preaching.

Among other things which the preacher said was this, "People believe man's word rather than God's word. If you read in the newspaper to-morrow morning an account of a big fire in Bradford you would never doubt it, but you do not believe what God says in His word."

This remark was used of God to awaken Miss W—— and it led to her conversion.

She once told us that when unconverted she despised God's people, but now, when converted, she loved them!

It is written, "*We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.*" (1 John iii. 14.)

Who are the brethren ?

All who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to the salvation of their souls, everywhere in the whole world. So that at any time

any one can easily know whether they are converted or not !

One believer cannot hate another !

Now you know it is possible that the newspaper account of the Bradford fire, to which the preacher referred, might have been a mistake. But when you come to God's word it can be safely relied upon, because it is the word of the One who cannot lie, nor make any mistake.

We venture to ask "Is our reader converted ?" He can answer "Yes" if he has truly believed what God says in the following words of scripture: "That if *thou* shalt confess with *thy* mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in *thine* heart that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou* shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9.)

If you have believed in the heart, and confessed with the mouth, the Lord Jesus you will have had the *love of God* shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost given unto you, and you cannot help

loving every other child of God in the world. "Every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him." (1 John v. 1.)

J. N.

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## NO DIFFERENCE.

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**I**F grace supposes no merit, it likewise makes no difference. This is disliked by our pride. We do not like to place ourselves with the more degraded of the human race and on the same platform of need and sin in God's sight as they are on. But there is no difference in this respect—all are sinners! There are degrees of sin, no doubt. There are different kinds of sinners. There are sinners of the coarse and vulgar type; there are sinners of the refined and educated kind. But all are sinners. All need grace. Rich and poor, educated and illiterate, vulgar or refined—all are alike here: *sin* marks all.

God has to shew us this sometimes by blessing where we do not expect Him to bless. It was so in the days of Elijah and Elisha, as we are told in Luke iv.; Naaman, a Syrian, and a woman of Sidon, are subjects of grace. Grace makes no difference.

M. W. B.

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## WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

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**T**HE solemn words of the Lord Jesus may well awaken serious reflection in the hearts of all those who have sought temporal gain to the neglect of the soul. Many, alas! have rejected the gospel because they seek what the present world can offer.

“What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” (Mark viii. 36.)

If the whole world were acquired as a possession and the soul lost the loss would be incalculable. How great then is the folly of those who risk the loss of their soul for the gain of some small temporal advantage!

It is said that Napoleon Bonaparte when in exile sickened and pined for death. He would exclaim: “Why did the cannon spare me to die in this manner? I am no longer the great Napoleon. How fallen I am! My strength, my faculties forsake me. I do not live; I merely exist.”

At other times his reflections took a religious turn. He is reported to have

said: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love, and at this hour millions of men would die for Him. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth."

What was the end of this ambitious man, who had conquered nations, won a throne, and made the whole world tremble? A narrow grave, overhung by a weeping willow, long marked the spot where he was buried. I know that his remains were transported to Paris and entombed with honour, but the most gorgeous tomb only covered the ashes of a man whose heart was overwhelmed with sorrow and disappointment.

Truly he had gained and gained much in this world, but even before he died it had slipped from his grasp and left him a disappointed man.

All the greatness he had acquired on earth had won him no distinction before God, indeed, his guiltiness was greater far than that of others who move in humbler spheres.

Many a one seems to think that God makes a demand upon us and that we

must give up what we have and suffer loss. It is not so. God knows how valueless is anything that this world can offer. It is bounded by death, and death roves through the world laying hands on men without regard to their status or their possessions.

Neither the strongest guard that was ever formed, nor bars, nor bolts, will prevent his entry.

The palaces of kings and the cottages of the poor are alike visited by him. He will not be bought over nor reasoned with.

Statesman and soldier, breadwinner, wife and mother are alike removed by his ruthless hand. And all that has been acquired here must be left behind ; as the Apostle Paul said : " We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

My reader, God is wiser than we are. He knows how valueless is all that this world can give. Moreover, He knows also that our whole case, as in responsibility before Him, has come up for judgment and alas ! we are condemned. " Judgment came upon all men to condemnation." (Rom. v. 18.)

It is not therefore a question only of gain or loss, but a question of being condemned before God. What awful loss to

have gained advantage in this world and find oneself under the judgment of God's throne!

Now God in His abounding mercy has not only met our deep need as convicted and condemned sinners, but He desires to enrich us spiritually now with blessings which shall never pass away.

What infinite grace, that the Saviour, the Son of God, has taken our place and borne our sins, suffered the judgment which those sins merited, and having visited death and broken its power He has risen again and has ascended to the right hand of God.

Think, my reader, how wonderful this is, that the holy, blessed, spotless Man, who bore sins upon the cross and upon whom God poured out His judgment, is now glorified in heaven at God's right hand.

How evident it is that His work has satisfied every claim of the throne! Forgiveness, full and free, is offered to all--to you, in His name.

Avail yourself at once of God's present grace and receive forgiveness of your sins. Then, when the conscience is at rest in the knowledge of what God has done, you will awake to the fulness of the blessing which is yours.

Justified freely from all things; indwelt by the Spirit of God; rejoicing in hope of God's glory. Given the adoption of sonship to the blessed God, and happy to look up and say "Abba, Father."

Time fails me to enumerate all that is ours, but I may quote a scripture here to aptly describe our inheritance. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." (1 Cor. ii. 9.)

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## SAVED BY SACRIFICE.

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**I**T has pleased God on many occasions to use a simple incident to awaken a soul, and to throw light into a darkened heart. The following narrative is therefore cited with the prayer that He may use it in blessing to our readers.

The people of Londonderry had been besieged for about three months when looking down the river they saw the white sails of the fleet which had been sent to relieve them; but hope had sunk in their bosoms, for a large boom had been built across the river that seemed as if it



would effectually prevent any attempt at succour.

Day after day passed thus, when, one morning there was a stir in the camp of the besiegers, caused by the news that three ships were coming up the river.

The captain of one of them, in his pity for the people of the city, had volunteered to steer his vessel at the boom in the hope of breaking a passage through. Another captain promised to follow, and the third one, captain of a frigate named the "Dartmouth," was to protect them as much as possible from the fire of the guns.

The first vessel was steered straight at the boom, which gave way with a crash, whilst the vessel, rebounding, stuck fast in the mud. But the passage was opened, and the second vessel sailed safely through the ruined timbers.

As the tide rose the other vessel floated again, and followed through the breach which she had made; but her brave captain was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him, and he died in sight of the city which his heroic self-devotion had saved.

That night there was plenty in the city, which a few hours before was a prey to famine.

“ We may well imagine,” says the historian, “ with what tears grace was said that night.” All night long the cannon of the besiegers continued to roar ; and all night long the bells of the rescued city made answer with a peal of joyous defiance.

On the morning of the third day the besiegers were seen retreating.

As we think of the brave man, shewing the greatest love that man can shew, for “ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,” do not our thoughts pass on to Him who laid down His life for His enemies ? We were captives of sin and Satan, lost and helpless ; and in the fulness of His divine compassion He, the Son of God, came for our deliverance, down to the very place where we were ; and now God's great salvation is brought right home to us.

To win our own salvation was more impossible than for the people of Londonderry to save themselves. The relief must come from outside, and it must be brought to the place where we are.

Jesus obtained these things—deliverance from our enemies, and peace and plenty ; and God has these, and more, for every simple believer on His Son—deliverance

from death, peace through the knowledge of the forgiveness of our sins, and the plenty of the Father's house; and beyond that the glorious prospect of being with the One who died.

Called by God to His kingdom and glory, and to be manifested with Christ when He shall appear.

Is this not worthy of your serious consideration, my reader? You would not have words strong enough to condemn him who was not grateful to the one who died to deliver the people of Londonderry from temporal death; but how about yourself? If you have up to this time never heeded His great love, oh! listen to those solemn words: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha." (1 Cor. xvi. 22.)

H. H.

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## "MY SINS ARE ALL GONE."

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"**I** WILL never believe that all my sins were born by Jesus more than eighteen hundred years ago." The speaker was a poor, hard-working woman who was dying of consumption.

A young Christian had met with her,

and being most anxious about her state of soul before God had asked a friend and myself to visit her. We had been a few times, and sought, as the Lord enabled us, to present the gospel in its simplicity to her. She had been a laundress, and her occupation, beside the bringing up of her family, appeared to have taken up all her time.

No time to read the scriptures, no time to pray, no time to attend to anything but working, eating and drinking and keeping up a respectable appearance. But God had been forgotten, His great kindness in sending His Son to shew what He desired for our present and lasting good was *unknown*.

This is the state of thousands in this dark and evil world. I felt extremely grieved to hear her say what she did, but I knew that God was speaking to her by laying her aside from her active duties; while her cough and attenuated frame shewed too plainly that her days were numbered.

In reply to her words I said, "Well, then, must Jesus, God's Son, die again to satisfy you about your sins?"

"Well, no," she replied, "but it is too easy to think I can be let off like that." "I would like you to see, Mrs. L——," I

said, "that God is too holy and righteous to overlook your sins; He could not have a taint of sin in His presence, so He let wicked men nail Jesus to the cross because in His great love He allowed His Son to die for our sins and also to be made sin. He was the only One who could be the sin-bearer—no one else could do it. Israel under the law had to offer bullocks, lambs and goats for sacrifices—all of which pointed to Jesus until He should come, who said 'Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.'

"When He hung upon the cross darkness covered the earth for three hours—He was there made sin, and under God's holy, righteous wrath took the place that we deserved.

"When all was done Jesus said 'It is finished,' and He yielded up His breath and died. One of the soldiers pierced His side and forthwith came there out blood and water.

"Wonderful death! precious blood! that satisfied God and so glorified Him that He needs no more offering for sin.

"You have sinned against God, and if He is satisfied about your sins why should not you be?

"I will bring a text to put upon the wall that you may read it, and remember

that the words were written many years before God's Son came into this world to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. You will find it in Jeremiah xxxi. 34, and in speaking of the wonderful perfection of Christ's work in Hebrews x., we find it again drawn attention to: 'And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more. Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin.' " (Vers. 17, 18.)

For some days she seemed to be no further on in her soul, which caused her christian friends some anxiety.

I met the friend who had before seen her, and he said he would go again, which he did. What he said to her, or whether God used the text on the wall, I never knew; but I do know that when I went in one morning her face looked happy, her unbelief was gone and her faith rested in what had been done upon the cross.

That one mighty work had answered to God, and she could say "I see it was all done; He died for me, that I might live unto God. My sins are all gone—all forgiven; I die in peace. I can rest in the precious blood of God's dear Son."

She lived only for a very few days after this, but long enough to shew her happi-

ness and to tell of her faith and hope being in God, who raiseth the dead and calleth those things that are not as though they were. God had "raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." (Rom. iv. 24, 25.) "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.)

We can truly thank and praise God for every one who in simple faith rests upon the divinely-given Saviour.

"Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

"How helpless and hopeless poor sinners had been,  
If He never had loved them till cleansed from  
their sin."

Trust Him for yourself, my reader, and prove for now and for ever that God is rich in mercy and righteous in the way He forgives.

E. E. S.

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## THE SUBJECTS OF GRACE.

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**T**HE list and character of persons to whom the Lord Jesus was sent make us feel how admirably adapted to us He is. The poor, the broken-hearted, captives, blind and bruised are words which describe our state exactly. To such Jesus was sent. He was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised.

It may be, dear reader, that you have never realised that your state is described by one of these words. Sin and the countless lies of the enemy of souls, Satan, may have so deadened your sense of things that you may regard yourself as quite different. We read of a class of persons who thought that they were "rich, and increased with goods," and as having "need of nothing." (Rev. iii.) But they knew not that far otherwise was their state. Is it true of you that you know not? Our hearts are deceived sometimes. Is yours? M. W. B.

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## ACCEPTED FOR HIM.

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**A** POOR blacksmith lay dying and in utter darkness as to his soul's welfare. I called upon him, and in course of conversation tried to explain how utterly lost our condition is and how unfit we are for the presence of God. It pleased God in His mercy to convince him of sin, and his misery was great.

On each occasion when I called I read the scriptures. On the particular visit to which I now refer he became very interested as I read the following verses:—

“If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord, ye shall bring your offering of the cattle, even of the herd, and of the flock. If his offering be a burnt sacrifice of the herd, let him offer a male without blemish: he shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord. And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering; and it shall be *accepted for him* to make atonement for him.” (Lev. i. 2-4.)

Through the work of the Holy Spirit the light broke into his soul. He saw for the first time that the offering was accepted *for him*. I endeavoured to explain that in the olden days the offerer

put his hand on the head of the sacrifice, and this was only a figure to shew how the guilty sinner is permitted to lay his hand, as it were, on the head of the great Sacrifice, namely, the Lord Jesus Christ. By doing this the offerer identified himself and became one with the sacrifice.

As in the days of old, the offerer was accepted on account of the sacrifice, so to-day the sinner is accepted before God by reason of the glorious worth of the Saviour, who became the victim in our stead. Christ died for our sins.

It was really wonderful to see the brightness of the poor man when he understood this, and his happiness and joy never ceased until he died. What rejoiced him so much was, that he clearly saw that it was God's acceptance of *the sacrifice* which gave him a place of favour, and not his appreciation of the sacrifice.

The sinner to-day, whoever he may be, may rejoice in the knowledge that, if he lays his hand on the head of the sacrifice, that is, accepts the Lord Jesus as having died in his stead, God accepts him as appearing before His eye in all the glorious worth of a risen and glorified Christ.

These simple lines are written in the hope that God will be pleased to use them

to bring light and joy to other hearts who may be as the poor blacksmith was—in darkness and misery. C. D.

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## DEATH AND LIFE.

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**T**HE widow of Sarepta had a gloomy outlook indeed! A cruse of oil, a little meal, a few sticks to make a fire, and then—famine and death.

And, however modified, this is really just our prospect. DEATH casts a gloom on all we possess; and at any moment death may rob us of all. Have you anything death cannot rob you of? Have you anything of which you can truly say: "This is mine for ever"?

How very solemn death is! It is the wages of sin, and after death is the judgment. It is this that makes death so exceedingly solemn.

The Lord Jesus Christ offers life. He offers that which is beyond death and cannot be spoilt by its fear. His death and blood-shedding have met the question of sin, and God now gives the Holy Spirit to every one who believes. And the Holy Spirit abundantly meets our need and our desolation. (See also John iv.)

