

F. Buckley.

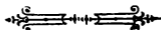
Words of Salvation.

“(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.

“FEAR not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” (Luke ii. 10, 11.)

Have *you* heard these good tidings?

“And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon . . . Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God.” (Luke ii. 25, 28.)

Have *you* received Him and blessed God?

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.” (Luke iv. 18.)

Glorious Saviour, great Thy love that

brought Thee here and took Thee into death that we might have this wonderful gospel preached to us.

Reader, have you believed it and put your faith in Him—Jesus Christ our Lord?

FOUND IN THE DESERT.

A YOUNG fellow went forth from a certain parish in the homeland to do his "bit," as men speak, in the great war.

On board the transport a servant of the Lord handed him a khaki New Testament.

This he made a companion of, and it proved a friend indeed! Hear what God says regarding those who respect His word: "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." (Isa. lxvi. 2.)

In the course of an action in Egypt the young soldier was wounded, and on examining him it was found that another bullet had torn a hole in his breast pocket, in a direct line to his heart, gone through a tin box and penetrated the Testament, stopping at the following verse in the Gospel of John:—

“He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.” (Chap. xii. 48.)

Without doubt that Testament saved his life.

Being invalided home, the little book is now in his family's possession, and the story of his marvellous escape seems to have impressed many in the parish.

Above all, his own heart was reached. He took it to be God's word to him, and that to refuse to receive it would be equivalent to rejecting God Himself.

God loves us intensely and individually, saying, “My son, give me thine heart.” (Prov. xxiii. 26.)

He attracts us to Himself, as in the above incident, in order that He may win and hold our affections.

It is the forbearance and goodness of God that leads us to repentance, and then we learn “his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.” (Eph. ii. 7.)

Thus it was with the young soldier. After his convalescence he returned to Egypt. There, in the desert, where God had so forcibly arrested him, he sought out the christian friend who had given him the Testament, and to the latter's

delight related the foregoing details, expressing his desire to take the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and to follow Him henceforth.

How the friend was cheered, realising that this was no chance meeting with a precious soul, but all ordered of God!

He endeavoured to unfold to him more perfectly the way of life, by faith in Jesus Christ, and in that which He had effected through His death upon the cross for every one who took the ground of being a lost sinner.

The young soldier's response was such that his friend had full assurance as to his salvation.

This marked intervention of God, and experience of one precious soul, is recorded in the hope that it may encourage others to hearken to God's word to them; for His appeal is to all men, in one form or another, as their own consciences must admit. (Titus ii. 11.)

God's only desire is to save and to bless, and His "blessing . . . maketh rich." Have you sought it? If so, you will certainly receive it; for Jesus, the Son of God, has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

The young soldier had now to learn that this world, which cast out God's Son, had

no place for him either, and thus it had become, in a sense, a desert to him.

Assured of God's support, however, he took his stand for Him, and proceeded on his way.

T. K.

THE INDIAN'S STORY.

AN ungodly European was once trying to convince a convert in India that his religion was of no use, and that he never would be any the better for it. "What, after all," said the scoffer, "has your Jesus done for you?"

"He has saved me!" said the native, with great animation. "He has saved me!"

"And what is that?" said the European.

"Step with me to the door," was the reply, "and I will shew you." So saying, he took him outside of the house, picked up a quantity of dry leaves and straw (of which there was plenty close at hand), and made a large circle of them. He then sought for a worm, and having found one he placed it in the centre of the ring. Forthwith he applied a lighted match to the material that surrounded it, the scoffer looking on all the time with no little

astonishment. As the heat of the fire approached the poor worm, it began to writhe and to shew symptoms of distress, but could not get out of the burning ring. The man darted his hand through the smoke, plucked the worm out of its dangerous position, and placed it on the green grass out of reach of all danger.

“There,” said he, “that is what the blessed Jesus has done for me. I was exposed to the flames of hell—there was no possibility of escape; I was condemned and ready to perish, and He rescued me by dying for my sins, thus snatching me as a brand from the burning; and He has given me, a poor dying worm, a place near His heart.”

**“BRING IN HITHER THE POOR,
AND THE MAIMED, AND THE
HALT, AND THE BLIND.”**

(LUKE XIV. 21.)

OF late we have seen numbers of young men returned from the front maimed, halt and blind: an empty sleeve, a crutch, a bandaged eye, each telling its own sad tale, and our mind has reverted to the above scripture. “A certain man

made a *great* supper, and bade *many*: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, *Come*; for all things are now ready. And they *all* with *one consent* began to make *excuse*.”

Let us examine the excuses. The first said: “I have *bought* a piece of ground, and I must needs go and *see* it: I pray thee have me excused.” This man was not *poor*, for he had purchased land, nor was he *blind*, for, said he, I *must needs* go and *see* it. He had no need of the supper to which God had invited him.

Take the second: “I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused.” Again, no poverty. I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them. You cannot prove oxen, you cannot plough without a steady step and a strong arm. The supper had no attraction for him.

The third said: “I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.” He had human happiness, and did not want God.

Can we not understand the Lord's words; what did He mean? Have we not heard the invitation of grace? On God's side “all things are now ready,” and He says “Come;” but on our side are *we* ready, or are we so engrossed with our property, our business or our domestic

affairs that we say, "I pray thee have me excused"?

Can we wonder that the master of the house was angry? But he did not shut up his heart and his compassion. Far from it. "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and *bring* in hither the *poor*, and the *maimed*, and the *halt*, and the *blind*." These are the men who come into the blessing, who partake of the supper of grace. They make no excuses, they are willing to be brought in, and what a feast awaits them!

"The poor." Perhaps you may be offended by the word; but, my friends, you are poor indeed if you know not God, and have no hope beyond the grave: you may have money and still be poor; but the poor who are prepared to own it come in for the blessing.

"The maimed." Many a man has set his hand to accomplish some great thing, to carve out a name for himself in this world's fame, but he has been crippled. Listen to what the Lord says: "It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched." (Mark ix. 43).

Again, another has planned a path of glory in this world for himself, where he

will have the praise and esteem of others and the enjoyment of a vigorous life, a life of worldly pleasure; but now all is changed, he is lame and helpless, every hope is blighted. Listen: “It is better for thee to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched.” God’s thought is that you might live, truly live; not a life of fleeting pleasure, but live in the knowledge of the love of God.

“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.”

Then what a precious thing sight is, but how sadly many misuse it. I have known young men who constantly have used their eyes to look upon that which is immoral and degrading, yet they lived in these things. Again the Lord speaks, and He alone knew the true value of things. “If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is *better* for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” (Mark ix. 47, 48.)

“It is better.” Then there is some hope in life for these poor, wrecked men. There is, indeed, there is every hope. We

have known of men who have thanked God from the bottom of their hearts that He has allowed them to be crippled and has saved their souls. They have come into His kingdom and entered into life.

“And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.” Would you, dear reader, avail yourself of this supper--this *great* supper? You may have been to some of earth's great banquets, but this outshines them all. “Yet there is room.” “And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.” We have heard a good deal about compulsion of late. Have you ever heard of compulsion like this? It is the compulsion of the Holy Spirit, the compulsion of love that *will* be satisfied. “**COMPEL THEM TO COME IN, that my house may be filled.**” Some of us can say through infinite grace, “He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.”

Luke xiv. follows Luke x. The battle has been fought, the victory won and the banquet spread. The One who would bring you into the banqueting house has been where we were, as we lay under death and at a distance from blessing,

from God. He came to bring the testimony of the love of God down into death. His banner was carried down into the darkness and distance of death, the banner of His love. Every claim of righteousness met, every foe vanquished, every enemy silenced, sin put away by the sacrifice of Himself, and now risen, ascended and glorified His banner floats over His people, the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind brought in, compelled to come in, made to sit at His table, sitting down under His shadow with great delight and His fruit sweet to their taste. Would you be among the number? "Come."
 "Yet there is room." H. F. M.

DO NOT DELAY.

THOSE who live on the prairies know well what it is to be living happily in their quiet hut life, without any danger apparently threatening, but on a sudden to find themselves awakened to the fact that devastating fire is approaching at terrific speed. Could you behold such a spectacle you would never forget it. Bear, buffalo, antelope and every four-

footed animal—a mixed mob—a terror-stricken crowd alike realising the value of life in the face of certain death; to prey upon each other never occurs to them in the face of such a mighty foe. No time to think, hardly time to breathe. What a scene!

Does it not remind you of a description of the last day (Rev. vi. 15.), where it says “Kings of the earth, great men, rich men, captains, bondmen and freemen,” a terror-stricken crowd, “hid themselves in dens and rocks.” If ever you behold that scene, you will know that you are beyond hope. Therefore haste now to your Deliverer.

Those who live in the regions of the wild prairies know well that there is only one way, only one means of salvation from the face of the awful foe I have just described. Thank God, there is one way of escape, and this is given to man only, no animal can obtain the deliverance; it is only in man's power to obtain it.

Is it so? Can a man save himself from one of those awful prairie fires?

Yes, in this way. A man by a match just takes some of the same pursuing element—fire—and lights the long dry grass at his feet. As swiftly this new fire flies

ahead, consuming all before it, and before the great prairie fire comes up to it he just walks on to the blackened ground where the grass has been consumed. He is safe, perfectly safe. When the fire comes to this spot it finds nothing left to burn, and it cannot come near him. It cannot touch him, and with him perhaps thousands of poor animals, almost breathless, rush in there and stand safe, quite safe; for the fire having gone over that place once it cannot do so again.

Truly one understands the oft repeated words, "Stand where the fire has been." For vain would be the attempt to put out or arrest such a roaring furnace. This is but a feeble illustration of the great and terrible day of judgment, when the fire of God's wrath will fall.

Simple as it is for a man to take a match to light the grass ahead of him, and then stand where the fire has been, so simple is it to shelter under the finished work of Christ. God poured the fire of His judgment on His beloved Son, when He died alone on Calvary's cross, and now He has pledged a present and eternal salvation to any who will take their place in Him—take refuge in the One who bore on the tree the sentence of death for us.

"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.)

I said it was so simple to trust and shelter in Christ, who shed His precious blood, but it is only by the Holy Spirit that we can appropriate the work of another for ourselves, and yet at the same time the grave responsibility rests upon our shoulders if we neglect God's great salvation.

Think for one moment; if God's wrath has fallen upon your substitute it can never fall upon you. Let me urge you "to stand where the fire has been," and all that remains for you afterwards is to lift your heart in praise and thanksgiving unto God for the abundance of His grace, in which He permits you to stand sheltered by Another who has endured God's wrath in your stead.

“YES, IN HELL.”

A COMMERCIAL traveller, proceeding by train, found himself in the company of people whose theme of conversation was the Lord Jesus, their Saviour.

This was more than he could put up with; had they spoken of politics, or sung worldly songs instead of hymns, he could have borne with them.

On the train halting he quickly made his way to another compartment, but, to his astonishment and disgust, found himself again in the midst of happy christian people singing,

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer’s ear.”

To this and much else he, who knew nothing of Christ, and did not wish to, was constrained to listen.

However, the train presently stopped at a river’s side, where passengers had to cross on a steamboat.

Going on board he thought it would be pleasanter below, so he went down into the saloon.

But, hark! What are these young men conversing about?

With a kind of despair filling his mind he went on deck and addressed one of the officials of the ship :--

“Is there no place where I can get out of the way of these Christians ?”

“Yes, in hell,” promptly replied the other. The official was a worldly man, and spoke in banter, not considering the seriousness of what he said, repeating, “In hell you won't find any Christians.”

However, it was God's word to our friend, and was used by His Spirit to expose to the man his lost condition and urgent need of Christ as his Saviour.

God is working in this day of grace ; the trouble He takes with each soul reveals its preciousness in His sight. Are we less mindful of our eternal interests than He is ?

Jonah is a remarkable instance of one who sought to get away from the presence of the Lord, in his eagerness getting so low, as in figure, at least, to be in hades or hell.

Thus we read, “Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly, and said, I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me ; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice. . . . They that observe lying vanities forsake their own

mercy. . . . Salvation is of the Lord.”
(Jonah ii.)

How true this testimony. May it impress any whose feet are swiftly carrying them into the way of destruction with salvation within their reach!

It is within your reach. Will you grasp it, as our friend did, through a living faith in Christ?

Yes, there are no Christians in hell, for the Lord Jesus has said, “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.)

The awful company of those to be found in hell is detailed in Revelation xxi. 8.

T. K.

LOST AND FOUND.

TWO men were riding on horseback one day in a remote district up-country in Australia. One was the manager of a neighbouring cattle-station and a recent arrival from the old country. The other, a boundary rider named J—, was a native, an expert bush man, whose eye and ear took in and noticed sights

and sounds unobserved by those less familiar with bush life.

They were rounding up some stray cattle, and were moving along at a gallop, when, at a sign from J——, who was looking intently on the ground as they rode along, both brought their horses to a walking pace and finally to a standstill.

J—— then dismounted and began to examine the grass and brushwood for some distance around. At length he exclaimed, "I thought so."

"What is the matter?" his companion asked.

"Some one has lost his way," he replied, pointing to some marks on the ground, "and judging by the newly made tracks he cannot be far away. An hour or two's search may bring us to him; but, at any rate, we must not leave him to perish."

His companion at once agreed, so leaving the search for the cattle to stand over, they went in pursuit of the man who had lost himself in the solitude of the bush. Fortunately they were not long before they came upon him, seated on the trunk of a fallen tree in the midst of a small patch of cleared ground. His swag and billy-can lay at his feet, and his head was uncovered, though the rays

of the fierce mid-day sun streamed upon him. His face was buried in his hands, as if he were in profound thought or deep despair; but which it was neither of the two could tell.

J——'s friend would have gone to him at once, but, obeying a motion of the other's hand, he refrained.

“Let us wait a moment and see what he will do next?” said J——. Presently the man raised his head, and displayed a worn, haggard face. Then rising to his feet he looked around him with an air of alarm and dread, while a cry of intense agony rang through the silence. His joy was unbounded when the two seekers approached him; and as they conveyed him to the nearest squatters' run he related to them the story of his misfortune.

“I started off from B——,” he said, “over a week ago, and should have reached the place I was travelling to the next night. But night came on, and I was nowhere near it, neither was I at the close of the next day. Every morning since then I have set off on what seemed a fruitless errand, for at the close of each day's walk I have been no nearer the end of my journey than when I began. I finished the last of my little stock of pro-

visions on the fourth day, and have since lived on quandangs, roots and berries. To-day is the eighth day, and when you saw me sitting on the log, I had just come to the conclusion, for I could not hide it from myself any longer, that I was really lost. It was then that I cried aloud with fear, as I knew that unless anything unforeseen happened, a terrible death was in store for me."

Terrible, indeed, it would have been had he not been discovered in time.

But what must it be for a soul to discover when in eternity, as, alas! so many do, that it is lost for ever—that the door of mercy has been finally closed, and nothing but eternal woe lies before it!

Yet God's desire is that men should be saved, not lost for ever; for has He not sent His Son into the world to seek and to save the lost? Happy are they whom the Saviour has found. In virtue of His precious blood being shed, they may be brought to the Father's house.

Are you amongst that number, or are you yet in your sins, a lost and guilty sinner, following a path, the end of which is eternal death and despair?

God seeks your happiness and joy and blessing. Why, then, wander further from Him?

A DEVOTED SHEPHERD.

IN a lovely district near one of the English lakes a young man had just died, the description of whose life impressed me so much as a beautiful illustration of the love of the Lord Jesus for us, that I wish to pass it on to others.

Robert B——, for such was his name, was the son of an extensive farmer, and he used to look after his father's sheep. He braved cold and storm on the bleak fells to guard the flocks from harm. As a neighbour said, when telling me how his illness began, "He never thought of himself, only of the sheep."

The result was an attack of pneumonia; but even after that, when warned to take care of himself and not to go on the cold fells, he said it would break his heart not to be with the sheep. He seemed to love their company; but his unselfish devotion to them cost him his life. Consumption set in, and, after a tedious illness, he passed away.

When his friend told me "He never thought of himself, only of the sheep," I remembered at once how the good Shep-

herd, the Lord Jesus Christ, laid down His life for the sheep.

Robert B—— did not know that what he was doing for the sheep would end in his death ; but the Lord Jesus did know, when He undertook to save us, what it would cost Him, as we read in John xviii. 4, "Jesus therefore, knowing all things that should come upon him, went forth."