## THE DYING STATESMAN.

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**I**T is related that when William Pitt, the remarkable statesman, was on his death-bed, he said, "I fear I have neglected prayer too much to make it available on a death-bed." Here was a man who had risen to great eminence in the state, becoming prime minister at the early age of twenty-four, who by his own confession had neglected what was due to God, and although surrounded in life by everything which might be expected to make a man happy, found himself on his death-bed almost alone, and in his misery feeling that he had no right to turn to God for help.

Poor human nature! Alas! we are so blinded by the tempter that we do not see the true vanity of all that this world can give us.

We may acquire position and wealth, but without God we are without hope. Why should we live without God and seek to find our happiness in all that the world can offer? God is good, and desires only our salvation and happiness.

The reason why we refuse to turn to Him is that we know we have sinned against Him and are too proud to own it, or else we imagine that by our own good works we shall be able to put matters right with Him.

How foolish this is! God has done all that He could do to set forth His compassion for us in our need. He knows that we have sinned, and knows the measure of our guilt far better than we do, but He has drawn near to us in

a Mediator,

the MAN, Christ Jesus.

How wonderful, as one thinks of it, that God, against whom we have sinned and whose rights we have denied and neglected, should approach us, not in judgment, but in mercy and grace!

He has found a Saviour for the very people who have wronged Him.

He has done this unasked, He has done it in the fulness of the compassion of His heart.

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

That love for the world is the  
love of unutterable

pity for lost and ruined sinners.

Had William Pitt known this he might have turned to God on his death-bed, although he had neglected prayer all his life. God will never turn a deaf ear to the cry of need from any soul.

I do not say this to encourage any one to live their life without God and intend to turn to Him on their death-bed, for it has been often stated, and very truly, that few people are saved on a death-bed.

In those last hours, when frequently the body is in pain and the mind enfeebled, how can a person rightly consider the great issues of eternity?

Too often it is the case that those who have lived without God are awakened to a realisation of their guilt upon their death-bed, but feel distressed in a sense that they are lost.

It must be a very awful thing to feel one's hold on life being relaxed, to feel all that is material in which one has lived, passing away and to have

no anchor for the soul.

It is indeed a "leap in the dark." And what darkness! A stricken conscience,

but no Saviour; a poor slave in the enemy's power, but no deliverer!

Oh! my reader, weigh well what you are doing. God has been good to you. He has shewn His compassion and His grace in the gift of

a mighty Saviour,

a Saviour for all, for you. Have you neglected Him; have you refused Him? Do it no longer, but turn to Him now.

“Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.”  
(Isa. lv. 7, 8.)

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## THE VESSEL OF GRACE.

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**I**N the Gospel of Luke the Lord Jesus Christ is presented to us as the divine vessel of grace. That is to say, He is the One in whom God shewed forth His grace. Christ's ways were ways of grace, His acts were acts of grace, His words were words of grace. And we may learn what God's heart is by the ways and

words of Jesus. The Lord Jesus never made light of sin, but He never condemned the repentant sinner. If Jesus received sinners it tells us that God will do so, for Jesus was the vessel of grace. How near God has come to us. If men are in ignorance of God it is because they do not know Jesus. No one is like Jesus! We feel He understands us, knows us perfectly, has, as it were, mixed with us and moved about among us and has seen our sin and misery. He makes us feel our sin and yet we are drawn to Him, for He is the Saviour of sinners.

M. W. B.

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## THE CONVERSION OF "DONKEY JIM."

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**T**HE following is written as an incentive to continuance in prayer according to Matthew xviii. 19.

In a small town in the south of England a lady called upon a friend to ask if she would join her in prayer. She was anxious, she said, about a man whom she was visiting, known as "Donkey Jim" (a man who let out horses and donkeys on hire). He was a wild and morose man—one who never spoke without swearing.



She had called the first time to inquire for him, having heard of his serious illness, and his wife asked if she would like to see him. She accepted the invitation, and as she made a rule never to call on a sick person without introducing the subject nearest to her heart, she asked him if he would like her to read to him. He did not speak, so she read a chapter from the Bible (John x.), he seemingly not listening to the words. However, she said she would call again, and did so day after day for some time, reading different passages of scripture on each occasion, without the word of God apparently taking any effect upon him—but rather the reverse, according to what she heard of the language used in the sick room.

She begged her friend to pray with her every day before she went, claiming the promise that God would answer believing prayer, and asking that He would make it harder for them to *doubt* than it was to *believe* His word—for they knew that they were asking in accordance with the will of God.

Again she went to see the sick man, and upon returning told her friend that God was answering prayer, for he had told her that he was a great sinner. She had pointed him to the Saviour and asked

him to pray, "Lord, save me," but she could do no more.

Before she went the next day the two friends again sought the throne of grace and asked that light might be given him.

On calling again she found him ready and anxious to listen, and he seemed to take it in, and trust, but there was an absence of joy, and she said that she would pray that he might have the "joy" of salvation, so that his friends might see what God had done for his soul.

So the two friends prayed that he might give a bright testimony. After another visit to the sick room the visitor returned to tell her friend, with tears of joy in her eyes, how marvellously God had answered their prayers, for as soon as she went into the room he told her how happy he was, and that Jesus had washed away his sins, his one regret being that he had not believed sooner!

The two friends praised God together, and a few days after "Donkey Jim" went "home" to be with the Saviour he had learned to love. His wife gave testimony to the happy time she spent with him after his conversion, and all who saw him marvelled, for all his former moroseness and bad temper had disappeared, and he, who once scarcely spoke without an oath,

now loved to sound the praises of the Lord Jesus.

“It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.” (Isa. lxxv. 24.)

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## THE PRINCIPLE OF GRACE.

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**T**HERE is nothing more disliked by the human heart than grace; and yet there is nothing we need more, and nothing really suits us better.

Grace supposes no claim on the part of the person who benefits thereby. (Rom. xi. 6.) And it is just this which makes us dislike it, for we do not like to think we have no claim to any blessing and no rights before God. But such is undoubtedly our case.

When we realise what we are before God, that we are sinners, and such sinners that it necessitated the death of Jesus to atone for sin, we treat grace very differently. We feel it is the very thing we want. How gladly the believer sings:

“Grace is the sweetest sound  
That ever reached our ears; [frowned,  
When conscience charged and justice  
’Twas grace removed our fears!”

M. W. B.

## THE END OF A WEEK OF MISERY.

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**T**HROUGH the goodness of God I was brought up in a christian household, where the scriptures were valued and read. From my youngest days I can remember going with my parents to a place where the Lord's people regularly gathered because they loved and cherished His name.

The time came at length when I commenced business, and although only a lad of fifteen, soon began to feel very big. It was not long before I became acquainted with those who had no respect for the Lord Jesus Christ or His people. Many a hateful remark did I hear against Him. But I was not at all backward in riding over all that I had heard at home. The world and its ways soon laid hold of me, and I found myself making companions of those who were strangers to the grace of God.

It is a blessed thing to start out in the world as one who has put one's trust in the Saviour. Many a snare would He preserve us from.

A man is known by the company he keeps, and the companionship which I sought was a sign of the path I was treading; it was

a downward one.

Satan had his eye upon me and was determined to go as far as ever he was permitted. I began to have a longing for the music hall, having heard my worldly friends say many times how they had enjoyed so-and-so at a music hall not far away. I soon found myself there with them.

The concert room, the theatre, and the football field were places to which I resorted in order to satisfy the cravings of my heart, but no satisfaction did they give me.

The very same hour on Monday evenings when I was at the music hall my parents, and others of the Lord's people, were on their knees praying for me. This continued for many months. They little knew where I was, but God knew, and He graciously followed me.

Prayer was about to be answered. I had heard many things about Christ, and knew that if I was to be satisfied at all I was shut up to Him.

I appeared very happy on the surface,

but inwardly was very dissatisfied with the world's show.

I continued for a time, until at length I became disgusted and felt there was something better for me. The Christians I went in and out amongst were truly happy, I could tell that by their faces. Yet I was as miserable as the day was long, and decided to get right away from all christian influence. Leave my home I must, and get clear of Christians.

I was packing up one evening when my dear father, who is now with the Lord, came and asked what I was going to do. I told him I was going to leave home. He burst into tears in front of me. That took all the courage out of me. How could I leave a father who could weep over me?

It had a wonderful effect. No more music halls for me. I was thinking all the next week, and I began to be more miserable than ever, so much so that the fellows at the office began to wonder what was going to happen to me. All the week I tried to pray, and could not. I endeavoured to meet a Christian to whom I could speak about my soul, and when I saw him coming had not the courage to face him.

The next Lord's day evening found me

at the preaching as usual, and I went home just as miserable as ever. I had hoped to get relief there.

As soon as we got home that night another member of the family confessed Christ as his Saviour. It so delighted the hearts of my parents that we all kneeled down, and when my father had thanked God, he suggested singing a hymn, the first line of which reads,

“Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him.”

I sat in a corner, still miserable, the only one who could not sing it.

The hymn being finished I went up to my bedroom and shut the door. The only passage of scripture I could think of was one my father was very fond of bringing before me, “Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.” (John xx. 29.) Everything was settled with me that night. God was pleased to give me light. He shewed me what a sinner I was, but also what a Saviour He had provided in Jesus. I had not seen Jesus, but I got down on my knees and told Him I believed Him. I shall not forget the simplicity of it, and felt how foolish I had been not to see it long before.

What about Monday morning, and that

young fellow who took me to the music hall? It was not very long before he was aware of what had taken place. I could no longer be his companion, for he sneered at me; yet through it all the Lord supported me.

I can “praise the Saviour” now because I know Him. Can you?

The prayers of those who thought more of my soul than I did myself were answered, and never shall I forget the reception I had when I walked into a week-night meeting. Such a reception would be looked for in vain in this poor, cold world.

Reader, the Saviour is waiting to welcome you and minister happiness to your soul which He alone can give. Come to Him now!

A. H. C.

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## “ A REFUGE FROM THE STORM.”

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**O**NE morning in early summer we walked along the beach of a seaport town. Suddenly quite a little gale of wind and rain blew up, so we ran for shelter under the eaves of a large hut



which had been erected for the use of officers.

Two men came out and kindly offered us shelter under the verandah entrance. We stood there until the storm had passed over, and then turned to thank the men for their kindness. One of us said, "You have kindly given us a shelter from this present storm, but do you know that another storm, one of judgment, is coming? No one will escape that storm but those who have taken covert beneath the refuge God has provided in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is written in the Bible that "a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment. And a *man* shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." (Isa. xxxii. 1, 2.)

"Have you taken refuge in Jesus the Lord? He died for sins once, but lives again, a Prince and a Saviour. He will come again, not having to say to sin, which He did once, when He offered up Himself. 'Think it over,' said we, "and take refuge in Him now."

How those men listened to the few words spoken in so much weakness. As we turned to wish them good morning

we found there were several behind who had been listening to what was said. We went on our way with a thankful heart, assured that what is written by the Holy Spirit of God can never fail. We read in Isaiah iv. 6 of a “ place of refuge and for a covert from storm and from rain ” which will be for God’s earthly people in a future day. How gladly will the escaped of Israel turn to their once rejected King.

They said, “ We have no king but Cæsar.” (John xix. 15.) How they will have to learn that He, who by wicked hands was crucified and slain, is their Prince and their Saviour. Peter told those Jews all about what they had done in Acts ii. But he told them that God had made that same Jesus both Lord and Christ. The apostle also bade them repent, and they should receive forgiveness of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Was this offer for the Jew only? If you have any doubt that it is for you read verse 39, “ to all that are afar off.”

Now, if you are interested about the refuge, read also what wonderful things are written in Isaiah xxv. 4. They are words for the use of a saved people who

understand the meaning of the exalted Lord being "a fortress to the poor, a fortress for the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat: when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." They will also prove that death is swallowed up in victory! Blessed, glorious day for the earth then.

But God would have us receive the good of the glorious gospel *now*, by taking refuge in His Christ for our soul's salvation.

Those officers who heard the few words in a time of leisure may have had them brought to their memory upon the battlefield. May they have said, and may the reader say, in looking to Jesus, their Lord and Saviour—

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

E. E. S.

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## A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

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**I**N a busy little town in Kent a chimney sweep plied his grimy calling. Active and able-bodied, he was to be seen early and at all hours moving about in the district. A man of a passionate disposition, the smallest difficulty, hindrance or opposition would call forth an oath; and when in the company of those of his own class, he would freely indulge in the most terrible invective. He was, in short, a terror to every one in any way connected with him, and not less so to himself, as he afterwards confessed.

A more unlikely object, from a human point of view, for the grace of God to take up and subject to Himself, could scarcely be imagined; but He delights in accomplishing man's impossibilities.

Truly, as we recall His mercies we can endorse that scripture, "As for God, his way is perfect." (Psa. xviii. 30.)

On a certain occasion the sweep, aroused to fury by some sudden disappointment, after using the most profane language and

cursing all around him, wound up by invoking a curse upon himself.

Instantly God thus challenged took him at his word; and, strong man as he was, he collapsed in a heap on the spot, never to stand upright again!

Another has remarked, "God had to touch my body in order that He might win my heart," and so it was in this case.

The sweep, as he lay helpless upon his bed, with all the fire gone out of him, had full opportunity to reflect.

The Holy Spirit began to work in him, to shew him the folly and gratuitous wickedness of his past course, in rebellion against God and every right principle.

Day after day, with wearisome nights, elapsed, while this pulverising process went on, till at last his wretchedness became extreme, and he seemed to come to an end of himself, silent and passive, endorsing the psalmist's confession: "Day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah . . . I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah." (Psa. xxxii. 4, 5.)

How often, by resisting God, and holding out against His gracious work in us, we frustrate or delay our blessing!

Oh! the grace and patience that bears with us meanwhile.

The very strength of the sweep's nature, however, made the reality of his brokenness the more apparent, without a shred of reserve.

Thus, when a servant of the Lord, hearing of his trouble, visited him at this time, he found no opposition, but, on the contrary, a ready desire to hear.

Simply and clearly the glad tidings of God's great salvation were unfolded to the prepared heart of the poor sweep.

“For the grace of God which carries with it salvation for all men has appeared, teaching us that, having denied impiety and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, and justly, and piously in the present course of things, awaiting the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us.” (Titus ii. 11-14, New Trans.)

With deep humility the word of God was received and believed on, and the Holy Spirit sealed him for Christ.

Then what joy filled his heart, as he witnessed amid all his helplessness of body to the infinite grace that had sought and brought him, a poor, vile sinner, to know and dwell in the love of God through

Jesus Christ, his precious Saviour and Redeemer!

His testimony was such that among many influenced by it was another of the same calling. Thus, out of a renewed and grateful heart he sought to fulfil his Saviour's behest to the healed demoniac: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." (Mark v. 19.)

Yes, and God is willing and able to save to the uttermost all who come to Him by Jesus Christ.

There is only one way, alike for the greatest and the humblest, and that is by way of the cross, that no flesh should glory in His presence.

Are you prepared to take that way? If so, "the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. x. 12, 13.)

T. K.

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### "WIPED AWAY."

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**W**HAT countless numbers have been brought into blessing by simply believing one or more of the twelve golden verses of Isaiah liii., giving as they do

such a living "report" of the unbelief of the human heart, then of the sufferings of the Saviour for those who saw no beauty in Him. And then, how God has exalted Him and given Him a portion with the great and a division of the spoil with the strong; because He poured out His soul unto death and was numbered with the transgressors.

The prophet Isaiah was enabled not only to sketch out the Saviour's sufferings for sinners, but he also saw His glory (John xii. 41), saw Him in vision "sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up," and he tells us that in spite of the sin and unbelief of the human heart some would believe the report about Him and be converted and healed.

How often the heart is made fat and the eyes are shut and the ears stopped by influences baneful and hurtful, and by surroundings and circumstances, but how blessed when the light of the Saviour's sufferings for sin and His present glory penetrate the soul, and the eyes are opened to see it, and the ears unstopped to hear about it, and the heart enabled to believe it.

Not long ago I was asked to visit an elderly person where I was having gospel meetings. His life had been religious,



upright and sincere ; he had been a regular attendant at his place of worship, but had never believed the "report" of Isaiah liii. about the sin and unbelief of his own heart and the sufferings of the Saviour on Calvary's cross for such a sinner as he was.

It was nearly seven o'clock on an autumn evening when I was shewn into his room and left alone with him.

My heart went up to God at such a moment. The weak state of the patient, the feeble light in the room, the urgency of the case, the blessed opportunity afforded, all combined to give me a sense of weakness, and at the same time cast me on God for the right word to speak.

He could not say his sins were forgiven when appealed to, but like many others had repeated, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body," &c., all his life, without any reality about it. I repeated slowly for him :—

"All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on him [the Saviour] the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. 6.)

God who alone could weigh up the enormity of our sin and wickedness, God who alone could reckon up our sins, who alone could measure our guilt, had caused

all to meet on Christ, when lifted up between heaven and earth as Sinbearer.

The "report" of the Saviour's love in being wounded for his transgressions, bruised for his iniquities, bearing his chastisement and his stripes, seemed to enter his soul. He said he believed now and was so thankful, and asked for a word of prayer.

I knelt down at his bedside and commended him to the Lord, at the same time asking that any doubts or fears still lurking in his mind might be banished, and that he might be shielded from the fiery darts of the adversary in the time of bodily weakness.

It was nearing the time to leave, so I bent down and asked him, "Where are your sins now?" Clear and distinct came the answer, "Wiped away, wiped away!"

These were the last words he ever uttered, as about two hours after he crossed the border, out of time into eternity, into a scene where neither death, nor want, nor woe can ever come.

What an amount of unreality there often is during our lifetime here, observing outward forms and ceremonies, drawing near to God with the lips while the heart is far off.

But a time comes when perhaps health and strength have gone and the end draws near.

Nothing then will avail but reality.

Reader, has the question of your sins ever been raised?

If it has, can you also say, "Wiped away, wiped away" ?

J. P. W.

## SINS REMEMBERED NO MORE !

**B**EING a stranger in the town where I had come to reside I waited upon the Lord that He would guide me in seeking to speak for Him.

Being assured that He would guide me I walked by the wayside and gave away a few tracts, one to an old man who was nearly blind. He was very delighted with the book.

When I met him again he surprised me by saying, "I want to know if you can answer me one question? I am an old man and have such a load of sin, and no one can tell me how to get rid of it, and I should not like to die as I am."

I asked him how he thought he could get his sins put away? He said, "Some tell me I must wait for the Spirit, and I

have waited and am no better. Others tell me I must wait till the judgment day, and really I can get no idea about it."

Gladly enough did I tell him of the finished work of Christ on the cross, and said, "Now is the accepted time." If you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as "bearing your sins in his own body" you *are* saved this very hour, and He has said, "their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. x. 17.) The old man seemed to grasp the meaning of these words, and with his face brightened with a new joy he begged me to go again. I went again a few days later, when he told me he was rejoicing in Christ as his own Saviour. I visited him after this for two years on and off, when one day on going in I found him ill and hardly able to speak, but he said, "I shall meet you in heaven," and the next day he passed away to be with the Saviour he had learned to know and trust.

Reader, are you concerned about your sins; do you long to know how you may be relieved of the burden of them? Hear the words of the Lord Jesus Himself: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Thousands have turned to Him and

found Him ready to receive them. Nay more, He *has* received them and saved them.

He is a mighty Saviour. Think of the grace that brought Him down to death and judgment to open up a way in which we may reap the fruits of His glorious work and victory.

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

C. D.

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## COALS OF FIRE.

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**S**EVERAL years ago it was my privilege to be standing in an open space by the town hall of a town in the south of England, with another Christian, seeking to proclaim the glad tidings of the grace of God to a small crowd of perhaps two hundred people.

It was a quiet night, and we were having an attentive hearing when a half-drunken man on the outskirts of the audience began to jeer and create a disturbance while my friend was speaking, calling out, “These are two Christians!”

I went round to him, and said, "Look here, my man, if you keep quiet while my friend is having his say, you shall have yours after."

"Well," he said, "that's a bargain; give us your hand on it," which I did, and he was quiet, while the crowd was told in plain language their need of the Saviour God had provided, and of their welcome to receive Him.

After my friend had finished, I fetched the man round and told the crowd, which had by this time increased in numbers, that he had something to say to them.

He began:—"These two men (referring to my friend and myself) call themselves Christians. Ah!" with a jeer, "I'll tell you about two of these Christians. Years ago, we were ordered out to the Taku Forts, in China. I was then serving on H.M.S. "Imortalité," Commander B——, and as we left Plymouth two of these Christians—chaplains—came on board. A nice lot they were! They were supposed to look after us chaps' souls. Ah, ah! not they! They looked after their own bodies, and guzzled away at the officers' mess. When we arrived at Malta, off they went, you know where (with a wag of his head), and nearly lost the boat returning. The same thing

happened at Calcutta, and when we got to our destination, and the fighting commenced, the scoundrels hid themselves below, and I saw no more of them. There you are, these are what are called Christians!"

My friend, who had been taking stock of this man, and had whispered to me that he knew him, then came forward and faced him.

"G—— G——," he said, "do you know me?"

The other looked at him, and said "No."

"What!" said my friend, "not remember B—— F."

"No," was the answer, but given rather uneasily.

"G—— G——," my friend said, "God has permitted us to meet on the narrow plank of life once more to-night, after eighteen years, and *that* for a purpose. Although you profess not to know me, I remember you well enough, for I was on that same ship, under that same commander, and on that same voyage, and I give the lie this night, before all these people, to what you have been saying regarding these two young men, God's dear servants."

G—— G——, upon this, not liking the turn things were taking, wanted to get

away, but we prevented him, and my friend went on.

“ We had not been twenty-four hours out of Plymouth when, as I was down below, off duty, one of these two dear Christians came and sat down alongside me, and began in a friendly way to inquire after my affairs, gradually leading up to my soul's welfare, and shewing me my awful state, for I was then a careless, godless fellow. He left me, to go to some other man, but what he had said and the scriptures he had quoted did not; I could not get rid of them, and I was miserable.

“ Shortly after, noting a change in me, the light-hearted sailor he had previously spoken to, he asked me whether I had been thinking of the scriptures he had mentioned. I acknowledged that I had, that I felt my deep need as a sinner, and that I could find no rest. He then spoke to me of Christ, of His finished work, and told me that He was the Saviour that God had provided for me. He came repeatedly, and by the time we arrived at Malta I had, by the grace of God, found joy and peace in believing on Him, ‘ who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.’ (Rom. iv. 25.)



“It was true that at Malta these two dear Christians left the ship quickly, I with them, and where did we go? Not where this poor fellow (pointing at G—— G——, who now seemed thoroughly cowed) intimated, but to the Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Institute, where they two told forth the riches of God’s grace to a large audience. Much blessing resulted, and we were kept busy up to the time the vessel sailed.

“The same thing occurred at Calcutta, and at the Taku Forts these two came below and stripped, and worked hard with us, handing ammunition about.”

My friend thus closed his moving defence of his spiritual benefactors, and all present seemed to feel that he had more than answered their craven accuser, who had maligned the name of Christians, and thus of Christ Himself.

Indeed, a word had been spoken that might well search every unrenewed heart among them, with what result “the day shall declare.”

As he stopped, I endeavoured to enlarge on the longsuffering of God and His salvation:—“Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man

Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all." (1 Tim. ii. 4-6.)

After the meeting we also besought poor G --- G—— to turn to God, who had so signally intervened that night in his rebellious career, and given him another chance.

May this record of God's faithfulness to His servants, and how, in His time, He vindicated them, prove an encouragement to others to continue, "in season and out of season," and "by evil report and good report," in the work of the Lord.

G. J. E.

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## THE DISPENSATION OF GRACE.

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**I**N the present time God is acting in grace. He is not acting towards us according to what we deserve: He is not calling us to account for our sins. He is waiting in longsuffering, not willing that any should perish. (2 Pet. iii. 9.) He desires that all should be saved. (1 Tim. ii. 3, 4.)

But this present manner of dealing with us on God's part will not go on for ever! The day of judgment is coming—a day when God will judge the *secrets* of

men by Jesus Christ. (Rom. ii. 5, 6, 16.) Then men will be judged according to their works. (Rev. x. 13.) In *that* day it will not be grace and salvation, but judgment and condemnation.

It is a "day of salvation" now and is called the dispensation of the grace of God.

M. W. B.

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## "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

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THE earth was waste and void,  
 And o'er the deep  
 A shroud of darkness hung,  
 In silent sleep.

God's Spirit moved above  
 The waters bare :  
 "Let there be light!" He spake—  
 And light was there.

My soul was dead, and lost  
 In sin's dark place ;  
 Till God in mercy wrought,  
 In sov'reign grace.

His Spirit hovered o'er  
 My dreary night,  
 And that majestic word,  
 "Let there be light,"

Prevailed. And there was light.  
 O Light divine !  
 The love of God, in Christ,  
 For ever mine !

## “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?”

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**W**ILLIAM BECKFORD was born about the middle of the eighteenth century. His father, a wealthy West Indian proprietor, died when his son was a child of only ten years old and left him the heir to an income of more than £100,000 a year to accumulate until the boy should reach his majority.

Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education.

At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling, he launched upon the world.

He visited Portugal and devoted himself to a life of luxury and ease, giving way to such wanton extravagance as shewed all too clearly that he had not the fear of God before his eyes.

He returned to England to a mansion erected by his father at a cost of £263,000, but taking a foolish dislike to the place he ordered it to be pulled down. He

resolved that from the ruins a building surpassing in magnificence all that hitherto had been known in English art should arise.

Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the west of England, was the result of his determination. The marvel of the building, however, was a tower of colossal size and great height, erected evidently to satisfy the foolish pride of his heart.

To complete the tower and building almost every cart in the county was employed, so that at one time agricultural labour was nearly suspended. Impatient of delay, night was not allowed to hinder the progress of the work. Torchlight was employed, fresh bands of labourers relieving at evening those who worked by day.

In the dark nights of the winter the distant traveller was startled by the blaze of light from Fonthill, which proclaimed at once the folly of the man of whom we are writing.

Beckford's principal enjoyment was in watching the building of his mansion. At night he would repair to some elevated part of his grounds and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours upon the object for which he lived. Alas! the building was truly the idol of his heart.

After the completion of the abbey Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall nearly twenty miles in circumference surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass.

In stately grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the world.

All that art and wealth could give were lavished upon the interior. Gold and silver vases and cups were so numerous that they dazzled the eye, until as some one who visited the place declared, “One might almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely of vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond.”

Such was Fonthill Abbey! With an income of more than £100,000 per annum one might have supposed that Beckford was secure from the change of fortune. A sudden depreciation, however, of West Indian property took place, some law suits ended unfavourably, and embarrassments poured in like a flood on the princely owner.

The abbey, erected at such vast cost, was sold; the greater part of its costly treasures were scattered by the hammer of

the auctioneer. Beckford, with shattered fragments of an immense fortune, had to spend his old age in a watering-place.

What could he now shew for the amount of wealth entrusted to his stewardship? Little more than a heap of rubbish, a dismantled mansion in Portugal and two ruined dwellings in England. The tower which he had erected at such vast cost fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner.

I have never been able to trace one word which indicates that Beckford had the fear of God before his eyes. On the contrary, all that has been written of him goes to shew that he had no other thought before him than to satisfy the selfish cravings of his heart.

Indeed, as I pen this brief sketch I am reminded of the parable uttered by the Lord Jesus, of a certain rich man who fared sumptuously every day and neglected the beggar that was at his gate, and in hell lifted up his eyes, being in torment.

How foolish man is to live without God. Nay, more; how wicked he is to do so. Has God no claim upon His creature? Is it right that God should be ignored? No, indeed! By rich and poor, by old and young, He ought to be acknowledged.

He makes no arbitrary claim and asks no tiresome service.

In Beckford we see a man who not only neglected what was due to God but trusted in uncertain riches and made them the idol of his heart.

Reader, probably you will never have the opportunity to trust in riches so abundant as those possessed by Beckford, but you may have neglected God and lived in self-pleasing. Has it ever occurred to you that the day will come when you must appear before God to give an account of the deeds done in the body? What can you say of the years of life spent without God? And more, you and I have sinned in asserting our wills against God. There should be only one will in this universe, and that the will of God; but, alas! His will has been set at nought. You and I have done this; not once, nor twice, but many times. And we have used all that we have for selfish ends.

As surely as Beckford's riches eluded his grasp, so surely will that in which we put our trust pass away unless our hope is in God.

But God wants our love, our trust, our confidence. What marvellous grace that He should seek a place in my heart, in yours!



Reader, it is like God. He rejoices in blessing those who are needy, in enriching those who are poor, in forgiving those who are guilty, in loving those who have hated Him.

“God is love.” His love is the love of unutterable pity for the sin-laden sons of men. His love is a love of self-sacrifice. He gave His only begotten Son. “In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.” (1 John iv. 9.)

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## “PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU.”

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**A** DYING soldier was being carried from the battlefield when he turned to his comrades and said, “Put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me further; I am dying. Hark! the bugle sounds the charge.”

Unwillingly they did so, and returned to the ranks.

A few minutes later, which must have seemed hours to the poor sufferer, an officer passed that way, and seeing the poor fellow, he stopped and said, “Can I do anything for you?”