There is no record of human devotion which equals that. But we can say of Him, "He never thought of Himself, only of the sheep"; and He faced the storm of God's righteous judgment against sin, and bowed His blessed head to the death which *we* deserved, so as to bear it all for us, and shield His poor sheep from what would have been eternal separation from the love of God, which is now so free to flow out to the weakest lamb who wholly trusts the Shepherd.

And, like Robert, the Lord loves the company of His sheep. "His own which are in the world" are very near to His heart, and He wants to keep them close to Himself. His loving eye is always watching over the sheep that have cost Him so much.

If they wander, He often allows some

trial to recall them, as I heard one of the Lord's servants say, "Even Satan is a servant of the Lord: the worst he can do is to bite the straying sheep, and drive it back to the Shepherd's side."

It is sweet to know, that while Robert B—— was occupied with the sheep on the fells, the good Shepherd was thinking of him, a poor sheep wandering away from the Shepherd. He was led some two or three years ago to go several times to hear the gospel preached near his own home; but he was reserved, and no one knew what effect it had had upon him, but there must have been a quiet work of the Holy Spirit going on in his heart all the time.

This was shewn in a remarkable way. When nearing the close of his illness he had been hardly able to speak for some time; but one night, just a week before he was taken, he thought he saw the Lord in glory, and, as he himself expressed it, "a light from God shone into his soul, and he knew he would be at His right hand."

He thought the Lord was going to take him then, so at twelve o'clock he began to tell those about him of the Lord and his confidence in Him, and continued to do so for six hours.

One trusts there will be some blessed fruit from this, his first and last sermon. After that he often asked the Lord to take him, proving that His perfect love had cast out fear.

On 23rd June his prayer was answered. He is now sleeping "in Christ," and in fulness of joy in the presence of Him who loved him and gave Himself for him.

It was Jesus who said, "Feed my lambs" and "Feed my sheep." Therefore, let not those who try to do so feel discouraged because they do not see immediate results. They shall reap in due season, if they faint not.

A. DE-B.

A CLOSED DOOR.

"**A**ND they that were ready, went in with him to the marriage, *and the door was shut.*" (Matt xxv. 10.) It shut in those that were ready and shut out those that were not.

Those that were ready are called WISE, those that were shut out FOOLISH. Only two classes in that day, only two classes in this day. We are either wise or foolish,

and what we are is determined by our actions and not by our words. "The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps." (Matt. xxv. 4.)

The lamp, no doubt, speaks of profession. Both the foolish and the wise had this; perhaps the foolish made the loudest profession, but the test was, who had the oil? It was this made their profession a reality.

Having oil in their vessels did not hinder the wise from going to sleep, I am sorry to say, but the mention of the coming Bridegroom was enough, not only to arouse them from sleep but to send them out to meet Him.

Speaking to a young man on his way to France to fight, knowing him to be careless about his soul, I sought to urge him to give heed to its eternal welfare and turn to Jesus only for salvation.

"Oh!" he said, "our chaplain tells us if only we fall on the battle-field we go straight to heaven."

"And do you believe this?" I asked.

"Well, no," he answered; "but many do."

Poor fellow. He fell upon the battle-field, and if he only trusted in that it was indeed a false hope. Only Christ can save.

It is only those that were ready that went in : and the door was shut.

The joy and comfort of belonging to Christ and being shut in with Him for eternity can only be known to those who are "wise." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

The foolish—that is, those whom scripture calls foolish, however wise they are in their own or other people's eyes—are shut outside. They come, saying, "Lord, Lord, open to us." But the answer was, "I know you not." Shut out for ever! Awful thought!

Some time ago during a walk into the country I called at a farmhouse to leave a tract, and to speak a word for my Saviour and Master. This I was privileged to do to the lady of the house. On leaving I offered her the tracts and said that I hoped she would read them.

"Yes, I will, with pleasure," she answered. "I intend to give attention to my soul's welfare. I know it is needed, but I have not time just now; but I intend to some day."

Hearing of her death a short time ago I inquired if she had given attention to her never-dying soul by turning to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. I was told they did not think so. She had put

off for years this all-important question, and had gathered up quite a heap of tracts and books against the time she would retire and have plenty of time. She did retire, but no sooner had she done so than she was seized with a sudden illness that ended in her death.

Dear reader, which side of that closed door do you wish to be—inside with the wise or outside with the foolish? If inside, it will be by being wise now. Accept God's invitation to have Christ as your own personal Saviour and Lord. He is the door—the door that is still open for you to enter and be saved. If outside with the foolish, you have only to remain in your unconverted state and pass on till life is ended. Then, like the man in Luke xvi., what an awakening! How foolish he had been—he did not want the company of his brethren in his bitter anguish. His wisdom had come too late. Take care that it is not so with you.

W. L.

HIS LOVE.

OH, the love of Christ is wondrous,
Like an ocean in its depth!
Waters deep and strong and boundless,
What could span its length or breadth?

How the little I have tasted
Makes me long to know it more :
Flood my heart, O Lord, I pray Thee
From Thy love's unmeasured store.

Blessed, precious, holy Jesus,
Constant e'en to death's dark gloom
Love it was that brought Thee to it,
Love that met my awful doom.

Now 'tis love that watches o'er me,
Marks the path that I should tread,
Daily strews my way with mercies :
Showers its blessings on my head.

Like a river in its fulness,
Floods my heart with deep delight,
Like a sun its glowing radiance
Brightens e'en my darkest night.

Waters deep, that I can swim in,
Sunshine melts my icy heart ;
Love, yes love, that passeth knowledge,
Love, because of what Thou art.

Deeper, deeper shall I find it,
As my heavenly way is trod ;
Precious, infinite and perfect,
And its source—the heart of God.

E. W. T.

*By kind permission from "Praise Songs," Music
and Words. J. W. Sergeant, Narrow Bridge
Street, Peterborough.*

SORROWFUL WARNINGS.

WE are living in very solemn and serious days. Young and old, rich and poor are being swept away in destruction and death. We remember the words of the Son of God, who nearly two thousand years ago came to this earth with a message of love from God. He said to some who told Him of the Galilæans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices, "Suppose ye that these Galilæans were sinners above all the Galilæans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, think ye that they were debtors above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." (Luke xiii. 1-5.)

How these solemn words appeal to every person who has not faced his or her true condition before God. You must face the question upon this earth; it is useless for your friends to pray for you after your spirit has left the body, which

is left in the silent grave or in the deep sea, or in the arid desert—seen only of God who raiseth the dead, and calleth those things that are not as though they were.

“ There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.”

Some years ago I went to see a young relative whom I dearly loved.

She had written to me a few weeks previously to my visit, telling me of her illness; and I being at that time unable to go and see her, had written her a long letter, in which I had sought to set before her God's way of salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

I had received no answer to my earnest appeal, and now I fondly hoped to hear, from her own lips, that she was indeed a true believer in the Lord Jesus. But a few months before her illness she had left her childhood's home a happy bride, and now had been brought back to it, a shattered wreck of her former self, to die.

A severe cold had settled upon her lungs, and consumption was doing its fatal work. Her mother said, “ She will never be better in this world. Dr. ——— says she is going fast.”

“ Does she know her real condition ? ”
I asked.

“ Oh, no ; the doctor says it would only hasten her death to tell her. We must be bright and cheerful when with her, and let her think she will get better. It is all we can do for her now, poor child ! ”

I begged her mother to let me tell her, but she would not. She would be pleased to see me, but I was to be cheerful.

How my heart ached as I went up the stairs, praying as I went for an entrance to her heart.

I gently opened the door of her room, and was soon seated by her side.

She seemed to understand my look, for with assumed cheerfulness she said, “ Do you think I have altered much ? ” “ Yes, dear,” I replied, “ I did not expect to see you looking so ill, but perhaps you are not so well this evening ? ” “ Indeed,” she said, “ I am very much better than when I came here a few weeks ago ; so, please, you must not try to persuade me differently. It was only this morning that Dr. ——— told me I was certainly stronger, and he hoped very soon I should be able to return to my home.”

Silently I prayed that God would enable me to speak to her faithfully of

her soul's condition. My heart yearned over her, and inwardly I wished I could die for her.

When I addressed her again, it was to speak of her husband. "He must miss you sadly, dear?"

"Indeed he does," she answered, "and, oh! we were so happy together. We so well suited each other. I wish we had never seen that wretched place where I caught this cold: it has altered everything to us."

"No doubt God had a purpose in allowing you to catch cold," I said, "He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind." "Perhaps so," she said, "but then we cannot make sad things seem pleasant."

"My dear, if you knew how the Lord Jesus draws near to the heart that trusts Him you would not talk thus. You know I am no stranger to sorrow, and I can tell you how the darkest hours have been brightened by His love. Tell me now, has your illness led you to think of a region where all is fair and unchanging: I mean heaven?"

A tear was hastily wiped away as she said, rather abruptly, "Oh! of course the thought does sometimes come, and more especially it did when I was so very ill; but I cannot think of anything mournful

for long. There have been enough sad scenes in our family of late: I must be cheerful for my husband's sake. I am sure I try every means to get better, and then there will be brighter days for us. It is so good of my husband to let me be here, where I can have milder air and better nursing than he could get for me at home." So she talked, and I saw only too plainly that God's Son, the blessed Saviour, had found no place in her heart. "A——," I said, "I do not want to tire you, but I want you to consider this all important question; Is your soul resting on Christ and His finished work?"

"Well," she answered, "we cannot be converted all at once. Mr. ——, the minister of the church where my husband and I attended, has often said conversion is a progressive work. We cannot give up old habits in a moment of time. I am sure Mr. —— was master of his subject, and a reliable authority. Really the services at his church were all that could be desired; I never did like high church."

"Do not weary yourself, dear, about ministers and churches, but put your sole trust in Christ, for He is the alone way through which a poor sinner can be saved."

“I do not think,” she said, “that I am worse than other people, that you should speak to me so. I am sure I regularly attended church, when well enough, and God knows that I am unable to go now. As to believing in Christ, why, of course I do; I have said it many times in the beautiful church prayers. It is useless telling me that belief in Christ will save me; but I trust that when my time comes to die I shall be prepared for the change.”

I entreated her to bow to God's word, to own Him as true, to let God act as His heart wanted to—to save her from never-ending woe by trusting in the blood of Jesus—God's Son. But all seemed useless, and I parted from her with an aching heart.

I saw her about twice during the two short weeks that remained to her, but others were present, and she was reserved and did not seem to wish my company. A novel, hastily covered to escape observation, was what she evidently was feeding upon.

Then I was soon, very soon, called to look upon her face in her coffin. The two brothers stood with me weeping aloud. They felt as I did, that she had left no evidence of faith in Christ.

“ How did she die ? ” I said.

“ Well,” said one who was present, “ she had chatted and laughed with her husband, and told him she should soon be well enough to return to their home.” He had no sooner left the house when a suffocating cough seized her ; she fell back upon her pillows—looked at them, and was gone !

Unconverted reader, I have written the foregoing account of my young relative with the hope that it may be used of God to arouse you before it be too late. We must speak plainly to you ; we are left here to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present evil world. (Titus ii. 12.)

God warns before He strikes ; He waited many years while Noah built his ark for the safety of his house. He has waited since His Son has been here who has died, who was buried, who is risen and gone up to heaven ! Do you believe this ? You may be outwardly moral, amiable, and even a professor of religion ; but all this will not save your precious soul. What do you think of Jesus, God’s Son ? Why was He upon Calvary’s cross, as the bearer of sin ? The blood shed upon that cross cleanseth from all sin. That precious blood tells out the love of God

to the perishing sinner. But woe to those who despise that blood! God will never forget the death of His Son; He thinks much of it. It satisfied all His righteous claims against the sinner, so that He can offer forgiveness and give the believer eternal life and eternal blessedness in His beloved Son.

Alas, my reader, if you refuse His offer you are in a fearful position.

A——'s husband died two years afterwards on the very day. He had just married another young wife, but was suddenly removed from all, his wife, his home, and lucrative position. Oh! that one could make you see the danger of delay.

“Come *now*, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” (Isa. i. 18.) “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” (Matt. xi. 28.)

E. E. S.

CLOSED DOORS.

“ Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.”
(Rev. iii. 20.)

THIS is one of the most pathetic and touching pictures in the holy scripture, and, although the scripture refers to the Lord Jesus as outside the assembly, I venture to apply the principle to the way He desires to enter man's heart. The Lord Jesus is standing outside the door and is seeking admission ; His hands are full of the richest blessings that God can bestow ; yet that door is closed against Him and all His most earnest appeals.

His perfect love has been told out in divine fulness when he died upon Calvary's cross, and also when He trod this earth. It is said of Him, “ He went about doing good.” No need too great for Him to meet. The blind, the lame, the leper, and even death itself had to flee at His powerful yet loving touch.

It was He who carried men's sorrows and bore their griefs. How thankful people seemed to be ; yet the depth of their thankfulness is put to the test when He presents Himself for admission into their heart, that is, into their affections.

“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.”

Ready enough to receive all the great mercies that He gives; to be relieved of all the pressure of want and disease. But **HE** *Himself* is not wanted! Yet the fact remains; we can have nothing without Himself. It is His precious blood that cleanses from all sin. It is *in Himself* we have redemption. “*In whom* we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.” (Eph. i. 7.) It is *in Him* we have life. He says, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” He is the subject and substance of holy scripture. We are glad of all these things. Yet He is saying, “Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.” Still outside, the door fast closed against His blessed Person.

Creeds and doctrines we will have. Ceremonies great and gorgeous! Yes, but the blessed, yet despised Saviour we will not let into our hearts! We will allow Him in our pictures, His name to have a place in our books, stately places built to Him, but **THE HEART**, no, that is too near. He will interfere with my life and my business. He is not in accord with my pleasures. To have a profession is quite in the fashion, and I am able to support liberally those institutions which

do so much good. But, *my heart* to be opened to Him, ah! that makes me think!

Yet, why should not this be? Life at its longest is very brief. Business at its best only satisfies my wants for this time; and as for pleasures they are but for a moment, then--death! judgment!! and an eternal hell!!!

In contrast He brings life, peace, joy, true happiness and eternal love, and all that love brings.

"I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." (Rev. iii.) He wants an open heart, the door thrown wide open. Bid Him come and take possession, to enthrone Himself there; not a passing guest, but to be master and Lord for ever.

What will be the result? One can say without fear, It is present blessing, true happiness, and hope of eternal glory with him.

J. L.

"WHY ARE YE TROUBLED?"

IF living a stranger to Christ, you may well be troubled. The thought of death and judgment to come may well give you trouble. If this is your con-

dition, God grant that your trouble may be greater and greater until you find rest in Jesus.

This little paper may be put into the hands of a doubting Christian. To such an one these words of Jesus have peculiar application. (Luke xxiv. 38, 39.) Jesus, alive from the dead, speaks these words, "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet." What tender love is this! Blessed Jesus! He had said unto them, "Peace be unto you"; and it touched His tender heart that there should be trouble or a thought in their hearts. How could such deep sincere love bear to be doubted! He had loved them unto death; His very body had been on the cross for them; His very blood had been shed for the remission of their sins; as their Substitute He had died the accursed death of the cross for them—the just for the unjust. One had denied him and all had forsaken Him. But now God had raised Him from the dead *for their justification*. And now the object of His eternal desire was accomplished—redemption was finished. His heart, overflowing with unutterable joy, had found vent in those ever-precious words, "PEACE BE UNTO YOU"; how could

He then bear a cloud of trouble, or one doubting thought, in the hearts of those He had so LOVED? Oh! it makes my heart melt whilst I look at Jesus and hear those divinely sweet words, "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet."

My reader, do you believe that that agony and shameful death of Jesus, the spotless Son of God, on the cross was for your sins—that He was delivered for your offences—and that, having endured their utmost penalty, God raised Him from the dead for your justification? For this is true of every sinner that believeth. Yes, and if you are brought by the Holy Spirit thus to trust in *Jesus alone*, then it is true of you; and these words are written for you. With a heart still filled with joy Jesus says, "Peace be unto you." Like Peter, you may have denied Him; or, like the rest, you may have forsaken Him; but look at Him, listen to Him; oh! what words of love—yes, love that cannot bear to be doubted; and words *to you*: "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" How do you answer these words of Jesus? Do you say, I am such a vile, ungrateful sinner? He says, "Behold my hands

and my feet"; now look at them; what do you think about those wounds on the risen body of Jesus? Do they not speak peace to your troubled conscience? "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin." Oh! yes, my fellow-believer, Jesus feels keenly every doubting thought that arises in our hearts.