“Nothing, thank you, sir,” said the man, trying to raise his hand to the salute.

“Shall I get you a little water?” continued the kind-hearted officer, touched more than he liked to shew.

“No, thank you, sir; I am dying.”

“Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends, or send any message to tell them of your death?”

The tears stood in the soldier's eyes. “I have no friends, sir, that you can write to. And yet there is one thing for which I should be much obliged. In my knapsack here, sir, under my head, you will find a Testament. Will you open it at John xiv., and near the end of the chapter you will find the verse that begins ‘Peace.’ Will you read it?”

The officer stooped down, and with trembling fingers opened the knapsack. He took out the well-worn Testament and searched for the chapter. His eye lighted on the verse. He glanced at the dying man; the light of faith and hope gleamed in the upturned face. The officer turned away to hide a tear. That bright hope which buoyed up the soldier reminded him of the last moments of his own mother. He looked again at the verse; it was the very one her dying lips had repeated, and here, amidst the roar of

artillery and the din of war, he must read those solemn words. He steadied his voice and read, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The reading of that verse scarcely occupied a moment of time; yet the thoughts of both reader and listener roved over years long passed away. The dying soldier was far away from the battlefield and again in the little village where he had passed his boyhood. How well he could remember his pastor, long gone to that home to which he was following him. Soon the soldier would join his friend—he, the roughest and wildest boy in the village, over whom the pastor had shed many a tear and for whom he had often prayed, had been brought by the good Shepherd into the true fold.

Such was the picture which came before the soldier's eyes as he looked back.

As he looked forward the glory dazzled him; bright angels seemed to be around him; Jesus looked down; the battlefield seemed far away, as the loving voice he knew so well, that of his Saviour and Lord, whispered, "Come up hither."

And what of the officer? The words of Jesus fell from his lips—those lips which had not read a verse from the word of God for many a long year—and he thought of that mother whose hope had been in the Lord, and whose death he could never forget. He remembered the long course of years since—how the memory of her counsel had faded away; how he joined in the laugh and sneer against the word of God, which he now held in his hand, and had often declared that “soldiers had nothing to do with religion, no time to attend to their souls,” and yet here was he, on the battlefield, with the despised New Testament in his hand, reading to a dying man. What would his gay and infidel companions say could they see him this? A feeling of shame filled his soul and burnt on his cheek. But it passed away as he looked at the dying man and saw that his heart was full, not of “a fearful looking for of judgment,” but of “joy and peace in believing.”

How strange it was, thought he, there must be something which I do not know in a religion like this. The officer, as he looked again on the radiant face, thought: Well, a religion which can make a man smile in joy as he lies on the cold ground

of the battlefield, in the agonies of death, is a religion worth having.

The dying man raised himself on his elbow and gazed at the officer, as if reading his thoughts.

“Thank you, sir,” said he, “I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour. God is with me. I want no more. Keep it, sir,” he continued, his voice sinking so low that his listener had to bend down his ear to his lips, “Keep the Testament; it led me to Jesus, it will lead you.” The spasm of death caught his voice and fluttered across his face, and he fell heavily back on the ground.

The young officer placed the book in his breast pocket as he hastened to join his regiment. “If I am spared,” said he, “I will know this peace for myself.”

The soldier was safe in Christ, and so now is the officer. A small gravestone stands on the battlefield, with the name and regiment of a private soldier.

It was put up by an officer of high command, who keeps it sacredly, and on it are carved the words:

\* “He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.” (Psa. xxi. 4.)

\* [These words in their fulness apply to Christ.—ED.]

## THE WARNING HEEDED.

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**M**ANY years ago a captain commanding a vessel named "The Hyacinth" was working up for Barbadoes when a hurricane came on with great suddenness. He had been on deck during some of the finest weather ever witnessed in that climate, and had just been admiring the beauty of the evening. The atmosphere of the horizon was perfectly clear, not a cloud obscuring the sky, nor was there the least probability of a change as far as could be judged from any appearance in the heavens or on the ocean.

Going below to his cabin the captain threw himself upon a sofa. A minute or two afterwards he happened to look at a barometer suspended near, and observed that the mercury was falling. It was a moment when he would not have thought of consulting the instrument for any purpose, and it was so strange that he thought he must be deceived; but still the mercury fell. He then tapped the instrument, but still the descent of the quicksilver was certain, and continued.

He went on deck, but the weather was as lovely as before. Still he was con-

vinced that a fall so rapid and remarkable must indicate that something unexpected was about to happen.

He called the first lieutenant and told him what he had seen ; but he thought that there could be no storm likely, the sea and sky were so clear and beautiful. However, the captain was not of this opinion, as in ordinary circumstances the falling barometer indicated that a storm was coming ; he resolved to prepare for one, and with a speed and energy proportionate with the singular rapidity of the fall in the barometer. He ordered everything instantly to be made snug, the topmasts to be struck, and all to be got down and secured upon deck.

The officers and ship's company were surprised, and still incredulous ; one man said to another, " The captain is determined to sweat us." By an activity urged on by command and entreaty all was lowered and secured. The officers of the ship, except the captain, were still of their previous opinion, and well they might be. So far none of the appearances then existed that usually precede storms and hurricanes in that latitude.

The evening had closed in by the time operations on board ship were nearly completed. The captain relaxed nothing

in the way of preparation to the last, and saw it finished to his satisfaction.

An hour or two had gone by, during which his mind had become composed with the reflection that he had prepared for the worst, when he had proof of the value of the barometer's warning. A storm did come on and reached its fury almost at once, so that not a rag of sail could be kept up. The wind blew with such violence that the sea became one vast plain of foam, on which the ship lay driving furiously along. Fortunately there was ample sea room, and the good ship rode it out in safety.

Do you know, my reader, of that storm of judgment so soon to break upon this poor world? The word of God is our sure, unerring barometer, and plainly indicates its approach. In our case things all around do not appear calm and peaceful, but shew most clearly that the clouds are gathering.

Directly we open the pages of scripture we learn how surely the wrath of God will fall upon this guilty world. Had the captain refused to act upon the warning given, he and his crew would probably have perished amid the waves; but forewarned, he was forearmed, and his vessel and her freight were safe.



If you refuse to hear the voice of Him who speaks to you, warning of judgment to come, you must perish in the awful storm that must ere long break over this world. I beseech you to flee from the wrath to come. Wherever sin is judgment will fall, and if you continue in sin that judgment will fall upon you. Judgment is God's strange work; He takes no pleasure in it, He wills not the death of a sinner, but would rather that he turned from his wickedness.

None of us know how soon the Lord Jesus may rise up and come to take away His people. When they are gone (see 1 Thess. iv.) the door of mercy, now so widely open, will be closed for ever. Oh, my reader, haste thee for refuge in Christ; He bids thee come to Him in words tender in their entreaty, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

M. A. B.

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## ABLE AND WILLING.

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**O**NE of the most notable incidents of the present war is the surrender of General Townshend and his army at Kut to the Turks. No discredit reflects either

on the gallant General and his troops or on the army which attempted to relieve them, but the fact remains that their countrymen were *unable to save them*.

No doubt every man in the relieving army would gladly have given his life to save the British force, but they were unable to do it.

It is a relief to turn from man's weakness to God's power. The gospel comes to tell of a

Saviour able to save.

God has laid help on One who is *mighty*. Every unsaved soul is in the grasp of a great and powerful enemy who seeks to drag men down to destruction. "The wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.)

If you are serving Satan you will receive his wages—death!

Whence then is the deliverer to come? We are shut up to God alone. If He does not come in for our salvation we are eternally lost. The glorious news of the gospel is that God *has* intervened in the person of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. He has met and defeated the foe, and is now able to deliver those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. (Heb. ii. 15.)

There is something more needed how-

ever than God's power to save, and that is His willingness.

When the Lord Jesus was on earth a leper came to Him; he knew his need, he had a dreadful and incurable disease. He also knew of One able to save him, and coming to that blessed One he fell before Him and said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

He knew the Lord's power, but he was doubtful of His heart.

What was the answer? Jesus said, "I will: be thou clean," and immediately the leprosy departed from him. (Luke v. 12, 13.)

Now let me ask, Do you know that Saviour? Do you know His power to save, and do you know His willingness? He can never fail. He will never let you go if you trust Him. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.) Why not trust Him for time and eternity?

A. G. D.

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## GOD'S GOODNESS AND MAN'S FOLLY.

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**I** HAD taken my seat in the London train, and was waiting, wondering if I should travel alone, as there was no other occupant of the carriage, when a little old man came up to the train and called out, "Is this 'ere train right for E ---?"

I replied that it was, and he stepped into the carriage.

In a few minutes the train started, and my companion settled himself in the opposite corner, lighting his pipe, asking me at the same time whether I had any objection to his smoking. I told him that I was not a smoker myself, but that if he wished to smoke I would make no objection.

He became quite chatty as the train sped along, and told me that some of his acquaintance had been very surly and unkind to him.

As I listened to his story I longed to be able to lead him to the Saviour. Here

was a man with an immortal spirit apparently without any knowledge of God or of Christ, and an opportunity had come for me to speak to him. I sought the Lord's help, for my heart longed, as I have said, that he might be saved.

"Although you have had your trials and your ups and downs, God has been good to you," I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied, as he eyed me in a half suspicious sort of way. "It's quite true, He has been good to me. You see," he went on, "I had a good father and mother, and there was a large family of us; but, there, I 'aven't done so well as the rest of 'em. I was a bit of a wild sort of boy, I was. But I have a good wife, a real good un; she never complains or nags at me. And our children's all grown up, they are; there's only me and the missus now at home."

As he paused for a moment in his story I said, "And have you ever thanked God for His goodness to you?"

"Yes, sir," he said, quietly, and he seemed as though he were thinking deeply of something.

I said, "God has indeed been good to us. Think of His goodness when men were sinners against Him, caring nothing for His will and thinking only of their

own, that He gave His Son to die in our stead."

"Yes," he said, "God 'as been good to me. Now, look you 'ere, sir, I'll tell you a bit about what's 'appened to me. Some years ago I was out o' work, and I'd been trampin' about London lookin' for a job, but I couldn't find one nohow, and a gentleman stopped me and said I looked tired and hungry, and asked me what was the matter. I told him how I was out of a job and couldn't find work, and had been trampin' about and had had nothin' to eat since I come away from home. He gave me a couple o' bob, and told me to go and get a meal, and as he left me he said, 'Have you ever asked God to help you?' I told him I 'adn't, but I thanked him for his kindness, and as he pressed me to pray to God for help, I promised him I would.

"He left me, and I turned to go home. When I got indoors I said to the missus, 'there, that's all I've got,' and I put the money down on the table. We had a bit to eat, and by-and-by we went to bed.

"You must know I didn't tell the missus what the gentleman said about praying to God, but as I lay there in bed it all come back to me, and, sir, do you believe me, I just said it, quiet like, down here," and

he pointed to his heart, " 'Please God, help me to get some work.' And I went to sleep; I sort of felt better for praying, for I 'adn't prayed for years.

"The following day I started off again looking for work, and that day I found a job, and a very good one it was too. I felt that God had answered my prayer, and I thought it was very good of Him. I felt I would try and live a different life, but I never said nothing about it."

"Well, and how have you got on?" I asked.

"I aint got on at all, sir; the fact is you must know that a little drop o' beer's my trouble. I aint a drunkard, no! but there it is."

"It seems to me that God has brought us together here alone in the train that He might use me to speak to you. You will not turn away again, will you? Think of His great love in giving His Son to die in our stead, and think, too, of the mercy and grace of the Lord Jesus in lingering over you all these years. It is a solemn moment in your history; do not let it pass away, but turn to God now."

The old man was quiet for a moment or two, when he looked up, and said, "I have made up my mind that I'm goin' to have a pint o' beer when I get out of this

'ere train. No, sir, it aint no good. I've set my mind on it and I'm going to have it!"

I pleaded with him again and sought to shew him how he was really selling his soul for a glass of beer; but it was all to no purpose, he had made up his mind.

Before very long we had reached his station and he stepped out, wishing me good night and thanking me for speaking to him, but as determined as ever to follow his own way.

As the train moved on again I felt sad at the thought of this man turning deliberately away from God. It was remarkable how his prayer had been answered and he felt that God had been good to him. Oh! the folly of playing with sin and allowing a habit to gain such control of one that even the claims of God are neglected in order to gratify a craving. How awful to sell one's soul for a glass of beer, or indeed for anything else. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Reader, are you turning a deaf ear to the voice of God; are you allowing some habit to control you, so that you are losing your soul? Pause and think ere it be too late.

The soul lost, heaven lost, God lost



Christ lost, eternity lost—and the gain only a few fleeting years of self-gratification.

I beseech you turn to God now. He speaks once, yea, twice. No doubt He has spoken to you. Do not turn away, but turn to Him. He will abundantly pardon; He is rich in mercy. His love is great and wondrous, past the creature's power to conceive, and you may find your rest in it if you will.

Though a sinner, hard and unmoveable, bitter in your rebellion against Him, yet He waits to be gracious. Marvellous grace—the grace of the blessed God!

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## FINISHED.

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**F**INISHED—completed—done,” were the words of a dying coachman uttered on the night he passed away.

What did he mean? Was he thinking of his life being finished, or that something he had set himself to accomplish had been completed; his work done? Oh! no; his thoughts were not centred on himself, or his doings, but on a work done some eighteen hundred years before, and of the One who, when He had done it, said, “It is finished.”

What was this work, and why was it that it occupied his mind at such a moment? The work was the most stupendous that had ever been undertaken, yet it was performed perfectly, performed by one Man, but that Man the Son of God. This work was accomplished by Jesus on the cross when He "suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

It was a work that met ALL the claims of God's holiness, making it possible for forgiveness of sins to be proclaimed to every sinner on the face of the earth, a work that declared God's righteousness and enabled Him to be "just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

This work has brought blessing and salvation to many millions, to ALL who call on the name of the Lord. It was such a remarkable work that the Apostle Peter could say of the One who accomplished it, "neither is there salvation in any other," and the Apostle Paul witnessed that "through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him ALL that believe ARE justified from ALL things."

It was on the One who had done this work whereby forgiveness of sins and

justification could be obtained that this dying man was resting.

Small wonder that he, who knew he had been a sinner, should be rejoicing in a finished work, and in One through whom he could stand before a holy God.

Sooner or later, my reader, you will have to pass away like this man, for "there is no man who hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit . . . neither is there any discharge in that war." Will you, like him, be able to depart in peace, resting on Christ and His finished work, or would you have to face death with no Saviour and your sins upon you?

Possibly you are trusting to your "good deeds," but God's word declares that ALL our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, and thus clothed you would not be able to stand before the King of kings. Should indifference to these things mark you, remember death is a reality and a terrible one when we consider it is the wages of sin. God will have no one indifferent to His Son. Now is the day of salvation.

Put your trust in Christ and rest alone in His finished work.

P. W. D.

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## "I ESCAPED IN TIME."

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**A** SCOTTISH soldier was hurrying past, glad to be relieved from strenuous duty in the great war and to have a few days' leave.

Swift as his step was, and unwilling as he was to hear, a word spoken by an open-air preacher had arrested his serious attention.

Later, the soldier in his broad dialect inquired of a servant of the Lord whether there was anything in the Bible about "escaping."

"Yes," was the answer, "there is a good deal in the Bible about escaping; but why do you ask?"

"Well," was the reply, "I am stationed in one of the forts, and as I was coming into town a gentleman stood preaching and quoted something about escaping. I am not built that way and purposely hurried on, but I have been thinking about it all night."

He was referred to Hebrews ii. 3, where the solemn words occur, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

The danger of his sinful state by nature

and the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ was pointed out to him.

How few there are who appreciate the greatness of God's offer!

Its very fulness and freeness are a stumbling-block to them, nothing to pay! "Without money and without price."

(Isa. lv. 1.)

If they could purchase it, even for a large sum, doubtless many would strive to obtain it; but the cost is altogether beyond man. God "saw that there was no man . . . . therefore his arm brought salvation unto him." (Isa. lix. 16.)

In other words He paid the price. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

Yes! God whose righteousness could not admit of His passing over sin, "condemned sin in the flesh" (Rom. viii. 3), in the person of His own Son, "made sin for us" (2 Cor. v. 21), dying in our stead as our substitute, that we might receive His great salvation as a free gift.

The Scottish soldier, being brought to an understanding of all this, was led to trust in the Lord Jesus for his salvation and went away rejoicing.

Ten days later he caught a chill through

bathing in a heated condition, and died in hospital.

His last words to the Lord's servant who had befriended him were, "What a mercy I escaped in time!"

Truly "the time is short," as scripture tells us, therefore the question for every one of us is, Who will avail himself or herself of it?

If the salvation is great, and it is, our decision is equally momentous.

It means either eternal blessing or everlasting woe! Which do you elect for? Remember there is no middle course.

T. K.

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## THE TESTIMONY OF A CONVERTED JEW.

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**H**E said: "This is the passover week among you, my Jewish brethren, and as I sat here I was thinking how you will be observing it. You will have put away all leaven from your houses; you will eat the 'motash' (unleavened wafers) and the roasted lamb. You will attend the synagogue services, and carry out the ritual and directions of the Talmud; but you forget, my brethren, that you have

everything but that which Jehovah required first of all. He did not say, 'When I see the leaven put away,' or 'when I see you eat the motash or the lamb, or go to the synagogue,' but His word was, 'When I see the blood, I will pass over you.' (Exo. xii. 13.)

"Ah! my brethren, you can substitute nothing for this. You must have blood, blood! blood!! BLOOD!!!"

As he repeated this word with ever-increasing emphasis, his black eyes flashed warningly, and his Jewish hearers quailed before him.

Blood! That is an awful word for one who reveres the ancient oracle and yet has no sacrifice.

Turn where he will in the book the blood meets him, but let him seek as he may he cannot find it in the Judaism of the present.

After a moment's pause the patriarchal old man went on somewhat as follows: "I was born in Palestine nearly seventy years ago. As a child I was taught to read the law, the psalms, and the prophets. I early attended the synagogue and learned Hebrew from the rabbis. At first I believed what I was told—that ours was the true and only religion, but as I grew older, and studied the law more

intently, I was struck by the

place the blood had

in all the ceremonies outlined there, and equally struck by its utter absence in the ritual to which I was brought up.

“ Again and again I read Exodus xii. and Leviticus xvi. and xvii., and the latter chapters especially made me tremble as I thought of the great day of atonement, and the place the blood had there. Day and night one verse would ring in my ears: ‘IT IS THE BLOOD THAT MAKETH AN ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL.’ I knew I had broken the law. I needed atonement. Year after year, on that day, I beat my breast as I confessed my need of it; but it was to be made by blood, *and there was no blood!* In my distress I at last opened my heart to a learned and venerable rabbi. He told me that God was angry with His people. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Gentiles, the temple was destroyed and a Mahometan mosque was reared up in its place. The only spot on earth where we dare shed the blood of sacrifice in accordance with Deuteronomy xii. and Leviticus xvii. was desecrated, and our nation scattered. That was why there was no blood. God had Himself closed the way



to carry out the solemn service of the great day of atonement. Now we must turn to the Talmud and rest on its instruction and trust in the mercy of God and the merits of our fathers.

“I tried to be satisfied, but could not. Something seemed to say that the law was unaltered, even though our temple was destroyed. Nothing else but blood could atone for the soul. We dared not shed blood for atonement elsewhere than in the place the Lord had chosen. *Then we were left without an atonement at all.*

“This thought filled me with horror. In my distress I consulted many other rabbis. I had but one question, ‘Where could I find the atonement?’

“I was over thirty years of age when I left Palestine and came to Constantinople, with my still unanswered question ever before my mind, and my soul exceedingly troubled about my sins.

“One night I was walking down one of the narrow streets of the city when I saw a sign telling of a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led me to open the door and go in. Just as I took a seat, I heard a man say, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.’ (1 John i. 7.)

“It was my first introduction to Chris-

tianity, but I listened breathlessly as the speaker told how God had declared that 'without shedding of blood is no remission' (Heb. ix. 22), but that He had given His only Son, the Lamb of God, to die, and all who trusted in His blood were forgiven all their iniquities. This was the Messiah of Isaiah liii., this was the divine Sufferer of Psalm xxii.

"Ah! my brethren, I had found out the blood of the atonement at last. I trusted it, and now I love to read the New Testament and see how all the shadows of the law are fulfilled in Jesus."

His blood has been shed for sinners. It has satisfied God, and it is the only means of salvation for either Jew or Gentile.

SELECTED.

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## THE DAY OF GRACE.

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**T**HE Lord's address in the synagogue is peculiarly interesting. It brings before us two very distinct periods in time. In reading the prophecy of Isaiah He breaks off in the middle of a sentence and closes the book. He said, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." The acceptable year of the Lord

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had come. But the day of vengeance had not arrived. Thank God, this is still true. There would be no salvation for you or for me, dear reader, if the day of vengeance had come. God is waiting in patience.

Let us be perfectly clear on this point. If we are to be blessed, forgiven and saved it must be *now* in the acceptable year of our Lord. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. (2 Cor. vi. 2.) We cannot say it will be so to-morrow. Either or both of us may be in eternity before to-morrow's sun rises! The present is our only time. The day of vengeance draws near. Jesus will be a Judge then; now He is a Saviour.

M. W. B.

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## TORN, BUT MIGHTY.

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**Y**EARS have now passed since, whilst travelling in an omnibus, I fell in with a French professor who had some employment in Spain. After having insulted me before our travelling companions by telling them that I was connected with a secret society which, under the cover of christian philanthropy, was engaged in smuggling into Spain what its agents designated the word of God, but which he as a man of learning had detected to be simply a parody of the true Bible, he advised them, one and all, to turn a deaf ear to the offers of the seller of such a bad book. As you may suppose, I did not long remain silent after such an attack, and I defended the cause of the Bible with some considerable amount of warmth.

The discussion was continued during the whole journey, and judge of my surprise when, on getting out of the omnibus, the professor said to me: "Though we may entertain different views, I must ask you to sell me one of your little Bibles, for our conversation has made me desirous to read it," and thereupon we separated.

But the most interesting part of my story has still to be told.

Some few days ago I proceeded to an inn in a small town where I intended to sell Bibles. I had already been seated some time in the room where I was taking my meal when a gentleman, who had been intently watching me, and in such a manner as somewhat to annoy me, rose from his seat and came to the table where I was sitting, and without any preface exclaimed: "Were you not in such a year at Barcelona, and were you not then occupied in selling the Bible?" "Yes," was my reply, and on examining his face narrowly I recognised the professor, who at that time was living in Spain. "Come into my room," he said, "for I have something astonishing to tell you about the Bible which you sold me on getting out of the omnibus."

I did not need to be asked a second time, and I eagerly followed him. On being seated in his room he related to me the following:

"Some time after our meeting in the omnibus I went back to Spain to resume my duties as professor of the French language, and likewise to resume my life of dissipation in company with one whom I called my friend, though he was really

one of the worst characters that the world ever saw; but he had more money than myself, and he bore the brunt of our orgies.

Very soon, owing to my bad conduct, I lost all my pupils, and whilst waiting for their return I set to smoking from morning to night, and in order to shew my contempt for the Bible which you had sold me, and which I had taken good care not to open, I began tearing out leaf after leaf for no other purpose than to light my pipe, or my cigars.

One day, when I was wanting one of these leaves, I looked in vain for the remnant of the book, of which perhaps one third was still left, but not finding it I thought no more about it.

By little and little I marked with surprise that my boon companion was becoming cool towards me. I no longer found him in the places of pleasure and amusement where we had been in the habit of spending a considerable portion of our time, and I became the more sensible of his absence from his being no longer at hand to pay what I had expended.

Very soon the position I was in became intolerable. Over head and ears in debt, and no longer able to obtain

credit anywhere, I became aware of the dire fact that the moment was approaching when, if I wanted to live, I must beg in the streets. Before, however, getting to this point, I determined to apply for assistance to my old companion. I went and knocked at his door, which was opened, to my intense delight as well as to my eternal welfare, as you will presently learn.

As I saw that my former friend was not frowning at me I took courage, and after having explained to him my sad position, I exclaimed: 'Help me, or else I shall die of hunger, for I know no one else in Madrid, and though it is but too true that I am a very sorry character, and as bad as you or any one else can think me, I cannot turn a thief.'

"On this my companion interrupted me, and smilingly said: 'I am the more bound to help you because it was I who robbed you.'

"'Robbed, robbed!' I exclaimed. 'What could you possibly have taken from a fellow who had not a farthing to help himself with?'

'Ah! you had a treasure, and the treasure of all treasures, and here it is.' Saying which he took out from a drawer a book, which from its binding I

at once recognised as the Bible which I bought from you.

‘Ah! for such a theft,’ said I, laughing, ‘you will never be sent to the galleys, and, moreover, the book was well nigh torn in pieces.’

‘That is true; the portion which escaped destruction has been sufficient to lead me to that repentance which is not repented of; it has sufficed to change my heart.’

‘Indeed, indeed! But are you really speaking seriously?’ ‘Most seriously, and never more so, and it is quite manifest to me that God in His love has worked a real miracle on my behalf.’

‘Once, on entering your room and not finding you, I was looking about when my eyes fell on your book, which was on the table. I opened it, intending to read it whilst awaiting your return, but seeing that it was so very much torn, I concluded that it must be a book of very little value. I, however, began to look into it, and my eyes fell upon this passage:

“Come unto me,

all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” (Matt. xi. 28.) Without troubling myself very much as to what might be the meaning of this verse, it made a deep impression on me.



‘It is quite true that for some time previously I had become dissatisfied with myself and with every one else, and this dissatisfaction haunted me wherever I was or whatever I was doing. I felt, in spite of myself, that the life I was leading could not make me happy, and that, cost what it might, I must make some change. However, my bad habits again got the upper hand with me; but in the end I could not but feel that the passage had struck home. I wished to know more about the book, and fearing lest you should refuse to lend it to me, I took possession of it, and went away without further waiting for you.

‘On my return home I devoured—yes, that is the right word—all the pages which had been left untorn, and the more I read the more was I led to acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Saviour of my soul.’

“Strangely enough, what my friend thus told me suddenly brought into my mind all the particulars of our conversation on the journey to Barcelona, and what you told me about the change which was sure to be produced in the mind and in the heart of every one who diligently read the Bible, with prayer to God, in the name of Jesus Christ, that by its means we might become enlightened, convinced

and changed. With this impression I listened with all the more attention and seriousness to my old companion, and before long the Lord granted to us the favour of being able to regard each other as companions, alike saved by sovereign grace and marching onward in His ways towards a blissful eternity."

Reader, have you yet obtained this pardon and peace? If not, come at once to Jesus, "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed." (1 Pet. ii. 24.)

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## A SAVIOUR.

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**A** SERVANT of God who went to Africa to try and tell the natives about the Lord and His saving grace, found there was no written language, so he had great difficulty in conveying to them his thoughts, especially as he listened for the word Saviour, but he could never hear anything like it.

Two years and a half went by, and it seemed as if he could not make the people understand what he longed to teach them, until one night, hearing

some men telling how their master had rescued a man from a lion, he said to him afterwards, "What did you call your master when he saved you?" and at once he gave me the longed-for word which meant "Saviour," and I was able for the first time to explain to him what the Saviour would be to him.

With joy on his face he caught the message, and exclaimed, "Is that what you have been trying to tell us all this time?"

Oh! my reader, are you not ashamed? Time after time you have heard the blessed message of the Saviour's love and have understood its full meaning, and yet, alas! you have neglected this great salvation and have frittered away precious hours while life is passing, swiftly passing away never to return. And what is worse, you are daily becoming more hardened.

Oh! soul, I beseech you, heed the words of an earnest man and bestir yourself. Awake up from the awful indifference which has taken hold upon you and turn to God this very hour. He has provided a Saviour mighty and willing to save you.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world TO SAVE SINNERS." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

## “ WHERE IS JESUS NOW ? ”

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**T**HE above question was addressed to a lady by a preacher who had been addressing a company of people upon the sands of a seaside town. She had been listening to what had been said, and inquired of him why she had not peace and happiness although she believed that Jesus died upon the cross.

“ Where is Jesus now ? ” said he. The answer was perhaps as startling as the question.

“ Well, I have always thought of Jesus hanging on the cross ! ”

“ No wonder you have no peace if you view Him as hanging upon the cross. ‘ If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain ; ye are yet in your sins. ’ ( 1 Cor. xv. 17. ) Jesus lives to die no more ! How have you read the scriptures ? Do you not know that the third day after Jesus had been laid in the sepulchre some women went to anoint His body and found the tomb empty ? He was risen ! There were two men in shining garments at the grave, who said, ‘ Why seek ye the living among the dead ? He is not here. ’ ”  
( Luke xxiii. 55, 56 ; xxiv. 1-9. )

Much more was said with the object of shewing that the Lord Jesus was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification. So that, being justified by faith, we might have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. (Rom. iv. 24, 25; v. 1.)