Blessed Jesus! Thy work is finished; here our souls rest. Our sins were laid on Thee; they cannot be laid on us. On our account wrath was on Thee; on Thy account it is peace, endless peace, to us.

May my reader hear the words of Jesus, "Go in peace, and doubt no more." He does not say, Look at *your* faith or *your* feeling—He does not say, Look at your sins or your failings. We might look at them in despair. But He says, "Behold my hands and my feet," as though He had said, Is it not enough? could I love you more?

C. S.

AN UNFORESEEN EVENT.

A NOTABLE woman has recently died in Paris, who claimed to be a prophetess. She is said to have predicted many of the public events of the past decade, and has also prophesied the end of the great war in the spring of 1917.

The writer who describes her, however, states that there is one event she did not foretell, or foresee—that was *her own death*.

This is surely a remarkable and striking fact. Incidentally it is a proof that her predictions are nothing more than shrewd guesses, or ordinary foresight; for had she really possessed the power of penetrating the future (which God has mercifully withheld from us all), she would surely have been aware of her own approaching end.

Yet nothing is more sure and certain than death. None are exempt from it. None can buy their freedom from it, nor by craft escape it. At the end of every human pathway, however bright or prosperous, stands the doom of death.

Let me ask the reader, have you fore-

seen this fact, and have you made any preparations for it? God's word says, "it is appointed unto men once to die." (Heb. ix. 27.) This is an appointment which we must all keep, and even more solemn are the words that follow, "after death the judgment." Yes, the day must come when the reader will have to leave all he or she may possess here.

All life's pleasures and its sorrows must be for ever laid down, and passing hence by way of death we shall have to meet God. Have you ever considered this for five minutes together? How near you may be to it none can tell, and it is well then to be prepared.

Do not be like the woman of whom we have spoken, who was prepared for all else, and claimed to foresee other things, but who was apparently totally unprepared for her own death.

It is a holy and sin-hating God we have to meet, and He has claims upon us, for we are His creatures and are responsible to Him. Those claims we can never meet. Reformation and turning over new leaves will not do, for we can never keep the new leaves clean, and even if we could, do not forget that "God requireth that which is past." (Eccles. iii. 15.)

What then can we do? God's gospel comes to tell that the claims we could not meet *have been met* BY GOD HIMSELF. *He* has found the ransom, and He can therefore deliver our souls from going down to the pit. (Job. xxxiii. 24.)

This is good news indeed! God's own Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, has taken up all the question of our guilt and need, and borne our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Pet. ii. 24), so that God can now justly bless the one who believes in Him. (Rom. iii. 26.)

Will you accept this glad tidings, and by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ secure a full and free salvation?

A. G. D.

“YOUR DYING HOUR.”

“**I** HAVE just been to the funeral of a very dear friend,” said I to a merry-looking man, whilst waiting for the train. “And it is no small comfort when a friend departs to know, with absolute certainty, that that friend is gone to be with Christ, which is far better.”

“I should think,” said he, “there are very few that die who have that certainty. At least not many would like to chance

it if it were put to them to-day; I mean if the question was put, Are you so sure of heaven that you do not mind dying to-day?" I replied, "I fear even amongst those who profess to be Christians too few would stand that test. But it was very different with my departed friend. She had only been ill a few days, and on the day before her death, knowing there was no human possibility of recovering, she calmly said, 'I would not exchange places with the Queen.' Not the shadow of a doubt passed over her happy soul. She rested not in anything she had done, but in the finished work of Christ Jesus, the Son of God. Precious Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness never fail in the hour of death. Nothing can be so certain as that which God has said, 'that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"Well," said he, "it is a happy thing when a person has such confidence; but I fear there are very few who have the happiness to enjoy it. Man is so given to sin, he has such strong inclinations to sin."

"Very true," I replied. "But you are not a man of *all* sin; you have not committed *all* sin. But God is the God of **ALL** grace, and that grace is seen on the

cross, surpassing all your sins. Who can tell the value of the blood of Jesus as God sees it? I myself am the chief of sinners; I have not one particle of worthiness. But I tell you, if we are all killed before we reach home, I have no fear or question whatever about my salvation. It was eternally settled by the death of Jesus.”

“Ah!” he said, “it seems to me a poor thing to hang one’s salvation on.”

“What is? Is Christ a poor thing to trust? Is Christ’s word a poor thing to trust?”

“Oh! no, I mean it is a poor thing to hang on faith. To think that if you have faith you will be saved, let you sin and do as you like.”

“Ah! my dear sir, but the man that has real faith in Christ does not want to sin. He hates it, and longs for and delights in holiness; and he is the only one that gets delivered from sin. But now you try, from this day, in your way, never to sin again.”

“I have tried,” said he, “many a time; but still I sin in thought, word and deed. I think I now see that to believe in Christ is the only way to get both saved, and give up sinning.”

Reader, *what as to your dying hour?*

You cannot help the thought crossing your mind at times, can you now? *Your dying hour* may be very near—yes, very near! Now are you prepared for *that hour*? What! are you going on carelessly in sin? Well may you tremble at the thought of *your dying hour*. Are you trusting in forms and ceremonies of human religion? Ah! these will utterly fail you in *your dying hour*.

But mark the blessed condition of every saved sinner: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Is this your condition? Are you justified? Have you peace with God? Then, my reader, if you should fall asleep before Jesus comes again, yours will be a **HAPPY DYING HOUR.**

C. S.

FOR TIME AND FOR ETERNITY!

WHILST on a visit to B—, under whom I was serving, we were both invited to dine with the magistrate.

The night was cool after the heat of an Indian day, so we enjoyed the walk back to B—'s bungalow along well kept, palm-lined roads.

Arriving at the house and finding even its spacious rooms unbearably close, we had camp beds placed out in the garden under the cool, starlit sky, and retired to rest.

Some time after midnight B—— awoke me, saying, "I am bitten!"

Well knowing that there was not a moment to lose, and having recently learnt how to act in case of snake-bite, we proceeded indoors and turned up the lamp.

I inwardly committed the matter to God, seeking His guidance, while my friend, assisted by his servants, lay prostrate on the floor face downward, with a basin under his limb.

B—— begged me not to spare him, so I cut promptly and deeply, where I had noted the fang puncture on his calf.

The black, poisoned blood flowed freely, while I dosed him with ammonia at intervals.

Presently bleeding almost ceased, so I held a glass over the lamp and cupped the wound with it.

The black blood again spurted up into it, but, on repeating the process, the colour turned to red, and I began to hope, thanking God.

B——, however, became drowsy, the

effect of the poison, and I knew that if he slept he might never awake; so I got him on to his feet, and insisted on his walking up and down with me till he became exhausted.

Then laying him on his bed in an adjoining room, and, as he requested, placing his absent wife's and children's portraits alongside, he gazed on them with moist eyes, in the expectancy of immediate death. I earnestly commended him to God, that his life might be spared.

At this juncture the magistrate drove up, took my place at the bedside, and proceeded to make out B——'s will.

Shortly the doctor also arrived and sternly questioned me as to what I had done, then went in to B——.

The doctor's attitude caused me to ponder the situation gravely, and the great responsibility I had incurred in trying to save my friend's life in such an emergency; but I cast myself on God, and calmly awaited the result.

Meanwhile, I went outside with a lantern accompanied by several Indian servants, and in B——'s camp bed, found and killed a snake of a particularly venomous and deadly kind.

Soon after the doctor returned to the room where I was awaiting him, held

out his hand and said, "Without a doubt you have saved B——'s life. Had you not acted promptly, and as you did, he would have died in a few minutes."

How I thanked God for this good news. He never fails His own !

He invites us to trust Him, saying, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Psa. l. 15.)

As for B——, the shock that he had received to his system necessitated a change; and when he returned, fit and well, he brought a gift for me, which indicated his own changed thoughts—being a man of few words—and which I much valued, namely, a copy of the Revised New Testament, then recently published.

Happy intercourse followed till we were both transferred, far apart; but I have every reason to believe that my friend truly turned to the Lord and sought to follow Him, who had not only preserved his life, but had saved his soul.

Saved for time and for eternity !

May this incident now recorded after the lapse of many years, be the means, under God, of bringing home to any heedless one the uncertainty of human life, and the urgency of being prepared to.

meet God, who wills not the death of the sinner, but that he should turn and live. Paul near the close of his fruitful ministry could, in all humility, write :

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

Death and life are the most serious of all issues that can affect the soul.

Death implies everlasting banishment from the presence of God. Life, on the other hand, eternal bliss—“with Christ.”

The choice, through God’s mercy, is still left open to you ; but, at any moment, you might be called away ! Will you, therefore, decide now ?

Like Paul, let self entirely go, that Christ may become everything to you.

T. K.

THE GOSPEL.

THE Gospel is God’s answer to man’s need. God has made Himself known to all men in Christ as a Saviour God, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. Nothing could be more marvellous than

the present position that God has taken up toward all men in grace.

Forgiveness of sins and the gift of living water is announced to all men without distinction: it is the day of God's grace, not the day when He is judging men. He is pleased, through the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe.

Everything depends upon Christ: how could it be otherwise? Christ has been into death and has glorified God. His precious blood has been shed that God might have a righteous foundation on which He can deal with every man in grace. God has a right to shew mercy, and He has taken up this right now on account of Christ's death. All who bow to Christ and own Him as their only hope, are forgiven and justified, and God gives His Holy Spirit to every one who thus believes in Christ.

Death is stamped on everything here: it is a solemn fact that has to be faced by all, and there is no escape from the consequences of our sins apart from Christ and His death. God will accept no person on account of what they are, nor of what they have done: He will only regard those who believe in Christ. He could say when Christ was here, "This

is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, HEAR HIM."

I would earnestly ask you, have you heard Him speaking in love to your soul, or are you still disregarding His voice of grace? It is a very serious thing to be still in your sins, and not ready to meet God. You can meet God now as a Saviour God in Christ, and you can meet Him nowhere else.

Do not think your good works or religiousness will merit God's favour: it will not. He refused Cain at the beginning because he brought to God the results of what he had done; but He accepted Abel, because he brought to God a sacrifice which spoke to God of Christ and His infinite work of redemption.

We are living in a serious time, and it is high time that you had matters that have to do with your soul and eternity settled with God. It will be too late when you are dead and gone. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

J. J.

A REMINISCENCE.

AS I am the great grand-daughter of — Jones, I like to tell of God's wonderful mercy to him. I was told that he was a bad young man—utterly careless about his soul—when at or about the age of thirty he had a serious illness, and died (as his relatives thought), and was put into the shell before being nailed down in his coffin.

One day his wife and a friend went up to have a last look at him; as they stood by one exclaimed, "His eye moved."

This startled them so that they rushed downstairs to the street door; a doctor was called in, who ordered him to be put into a warm bath, and consciousness returned.

His first request was for a Bible, and he related a wonderful vision which God used in blessing to his soul during the trance.

He was restored to health and lived to about eighty years of age to the glory of God, his Saviour, I believe, and erected a chapel in the east end of London; and I have some sweet verses about it worked on a sampler by my dear mother when a little girl, from which I think that Lady

Huntingdon was the foundress of the chapel. These are the verses :

C. A. E.

To Thee, O Lord, our thoughts ascend,
On Thee alone our hopes depend ;
O hear Thy saints' united prayer
And take this house beneath Thy care.

Send us a blessing from Thy throne,
In Sion make Thy mercies known ;
With power attend the gospel's sound
And praise in Sion will abound.

Bedew with copious showers of grace
The honoured foundress of the place ;
Give her to see Thy church increase
And then she'll close her eyes in peace.

Come with Thy ministers, O Lord,
Who here may come to speak Thy word ;
Let them Thy glory ever see,
And stand by them that stand for Thee.

Hither may crowds of sinners fly
To see Thee, Jesus, ere they die ;
And when the promised land they view,
They'll wish to bid the world adieu.

Many of nature's fallen race
Will thoughtless pass this holy place ;
Incline them Sion's ground to tread,
And let Thy voice awake the dead.

Here let Thy presence ever rest,
And Sion with Thy smiles be blest ;
May this new temple ever be
A dwelling for the eternal Three.

*Worked by Emma Jones, aged 10 years, May 6th,
1823. She was the grand-daughter.*

WHY NOT BE A CHRISTIAN ?

IT is noteworthy how often God prepares a vessel to receive His blessing, as in the instance now related.

My friend, the son of christian parents, but for whom the world bid high with all its pleasures and attractions, was arrested by God in the following manner.

During the absence of his parents in the far north a sister, younger than himself, was suddenly seized with typhoid, and passed away to be "with Christ" ere his father, impelled by his great and yearning heart of love, and travelling post haste by steamer and express train, could arrive.

Meeting his father that same morning, there was simply a grip of the hand and a look—not a word spoken!

The first result of this visitation was the turning to the Lord of a sister, who had been deeply moved by the event.

Sitting at her father's feet by the fire one evening, she looked up into his face and said, "I want to tell you something.

I have resolved to give my heart to Christ and follow Him as my Master," and she went on to tell of the wonderful change which had come into her life.

One Sunday night some three weeks later my friend, while visiting elsewhere, met a gentleman whom he had known for years as a hearty, pleasure-seeking man, who seemed much affected by a gospel address heard that evening.

Returning home he, after supper, rose with the others and passed into the next room, the thought flashing through his mind, "Your friend is becoming a Christian; your sister and others have become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ; it is no delusion, but a real, all-important possession. Why should you not be a Christian?"

After the reading of the scriptures and family prayer, he asked the question, "How do you know that it is not all a delusion?"

His father replied, "Supposing it were a delusion, is a man any better without it? A sceptic was once arguing with an old woman, when she replied to his sneers and ridicule, 'Let me ask you, sir, if, after we die, it should turn out as you say; if there should be no God, no

Saviour, no heaven, will you, as a sceptic, be any better off than I?'

" 'No,' answered the scoffer, 'I don't suppose I shall.'

" 'Then,' said the old woman, 'If I am right, and I know I am, and you are wrong, if there is a heaven and a judgment seat, if there is eternal punishment for all who sin against God's mercy, shall I not be much better off than you?'"

As his father concluded he felt that the old woman's logic was sound, and it came as an answer to the question which was ringing ceaselessly in his ears, "Why should I not become a Christian?"

All that was offered to those who were willing to follow Jesus Christ—pardon of sins, peace with God, deliverance from death, and life in Christ—came up before him in their true value.

As he sat there he determined that, before laying his head on the pillow that night, God enabling him, he would decide for Christ.

One after another left the room, till he remained alone. Taking up his father's Bible, he knelt at an armchair by the fire and opened the book, asking God to give him some message from its pages.

The Bible opened at Matthew xi., his eye falling on verse 28, "Come unto me,

all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

That was enough. Placing his hand on the verse, he prayed for the first time for many a year: "O God, Thou hast asked me to come to Thee: I do come, and now, with all my weakness and sin; receive me, pardon me, make me a true child of Thine!"

Picking up a blank envelope that lay near, he wrote on it thus: "I hereby resolve and determine to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour; and as God may help me, in my weakness and helplessness, to obey Him in all things."

The next day he heard from a friend in a distant town, who related her own soul exercise before God, resulting in a sense of forgiveness, heavenly light filling her heart, and urging him to seek the same.

Bewildered, but encouraged by this simultaneous experience on the part of another, though far apart at the moment, my friend was gradually led into open confession of Christ; joy and peace his portion, too!

Soon afterwards, finding his father alone, he frankly told him all.

The response was immediate, such as comes from the heart of God Himself towards each poor sinner that turns

to Him. (Luke xv. 20-24.) My friend wrote :—

“The look of joy, and the tears of delight that welled up, as he took my hand and tried to tell what it meant to him, I shall never forget.

“From that day to this our home has been a different one, a bond of sympathy existing that never could have been otherwise.”

The new life thus entered upon was also to be set apart by the Spirit of God for world-wide service, which my friend presently took up, God opening his way as he sought grace to go forth, and to tell out what great things He had done for him.

This service was also owned of God in many souls turning to Him through the fervent preaching of the gospel, to which, on one memorable occasion abroad, the writer was a witness.

The foregoing incident is now rehearsed with the object of arresting the serious attention of any careless, pleasure-loving ones.

Such are earnestly invited to consider, that the fleeting things of time can never satisfy the heart of man; that only Christ is enduring, and is able and willing,

through His work upon the cross, to give "rest" to heavy laden souls.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." (Heb. xiii. 8.)

My friend was moved by the thought that while others were receiving a good thing, he was missing it!

Will you not, like him, ask yourself the question, "Why should I not become a Christian?"

T. K.

"HOW TO SPELL K-N-O-W."

DURING a conversation with an aged woman about the things of God, she gladly responded to what I sought to put before her. Especially as I pointed out how the enemy of souls did his utmost to make poor ruined man believe that God was *against* him, whereas from the time He had called Adam out from among the trees of the garden of Eden His desire was to *save* and *bless* him.

But when I inquired from my aged friend if *she knew* the One whom God had sent as the Saviour of sinners, she could only say with all earnestness, "Well, I *hope* so." She assured me she loved to

hear of Him, and that she trusted to nothing but His finished work for her soul's salvation, “but still,” she added, “I *fear* to say more than I *hope* I am saved.”

Dear reader, is this what *you* are saying in your heart? Many who really love the Lord, like the woman in question, have said so; and do you know why?

Because they know so *very* little of what is in His heart *for* them! They have never recognised by faith either the love of God in *sending* Him, or the depths of His own searchless love which went into death, and under the just judgment of God, that the *objects* of this love may never perish but be eternally saved.

Well, one day in visiting this dear woman again I tried to shew her how we wronged God by refusing to be assured of His salvation, instead of setting to our seal that *He is true*, apart from what we may *feel* through unbelief. Before leaving I read a verse in 1 John v. 13 which says: “These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God;

that ye may know

that ye have eternal life.”

“Now,” I continued, “when I was young and went to school, I assure you that

word k-n-o-w did *not* spell *hope*, but *you* seem to put it the other way." She gazed at me for a moment with a strange mixture of confidence and emotion in the expression of her face, as the real meaning of the word dawned upon her soul, and then quietly said with a bright smile: "No! No!! I will spell it *know*, for I do 'believe on the Son of God.'"

"The entrance of thy words giveth *light*: it giveth understanding unto the simple." (Psa. cxix. 130.) Are *you* willing, dear reader, to simply *accept* what God has said?

I visited her again many times before she was called away to be with Christ, but a doubt never arose as to her security as a believer nor in the love of God that had been revealed to her soul. She had learned how to use the word *know* as the privilege of every child of God, and the language of her heart was—

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

Now let me ask you who have read this simple narrative, is it your earnest desire to be saved from coming wrath and to rejoice under a sense of sins forgiven? Then plead *guilty* before God, and remember *this* is the ground upon which

He can offer you salvation. The safety of your soul depends upon God's appreciation of the value of the blood of Christ. Not *your* estimate of it, but *God's* estimate. You stand in the *value* of it when you trust the One who shed it for guilty sinners.

It is no longer then a question of *your unworthiness*, but of the *One who is worthy* to put believers in the highest glory with Himself. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

E. F. P.

AN EMPTY BOAST.

A MAN of my acquaintance was crossing the Atlantic from America on one of the big liners which used to sail between America and England before the war, and one night he was down below in the smoking room where a man was publicly reviling God and openly defying Him. He was boasting great things, and was even questioning God's existence.

Suddenly his infidel ravings were silenced; a loud report was heard which shook the ship and terrified every one.

In the engine room the piston rod had broken and the cap blew off, causing a great noise. The raging infidel immediately fell upon his knees and cried to God, imploring Him to have mercy upon him.

Of course every one present was astonished, and all he had boastingly said was ridiculed and people looked on him with scorn. He was mocked by all.

Conscience makes cowards of us all, and this man's proud boast was soon over when danger was near. The boat was easily able to come into port under her own steam after some repairs were effected, and the incident of the frightened infidel made a lasting impression on the mind of the person well known to me.

How empty is the boast of the human heart, but how great is the grace of God in bearing with His poor deluded creature!

The fact is, man is under the power of Satan, and while he may lead some on to openly blaspheme, he is content if others only neglect God's great salvation. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation"?

Reader, do not allow yourself to be deceived any longer. "There is one God." "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth

his handywork." (1 Tim. ii. 5; Psa. xix. 1.)

To say that there is no God is to brand oneself a fool. There is a God, and He has taken full account of all our need and lost condition. "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.)

Even while poor foolish man under the power of the adversary is saying that there is no God, God declares in the gospel how He set Himself to devise means and give effect to them, so that His poor, lost, deluded creature might be saved and lifted from the darkness of an abominable slavery into the glorious light of true liberty.

Reader, God has made known the thoughts of His heart that we should be converted and forgiven, cleansed from all our guilt and brought nigh to Him through Jesus Christ our Lord. Better far accept His great salvation than live another hour under the cruel slavery of a tyrant master. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. x. 13.)

J. J.

"IT'S THE HYMN THAT'S DONE IT."

YEARS ago two young men, happy in the knowledge of their Saviour, were spending a short holiday in the hills in Gloucestershire, giving away tracts at the cottage doors and preaching, as occasion served, in the open air in the villages.

Arrived one evening at a secluded village in the bosom of the hills, and having gone round the cottages, as was their wont, it was their privilege to announce the glad tidings of the grace of God to the villagers gathered together on the green. How attentive were the listeners is remembered to this day, whilst the importance of decision for Christ was pressed, before the devil, ever busy and too strong for any of us apart from Christ, snatched away the word—

"Behold, now is the accepted time;"

"Behold, now is the day of salvation."

(2 Cor. vi. 2.)

At the end of the addresses the hymn was sung beginning—

“ Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid’st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come ! ”

It was a time of much heart searching, and the power of God was present (by the Spirit of God) to heal.

After a few words of prayer, one of the preachers turned round to get some little books out of his satchel, and there on the ground by his side was an old woman flat on her face, and amidst her sobs she was saying with deep feeling, “ Oh ! it’s the hymn that’s done it, it’s the hymn that’s done it.” She had heard with the hearing of faith the word spoken and the passages quoted from the word of God, and now the hymn had been used by the Holy Spirit to give expression to the inarticulate strivings within, for she sought to come to the Saviour, as the words of the hymn said :

“ O Lamb of God, I come ! ”

and she came, and was blessed, and lived to praise Him.

Faith does not argue, but is living and moving in connection with a living Person, Christ, in response to the light from God as to Him.

Beloved reader, do not wait any longer, do not say "if," or "I do not feel," but simply in faith make the move now at this moment to Him, your living Saviour. All the power of God is ready to support your faith and to lead you on in the knowledge and appreciation of Christ and His love.

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, Thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !"

G. J. E.



GOD LOVES YOU!

GUARD B—— was employed on the railway; a tall, well-built and capable man, but a sorrow to his friends, owing to his dissolute habits.

His brother, living at a distance, wrote to me asking that I would interest myself in him, which I accordingly sought to do, looking to God for him, and waiting for opportunity to befriend him.

God thus entreated, by his brother and myself, was not slow to respond: united prayer must prevail!

The Lord Jesus said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xviii. 19.)

Just then a servant of the Lord visited the locality, and it was arranged that he should speak in the little hall.

The evangelist, himself the fruit of prayer, had visited many lands in the gospel, being much used in the salvation of precious souls; and now God had sent His servant along to this remote spot to testify for Him—such is His grace!

B——, who had been frequenting the hall of late, was among the audience on this occasion.

The young preacher dwelt very simply, yet touchingly and effectively, on the love of God in giving His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die in the room of sinners—perishing and without hope in the world—that they, confessing Him as their Saviour, might receive pardon and blessing.

The climax was reached when the evangelist, gazing earnestly upon the audience, taking in each of the small company individually, paused: and then alone sang out softly and lovingly the hymn of which the following verses form part:

“From heaven He came, He loved you—He died:
Such love as His never was known;
Behold on the cross your King crucified,
To make you an heir of His throne.

“They crucified Him, they crucified Him,
They nailed Him to the tree;
And so there He died, a King crucified,
To save a poor sinner like me.”

Paul could say, “I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.” (1 Cor. xiv. 15.)

And so it was in this instance, my

friend having sought grace to exercise his gift of song in dependence on the Holy Spirit to use it.

B——, strong man as he was, was completely broken down and wept, penetrated by the thought that Christ had so loved him as to die for him, a poor vile sinner. It was the work of the Holy Spirit in his soul.

And so the work of grace thus begun was continued, B—— making open confession of Christ, his whole manner of life changed, and humbly seeking to follow Him who had redeemed his soul from death.

It was a joy to communicate the good news to his brother and to rejoice together in this marked answer to our prayers.

Reader, how does the thought that God loves you affect you? Does it not penetrate your heart?

The Apostle Paul above referred to, in summing up his own position, wrote, "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

That love was enough to subdue him: he could not hold out against it. How about yourself?

BACK TO HEATHENDOM.

A PLAIN WORD ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

IT was and is an old tradition of heathen nations that the man who falls on the field of battle earns for himself a sure reward in the world beyond. Such a belief has, however, never formed any part of christian teaching until its recent introduction in connection with the present war.

It is now frequently stated, either directly or indirectly, that the man who gives his life for his country or his ideals is sure of heaven, whatever his past life may have been, or whatever beliefs he may have held.

Now however much this may appeal to the patriotic sentiment of the day, no one interested in souls can view without alarm the spread of such a doctrine amongst the thousands of men who may at any moment be ushered into eternity.

Should these lines be read by any such, we would earnestly implore them not to be deceived by such teaching, no matter from what source it may come. No one has any right to speak on such vital questions as the eternal destiny of the

soul but God Himself, and He *has* spoken in His word in clear, unmistakable terms.

Listen to these extracts from the scriptures of truth :—

“There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.” (Acts iv. 12.)

“He that believeth on him is not condemned : but he that believeth not is condemned already.” (John iii. 18.)

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life : and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life.” (John iii. 36.)

“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” (Matt. xviii. 3.)

Such are the plain statements of the word of God, and many more such passages might be quoted.

We may surely give every credit to the man who lays down his life for his country, and admire his courage and sacrifice, but the life that is so laid down *is a forfeited one*, and could never satisfy the claims of a holy God. It is forfeited because he who owned it *was a sinner*.

Had it been possible to gain salvation in this way, Calvary would have been unnecessary. The incarnation of God's Son, His pathway of shame and suffer-

ing, the agonies of Gethsemane, the anguish of the cross and all that it meant to be forsaken of God might have been spared if it was possible for man to secure his own salvation by his personal bravery or courage. But it was not possible.

Look at that sacred scene in Gethsemane. He, who was God the Son, here in manhood, could in the anguish and sorrow of that awful moment utter those words, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

Do you think that if a man could gain his way to glory with a rifle and bayonet such a prayer from such a Person could go unanswered? Yet, thank God, He added, "Not my will, but thine, be done." From that garden He went to Calvary's cross, and there for ever finished the great and stupendous work necessary for your eternal blessing and mine.

Do you think your bravery would add anything to that finished work, or that anything needs to be added? The One who died is now risen and glorified, and from heaven to-day God is proclaiming Him as the Saviour for lost, ruined and guilty men.

If you will just turn to Him in simple faith as you lay down this book, present and eternal salvation is yours. A. G. D.

SUDDENLY CUT OFF!

VISITING one day in the large city of N——, we saw, amongst others, a lady who professed to believe all that God said in His word, and to wish to be saved, and hoped that some day He would save her, but at the same time candidly admitted that she loved the world, its theatres, balls, etc. She was one of the large class of procrastinators who listen daily to Satan's lullaby, "Time enough yet." To decide for Christ meant to give up the world, and for this she was not yet prepared. Like thousands more she would like to go to heaven if she could escape the cross and enjoy the world on the road.

We spoke earnestly to her about the solemnity of her position, pressing upon her the importance of *the present moment*, as God had said *now* is the day of salvation, and all was uncertain as to the future. The Lord might return at any moment for His own, or death overtake her in her sins, when it would be too late for ever to get this momentous question settled. Apparently there was little desire to come to a decision.

We were forcibly reminded in the course of the afternoon of the importance of our own words. We were told that some children playing in the street had somehow set a large wagon running down a steep incline. A woman happened to be passing with her young family, to visit the grave of their little brother who had died a few weeks before. Seeing they were in danger her first thought was their safety; but in saving them she was too late to escape herself. The pole, with its iron end, struck her with tremendous force, killing her on the spot.

In a few seconds she was summoned from time into eternity. We know nothing of her spiritual state, but we do know that she was suddenly called away, without a moment to consider the question of her soul's salvation. While one is spared another is suddenly cut off!

Surely, when God in His inscrutable wisdom and providence allows such a thing, it is meant as a warning to others that, ere it be too late, they may consider their latter end. (Deut. xxxii. 29.)

My reader, how is it with you? Maybe you, too, are a procrastinator. Maybe you, too, admit that all is true, but, lured by the world, go on day after day, year after year, without decision for Christ.

Take heed lest He spare not thee. Once again we warn you of the importance of the present moment. Delays are dangerous. God offers you forgiveness *now*. Confess your sin and guilt in the light of His holy presence. Bow in the judgment of self before Him and believe on His Son.

“Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things.” (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) E. H. C.

A TRAM INCIDENT; OR, “HE’S FOUND ME.”

“Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it.” (Luke xv. 8.)

THIS verse was brought very forcibly before the writer some little time back when in a tramcar in the city of Bristol. It was a very dark night, and the lights inside the car were greatly reduced, so that one could hardly discern the faces of the occupants, and it was also quite full, people standing all along, the writer at the end with his back to the driver.

As the conductor came along to collect the fares, a man on the right pulled out a coin to pay his fare, but dropped it, and as in the darkness it could not be readily found, the conductor passed on. The writer then called for a match, and striking it searched for the lost piece of silver, and after a little time and trouble found it on the opposite side of the car and restored it to its owner. As he did so he exclaimed, in a loud voice, so that all in the car could hear, "Why, what a remarkable thing; this is just what God, the Holy Ghost, is doing to-day in this dark world. With a light He is seeking diligently for the lost pieces of silver, the souls of men and women. I wonder if He has found any one in this car; has He?" Whereupon a young woman got up and said, "Yes, sir; He's found me."

It was a privilege to shake her warmly by the hand and rejoice with her in being consciously in the Lord's keeping.

Sad to say, this only made others in the tram laugh and sneer. With a few words of solemn warning the writer, having arrived at his destination, alighted.

Now, will my reader prayerfully ponder over the first ten verses of Luke xv.? Notice the audience drawn together. Listen to the speaker. Who is He?

None other than Jesus, the One come forth, the Vessel of God's grace to man, to make the heart of God known to them that are far off and them that are near. He, interpreting to us this great love of God, tells us how He Himself, the second Person in the Trinity, has come seeking the lost, and never turning back, not even from death itself, "until he find it"—the lost sinner—but having found it, He carries it home, rejoicing.

Now He, who has been the farthest off of all, in and through the dark, lone valley of death, is gone right home to the region of light and life and love, in the bosom of the Father; His work of redemption completed, and He Himself glorified, and the portals of the Father's house open to all who come thereto by Him.

Consequent on His being there God, the Holy Ghost, the third Person in the Trinity, has come down here and, for now more than nineteen hundred years, has, with untiring energy, been working for the glory of Christ, and the present and everlasting blessing of souls rescued by Him from the rubbish and confusion around, and brought out by and into the light of Christ, and maintained by Him, the Holy Spirit, in all that is for the pleasure of God down here.

Oh! may all this goodness of God lead the readers of these lines to repentance, and thus give joy to His heart now, and lead them to live, as guided by the Holy Spirit, in the consciousness of the love of God.

G. J. E.

WHAT IS GOOD NEWS TO A MAN WHO FEELS HIM- SELF LOST ?

I WAS deeply impressed the other day with a sentence in a letter I received from a person at a distance, in which he states, "the gospel as (sometimes) preached in our day, is of no use to a **MAN WHO FEELS HIMSELF TO BE LOST.**"

When a man has broken the laws of his country, and is under sentence of death, he paces the floor of his gloomy cell, looks through the iron grate and thinks of the fearful morrow. That is something like being lost, as to this world. Let us go down the dark passage, and speak to him at the iron grate. Hark! how he groans. What will you say to him? Would a lecture on morality do? Would you tell him to be a good man and keep the laws of his country? Would he

not reply, You very much mistake my case; that sort of talk is no help to me at all; my life is forfeited, I am under the sentence of death. Poor lost one! Would it help him if you engaged to keep the laws of his country for him? Not in the least: the law demands his life, and the day is fixed. The only way of keeping the law for him would be to die in his stead; and the only good news that would meet his case would be the free pardon of his sovereign.