It is indeed strange that with

an open Bible

one could be so blind as to think that God's holy, spotless Son was hanging upon the cross where He had been nailed by wicked hands. Men put Him there not knowing God's pre-determined purpose that He should bear the sins of many and be made sin.

God can now righteously forgive! In fact, the whole "world to come" of righteousness and peace will be the answer to that wondrous sacrifice.

When all had been accomplished that was written of Jesus in the scriptures He yielded up His spirit to God His Father. His body was laid in a rich man's tomb; a great stone was laid at the entrance sealed with Pilate's seal; soldiers were put to guard the tomb. But not any of those things prevented the Son of God from rising triumphantly from the dead? The stone was not removed to let Jesus

out of the tomb but to let the disciples look in. They saw His clothes but not His Person there. Triumphant, glorious resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ! Do you believe He is risen, my reader? Do you know He has sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high? Do you know that God has raised Him from the dead, and from henceforth He is expecting till His enemies be made the footstool of His feet?

“ Fear not,” were His words to John in Patmos, “ I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.” (Rev. i. 17, 18.)

Again I say, what do you believe? Do you believe the scriptures, or do you rest your eternal welfare upon your own foolish thoughts founded upon the traditions and creeds taught by others? Believe what God has caused to be written by His holy apostles and prophets, who were men who knew Jesus as He walked among men. They heard His words, they saw Him on the cross, they saw Him buried, they saw Him risen, and having heard His last words they saw Him go up into heaven.

The angels said: “ Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?

This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Read Acts i., ii. and see how the disciples waited in prayer for the coming of the Holy Ghost, who was to come and give power to their testimony. He came, and not only filled their hearts with peace and joy in believing, but enabled them to tell to others the way of salvation. Believe their testimony and you shall be saved as they were. You shall also know where Jesus is. He is risen, glorified as Man! He is coming, for He is about to rise from His Father's throne to sit upon His own throne, from whence He will judge the quick and the dead. Are you ready for that day? Oh! turn to Him before He sits upon His own throne to judge the world in righteousness according to God's appointing when He raised Him from the dead. (Acts x. 42.)

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,  
 Once for favoured sinners slain!  
 Thousand thousand saints attending  
 Swell the triumph of His train!  
                   Hallelujah!  
 Jesus comes and comes to reign!

## CONDEMNED TO DIE, BUT SAVED.

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**D**URING the late war in South Africa a farmer, who was a Dutchman, was relating to his guest how a subtle ambush had been laid on his land to entrap an advancing British column, that he himself hated the war, and could not bear the thought of the horrible slaughter which would take place upon his farm if the British fell into the trap. So he determined, if possible, to warn them of their danger, and in this he was successful.

He had scarcely finished the recital of how he had done this when the sound of a horse approaching the house at full gallop was heard, and a moment later the farmer's son, pale and panting and wet to his waist, rushed into the room. He had come from the Boer camp with heavy tidings as fast as his best horse could carry him.

The old man rose from the table, and was absent from the room with his son for a few minutes, but when he returned his form was bowed and the healthy flush of his cheek had given place to an ashy



pallor. "The Boers have heard that I warned the British, and they have condemned me to be shot at sight, and men are now on the way to carry out the sentence," were his startling words as he sank into his chair.

All now was consternation and bustle in that usually quiet house, and the great desire of everybody was to put the doomed man beyond the reach of those who sought his life, and very little time elapsed ere he was disguised and ready to depart.

As the light of the waning day fled and gloom settled upon the land he crept out of his old home, without any hope of returning thither again. There was no sleep for any there that night, for after committing him to God's care each man was told off to some point to watch for the coming Boers, who believed that the farmer was quite ignorant of their intentions. The long night passed by, but to the astonishment of all, with no sound of tramping horses, and all was quiet.

When the day began to dawn a faithful old Kaffir was sent out to discover if possible the cause of the delay. Presently he returned with the welcome news that the river was impassable. Forded only

the day before by the farmer's son when he came to warn his father, it had now become a swollen torrent which no one could safely cross. The other side they could dimly see the impatient and baffled bearers of the death warrant. Those twelve hours' start in his race for his life were all the farmer needed, for they enabled him to get safely within the British lines, a saved man—saved by the river.

In the eyes of the Boers the farmer was worthy of death, and had not the river held back his pursuers the sentence would have been carried out. Has the reader ever thought that he, too, deserves to die, for "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23), but the river of God's great love and His free grace gives him the opportunity of seeking safety in the One who died for him, and has kept back the judgment due to him in bearing it "in his own body on the tree." (1 Pet. ii. 24.)

Already it would almost seem that one can hear the distant rumbling of the coming judgment. It is held back now by the flowing tide of divine grace and love, but as surely as night follows day judgment will roll over this guilty world. It will be a terrible moment indeed. Men and women will call upon the rocks and

mountains to fall upon them and hide them from the wrath of Him who sits upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.

Reader, be wise, turn from your sin and indolence and seek the Lord while He may be found. He will receive you as you are, without conditions, and if you put your trust in Him every foe is powerless to harm you.

“The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is SAFE.”

Be righteous now at once. Do what is right, own yourself a sinner, that you deserve judgment, and call upon the name of the Lord.

“Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” (Rom. x. 13.)

SELECTED.

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## HOW I FOUND CHRIST.

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**I** AM induced to record the following incident, as it happened just fifty years ago.

One Sunday evening I went to chapel, as I was accustomed to do, and the text the preacher took was: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." This dying thief is God's striking example of "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." He was saved there and then, in the presence of a jeering multitude, who were responsible for the crucifixion of Christ. He publicly acknowledged Him as Lord, and justified Him. "This man," he said, "hath done nothing amiss."

After the preaching there was a prayer meeting, but I did not stay for it. I had left a young thrush at home that was evidently dying, and I was anxious to get to it, more anxious about the bird than my never-dying soul. But when I came out of chapel my conscience smote me, and I walked outside the city into

the fields to have to do with God ; and as I was returning home through the fields, a few yards away from the footpath, I heard a voice, and I stepped aside to see what it was, when I found, by the light of the moon, that a man was there, as I thought praying ; but I was mistaken, he was praising God.

I said to him, Well, my friend, what is the matter ? He replied, " Oh ! I'm only praising God for the blessings of the night." Well, I said, I'm on to something of the same sort of thing myself. I told him a little about my state of mind, how my conscience condemned me for not staying to the prayer meeting. I shall never forget his reply. He was a child of wisdom, and knew how to speak a word in season.

This man was only a poor drover, and he told me he was going to be out in the fields all night. In reply to me he said, " Prayer meetings are no good, what you want is Christ." I believe these were the very words he uttered. With ten words he swept away all my religion from under my feet. I had religion between myself and Christ, and that man felt it and swept it away with a stroke. It was not that he despised prayer ; oh ! no, for he knelt down with me on the

grass and prayed. I had had the privilege of hearing many a sermon before, and thankful I am for them, but they were mostly mixtures. Christ did a great deal it is true, the preachers would say, but I was to do my part. But this dear man had nothing but Christ for me, and he gave nothing but Christ; and by God's grace I received Christ, and was saved. "As many as received him, to them gave he power [margin, right, or, privilege] to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of *God*." (John i. 12, 13.) This man told me that before he was converted he tried and tried to find peace, and was almost driven to despair, and was just going to throw away his Bible, when God revealed Himself to him and saved his soul.

When I met this dear man, he was not praying about his sins but praising God. The question of his sins was a settled question, for Christ had borne his sins in His own body on the tree. He was on "dry ground" like Jonah (see Jonah ii.), for all God's waves and billows had gone over Christ, and He exhausted them: not one drop of the waters of judgment remained.

He was anxious to help me further as to my soul, but he had done his work. We arranged to meet in the field the next night. I went there. He said he would meet me if he did not get a job; but no one was there; he must have obtained work. He arranged to meet me as he had no house to ask me to.

Dear reader, there is only one thing that God requires of us all, without exception, and that is, to own that we are sinners, like the prodigal in Luke xv., "I have sinned"; for Christ came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.

I had only one interview with this man, and that by moonlight; but he redeemed the opportunity and preached Christ to me and I was saved, though I had much to learn afterwards, and still have to learn. In conclusion, let me say, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." (See Acts iv. 10-12.)

I. W.

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## ARMLESS AND HELPLESS.

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**A** YOUNG man who took part in the American war was engaged to be married when war broke out, and the

marriage was postponed. He took part in battle after battle without a scratch, until the terrific fighting which took place just before the close of the war.

The young lady to whom he was engaged looked anxiously for a letter from him, and counted the days at the end of which he would return. She waited and waited, but no letter came. At last she received one, written by a strange hand, to the following effect: "There has been another terrible battle. I have been unfortunate this time; I have lost both my arms. I cannot write myself, but a comrade is doing so for me. I write to tell you that you are as dear to me as ever; but I shall now be dependent upon other people for the rest of my days, and I feel I must release you from your engagement."

This letter was never answered. The young lady took the next train, and went straight down to the scene of the conflict, and sent word to the captain what her business was, who obtained the number of the soldier's cot. She went along the line, and the moment her eyes fell upon that number, she went and threw her arms around the young man's neck and kissed him. "I will never give you up," she said. "These hands will never give



you up ; I am able to support you ; I will take care of you."

It will be admitted that such love was very great. The young man felt his position keenly, and realised that he would now be entirely dependent on help outside himself.

The man's condition is a picture of the sinner who can do nothing for himself. The young woman's attitude is a picture of the way Christ is prepared to undertake and support the one who puts his trust in Him. I have every confidence in commending the Saviour to all, knowing that He will never fail any one. He will never give any one up. Satan can never take one out of His hands ; He is far too great for that.

Many a poor man will be maimed for life during the present war ; and should these few lines come before him, may his eyes be turned to the One who desires to be everything to him for time and eternity. The Saviour is One who is quite unaffected by circumstances. It is impossible that all the awful things that are happening in the world should alter Him in the least. He remains the same. Men are affected by circumstances, and are very much under them at times. He never is. He Himself personally is greater than all

the combined forces of Satan. Satan is great, but Christ is greater. Satan had every advantage in the great combat, but he was defeated on his own ground, his mightiest weapon being taken from him by the stronger One. He has fallen in his own stronghold. There is, therefore, great encouragement to put your whole-hearted confidence and trust in the Saviour.

Do you, my reader, really think that you can help yourself? You are as helpless as the poor soldier without arms. Allow me to remind you that you can do nothing for your own salvation. Christ has done it all. *Your* sins were taken into account when He died. It remains for you to take account of them in the light of His death. Do not put the matter off; there is no time for that. I heard, only recently, of a young man who died of wounds in the South African war. His last words, as he lay on the battle-field, were, "I have seen the folly of my ways, but too late."

Do not despise the longsuffering of God. He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."  
(2 Pet. iii. 9.)

A. H. C.

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## "NOTHING IN IT."

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**A**LAS! how often such an expression as the above is heard in connection with God's word.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Yet both God and His word are very great realities, and cannot be ignored.

In His grace He bears with man, and seeks to turn him from a course that would end in his everlasting destruction, as the following incident will illustrate.

An officer going his rounds in the trenches saw a young soldier reading a Gospel of John. The officer remarked: "Are you interested in those things? I am not; I should throw it away if I were you. There is nothing in it."

The soldier quietly replied: "Sir, in this book I have found peace, joy, comfort and eternal life. The fear of death has been taken away from me, and I would earnestly entreat you to interest yourself in it also."

The officer went on his way, and presently a shell burst. He turned round,

and saw that poor soldier's head rolling away!

He was so awed by that terrible sight, feeling also his own unpreparedness to meet God, that he returned, bent over the lad's body, searched for and found the gospel, went to his dug-out and commenced to peruse it.

There the Spirit of God so wrought in him that, as he went on, light broke in upon his soul, and he saw his urgent need of a Saviour.

In the Gospel of John, the sinner's condition is clearly set forth, and compared with that of the Israelites bitten by the fiery serpents, who, in their extremity, looked upon the brazen serpent and lived.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii. 14, 15.)

The officer, being now fully convinced, there and then yielded himself to God, gladly availing himself of the shelter of the precious blood of Christ, shed in his behalf as a sinner, that he might be pardoned and saved.

His, too, the portion of the dear lad, which he had just esteemed so lightly,

but now valued beyond all else—"peace, joy, comfort and eternal life."

He wrote and told his wife, and afterwards both she and her three daughters also decided for Christ.

On being wounded the officer returned home on leave, availing himself of this opportunity to take back with him a large supply of gospels to personally distribute at the front, having so signally experienced their value in his own case.

How infinite the wisdom and grace that waits upon man, taking away first one ready and happy to depart, and leaving the other to repent and turn to God!

May this speaking incident be used by the Spirit of God to arouse careless souls to a sense of their need and quicken them into instant decision for Christ.

To delay is dangerous.

T. K.

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## LIFE AND DEATH.

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**I**N the midst of life we are in death."

So says the burial service, and true are the words. Not only on the battle-fields of the great world war, but in our own towns and villages death is busy. Very sudden and unexpected are his visits at times.

It is only a week or so since one who lived in the writer's house was called to leave this world without notice or warning. Lively and well on Friday evening, he had never been ill, nor did he know that anything was amiss with him. Apparently well on Saturday morning, he became unconscious about nine o'clock and passed away before midday without regaining consciousness. "Heart extensively diseased" was the doctor's verdict.

The one of whom we speak was ready for the call. He is now absent from the body, but present with the Lord. (2 Cor. v. 8.) But what of the reader? How solemn to be suddenly ushered into eternity! No time for preparation; no time for repentance; no opportunity even to speak a word of comfort or to turn the eye to Christ!

Friend, let me ask you, in all affection and in all seriousness, how would it be with you if death called you in this unexpected manner? It is with no desire to work upon your feelings that I raise the question. These are not sentiments, but facts. As a sinner you have to die (Ezek. xviii. 4), and when and how death may meet you none can tell but God. Is it not wise then to be ready? These are not trifling matters. Satan would keep

your attention engaged with the pleasures and business of this world. He will promise all you desire (though he does not always keep his promises). But of what little value is all that this world can give in the presence of eternity. Everything here is blighted by death.

The Christian, however, has a different story to tell. He can reverse the words of the burial service and say, "In the midst of death, we are in life." In the midst of a scene full of death the Christian can enjoy true life.

"Christianity" is not looking forward to heaven when we die merely, but it is living now in the knowledge of the love of God.