Such is the case of an awakened sinner who feels HIMSELF LOST. This world to him is a condemned cell. The devil roars in his conscience, GUILTY! GUILTY! He has tried to be innocent; he has pleaded "Not so guilty as my neighbours"; he has tried "to mend"; he has tried to keep the law of God, he has broken it more and more. And now, trembling with guilt and fear, conscience, the devil's jailer, has turned the heavy bolt of the iron gate of *despair*. And thus, sooner or later, is every saved sinner brought to utter despair as to all help in self, or self's doing. Now what is the good news that will meet a man who has thus learnt the truth about himself and feels himself lost? Will it meet his case to tell him to amend his life, to love God, and keep

His commandments? Would he not reply, You do not understand my case at all: if I could do that I should not be *lost*: I *am* lost, I *am* vile, I *am* condemned; I have forfeited my life, heaven, everything!

Reader, art thou the man? Have I described thy condition—art thou one who feelest thyself lost? Then hearken; I will tell thee of One who came to seek and TO SAVE THE LOST. I come not to thy iron gate to tell thee what thou must do. Nothing that thou canst do can save thee from thy dark, condemned cell, nor thy future fearful doom. I tell thee, if the Spirit of God has thus made thee feel thou art lost, I have good news from heaven to thee. There *sits* Jesus at the right hand of the Majesty on high; that is the blessed One who came in pity to this condemned cell, who took the sinner's place, died the Just for the unjust. Hadst thou forfeited thy life? He gave up His own, even to the death of the cross. Hadst thou forfeited heaven? He left it and became a man of sorrows. Oh! think of the glory of this mighty Saviour. He knew that nothing short of His very life's blood could meet thy guilty, condemned state. He gave it freely.

A DYING SOLDIER'S MESSAGE.

THE great war in the world, which has now been raging for nearly three years, shews very little sign, if any, of drawing to a close. The horror of it in death and destruction is enough to make the stoutest heart quail, and the remembrance that so many thousands have been hastened into eternity ought to cause serious consideration to the most careless.

Many messages have come from the brave men who, under all the stress and terror of war, have been converted to God and to a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners. They have learned more than this. A great many people know that Christ Jesus is the Saviour, and, indeed, speak of Him as "our Saviour." But to have been awakened in the presence of death and suffering to a sense that

I am lost and perishing

is a very real and terrible thing.

The soldiers of whom I speak have experienced this in hundreds and, perhaps,

thousands of cases, and have cried to the Lord Jesus in the moment of trial and peril:

Lord, save me!

and *He has saved them*. "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Rom. x. 13.)

A dying soldier recently sent the following message: "Tell your unsaved comrades there is a Saviour waiting, ready to pardon!

"Tell the saved ones to live each moment looking unto Jesus."

Oh, let those words come in power and grace to every reader of these lines. Blessed words for a troubled soul, "a Saviour waiting, ready to pardon!" And words of cheer to those who know and love Him, "Live each moment looking unto Jesus."

May it please God to richly bless those words to us all according as our need may be.

SLEEPING UNDER A BROKEN LAW.

WHEN visiting the occupants of some almshouses in London, I noticed in large letters, framed, and hanging over

the bed of a woman I called to see, the ten commandments. After looking at these solemn words I turned to the woman and asked if she was able to keep this holy and just law? She admitted that she had not kept it perfectly, but was *trying* to obey it, so had hung the ten commandments over her bed to remind her what God required of her in order that she might be saved.

“But do you know,” I inquired, “that if you have failed even in *one point* to keep the law of God, you are guilty of *all* according to scripture, and that it also says, ‘*Cursed* is every one that continueth not in *all things* which are written in the book of the law to do them’?”

She had evidently not remembered these words and seemed unable to reply, but looked somewhat uncomfortable, so I continued: “Now if I had not accepted *God’s* only way of salvation, I should be afraid of going to sleep each night, under the assurance of my having broken the law and earned the curse this entails.”

“But,” said the woman, “surely the law of God must be the right way to get to heaven?”

“God’s law,” I replied, “is ‘*holy, just and good,*’ and it was sent to man, who is *unholy, unjust and evil,* and it *proved* him

to be this, for he broke it continually. So it follows that the one who puts himself under the law for salvation not only proves himself *guilty*, but is under the *curse* of a broken law. And now tell me," I said, "if it were possible for you to keep the law, do you think you would gain heaven by this?"

Looking a good deal disturbed, she replied that this *was* her thought, adding, "If keeping the law cannot take us to heaven what does it do for man?"

I then pointed out from scripture that God's law was never given to enable man to reach heaven, but was sent to shew God's people, Israel, how they might be blessed *upon earth*, "in basket and store," as they responded to it, promising also a long life *down here*, but had nothing to do with gaining *heaven*. This seemed quite a new line of things to my friend, who now listened attentively as I turned to Galatians iii. 13 and read, "Christ hath *redeemed* us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." "Now mark," I continued, "that it is on the ground of *sacrifice*, and *not law keeping*, that God can justify or clear from guilt, for it is written, 'without shedding of blood is no remission.'

And again, 'The wages of sin is *death*' (which you and I earned), 'but the gift of God is eternal life.' So Jesus paid the wages in death, and offers us the gift of *life* in Himself, *risen out of death*."

I could see that light from the word of God was beginning to enter her mind, so I left her to ponder over what had been said. I fear there are many who, like this woman, have an entirely wrong conception of the law of God. Until a sinner owns himself guilty, and is brought to look away from what *self* can do to what *Christ has done*, resting his soul where *God* rests, in His *finished* work, he *has not accepted God's* only way of salvation, "for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.)

Reader, are *you* on the ground of law-keeping for your soul's salvation, or that of accomplished redemption? *Make sure!*

E. F. P.

A POOR PREACHER, BUT A REAL CONVERT.

THE following incident was told me recently by a friend who had lately returned from north-west Australia.

“I had done well for myself and risen to the head of my department. I was sitting one day in my private office when there came a loud knock at the door. On my shouting out ‘Come in!’ a stranger entered, who, on my asking what he might want, informed me that he had come to see me in the name of the Lord, and that he wanted the town hall for a preaching of the gospel, how much would it cost? On inquiry I found that he was a Salvation Army man, who had come out from England to preach the gospel to the aborigines of north Australia, but, finding the tribal dialects utterly beyond him, had given up the attempt in despair. Baffled on one line he now thought of devoting his attentions to the English-speaking people. After hearing his tale of disappointment, I told him that he should have the town hall for nothing, and that I would come along myself and listen.

“The eventful day arrived, and a fairly numerous audience assembled. Alas for the sermon! The preacher was so uneducated and made so many mistakes that the congregation was kept in continual outbursts of laughter, and the uproar at length became so great that the meeting broke up in disorder.

♦

“The stranger, nothing daunted, wished to have another try, and wanted the hall again. I at first strongly demurred, but was at length over-persuaded, at the same time saying that I would send along some police to keep order.

“Seeing the police no one would venture into the hall, and so no meeting could be held.

“Determined that the people should, by some means or other, be got to hear the good news, my friend next started out preaching at the street corners and on the quay. But the poor man was no preacher, and no one would listen.

“As a last effort he took his Bible, and in a loud voice read a few verses at pretty well every street corner in the town, but it was utterly hopeless, and eventually the preacher departed, and I have never seen or heard of him again.

“You are thinking what a poor, deluded fellow the man was, and that all his zeal and trouble were for nothing. Stop a bit, my friend, I have not quite finished.

“We had a man out there about my own age, son of an ex-lord mayor of London. The poor fellow had taken to drink, and was utterly irreclaimable, and all attempts to keep him decent having failed, he had been finally shipped off to

that out-of-the-way township in Australia to be got rid of. Unfit for the society of Europeans he spent his days and nights in wild orgies with the natives, and even took 'the blood covenant' with them. If ever there was a hopeless case, here was one.

"Walking along the streets one day he heard the strange preacher reading at the top of his voice, 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved.' The words stuck to him, recalling memories of his childhood, and at length, in real anxiety of soul, he sought out the preacher, alas! only to find that he had quitted the place, never to return. As time went on his anxiety increased, until at length he was enabled to put his trust in all simplicity of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"But what about being baptised? Here seemed an insoluble difficulty, and having no one to consult he jumped into a pool of water and thus settled the question for himself. He soon, however, had grave misgivings as to the reality of what had taken place, but made up his mind that if by the grace of God he should be kept from the drink for a year, that then all would be well. The eventful year passed and not a drop of drink passed his lips.

"He now devoted his life in endeavour-

ing to reach the aborigines, whose language he had become well acquainted with, and having already won their confidence, induced several of the chiefs to allow their eldest sons to come to him for instruction; this resulted in the conversion of several, and the work rapidly spread.

“When last I heard from the man, he wrote begging me to send out some one to help him, as he was quite unable to cope with the work single handed.”

What a day will it be when the sower and reaper rejoice together!

Reader, you may be a child of many prayers; have you been reached yet? Are you a monument of the grace of God? Every conversion is really a miracle; your case may be a very peculiar one, but God knows all about you, and is ready and willing to meet you. Nay, more, He has come forth to you as a Saviour-God in the person of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and what answer have you given to Him? Are you willing He should undertake your case?

J. L. H.

THE SUPERScription.

I HAVE seen a schoolmaster, in teaching to write, place his hand over the boy's hand so as to guide the pen and form the letters.

It was somewhat similar one day, hundreds of years ago, when Pilate, the Roman governor, wrote a title to place at the head of a cross upon which One was to be crucified.

That One had stood before him for examination, but with his utmost efforts he could find nothing proved against Him, and three times he distinctly declared to those who had brought Him, "I find *no fault* in him." But they clamoured the louder for His blood; nothing would content them but His crucifixion, until at length the governor, overruled by the people, gave way and delivered Him to be crucified.

Of Pilate's guilt in thus surrendering the guiltless to death we must say nothing; in a day that is coming he must answer for himself before the Judge of all the earth.

But now, according to custom, he must write a title, declaring why the crucified One suffered. What could he write?

Thrice, before all, he had pronounced

Him faultless, what can he now state as His crime? He wrote in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and God's hand, though unseen, guided his, "JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS."

Whatever might be Pilate's thoughts, God had a truthful testimony, so far as it went, in the three great languages of the world of that day.

"Write not," said the chief priests, dictating to the governor, "Write not, The King of the Jews; but that *he said*, I am King of the Jews." But Pilate would listen to them no more: said he, "What I have written I have written."

So God's purpose stood, and in the face of those religious men hung the threefold testimony to their guilt, they had crucified their King. Oh solemn, awful crime! Jehovah was the King of His people; He had come to them in the lowly grace of *Jesus*, but they valued Him at a slave's price, and craved for Him a malefactor's death! Much as they disliked the yoke of Rome, they infinitely preferred it to the presence of Jesus; they cried, "We have no king but Cæsar."

Now, my reader, have you understood that the world, even by its religious leaders, has rejected God the Lord? Do you wonder at the difficulty which sur-

rounds even the wisest statesmen as they seek to subdue the evil passions of men, and fill the earth with peace? Wonder no longer! He who alone can rightly rule the world has been rejected and murdered. God will overturn, overturn, overturn, until He shall come whose right it is to reign. (Ezek. xxi. 27.)

But let me ask, while we wait for the rightful King, is your heart loyal to Him, or are you joining hand in hand with His murderers?

Oh, the terror of that day when He shall say, "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." (Luke xix. 27.)

In Hebrew and Greek and Latin the writing ran, embracing in its testimony religious Jew, philosophical Greek, and political Roman.

The title that spoke to the Jew of old speaks now to thee, my reader,

THIS IS JESUS.

See thy Saviour upon Calvary's cross bearing judgment for thee, and now at God's right hand, the "same Jesus," and put thy trust in Him. "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.)

O reader, whatever *thou* art, sinful but loved, is it yet written upon *thy* heart :

THIS IS JESUS ? J. R.

WHO IS TO BLAME ?

LET us suppose a vessel foundering at sea. We know the vessel to be exceedingly rotten, and so leaky that it is filling fast—that it must shortly go down. On shore the utmost effort is made. The lifeboat, with capacity to hold every person on the sinking ship, is launched. The mariners pull alongside the rotten, sinking vessel. The captain of the lifeboat begs every person on board immediately to let go the old, rotten ship and trust himself in his hands in the lifeboat, with the certainty of being brought safely to shore. The people on board resolutely refuse the invitation. One says, "The old vessel is not so bad ; she only requires painting," &c. Another says, "Away with both you and your lifeboat ! We have a carpenter of our own, whose business it is to mend the old ship. Who do you think is going to leave this fine old ship and trust to that poor-looking boat ?" The

vessel fills and sinks. And now tell me, if every foolhardy despiser on board goes down, *who is to blame?* Plainly themselves. *The lifeboat was sent to them and they refused.*

Man is that rotten ship—fallen, ruined by sin, filling fuller and fuller of sins until he sinks into perdition. Christ Jesus is the lifeboat. God so loved this poor, ruined, sinking world that He sent the Lifeboat, “that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Did the world believe God? Oh, no! they rejected even such love, so great salvation. They murdered the Son of God. The death of Jesus was the offering of Himself, the atoning sacrifice for sin. God raised Him from the dead; and the RISEN CHRIST becomes the *lifeboat* of every soul that trusts in Him.

But, my reader, may I ask you a home question? Where are you—in the lifeboat or in the old ship? Are you in Christ or trusting to the self-righteousness of old human nature? *Are you one of the redeemed?* Can you say that you “have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins”? (Col. i. 14.) Or are you still in and of that world which is guilty of rejecting and murdering the Son of God?

“ I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO DIE.”

AT the close of an entertainment which had been arranged for a number of soldiers, one of them rose and said, “ We are all very grateful for the amusement afforded to us to-night, but we are off to France to-morrow, *and I do not know how to die ; I am not prepared to meet God : I only wish there had been something for our souls to-night !* ”

I do not know what effect these words had upon the audience, but I can appreciate the feelings of the speaker, and I sympathise very deeply with him and all others who feel the same as he did.

I assure my readers I do not speak in any hard or accusing spirit, but I must raise

a word of warning.

The great war broke upon the world now about three years ago, and startled us by its suddenness and awful possi-

bilities, and as the months have passed by—months of anxiety and anguish to many, there has been the constantly repeated story of the sway of battle on land and sea, and terror from the air.

This state of things has caught many of us unprepared as to our relations with God and His Christ, but multitudes have awakened from indifference as they saw themselves about to be hurried into eternity.

The fact that great masses of men have been brought together in camp and on the battlefield has furnished an opportunity to put the scriptures and gospel literature into their hands, and it has pleased God to use these means to bring thousands to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus as the

Saviour of sinners.

Reader, have you awakened, and have you sought God in repentance and found in Christ a Saviour ready and able to save you? Some may be disposed to mock, others to postpone the consideration of these matters; but let me most earnestly say, there have not been many mockers in the rage of battle and under the thunder of the guns.

When towns and cities have been

visited by aircraft and bombs have crashed down on unprotected homes, many who formerly mocked and jeered have fallen on their knees and have cried to God for mercy.

I do not wonder that they have done so, for to be faced with death and to know oneself to be unprepared smites the conscience as with a two-edged sword.

I write now to urge those who read these lines to accept God's great salvation.

"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.)

He waits to be gracious and to abundantly pardon. The fact that any may have turned away in self-will and hatred in the past makes no difference to the great and blessed 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.)

DROWNED BY A SUBMARINE.

A YOUNG American authoress, who has recently been in England, attracted much attention in a certain business circle. She wrote several "vital articles" on different subjects, and to those who knew her she appeared as a woman of great charm and of most striking personality. Her stay in this country was brief, and towards the end of May she made up her mind to return. Having had a certain matter in hand she could not come to a decision as to it, and in what was believed to be her last letter she said, "I go back to the States with the question undecided; I shall be back in August."

Alas! she was dead in June.

She had been in business for seven years, and intended doing some great things; but all her hopes and aspirations came to a sudden conclusion. The ship upon which she sailed was torpedoed, and she could not be rescued. She neither reached the States nor returned to England, but went to a watery grave.

There was nothing to indicate that

she had given the question of her soul's salvation one moment's consideration. Other questions were looked upon as being worthy of being weighed over, and could not be settled hastily because of their importance.

Is she not a sample of many others? Full up with business, pleasure, the war, and so forth, with no time for the one great question.

Some time back a man made the remark when the gospel was being preached, "We have got quite enough to think about in France at the present moment." Thousands are occupied with the war and its progress, and if only that can be finished satisfactorily they will be happy. On the other hand, many poor young fellows, during their last moments on the battlefield, have only been too glad to turn to God. He has heard their cry and had mercy on them. They have had no time to think about other things.

Death comes one way or another, and very often with but a few moments' notice. Is the great question of your soul's salvation settled? Everything is settled once and for all for God. He is satisfied with the work of Christ. Are you?

Is your heart hardened against God?

Are you blaming Him for all that is happening in the world? Some do not believe there is a God at all, while others blame Him for all the sorrow and suffering.

Some months ago, when a French transport was torpedoed, a man said in my hearing, "What do you think of that? Do you mean to tell me there is a God and He allows that sort of thing to happen? I'll never believe it." A few days afterwards a German vessel met with a similar disaster, and the same gentleman exclaimed, "Thank God for that." The heart of man is such that it recognises God just when things fit in with its own ideas and feelings.

Have you ever considered the wonderful provision that God has made against death? It matters not to Him how it comes. Whether it be as a result of a hostile submarine attack, or the outcome of an aircraft raid, His provision stands the test of everything. He has provided a Saviour for *you*. None less than His well-beloved Son. To know Him is eternal blessing. He has died and is risen again, and sits victorious at the right hand of God. The power of death is broken for ever because He lives. If you know Him as your Saviour you

will not be troubled as to how and when death may come, but you will welcome the moment that ushers you into His presence.

A. H. C.

A CROSS, BUT CHRISTLESS.

HE was intelligent above the average, at the head of a large building business in London—a sharp, shrewd, clever man of business, and religious withal, giving great attention to what he called his religious duties on Sundays, although he had to admit that his spiritual interests were only secondary to his worldly interests every other day in the week. But alas! poor man, without God and without hope.

I had frequently tried to bring the gospel of God concerning His Son Jesus Christ our Lord before him, but although he listened with outward respect, one felt there was no response or desire to know Him as his Saviour. No, he was perfectly satisfied with what he had. He sometimes went to church on Sunday, read his Bible and said his prayers, gave liberally to the collections, and what more could be expected from him? “Besides,”

said he, "I've got something that very few people know about, and I am perfectly satisfied."

"Then tell me, will you, what it is you possess that gives you such satisfaction that you can refuse the love of God, the work of Christ, and the strivings of the Holy Ghost?"

"Well," he said, in a very hesitating manner, "as you are so interested in my welfare, and on condition that you'll never raise this question again with me, and to prove to your satisfaction that I am really a religious man, and that I have something to rest on for eternity, I'll shew you."

Without my giving him any promise not to raise the question again, he began working about his throat with his fingers. I said, "What *are* you doing?" "It's coming," he said, "give me time." And at last out came a little bronze cross. Proudly holding it up, he went on: "This is my hope, my only saviour; what I rest on for eternity."

"What!" I said, in surprise; "that little bit of metal?"

"Yes, only that. I've carried it on me for many years now; yes, ever since I can remember. It's the last thing I look at at night, and it's the first thing I

see in the morning. It never leaves me—never! You see it's fastened to my neck with a string."

"And is that all you have got?" I asked again.

"Yes, all I have got," was the sad and solemn reply.

"Then, my friend, listen to me; this may be our last interview. (He was ill at the time.) That cross *will* leave you. You and it will part company. It may be fastened to your neck with a *string*; that string is but poor fastening—it will never stand the flames of eternal judgment. Never! And you will be lonely, friendless and forsaken, stranded on the rock-bound shore of a lost eternity. Let the poor shadow go! Throw it away! Do not cling to it, nor allow it to cling to you, but look to and turn to Him who once hung on the cross and met every claim that God had with regard to sin, and is now in the brightest glory."

"All His toil on earth completed,
All His work for sinners done."

It was our last interview. His last words to me were, "That cross and me will never part company. Never."

On the following Lord's day evening after the above conversation, I was

preaching the gospel in a crowded room in the south of London. The subject was Naaman the Syrian on his way to the prophet of God in Samaria with his poor leprous body, and his gold, silver, and changes of raiment to pay for his cure, when the word came, Wash in Jordan's river seven times, and completely upset the great man's arrangements.

I related the interview I had had with this man during the past week: how he would cling to the shadow, making much of the outward form of religion and rejecting Christ. It was a very solemn time. Several were completely broken down. The power of God was there and many felt it.

Towards the end of that same week I met a gentleman, a Christian, who was well acquainted with this man, and who knew a little about the conversation we had. He said, "Have you heard?" "Heard what," I asked. "M——'s dead and was buried to-day!" "Dead and buried!" I said in astonishment, "When did he die?" "On Sunday night at half-past seven o'clock" (the very time I brought his case before the people when I preached). While I was telling my story he was going. That night of blessing and life to some was death to him.

“Alas, alas!” as my friend said, “he died as he had lived.”

“And what about that piece of brass he prized so much and carried on his breast so many years?” I asked.

“Ah! it is still there. I saw it when the poor body was placed in the coffin.”

So the poor body and the empty cross were buried together in the same coffin and in the same grave. The neck and the string that held it holds it still. But only until corruption and decay have done their work, when body; bones, shroud, coffin and cross, with the string that held it, shall mingle with the dust of the earth.

Dear reader, we are going as fast as the wings of time can carry us. But whither? Have you given the matter one serious thought? If not, think now! “O that they were wise, that they understood this; that they would consider their latter end.”

The great *sin question* has been dealt with at the cross between God and that blessed, spotless Victim, and not one single point has been overlooked. God is perfectly satisfied with the way He and the Saviour have dealt with it. Are you?

“God is satisfied with Jesus,
I am satisfied as well.”

HOW DOES THE BELIEVER KNOW THAT HE IS JUSTIFIED?

CERTAINLY not by looking at his feelings. His feelings are as changeable as the wind. Nor yet by looking at his prayers, or his good works: all that he does is mixed with sin. If he looks at himself in any way, he can find nothing that will afford a sure ground of certainty that he is *justified*; that is, that he is so clear of sin that nothing can be laid to his charge for ever. Can you, my reader, with eternity before you, with the prospect of standing before that Judge who knows every secret of your life, can you say that you are clear of all sin, so clear that nothing can be laid to your charge? Are you not ready to say, "How can any sinful man in this world know that he is thus clear of all sin?" You will be astonished at the believer's simple, yet certain answer. It is this—CHRIST IS RISEN.

But you will ask, "What has that to do with a believer's justification?" It has everything to do with it. "If Christ be not raised . . . ye are yet in your

sins." (1 Cor. xv. 17.) A saved sinner knows and believes the love of God in sending Jesus to be his SURETY and representative. His eyes have been opened to see Jesus, bearing his sins in His own body on the tree. He knows that the blood of Jesus, his surety, has met every claim of divine holiness to the uttermost. What love and mercy to lost sinners! Now the believer can say, "As surely as Jesus was condemned for me, was delivered to death for my offences; as certainly as God dealt with Him on the cross as my surety for my sins, so assuredly did God raise Him from the prison-house of death for my justification." Now if a surety is cast into prison for the person's debt he is bound for, when that surety comes out of prison, having paid the full demand, is not the person for whom he paid it as clear of the debt as the very person who was his surety and paid it? And he knows he is clear of every claim. Why? Because his surety is now out of prison. Just in the same way does the believer look outside himself to Christ, his adorable surety. Oh! ponder this well: it was an awful engagement when Jesus became the surety of all who through grace should believe on Him. Yet still He trusted God. He

knew that God would justify Him from all these sins and guilt, as He says, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." He did not leave His soul in hell; He raised Him from the dead, completely cleared from all our sins, no more to be forsaken, but to be received up to the highest glory. Now Christ had no sin to die for of His own, therefore His death was entirely for us. Just so He had no sin to be justified from of His own, therefore His resurrection also was entirely for us; He died as our surety, He rose from the dead as our representative, so that whatever God did to Christ on the cross is reckoned unto the believer; and whatever God did to Christ at His resurrection, He did to us in Him as our representative. CHRIST IS RISEN.

Is He perfectly and for ever clear of all sin? Even so doth God justify every believer. (See Rom. viii. 29-34; Heb. x. 14; 1 John iv. 17.) It is God that justifies.

C. S.—Y.

"YOU'LL WANT GOD!"

WHEN all goes evenly with us there is a tendency to forget God, even on the part of some brought up in His fear.

Of such was T——, the son of a pious mother, but God, who never forgets a good work begun in us and "will complete it unto the day of Jesus Christ," had His eye and hand over the youth, to bring His wandering sheep back to Himself.

It happened in the following manner, a little before Christmas, in France.

In the early morning a surprise order was announced, calling upon the regiment to advance.

As they went forward a bombardment was in progress, and it was realised that a fight for life and death had commenced.

When about five hundred yards from the enemy a piece of shell struck T—— on the foot, but he pluckily managed to keep up with the others.

His company was ordered to reinforce supports and to deploy to the left.

It had not proceeded very far, however, ere T—— was struck by a shell.

In God's mercy it did not explode, otherwise instant death would have been his portion, and probably that of many others of his comrades.

As he lay prostrate on the ground, one of these came and loosened his belt.

Writing to his mother later he said, "I felt so queer, when, all at once, I seemed to see your dear face close to mine."

Then he must have lain unconscious a long time, for as he came to again the stars were shining.

All was still, and when he stretched out and touched a comrade by his side there was no response, and he realised that the youth was dead.

He tried to raise himself but fell back powerless, aching all over, with sharp pain when he moved. The situation became clear to him—the fight was over, and he had been left among his dead comrades.

His letter went on to say, "Oh! mother, I can't tell you the awfulness of that moment. I was alone and, I believed, within a few minutes of death.

"Something that Mr.— once said to me in one of those nice walks he took me as a lad came to my mind. 'You'll want God one of these days,' said he, 'and don't

forget He is waiting for you, wishing to be gracious to you.’

“Then I thought of some verses you taught me as a youngster (oh! you were a good mother to your boy), and bits of hymns.

“I tried to put a verse or two together of this one,

“‘Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,’

and you would never believe how there, under the starlit sky, those simple words soothed me; but they made me think!

“I, T——, was no longer a little lamb; I was a black sheep, old in wickedness, a wandering sheep.

“Oh! mother, it all came back to me then—your teaching, your prayers, your life as a true Christian.

“I sobbed my heart out to God and asked Him to forgive me all my sins, for Christ’s sake, and He settled it there and then, out in the cold night.

“He said to me, ‘My son, give me thine heart,’ and I answered, ‘Lord, it is Thine.’”

How inexpressibly precious are moments of exercise and decision as these, so simply yet touchingly expressed.

God is altogether for us! He wills not

the death of the sinner, but that such should turn to Him by Jesus Christ, pleading the merits of His atoning blood and substitution, and thus obtain pardon, and live.

His heart is all love towards man, hence He seeks our hearts. He loves us into loving Him. (1 John iv. 9, 10, 19.)

It is by the constraint of love that He seeks to win us, and not through the terror of judgment. (2 Cor. v. 11, 14, 15.)

Thus T—— could continue: "The terrors of death left me, for He stood beside me who took away all fear, and I wept for joy.

"I am writing this very fully from my heart. I feel you, dearest of mothers, will understand and rejoice."

In the morning when they came round to bury the dead T—— remembered clutching at a comrade's arm as they lifted the next man to him; but he could not speak, and fainted again.

When he regained consciousness it was to find himself in the base hospital, carefully and kindly tended, and on the way to recovery.

There he wrote the letter to his mother as quoted from, ending as follows: "I wanted to tell you the good news myself, and soon I shall be with you. . . . When

I get home we will thank God together, won't we?"

How is it with any forgetful one who may scan these lines?

We all require to be brought face to face with realities—God is very real—in order that we may see ourselves in all our deep need, as He sees us, and so turn to Jesus, who is waiting to meet it, as Saviour and Friend.

Will you turn to Him now?

T. K.

A RUDE AWAKENING AND ITS HAPPY CONSEQUENCES.

TWO servants of Christ felt impressed one evening to go and preach the gospel in the open air in a populous part of the city of B——. They took up their stand in front of a long row of houses, and each of them gave a word of warning and invitation.

At the close of the meeting an elderly woman approached the younger of the two and requested them not to come there again. She was nursing a sick person in one of the houses, who, she

said, had found his remarks *too personal*, and the preaching had quite upset her. The young man said he had no wish to be too personal, but had simply sought to present the truth of our lost condition and of salvation through Christ. He then made a few inquiries as to the health of the sick person, and left.

Being in the same neighbourhood a few days later, he called at the house and inquired after the sick woman. He was asked to go in and see her. The patient was a young woman, and very ill. A short conversation disclosed the fact that she was very

anxious about her soul.

Something said at the street preaching had evidently aroused her, and she was anxious to be saved. The Spirit of God through the word had brought the fact home to her conscience that she was not ready to meet God or the judgment to come. The visitor put the gospel simply before her, with the happy result that she was soon brought into peace and filled with joy.

She did not live long, but long enough to testify to the change wrought in her. She was subsequently interred by the Lord's people. The elderly person who

came first to the door was interred in the same grave *two weeks later*, and she also confessed the Lord Jesus.

Think of the care of the good Shepherd for these two poor wandering sheep! He would not leave them to perish in their ignorance of the only way of salvation. He it was who prompted His two servants to go to their very door. It was His work, too, to "upset" their false peace and security; and although in their ignorance they desired Him to "depart out of their coasts" (Matt. viii. 34), yet in love to them He would not take them at their word. Although *they* did not realise what had taken place, *He* knew that the arrow of divine conviction had already reached the conscience of at least one of them. It was a rude awakening, but how necessary, and how blessed the consequences!

"BE YE ALSO READY"! Your opportunity, unsaved reader, is *now*. Wait not until death comes. A deathbed does not necessarily awaken people to a sense of their peril. Many pass through its portals quite unconcernedly, only to awaken on the other side to the stern reality of a fixed destiny, a sealed doom. Theirs will be a rude awakening with *fearful* consequences! To be awakened

in time gives you the opportunity of escaping eternal damnation, for the gospel is here and tells you of a Saviour.

God has not been indifferent to your need. He gave His only-begotten Son. The Son of God came into manhood, went into all the shame in which we were involved, and bore the judgment which we had incurred. His precious blood cleanses from all sin. God raised Him from the dead and gave Him eternal glory at His own right hand. This is unmistakable evidence that the sin-question, which brought Him into death, has been solved.

The only remaining question is, How do *you* stand in relation to Christ? Faith in Him makes all the difference between eternal woe and eternal happiness. God would have you to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth. May you come to the Saviour to-day. W. L.—B.

NOT OF WORKS.

A SOLDIER who had been wounded had recovered, and was once more returning to the front to take part in the great conflict. He went to say farewell

to a friend, who thus addressed him, "Well, Mr. —, you were wounded, but God spared your life. Supposing that the wound had proved fatal, were you ready to stand in the presence of a holy God?"

The man answered somewhat as follows: "Well, Miss —, I have lived a decent kind of life, never wilfully done harm to any one, and kept as steady as any man; I do not see what God can want more, in fact I have done the very best I can, and think I should have been all right supposing the worst had happened."

The woman thus spoken to asked God for a suitable word, of Him who alone can open blind eyes, and gave the following illustration: "Mr. —, let us suppose that you are a leper, covered with the dreadful disease from head to foot. You come to me one day carrying a basket of most delicious cakes, and you say to me, 'I have made these cakes for you, they are the *very best* that I can do, I want you to taste and enjoy them.' Now Mr. —, do you think I could even *accept* them from your hand, much less *taste* them?"

The illustration thus given was used of God, the soldier saw that the very best that man can do may serve between man

and man, but to try and present our best to that supreme, holy Being, who cannot allow one sin in His presence and who declares in His word, "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as *filthy rags*" (Isa. lxiv. 6), would be of no avail.

He has provided One to die for us *in whom was no sin, no defilement*. He came down from heaven and became man in order to shed His precious blood for sin, for "Without shedding of blood is no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.)