Do you think we would change with you? Not if the whole world were yours. Everything this world has is this side of death, and death will part you from it for ever. All that we have, though we can enjoy it now, is beyond death and above its power, and when we leave this world it will only be to enter into full enjoyment. Would you not like to have this as yours? Have you not found out the hollowness of things here? If so, the blessing is within your reach as you read these words. God has provided it. Christ has died to make it yours. The Holy Spirit brings the

knowledge of it to you in the gospel. You have nothing to do, to pay or to ask. The priceless gift is within your grasp. Will you take it or lose it? It is a vital choice for you. Remember Moses, who chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." (Heb. xi. 25.) May you make a similar choice; may you choose Christ! A. G. D.

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## A GLIMPSE AT GOD'S WORK AMONGST THE SOLDIERS.

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**I** RECENTLY received a letter from an army scripture reader, who is busy in his Master's service with the expeditionary force in France. He writes thus:

"I often give booklets away when men are on parade, having this privilege; at times, also, when the lads break off for a time, or when they are waiting away from the lines for a special purpose.

"A booklet such as you have sent is read and used for blessing, whereas one of a larger size is often given up as being too big a task to commence, and so is put away, and sometimes ends there.

"Then again the title is catching, while



the story is best, and, praise God, full of the one theme of Jesus and His love.

“For one who wants to use every opportunity at this time, when so many are round about you, when also another gospel is being put forth ‘which is not another,’ you can enter into my feelings, when one has not to read all ere one can safely distribute.\* Thank God, souls have been saved. Your booklets have been used, read and re-read.

“I am enclosing a copy of a letter received from a dear mother. I have often read it to our soldiers, and good has followed.”

[COPY OF LETTER.]

“Dear Sir,—Thank you so much for your two letters to hand, one yesterday and one to-day. I am so pleased to learn that my loved one is still improving, also that it will not be long ere he returns to England.

“You cannot possibly conceive what it means to me to know that my son is trusting the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour.

“Ah! ‘None but Christ can satisfy.’

“When my son left home for the front

\* The booklets sent were “Words of Salvation Series.”

in February last the following was my prayer. I asked my heavenly Father, if it was in accordance with His will, that my son might not be killed in action, but wounded only, and when lying on his bed in the Red Cross hospital that God would reveal Himself unto him.

“And now you reveal the joyful tidings to me. God is being glorified. He has answered the widow's prayer in His own time and way.

“Read my letter to some of the boys, perhaps it might awake earlier impressions when they knelt at a mother's knee. I do not wish to give trouble, but is it possible for me to learn the time and place where I might meet my son?

“It is very good of you to keep me in touch as you have done. May the Lord abundantly bless you, and give you souls for your hire.

“Yours very sincerely,

“K. E. P.”

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## A GREAT WAY OFF.

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**I**T was when he was yet *a great way off* that his father saw him, not when he arrived home only.

I refer to the younger son in our Lord's parable, and the incident is encouraging, for there are those to whom the gospel is brought who, having been awakened to a sense of their guilt, feel that they are too sinful and too far away for God to bless them.

Now let the reader remember these words: "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had

**compassion,**

and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." (Luke xv. 20.)

The father's feet quickly covered the distance which the son's journey into the far country had placed between him and his boy, and the blessed tidings of the gospel shew how wonderfully God has covered all the distance which our sins had placed between us and Himself. He has covered it by the coming into this world of His own Son, Jesus Christ.

He came here where we were and said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

## SWORDS.

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**W**HEN nations unsheath the sword against each other terrible consequences result, as the sombre procession of death, destruction and misery in the world at the present time very clearly shew. It is not my purpose, however, to speak of war, or, indeed, what men are doing at all, but of how God has taken up the sword.

In the beginning in Eden, when the woman and the man disobeyed the commandment of God with regard to eating the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, having brought home their guilt to their consciences, He drove them out of the garden. And lest they should put forth their hands and take also of the tree of life, He placed cherubims, and

a flaming sword

which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

This was an act of infinite mercy to the guilty pair. If the way to the tree of life had not been thus guarded, who can

say but that Adam might have stretched forth his hand, and taken of the tree, and eaten, and lived for ever in a fallen condition and at a distance from God.

That flaming sword was also a witness to the rights of God, which had been disregarded: nay more, which had been trampled under foot. And before the way to the tree of life could be opened up again, those rights must be acknowledged and the requirements of God's holiness fully met.

Did no man arise in succeeding years who could stand forward able to take up God's rights, and suffer the terrible consequences of their violation, and at the same time become a saviour to the fallen race of mankind?

Scan the pages of history and, while arrested here and there by the discovery of remarkable men, you will be compelled to conclude that no man did appear who could stand in the breach.

Century followed century, and the earth was filled with nations; but, alas!

#### DEATH PASSED UPON ALL MEN,

for that all had sinned, until Christ was born in Bethlehem-Judah who fulfilled the words of prophecy—Jesus the Son of God.

Of this most glorious Person Adam was only a figure, for He was the "second man, out of heaven."

At this juncture I refer the reader to a remarkable utterance recorded in the prophecy of Zechariah xiii. 7 :

"Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts."

These are words in the lips of God Himself. It is a marvellous spectacle. That "flaming sword" had never been withdrawn; but God had brought upon the scene a personage of such illustrious greatness that He could call for the awaking of the sword for His smiting.

"The man that is my fellow." There lies the secret; in manhood He was equal with God, for He was God. At the hour of His death He moved out to meet all the wrath of God symbolised in the flaming sword, and to accomplish the requirements of God's righteousness.

True, He was smitten, and who can measure the suffering which He endured; but He survived it. He rose from the dead. The flaming sword was sheathed, it was sheathed in the heart of Christ.

Oh! blessed, glorious Saviour, what devoted love hadst Thou to God that Thou

wouldest, in the dark scene of death and judgment, vindicate the claims of His righteousness, and disclose on the other hand Thy deep compassion for us!

God has taken

another sword

into His hand: it is His word. That word is sharper than any twoedged sword, and pierces asunder even to the dividing between soul and spirit, and the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Many of us have felt the thrust of that sword, as the word of God has touched our heart and conscience; and I doubt not that the reader has felt it.

How the conscience quails under the power of God's word as it forces its terrible conclusions upon us! "For there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." There is no escaping this. There is no difference; here all are assembled on one common platform. No difference! All nations, all classes, rich and poor, old and young, civilised and uncivilised, religious and irreligious.

The thrust of God's sword penetrates to every heart. "Sinned, and come short"! Reader, this is a serious position, with life uncertain and years fast

fleeing away. Oh, awake! I beseech you; do not attempt to parry the blow of the sword; but if it smites and wounds, turn to God Himself. If He wounds it is but to make whole. Wondrous grace!

The Apostle Peter gives us another thought with regard to the word of God. He says, We are born again, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. . . . And this is the word, which by

### THE GOSPEL

is preached unto you." (1 Pet. i. 23, 25.)

Not only does the sword of the Spirit, which is God's word, smite us, but it heals us *when we are smitten*. Harken to its blessed words, "Being 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, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. (Rom. iii. 24-26.)

Here are words well calculated to soothe the smitten soul:



“ Justified freely  
by his grace  
through the redemption  
that is in Christ Jesus ! ”

Lay hold of them in faith as the very words of God ; and if the adversary seeks to hold you in the region of doubt and fear, lift up this sword of the Spirit, which is God's word, and parry his blows. Take your stand there, in faith—simple, yet immoveable :

[ 2866 ]

“ Justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. ”

May God grant it to His own eternal glory !

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## TWO THINGS WHICH GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER.

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

There are two things joined together in this verse. These two things man tries to put very far asunder. Read the verse again. Now what are those things?

They are *believing* and *having*. As we have it in another place, "He that *believeth* on me *hath* everlasting life."

Sometimes a person will say with great anxiety, "I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. I am sure I trust in no one else. I feel I am a lost sinner. I fully believe that the death of Jesus was the atonement for sin. I have no doubt that God raised Him from the dead. I know that it is only through the shedding of His precious blood that sins can be forgiven. But I cannot get to know that *I have everlasting life.*"

If this really is my reader's condition, if you have heard the words of Jesus—if you do really trust in Him alone, then there is no question—there can, in that case, be no question whether you have everlasting life or not. I only ask, do you really trust alone in the finished work of the Lord Jesus? If so, I have no need to ask, Have you everlasting life? If one of these things is true in you—namely, real faith in Christ—I know the other is. You have everlasting life; for Jesus says, "It is most certain, it is most certain, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." Yes, in one breath, Jesus joins these *two blessed things together*—BELIEVETH—HATH!

The discovery of this to the soul gives perfect peace. No more perplexity; no more uncertainty.

The more deeply you feel your own unworthiness, the more amazing will the love of Jesus appear in dying for your sin. Oh yes! sin will appear more and more terrible, and the glory of the cross shine brighter and brighter; the world will be now with thee lighter than vanity; for thou, even thou, hast a home in the mansions of light.

And though tempted in a world of sin, opposed by a subtle enemy, and groaning over inbred corruptions, yet still thy trust is alone in Jesus, and thou hast everlasting life.

I think I hear thee saying, Is this true of me? Trembling believer, Jesus has said it; it cannot be false. This MOMENT, if thine ears are opened by the Spirit of God to hear the words of Jesus, and in thine heart to believe on God who sent Him, then certainly thou, even *thou*, *hast everlasting life*. And how blessed, how perfect, the salvation of God! Thou not only hast everlasting life, but thou shalt not come into condemnation. Jesus says it and He will keep His word to thee. Yea, even more still, thou art passed *from death unto life*. Just as all

Israel passed through Jordan with the ark of God, so, my dear fellow-believer, hast thou passed with Christ from death into resurrection, and therefore into everlasting life. Open thine eyes, for *thou art risen* with Christ. As surely as He took thy place in death, the divine Substitute, so surely has God given thee a place with Him in spotless, brightest glory. Go in peace, then, and doubt no more.

But there are two things more joined together. "He that believeth not is condemned already." Whether thou goest to the ale-house, or to church; whether thou art living in open sin, or trusting in thy strictly religious life; I tell thee, if Jesus is not thine only trust, thou art condemned already; thou art waiting the execution of divine vengeance as a rejecter of Christ. "Search the scriptures," and see if these things be so.

C.S.

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## THE OLD STONEBREAKER.

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**I** WAS distributing gospel books in the lake district and came upon an old stonebreaker, apparently about seventy

years of age. He accepted my offer of a booklet and as I handed it to him, I inquired, "What do you think of Christ; who is He?"

The old man replied in his broad Cumberland dialect, "Why, He is God, the Saviour of the world!"

"So you are one of those who are saved," I said.

"Well, no, I could hardly go that far," he answered.

"Then Jesus Christ is not your Saviour," I remarked.

Highly indignant at what I said, he replied, "Indeed, He is my Saviour."

"But," said I, "If Jesus Christ *is* your Saviour, then you must be saved, surely."

"No, I am not saved yet," was the old man's answer.

"Well, suppose I put it this way: Jesus Christ is not your Saviour *yet*, but you hope that He will be some day. How will that do?"

With very great warmth, he replied, "Jesus Christ *is* my Saviour!"

I referred to the scripture in Romans x., 9;

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath

raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

I asked him again, "Is Jesus your Saviour; do you believe what the scripture says?"

His reply was as emphatic as before; "He is my Saviour, but I am not saved yet."

I sought patiently to explain to the old man that if he had really accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, *he was saved*, as the scripture said, "thou shalt be saved;" but he seemed vexed with me for appearing to doubt his word.

After further conversation he sat very still and quiet, seemingly perplexed, until after a little while the truth broke into his soul. If Christ had suffered and died for him, a helpless sinner, and had been raised from among the dead by God, then surely the work for his salvation *was done*, and not only was Jesus Christ his Saviour, as he said, but he was saved.

The old man said he had never seen it like that before and he rejoiced to know that *he was saved*.

Oh! blessed gospel message brought to us in the grace of God, that Christ died for our sins and was buried, but He is risen again!

"To him that worketh not, but be-

lieveth on him that justifieth the ungodly,  
HIS FAITH IS COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

“Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.”  
(Rom. iv. 5, 7.)

W. F.

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## “A DEVOUT MAN, BUT UNSAVED.”

(ACTS x.)

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**C**ORNELIUS was a “devout man, one that feared God, gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway” (Acts x. 1), *and yet he was not saved.* He had yet to learn the way of salvation, and to hear words WHEREBY HE COULD BE SAVED. (See Acts xi. 14.) In Acts x. we find the message that the Apostle Peter had to give him in order that he might be saved. (See verse 43.)

Human efforts to get salvation ever fail, because, being sinners by nature, we cannot please a holy God; but, in His love and mercy towards fallen man, He has provided a perfect and divine Substitute in the Person of His only begotten Son, who left His throne in the heavens (Heb. i. 8) to suffer the wrath of God on the cross in our stead.

Sin was dealt with at the cross, and was put away from the sight of God for ever when the Lord Jesus cried, “It is finished.” (John xix. 30.) The work of redemption was then accomplished, leaving nothing for us to do.

If we believe in the Lord Jesus we are looked at as “in Christ” and “children of God through faith in Christ Jesus.” We must not, however, on this account, allow ourselves to become careless as to sin. We are “alive” in Christ, but alive to God; “let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof.” (Rom. vi. 11, 12.)

We still have our sinful human nature, but we must keep it under, and we are strengthened to do this by the Holy Spirit given to us when we accept Christ as our Saviour; by the Spirit’s power and guidance we are enabled to live for our divine Saviour, who has bought us with His blood. Therefore, “whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ.” (Col. iii. 23, 24.)

J. M. S.

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## "CLOSED DOORS."

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**S**OME time ago I was hurrying to catch a train in which I hoped to go to another town for some meetings. I got to the station in time to see the doors of the carriages close and the train move away, leaving me standing on the platform. I could and did get another train; but there are doors that, if once shut, are never opened again.

I wish to speak of two or three such doors which are referred to in the holy scriptures. The first one is when God shut Noah and his family in the ark. "And the Lord shut him in." (Gen. vii. 16.) It was salvation to Noah and his family inside. But what did it mean to all those who were SHUT OUT?

Noah had preached to them for one hundred and twenty years, but the preaching had no effect upon them; they ate, they drank, they married and were given in marriage up to the last.

It needs no force of imagination to think what would happen when the judgment of God began to fall upon them, all hope of escape gone. The ark floated away in safety and they were swallowed up of death.

This is not glad tidings, however, to you, dear reader, but it is glad tidings to tell you of Him who said,

“I am the door.”

“I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.” (John x. 9.)

He is the true and only “ark of safety.” Salvation is only to be found in Christ. It is His precious blood that cleanseth from all sin.

Just as the last preaching of Noah came, so the last invitation to enter by the Door (that is, Christ) into everlasting blessing will be given.

In Noah’s day it was said, “My spirit shall not always strive with man.” The last time will come.