The soldier saw that all the part he could take in it was to come to God and acknowledge that he was a sinner needing a Saviour, that great sacrifice for sin. His words were, "I see, Miss —, I never saw it like that before." God had given him light there and then, he saw that he was *justified in another* and "went his way seeing." (John ix.)

May God bless this little incident to any who are trusting to their own goodness for salvation, and may rest assured that it is "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us." (Titus iii. 5.)

HOW THE YOUNG JEW FOUND CHRIST.

AN EXTRACT.

I BECAME acquainted with a very intelligent Jew in the city of Montreal. His father, I am informed, was a wealthy banker. I heard this Jew relate his christian experience in a meeting, the substance of which was this:—

“The Spirit of the Lord took hold of my heart in my father’s house. He made me feel so bad I could not eat my food or take my rest. My father said to me, ‘Why are you not happy? You mope round just as miserable as you can be. You have plenty of money, why are you not happy?’

“I replied, ‘Father, I find no place for my soul; money will not buy a place for my soul. I shall lay down and die one day, and then what good will money be to me, and where will my poor soul go?’

“After a time I read in a paper about one Dr. F——, a Jewish Rabbi in Canada who had found the Messiah. I said to myself, I will go to Canada to find that

Rabbi. When I came to Canada, I asked the first thing, 'Where is Dr. F——?' and they told me that he lived in the city of Hamilton. When I got to the city of Hamilton he was not at home and I could not find him for a fortnight.

"Then a man shewed him to me at a public meeting, and I looked at him till the meeting was over, and as he came out I said to him, 'Are you Dr. F——?' He said, 'Yes.' 'Are you a Jewish Rabbi?' 'Yes.' 'Have you found the Messiah?' 'Yes.' 'Well, you teach me and I will pay you.' Dr. F—— said, 'Come to my house and I will give you many lessons and not charge anything.' But I said, 'Oh! no, Dr. F——.' And he talked to me, and talked to me, and talked to me, but I did not find Messiah.

"Then I went to the Catholic Church and talked to the priest and hoped to find the Messiah. The priest told me about the baptism and the holy water, and I said, 'I do not want your holy water, I want to find a place for my soul.'

"Then I went back to Dr. F——, and he said, 'Are you a Hebrew scholar? Now take your Hebrew Bible and read what our ancient prophets say about Messiah. Take your pen and write down

the exact description they give of Him, especially Isaiah liii.; and when you get the prophetic directions how to find Messiah, take your Greek Testament and search, and you will find as face answers face in a glass so the New Testament answers to the Old, and that everything the old prophets say about Messiah was fulfilled exactly in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

“ ‘When your judgment is convinced, then bow down on your knees and pray to God in the name of Jesus and you will find Messiah. He will save you from all your sins.’

“ So I followed the instructions that Dr. F—— gave me, and in my judgment I got convinced, and I bowed my knees and cried, ‘O God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, God of my fathers, I pray to Thee in the name of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ; I am convinced from Thy holy books of the Old and New Testament that He is Messiah whom Thou hast sent into the world to save sinners. Thou knowest what a great sinner I am; but Jesus came to save the chief of sinners. I trust my soul to Him, I believe He can save me. O God have mercy on my poor soul and save me from my sins for Jesus’ sake. I believe all Thou hast

said about Jesus and I take Him as my Saviour.'

"While I prayed I felt worse and worse, and I thought my poor soul must go to hell. Then I said, if Jesus Christ bore my sins in His own body, and redeemed my soul with His own blood, my soul need not go to hell. Then I gave my soul to Jesus, I believed in Jesus, and just as quick as lightning I found Messiah. He saved me from my sins, He filled my soul with unspeakable joy. My soul found a home in Jesus.

"I have known Jesus now for three years, and I know Him more and more, and love Him with all my heart."

He proceeded to tell of some remarkable answers to prayer he had experienced, and such was the artless simplicity of his story, and the light and unction of the Holy Spirit shining through his broken utterances, that when he sat down there were but few dry eyes in that large assembly.

He was at that time employed as a colporteur and Bible-reader to his people of different languages in the city of Montreal.

POWER.

IN Romans i. 16 we read: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation."

My desire in writing these few lines is to press upon the earnest consideration of any anxious soul desiring to turn to God, but fearing lest he should not have strength to stand against the pressure of his own evil propensities on the one hand, and the sneers of ungodly companions on the other, the words which I have quoted above.

In 1 Corinthians xv. the apostle begins by declaring what the gospel, or glad tidings, is. It is the announcement that "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures."

Is not that glad tidings for us who have sinned?

There is no manner of doubt as to our having sinned; it is only those who glory in their shame who are bold enough to say they have never sinned.

The day is coming when they will have to appear before God, and then they will be "speechless."

I am addressing myself now to such as are concerned about their sins, and I say again, Can there be a more welcome message to us than this, that "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures"?

"The wages of sin is death."

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."

These are plain statements from God's word. You and I have incurred the sentence of death, which means banishment from His presence.

But, blessed be God, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 10.) It is thus that the Spirit of God, in the Apostle John, declares the same glad tidings as the Apostle Paul.

The blessed Son of God, on whom death had no claim (for He could say, "No man taketh it [my life] from me . . . I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father"), was the only One who had the right to live, yet He freely offered that

life to God as a sacrifice for sin on our account.

Now God accepts that sacrifice on behalf of all who come to Him through Christ; for thereby all who do so acknowledge that Christ, the Son of God, was the only One who had the right to live, and that He died for us, "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." (1 Pet. iii. 18.)

We thus take the side of God against ourselves, for it was man who put the blessed Son of God to death, and it was God the Father who raised Him from the dead, and who now offers salvation to all who come unto Him in Christ's name.

It is thus that God has glorified His Son, whom man dishonoured and slew.

Now the apostle declares, in the words quoted at the beginning of this paper, that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation—that is, God puts forth His power for the salvation and support of every one who accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

We cannot be conscious of this power till we receive it, any more than a tram (to use a common illustration) with an overhead connection can make use of the power that will move it, till the arm which makes the connection is applied to

the wires overhead. Then it moves at the will of the one who controls the power.

Now faith is the connecting arm between our soul and God, and if we simply trust Him to give us courage to confess Christ, we will find to our joy that we have the strength to face all the scorn of ungodly companions, and also may be used of God to bring others to Christ.

There are three things of which we read in the Bible that God gives to His children—namely, the spirit “of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.” There is one thing which it distinctly states in the same scripture that He does not give—namely, “the spirit of fear.” (2 Tim. i. 7.)

No; the gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

Trust yourself to that power, trembling sinner, and you will assuredly find it sufficient for all your need. C. A. N.

THE REAL THING.

CAPTAIN — was a professed agnostic — one who held that men know nothing of the supernatural, and therefore must deny the existence of God.

How searchingly does scripture describe and expose such, as in the following passage :

“The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” (1 Cor. ii. 14.)

One of the captain's duties was to censor the letters of his company, in which were several Christian men, who, in writing to their friends, bore a faithful testimony to the Lord they loved and served ; and that did not pass unobserved as the sequel will shew.

Now agnostics are often men of capacity, wise in their own estimation. The writer recalls dealing with two such at different times.

One, a university graduate, agreed to attend a meeting where the gospel was set forth simply, earnestly and with marked power by a dear servant of the Lord.

Introducing them to each other at the close, the former remarked : “What you have just preached is very good, and if I had children I would have them brought up as Christians, but reason forbids me accepting Christ for myself.”

Calling upon the other, an octogenarian,

whose wife, a Christian, was dying, he received us courteously.

The moment, however, that spiritual things were touched upon, he sprang to his feet, full of indignation and with flashing eyes, as if possessed of a demon.

He exclaimed that he had read the Bible in his youth, but it had so upset him that he had never since looked at the book, and much regretted ever having seen it.

These instances are related in order to shew the hold that Satan maintains over his victims, steeling them against the gospel of the grace of God, "that they should believe a lie"!

Alas! "Where is the wise? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" (1 Cor. i. 20.)

To proceed with the present incident: the colonel of the regiment was an earnest Christian, and arranged occasions when the men could come together for prayer and the reading of the Scriptures.

One day Captain —— came to the meeting. The colonel asked what had brought him there?

"Conviction," he replied, "and you will often see me here now!"

"I am convinced that men who can

write such letters and be so fearless, and have such peace and quietness as they possess in the presence of death, must be in the possession of the real thing."

A soldier present remarked, "Sir, it is not only the real thing; but the real Person that we know and enjoy."

Here was a distinct work of the Spirit of God using the exemplary lives of the men, and their simple testimony to Christ and His finished work upon the cross, to break down all the self-sufficiency of their Captain.

The latter owned to conviction, and that is the first step towards confession, such as the captain had already made to God, and now was not ashamed to make before his comrades: and confession is followed by forgiveness.

All three are comprised in that precious scripture (Psa. xxxii. 3-5.) Thus the captain, taking low ground, finding nothing in himself and everything in Jesus, gladly acknowledged Him as Saviour and Lord, earnestly seeking also the company of His own.

May this candid confession of one under authority, like that of the centurion whose faith the Lord rewarded (Matt. viii. 9-13), be used of God to any who are dissatisfied with themselves, are seekers

after truth, and desire to possess the "real thing"—even Christ!

His assurance to such is, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John viii. 12.)

Will you have it?

T. K.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS TO TRAM-MEN

BY THE LATE DR. CALTHROP, MARCH 17, 1889.

I WANT this morning to give you just five short sentences to remember. We are together upon solemn business, to speak of eternal things, and I want to speak plainly. I am not going to cover up anything or smooth matters over, but tell you from God's word what He would have you learn.

The first sentence is, "All have sinned."

My friends, have you ever solemnly weighed the matter over with God? "*All* have sinned." There may be good men amongst you, and bad men; no doubt there are.

There is Jim Smith, you call him a saint, and there is Tom Jones, why, nobody expects anything good from him.

I will give you an illustration to make clear to you what I mean. It is not what we are in the sight of our fellow men, but what we are in the sight of God. We will suppose that Her Majesty the Queen wants soldiers for the army, and the Government has notices put up to the effect that the recruiting serjeant is coming to a certain village on a certain day to enlist any young man who is willing to enter the ranks of the Queen's Life Guards. Well, we all know that the Life Guards is a crack regiment, and the rule is that all in that regiment must stand six feet in their stockings.

Now the young men measure each other. Poor Harry Brown certainly stands no chance, he is the shortest man amongst them, and so they go on measuring till they come to the tallest man in all the village; he stands a good chance of getting in.

The day arrives and the recruiting serjeant comes to the village. Harry Brown is the first to pass under the measure—he is only five feet two inches; and the serjeant measures one man after another, but none come up to the standard, not one of them is six feet.

At last the tallest man in the village comes up to be measured, and cheers are

raised by his comrades; surely he will be tall enough. He passes under the measure, and he is only five feet eleven inches and three quarters. A quarter of an inch too short, but rejected just as much as the man who was only five feet two inches. And so with us, not one of us comes up to God's standard. "All have sinned."

This reminds me of a young man who thought that he could make himself fit for God. God had spoken to him, and he felt his sins such a burden that he thought if only he could give up something that he valued he would stand a better chance of getting to heaven. So he gave up his beer, but his sins still seemed a heavy burden; so he thought of something else. He was very fond of his tobacco, and he thought surely if he gave up this too God would accept him. He gave it up, hoping to find relief, but was just as wretched as before, and one day this text came into his mind, "*God requireth that which is past.*" Oh! he thought, if God requires the past then I am lost, unless God saves me altogether; and God shewed that man that he could not earn salvation, but must accept it as a free gift.

My next sentence is, "*I have sinned.*" We are so fond of putting ourselves in a crowd and saying, "Oh! yes, we are all

sinners;" but that will not do for God. How many of us have owned to God, *I have sinned?* I was speaking the other day to a number of children, and I asked them all to put up their hands. Now, I said, this is like *all* have sinned. Now I want those who can say, *I have sinned* to put up their hands, and this time only a few hands went up. It is one thing to say we are all sinners, but it is quite another thing to feel that *I am a sinner.*

I was sent for to see a man who was in trouble about his soul. He had gone to his office and opened his books as usual. God had convicted him of sin. He could not go on with his work, but went home and to bed. His cry was, "I'm such a sinner."

My friends, when God shews a man what he is it makes him very uncomfortable, and it is a good thing to be awakened to the fact that we are sinners, to learn it in the presence of God.

I went to see this man and found that the Spirit of God had really convicted him of sin, and he soon was enabled to rejoice in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and went back to his office to tell what the Lord had done for his soul.

Well, you have had two of my sentences, *all* have sinned, and *I* have

sinned; the next one is, "*I am sorry for my sin.* I am going to give you an incident from my own life to illustrate this. When I was a young man I knew a man who was a good deal better than myself, I may say, and I disliked him for it. He had never done me any harm, but I had not a good word for him, and would have been gratified to annoy him in any way I could. Well, about that time I was thinking of going to British Columbia, and this man heard of it, and went to all the trouble and expense of coming up to London from Derbyshire to tell me what he could of the place. What do you think I felt, that one whom I would have injured should take so much trouble for me. Did I have any more hard thoughts about him? No; I was thoroughly ashamed of myself; and, my friends, when we learn what the heart of God is towards us it makes us repent: it is *the goodness of God that leads to repentance.*

Our time is going on, and I have not given you the gospel yet. It is not the gospel to tell me I am a sinner; but this brings me to my fourth sentence, "*This man receiveth sinners.*" When the Lord Jesus was down here, it was said of Him in ridicule, "*This man receiveth sinners*";

and so He did, and He receiveth sinners to-day. When a man learns that he is a sinner it does not take him long to find that the Lord Jesus is the Saviour of sinners.

And now one sentence more before I close. You will find in 1 John ii. 12, "*I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for HIS NAME'S SAKE.*" This is my last sentence. We have had "all have sinned." This is true of every one here, whether they own it or not. Then we come a little closer, "*I have sinned.*" This is the only way to blessing, owning what we are before God, and then we shall be *sorry* for our sins. I feel for you men, you who have so little time to think of your souls. It is work early and late; but this morning we are privileged to bring you the message that there is a *Saviour for you if you will have Him.* "This man receiveth sinners"; and if you receive Him you shall have the forgiveness of sins, and not only that but shall become children of God. May God bless His word for Christ's name sake!

LAST WORDS OF FIVE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS WHO FELL ON THE FIELD IN FRANCE.

No. 1.—Good-bye, I am going to be with JESUS.

No. 2.—I rejoice in God's salvation. The blood of JESUS CHRIST—HIS SON—cleanseth from all sin.

No. 3.—Dear —— (his christian comrade), do not grieve for me. I am only going HOME first.

No. 4.—Death to me means life for EVERMORE.

No. 5.—Tell your unsaved comrades there is a SAVIOUR waiting, READY TO PARDON. Tell the saved ones to live each moment LOOKING unto JESUS.

These men were converted in the trenches, and lived only a few minutes after being hit, except one, the last, who lingered several hours in great suffering, but exceedingly HAPPY.

The Publisher regrets that owing to the greatly increased cost of paper and production, it will be necessary to make the price of this magazine 1d. from January, 1918.

"IF I HAD ONLY LISTENED!"

AN Australian private was ordered by his serjeant to take charge of some others who had been severely gassed. Night was coming on, but he immediately responded although he had been on duty since early morning. He was a Christian and loved Christ, and gladly undertook the duty for the Lord's sake.

It was a terrible experience! Twelve men coughing, coughing, coughing! begging for water, which he was not allowed to give them. He sought to speak a word to them which God might use for their salvation; but there seemed little hope. These poor men had had their warnings and had no doubt been urged to turn to the Saviour as many others have, but alas! apparently these opportunities had been allowed to pass unheeded.

Reader, how do you stand; are you ready to appear before God? What about your sins, your lost and ruined state? Oh! do not allow the opportunities which God gives you to be lost.

They will never return to you, and they may never be repeated.

But to pursue my story. As night went on one young fellow raised himself as best he could, and, sitting up, wrung his hands together and cried: "Oh, mother, if I had only listened!"

His mind had gone back to the days of his childhood and, like a dream, he once more heard his mother's pleading voice, and now he could only say: "Oh, mother, if I had only listened!"

Possibly the days at Sunday school arose before him and the earnest words of his teacher sounded in his ear; or the faithful words of the preacher to whom he had listened as a boy. Words of warning and of loving entreaty, all unheeded and perhaps despised. And now in the dread hour of his trouble the poor lad could only utter the sad wail of his bitter remorse.