A young man came to me some time ago and said, “Mr. L——, you spoilt my day’s outing yesterday.”

“How?” I asked.

“You have often told me my last chance of salvation would come. Well, yesterday I got a day off to go to the races for a day’s pleasure. There was quite a crowd of us going and we were in a row waiting for our tickets at the station.

“I was about the middle of the row, and as the booking-clerk handed me my

ticket he said, 'That's the last one, sir!' and shut down the window with a bang. 'A near go,' I thought, and a voice seemed to say to me all day, 'I hope you won't be as near missing getting to heaven.'

"I could not get it out of my mind and it quite spoilt my day's outing, sir."

I could not help saying, "It was very good of God to give you another opportunity to hear the gospel."

After a little more conversation he left me, saying, "Well, I hope I don't put off getting to heaven and run it as near as that."

"I also sincerely hope not," was my reply.

It is too great a risk. The door of mercy is not standing ajar, but it is *wide open*. To-morrow it may be closed and closed for ever. "To day if ye will hear his voice." "Now is the accepted time."

You are sure of a welcome to-day, full and free. To-morrow it may be closed and you will find yourself like the crowd outside the ark in Noah's day. Take heed to this warning and flee to Jesus for refuge and salvation now. Harken to His word:

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, HE SHALL BE SAVED." (John x. 9.)

## “GOD NEVER FORGETS US.”

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**W**E are often prone to think that God, having brought us to Himself and made us secure of heaven, takes but little further interest in us.

Such a thought is unbelief, and we would do well to judge it. Can God ever forget us?

God loves us steadfastly and enduringly. He not only brings us to Himself, but maintains us in that consciousness of His love.

That love, which gave His only-begotten Son to die for us, and will therefore never rest till it has conducted us into His glory, of which Christ is the Centre.

To illustrate the foregoing remarks the following experience of a servant of the Lord is related:

“I had a very pathetic experience the other afternoon. I was visiting the hospital, and when I entered one of the wards I came across a lad who was quite delirious. He had been wounded in the head.

“I passed from bed to bed and spoke to every patient, and was about to leave

the ward when I saw this lad beckoning to me.

“I immediately went over to him and asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He told me he wanted a drink, so I went to fetch him one. When I returned I found that his mind was wandering, and this is what I heard him say :

“ ‘ God never forgets us. Although we are lying here sick and suffering He is still watching over us, and Jesus Himself seems to come round, and He says, “ Is there anything you want, lad? Can I do anything for you? ” ’ ”

“ Then he became conscious again, and said, ‘ Are you still there, sir? ’ ‘ Yes, lad.’

“ ‘ I do hope my mother is not worrying about me, sir. I do wish she was here, for I want her so badly.’

“ Just as I laid my hand on his brow his mind went again. ‘ Is that you, mater? I have been wanting you so badly.’

“ Then he commenced to sing softly, ‘ There’s a Friend for little children.’

“ Once more his eyes opened, and the old question was asked, ‘ Are you still there, sir? ’ ‘ Yes, lad.’

“ ‘ Do you think my mother would

come if you sent for her, sir?’ ‘Of course she would, lad,’ I replied. ‘Then will you bring her, sir?’

“I told him that if he would promise to go to sleep I would do what I could to bring her.

“He closed his eyes and turned his head over on the pillow, and said, ‘Good-night, daddy! Good-night, mater!’

“As I turned from the bed the sister said, ‘Poor boy!’ and I found I had a large lump in my throat.

“The next day he died. And so the tragedy of war goes on!

“This morning it was heart-breaking to see the grief of the parents at the graveside, over the body of their son—their only child.”

Here was a dear young soldier who had evidently known the Lord from a child, and could thus testify, even when unconscious and dying, that “God never forgets us.”

Now, that is just what sinners need, One who “is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.” (Heb. vii. 25.)

But what are the conditions of this salvation? Are they difficult? Is there anything to pay?

Here are the terms in the words of

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

Wonderful grace! Faith the only condition! There is nothing to pay, as the awful penalty of our sins has been wholly borne by the Lord Jesus Christ in His death upon the cross.

Blessed substitution!

Well may our hearts overflow in praise saying, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." (2 Cor. ix. 15.)

Friend, have you thanked Him?

T. K.

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## A PLAIN QUESTION ANSWERED.

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**A**T a preaching of the gospel I noticed an oddly-dressed woman sitting on a front bench in the hall. Her wrinkled face was strangely set off by dark, bright eyes, which gazed intently upon the preacher. Several times during the address her bare arm was brought from

under the tattered shawl and her rough hand was raised to her face to wipe away the fast-falling tears.

Thinking her to be a seeker after salvation and one to whom I might be a help, I went to her at the close of the meeting. Gently putting my hand upon her shoulder, I said, "Will you let me ask you a plain question?"

She turned round quickly and said, "Certainly."

"Are you a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I should say I was," was her reply, as a half smile came over her face.

"But," said I, "do you know Him as your own Saviour?"

"I should think I did."

"If you will tell me, I should like to hear what He has done for you."

"So you want to hear something of His goodness to me, do you? Well then, I'll tell you a bit."

She rose from her seat as she spoke, and, looking at me earnestly, said, "He died for me—a guilty sinner—He did. He bore my sins upon Him; He has paid for me with blood, and He saved me from hell—He did; and He told me so Himself."

"Haven't you more to tell?" I asked,



for I wanted to know if she knew the Lord exalted and alive for evermore.

Her face lit up with a bright smile and she almost jumped as she answered, "Yes, bless His name, He's a-coming for me—He is. Do you want more?" she added, looking at me triumphantly as I stood amazed at her earnestness. I nodded assent.

"Well, He's a-going to have a poor old creature like me up in His glory with Him. Will that do for you?"

"Yes, thank you very much; you have rejoiced me wonderfully; and more, you have made the Lord glad by such a hearty confession to His praise."

I had some further conversation with this happy believer in the Lord. Though apparently poor in circumstances, no complaint came from her lips, and there was a dignity in her demeanour which struck me greatly. I found that she was a street hawker, "but nevertheless, I'm the King's daughter," she said exultingly. I spoke of the glorious hope which, as believers, we could look forward to, when the sleeping saints would be raised and the living saints changed, and how together we should go to meet our Lord in the air, then to be for ever with Him throughout a bright and never-ending

day. What a song of praise we should raise to Himself, our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend!

But little more came from her lips; wishing me good-night, and hurrying from my side she was soon lost to sight in the moving throng.

Yes, reader, the blessed Lord Jesus Christ has many who love Him in this dark world which refuses Him. Many who are poor in this world but rich in faith, and heirs of that kingdom which God has promised to them that love Him. (James ii. 5.) They may have a difficult time now; they may be reproached and insulted because they are accounted worthy to obtain that world of which the Lord spake in Luke xx. 35. But as surely as He lives, so surely will He have them with Himself.

Will *you* not trust Jesus the Saviour, and be led on by the love and power of His hand, to know richer and greater blessings than this world can give?

Are you rich in faith as was this poor woman? !And can you speak as confidently of being in the glory with the Lord Jesus Christ? Delay not to cast yourself upon the mercy of God in this accepted time.

E. E. S.

## “EXCEPT YE BE CONVERTED.”

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**T**HE urgency and necessity for conversion is very plain, and confronts each one as they pass along. Some can take up Matthew xviii. 3, “Except ye be converted . . . ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,” and bless the Lord that “turning point” has come in their soul’s history.

It once met them right across their downward course and confronted them. There was no way of getting past it. It had to be faced, and they said, “I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned.”

The “turning point” along their course had been reached, and how blessed the welcome when they came to the Father. The ring, the robe, the music and dancing, the fatted calf, the joy of heaven, all tell their own tale.

That “turning point” may be reached in childhood’s days, and thus many a one is preserved from much sorrow and suffering which a self-willed path at a distance from God leads to, or it may be reached in middle life, when one has seen and felt the selfishness, coldness and hardness of the world, and experienced in some

measure the passing delusive, unrestful nature of its brightest and best. Or it may be reached in old age, when, perhaps, health, means or friends are gone ; but whether in youth, middle life, or old age, how blessed and absolutely necessary for time and eternity that it should be reached.

The following incident illustrates the goodness of God and the perfect wisdom and love of all His dealings with sinful creatures, such as we are, so that the necessity of conversion should confront them in such a way that they should be driven to seek refuge in Himself.

A young man, tired of restraint, and affected by the spirit of restlessness, had left his home for life in the colonies. After being away for some time the hard work, the rigour of the climate and his reckless life, all tended to undermine his health. After some time he could stand it no longer, and made up his mind to return home again in hopes that his failing health might be recovered, but, alas ! he felt that he was getting weaker and weaker. At last, through the influence of friends, he found himself an inmate of an institution for those suffering from incurable maladies. It was there God spoke to his soul. It was there he

reached the "turning point" in his soul's history, surrounded by others also incurable, and able almost to reckon the hours that intervened between the present and a coming eternity.

When asked about the experiences of a solemn moment such as that described, after he had passed from death unto life, and from darkness to light, he said, "When I began, as a dying man, to think about my soul's eternal welfare, I thought that there were ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that God could not possibly receive me, I had lived such a reckless, godless life, which was now so near its close; but after all there was the hundredth chance that God even then might receive me and bless me, and I would risk it and cast myself unreservedly on His mercy."

The turning point had been reached, he had spent all, and heaven signified its delight by filling his heart with joy and gladness and blessing when he said, "I will arise and go to my father."

How nearly had Satan gained the victory over his soul. The adversary had succeeded in closing up ninety-nine entrances through which the light might have reached him, one after another from childhood's days onwards, and now, just

before the hundredth entrance became beclouded over and then shut, he turned to the God who delights to pardon and bless, and was received and blessed.

Not many days after he passed away, after witnessing a good confession and being blessed to one of the other patients.

Now, dear reader, if still unconverted do not let the days slip by, ending up by remaining eternally lost. Do not let the entrances, through which light as to God's desire to bless you may come, be closed up one by one until you find yourself in "the blackness of darkness for ever." (Jude 13.)

If still unconverted there stands between you and all the glory, blessing and brightness of the kingdom of the heavens "Except ye be converted . . . ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

J. P. W.

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## THE RIGHT ROAD.

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**I**T pleases God to use very simple means to accomplish His bright designs. He would have His children happy, and ready for His use and pleasure.

It is written of Christ, "in the shadow of his hand hath he hid me, and made

me a polished shaft; in his quiver hath he hid me." (Isa. xlix. 2.)

In a feeble measure this may be true of you, dear young Christian. While war and misery are around us—on land, on sea, and in the air—if your heart prompts you to speak to any who may say,

" 'Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought;  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I His or am I not? "

Do not be afraid, trust the gracious Lord. "He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." (Psa. xxvii. 14.)

One July morning two young Christians sat upon a seat at the foot of a high cliff on the south coast of England. As they talked together of their new found happiness—of the Saviour's love, of a home above, of another world where all is peace and joy for evermore, they noticed an aged man, who came slowly, leaning on his stick, down the winding path that led from the top of the cliff to where they were sitting. His age and whole appearance gave them a desire to speak to him, and opportunity was given as he seated himself by their side.

A few remarks about the lovely weather brought the words from his lips, "God is

a great deal kinder to us than our ways deserve."

"Ah!" said one of them, "when I think of what I deserve, I am obliged to confess that hell is all I could expect!"

"Well, well," said he, "I never heard the like o' that before. Why, you don't look as if you had done much harm to any one. Come, tell an old man why you deserve such dreadful punishment."

"Because God is holy and righteous, and could not have a sinner in His presence. He has appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment. (Heb. ix. 27.)

"Now, I have been a sinner all my life, and until very lately have had my back to God, and my feet on the broad road that leadeth to destruction."

"But you don't look as though you were going to hell."

"No! praise be to God, my eyes shall never see it!

"Let me tell you of One who delivered me from going down to the pit. '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.' (Isa. liii. 5.) These words, written in the past, became true of the Lord Jesus Christ,



God's Son, who bore the judgment of God against sin. God loved me, and gave His Son to die for me. Jesus was delivered for my offences, and raised again for my justification. God is satisfied about my sins, and because of this I, too, am satisfied. I belong to Christ, who is now in heaven, and am only waiting till He calls me to be with Him for ever."

Amazed at the young Christian's statement the old man remained for some minutes the picture of bewilderment, then he exclaimed, "Ye can't mean it! Why, if ye've been so bad as ye say ye have, God couldn't pardon yer like that. It's too presumptuous!"

"God has received me because of what His Son has done, and He is willing to receive you on the same terms."

"I wouldn't like to venture on such terms," said he, while an incredulous smile played over his face. "I'll wait till I die, and as I've always tried to do as I would be done by, no doubt God will have mercy on me."

"That is not God's way of salvation; how solemn for you to find out, when too late, your great mistake! You are seeking to make yourself fit for God. 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' God offers the sinner salva-

tion through His Son Jesus Christ, and according to His word there is no other way of escape from never ending woe."

"I can't see yer way," said the man. "I've done nobody any harm; I go to chapel when I can; and I've brought up a large family, who be all turned out respectably. Now yer tell me, I be a great sinner—nay, nay, I ban't so bad."

As the old man was about to go, the young Christian said, "You are old and I am young, but let me say a few more words before we part. Most likely we shall never meet on earth again, but shall we meet above? Unless you take the place of being a lost sinner, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your only Saviour, we shall never be together hereafter.

"You see this tall cliff," she continued, "now suppose you try to scale the front, while we go round by road to reach the top, which of us will get there?"

"Now," he replied, "ye be laughing at me, for ye know well enough that no one would think of climbing such a cliff, let alone an old man like me."

"Which way would you go to reach the top, then?" "By the right road, to be sure." "And you would not be wrong or foolish to go by the road?"

“ Surely not, it is the only way.”

“ And yet you are trying to reach heaven by another way than God has appointed ; and do you not see that the way you are going can only end in destruction ? ”

Putting his hands to his head, the old man exclaimed, “ I suppose it is because I am old, and have never been taught this way, that I can't understand. God help me, if I am not on the right road.” They shook hands, while large tears fell down the old man's cheeks, as he thanked her saying, “ If I get to heaven, 'twill be through your telling me the way there.” Leaning heavily upon his stick, he moved slowly away toward the path that led to the top of the cliff.

Is my reader on the right road ? If not, before it is too late, hasten to the once crucified, but now living Saviour, who will give you a hearty welcome, and satisfy your heart with rest, peace and happiness, now and evermore.

“ From the world and its delusion,  
Now our voices rise as one ;  
While we give God's invitation,  
Heaven itself re-echoes ‘ Come.’ ”

E. E. S.

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