Reader, believe me, the awakening of a soul is a great reality. If it be to the fact of known forgiveness through the precious blood of Christ, then it is that a joy unspeakable which shall never die away resounds through the chambers of the soul; but if it be to a sense that opportunities are lost and one is not prepared to appear before God, it is to an anguish

that none can really describe. May the Lord graciously awaken any who are careless and indifferent as they read these words. No folly can equal the folly of those who turn away from, or neglect God's great salvation.

Let the following solemn words speak for themselves in the power of God's Spirit: "For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil." (Prov. i. 29-31, 33.)

A WAR FOR SIX THOUSAND YEARS.

MANY a soldier who has been wounded during this terrible war has, after a period of careful nursing, recovered and returned to the front. Some have suffered so severely that even if they have been restored to a measure of health and strength, they have been discharged from

the army as) unfit for active service. Others, alas! have been fatally wounded, if not killed on the spot.

It is said that the South African war cost the British Government two hundred and eleven million pounds, and thousands of the country's finest men. The present European war has cost many millions more, and thousands upon thousands of precious lives.

There is, however, a war that is more terrible still. One that has waged for well nigh six thousand years, in which all, in the natural order of events, must needs take part. Old or young, rich and poor alike. There is no age limit, neither is there any discharge. "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no discharge in that war; neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it." (Eccles. viii. 8.)

Some die in battle, some through an accident, others on beds of sickness. The great war called "death" carries all before it, without respect of persons. Some may suffer a great deal of agony and then die, while others pass peacefully away; but *all* die. I know the subject is a gloomy one to those who

are not ready ; but the matter has to be faced.

I have seen an infidel dying, also a Christian ; but, oh ! the difference. The one said, " I consider I have suffered quite enough for the sins I have committed : why should I have to lie here and suffer like this ? I would rather die and have done with it ! " The Christian, although in pain, was full of what Another had done on his account, and how his Saviour had suffered the penalty due to him because of his sins, and had opened up a way right through into the glory. The prospect of being for ever with the Lord filled his soul. What a contrast to the black outlook which stared the poor infidel in the face.

Upon hearing of the death of a friend a man said, " He's gone at last then. Well, he has had a good innings, and he was not a bad sort ; but we don't like the end when it does come. "

Only recently a man was found dead sitting at his desk. The news came to me through a business acquaintance, who said, " What a fine death, just the sort of death I should like. Nothing to lay and worry about. "

A well-known man died but a few days ago. A friend of mine who went to the

burial said to me, "I always feel depressed after going to a funeral; there seems to be such a subdued tone about everything and everybody."

So this great war continues, hurrying thousands each hour into eternity. Some would like their discharge, but there is none. Your turn will come, my reader, and you know not how soon. Are you ready?

But is such a state of things always to exist? Is the sickness, the sorrow, the suffering and the death to continue? Is there no one who is great enough to put out his hand and stay the progress of such a mighty war?

Yes; thank God, there is. We come now to the bright side of the picture. There is One now living at the right hand of God who has been through death, and is on the other side, the mighty Victor. He is risen triumphant over the great power of death. His resurrection is a rock upon which the believer can stand all his days. It will never give way. You, by faith, may reach the Saviour where He now lives in that scene of life which He fills.

Satan is a conquered foe. Death, his strongest weapon, the armour in which he trusted, has been taken from his con-

trol. The stronger One holds the keys. He has been into death in order that "He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their life time subject to bondage. (Heb. ii. 14, 15.)

A time will come when there will be "no more death." All the awful effects of sin will have been removed for ever. Jesus is great enough to bring everything under His own blessed influence, and all will be in accord with the heart and mind of God.

Have you, dear reader, come under His beautiful, subduing influence? Can you trust Him? Is He not worthy of your whole-hearted trust?

A. H. C.

"JESUS OUR LORD

... WHO WAS DELIVERED FOR OUR OFFENCES, AND WAS RAISED AGAIN FOR OUR JUSTIFICATION." (Rom. iv. 24, 25.)

"I SEE IT."

THIS is a day of breaking down, when souls are accessible to the word of God as seldom ever before. One who loves the Lord, and delights in telling of His love to wounded soldiers in the hospitals, relates the following incident:—

"I visited a dear wounded man in ——— Hospital. I told him of God's great love 'while we were yet sinners.'

"He said, 'I have been to the front twice and wounded twice.'

"I spoke of God's mercy in sparing his life. He was most interested as I went on and explained the way of salvation.

"Now the above mentioned scripture reads thus: 'God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.' (Rom. v. 8, 9.)

"The force of this gracious passage is surely apparent to any desirous of God's salvation.

"Love and compassion fill His heart towards His poor, fallen and helpless creature—man, viewed by Him as under the sentence of death.

“ How then can His love be made known to man, so that the latter might turn and answer to it, and not perish ?

“ The Lord Jesus said, ‘ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.’ (John xv. 13, 14.)

“ Is it not therefore clear that God’s great love to us as sinners is evidenced in the gift of His Son to die for us ; and that of Jesus, in willingly taking our place, and dying in our stead, that we might through His perfect substitution claim exemption from the penalty of death ?

“ Thus, through believing on Jesus, we are justified in God’s sight, and so saved from judgment.

“ This is much indeed, but God’s love does not stop there. He has given us, His redeemed ones, as a love gift to His Son, to be for Christ’s delight through all eternity in glory !

“ As the light of all this broke in upon the wounded soldier he exclaimed, with tearful eyes but joy filling his soul, ‘ I see it, I see it ! He died for me. To think I should have been out there twice, and come back here twice, before I found the Lord ! ’ ”

Should any yet in their sins, far off

from God and the knowledge of His great love, read this simple narrative seeking similar blessing, let them not delay, for "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins . . . and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 9, 7.)

Will you confess to God now?

T. K.

LESSONS FROM THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

ON passing the Royal Exchange one Sunday evening on my way to preach the gospel to some men in a lodging-house I was struck by hearing the bells playing a familiar hymn tune, and it occurred to me that sixty years previously, when I was a clerk in the City of London, I had heard the same good old tune from perhaps the same bells. By this they seemed to say, that if the citizens of London, intent as they are on earthly things, have had to hear that tune over and over again, year after year, in turn with others, whether they would listen or whether they would forbear, whether tired or not tired of its repetition,

it is right for servants of the Lord to repeat "the old, old story of Jesus and His love" as often and for as long as the Lord gives them strength and opportunity to do it. "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. xv. 58.)

The gospel never alters, and oh! how sweet is it to God the Father's ear as His children tell that His beloved Son has suffered for sin on the cross, the Just for the unjust, and having been raised from the grave is now seated at the right hand of God. He is a perfect Saviour for the greatest sinner on earth. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.) Jesus "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. iv: 25; v. 1.)

"Oh, tell through the breadth of creation,
That Jesus, the Saviour, has come
To secure an eternal salvation,
A rest, and a heavenly home.
Tell him that is aged and wrinkled,
Whose locks have grown hoary in sin,
There's enough in the blood that was sprinkled
To make full atonement for him."

“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.)

Another thing we may notice is that at the request of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort, an inscription was placed on the facade of the Exchange which runs thus:—

**“THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE
FULNESS THEREOF,”**

intimating to all citizens that the Lord is the Proprietor and Owner of all the gold and silver, including the contents of the Bank of England which stands close by, and indeed *of the abundance of the wealth of the whole wide world.*

We further note a remarkable coincidence in connection with the fire by which the former building was destroyed. The bells were usually changed every three weeks, and on the day of the fire it was due to play, “*There is nae luck about the house,*” which tune it was actually playing when the roof gave way, and fell bodily to the floor of the building. Surely this has a voice for the citizens of London, and for us all as to the instability of all things here, “Lay not up for yourselves treasures

upon earth . . . : but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." (Matt. vi. 19, 20.)
 "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." (Col. iii. 2.)
 Some one has said, "he who builds beneath the sky builds too low," and as to time, Lord Lytton wrote:—

"Time as it is cannot stay,
 Nor again as it is can it be;
 Disappearing and passing away,
 Are the world, and its age, and we."

Where now are most of the citizens we knew sixty years ago—where? Life is like a passing show; each one has his day, and he then disappears, either to heaven or to hell. *How blessed for the believer, for he will be "for ever with the Lord."*

H. J. T.

IN HIS PRESENCE.

SOON with Jesus, in His presence,
 We shall dwell for ever there,
 Never more to feel His absence,
 Nought shall then our peace impair.

In His presence none will sorrow,
 None will grieve, nor ever fear,
 What a thought! it may to-morrow
 Be our portion to be there.

There to praise Him, yes! for ever
 In His presence we shall stand,
 From that presence parting never,
 Fruit of God's own work well-planned.

In His presence to behold Him,
 He who once was lowly here,
 Now exalted high in heaven,
 Centre of that-scene so fair.

What a prospect lies before us!
 May it cheer each fainting heart,
 Patience surely doth befit us,
 Strength it should to us impart.

May it lift each drooping spirit,
 Help each one to look above
 Unto Jesus, who doth merit
 All our praise and all our love.

Fully then shall each heart praise Him,
 He whose every act is love,
 Who to have us there in heaven,
 Gave His life, sin to remove.

Now on earth we've tasted freely,
 Through His ways in grace, His love,
 Then with Him we'll taste more fully,
 In His presence there above.

Thus through everlasting ages
 In His presence we shall dwell,
 Ever shall we sing His praises,
 Fuller still our song shall swell.

W.

“MY LAST END.”

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!” (Num. xxiii. 10.)

“**M**Y last end.” These three words are part of the sentence that came from the lips of Balaam, the “Judas” of the Old Testament; the man who was hired by the wicked king Balak to curse the people of God. Never was more sublime language uttered by human tongue than that which was uttered by the son of Beor, the man who loved the wages of unrighteousness, in the company and in the hearing of the king of Moab, as from the respective heights of Baal, Pisgah and Peor he beheld the people whom God had delivered from the bondage of Egypt’s cruel slavery, and for whom He had cut an avenue through the Red Sea, and with whom He was now tabernacled in the desert.

But it is not so much with Balaam or his lovely language that I want to occupy

you, as with those three monosyllables that stand at the head of this paper,

“my last end.”

Note them well, my friend. Solemn, pithy, pointed they are. “*My last end*”! Ponder over their deep, deep meaning. It may come sooner than you expect. This year of grace 1917, is fast drawing to a close, and with it your earthly journey. Sit down, I beseech you, and in view of the coming eternity muse over the words “*my last end.*” Repeat them to yourself over and over again, “*my last end,*” and may God by His Spirit brand them indelibly on your heart.

Think for a moment of the past. What a story of God’s patience and long-suffering grace! Many have been your privileges. Doubtless God, in His rich mercy, has spoken again and again to you. The solemn realities of eternity have been repeatedly brought before you through the preaching of the gospel—the pages of “Words of Salvation” and many other ways. And is it the case that you are still Christless, in spite of warnings?

Think of the many, many thousands launched

into eternity

on the battle-field—trenches—hospitals; air-craft hovering over us night and day, spreading death and destruction. And you, my reader, have been preserved. What a mercy! Yet, notwithstanding, you are still treading your weary way down the broad road, perhaps conscious that every step you take is a downward one, leading to the yawning gulf of hell, your pulse beating its "Dead March" to the gloomy prison home of woe unutterable.

Listen while I seek to bring before you a sad and solemn fact that occurred some time ago. A poor slave of Satan, under the influence of the intoxicating cup, was staggering up the road singing in the imbecile merriment of intoxication.

Right in front of him and at the top of the road was a dangerous canal, into which many had fallen and lost their lives. I could not allow him to go without warning him of his danger, so I said, "My friend, do you know you are traveling on a dangerous road? The canal is right in front of you, and if you get near to it you may fall in and lose your life."

He stared at me for a moment, and then broke out in a wild burst of laughter, and asked me what I had to do with him.

He was his own master, he was a free agent, he could go where he liked and do as he liked. It was a free country, and no one had any right to interfere with him; and then with oaths and curses bade me be gone and let him alone.

I warned and pleaded with him to retrace his steps, but the more I pleaded the more he was bent on having his own way.

He left me and went on his way. In about an hour I saw a sight that I can never forget: a number of men carrying the lifeless body of the poor man on a stretcher, dripping wet. By its side walked a poor woman, her eyes wet with tears. She had a baby in her arms, she held another by the hand. As she passed me she groaned in her agony, "Oh! my poor husband and my six fatherless children!" Yes, I said to myself, and who is to blame? Oh! the agony of that moment, as I looked upon that sight.

Since then years have passed away; but I often ask myself, why did I not get right in front of him, and arrest him in his mad career to destruction? Why did I not lay hold upon him, and with all the power I had morally and physically compel him to turn back? But I did

not, and the man was hurried into eternity in his sins—*his last end had come.*

To many the last end will come to-day, perhaps yours, my reader. The sun that rose this morning has passed the meridian. It will soon sink into the west, and darkness will envelop the scene. Look into yonder chamber of sickness and death. The lamp throws its feeble rays on the sunken and pallid features of a dying mortal. Friends have gathered round the bed. Only a few moments and all will be over, and the last end on earth for him has come. The silence of the scene is broken by the low moanings of suffering and distress, mingled with the stifled sobs of loving friends who would give worlds, if they had them, to detain the loved one with them. Alas! their sobs are but the sad communings of admitted helplessness.

The sun will rise again, *but not for him.* The busy crowd will again mingle, but he will not be there. The world will be gay and gladsome, mirth and music will draw its votaries together, but his body only awaits its removal to the dark, silent grave. And dark, desolate and dismal it is if he died

without Christ,

and the silence of his tomb will be disturbed only by the summons to the judgment of eternal woe.

Oh, sinner! sinner! time is carrying you away, swiftly away, from privileges and opportunities. Turn to Jesus ere it be too late.

The holiness of God demands the eternal punishment of the impenitent, but the love of God has provided

a Saviour.

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son” (John iii. 16), and the sovereign grace of God keeps open the door of mercy, lingering over this poor, lost, graceless world.

Grace, without limit or bound, eternal, infinite, brings salvation to whosoever will. Eternity! eternity is before you. Will you have Christ, salvation, glory; or self, the world and hell—which? Decide, and decide now, ere this year of grace runs out.

J. MCK.

PULLED OUT OF THE FIRE.

A YOUNG French soldier at the front, and in the firing line, wrote:

“I am going to tell you something that

will shew you what sort of man my comrade A—— is.

“One morning, following on a night attack on a farm, one of our comrades fell mortally wounded on a road, riddled by German bullets.

“He was asking those who were passing to give him a drink, but no one dared to fetch him a drop of water.

“I was about fifty yards from him, asking the Lord to give me courage to go, when I saw a man leave the others to carry a drink to our dying comrade; he even stayed near him for a short time.

“I afterwards learnt that it was A——, and that he had spoken to our comrade about his soul.”

In the sequel, the young soldier, encouraged by A——’s fearless behaviour, and feeling led by the Spirit of God, implored grace for the occasion.

He ran up to the prostrate lad, who called out, “Farewell, comrades,” and then lost consciousness.

God in mercy, however, restored him for a little space, and when he recognised his friend he asked the soldier to embrace him, who affectionately complied.

Realising the supreme importance of that moment, the young soldier spoke to

him of the love of Christ, of man's sinful condition, and of the sacrifice of Jesus upon the awful cross to meet it.

The dying lad signified that he understood and accepted what his friend had so briefly but earnestly set before his soul's vision.

As there was no time to lose the soldier, still supporting the lad, knelt down, and there amidst the bullets was able to pray aloud for the passing soul of his poor comrade, about to meet his God.

When he had finished the dear lad said, "Thank you," and the other was assured that his prayer was fully answered of God.

The lad then asked his friend to kiss him once more, which he did, and so the spirit left the frail, battered body, and was ushered into the presence of Him who gave it.

May this touching battle incident appeal to the heart and conscience of any yet in their sins, that they may not defer decision for Christ ere too late and God's righteous judgment overtake them.

Remember, "the time is short!"

Happy the service of those who, conscious of their own feebleness, yet in love to the Lord, seek grace, and are used of Him to the blessing of others, "pulling

them out of the fire" (Jude 23), as, literally, in this instance.

The young French soldier in relating the foregoing concluded as follows:

"God knows all, and I do not doubt that in His grace He used my prayer for blessing, and took to His breast one of His wandering sheep. No death pangs, no fear, just peace.

"As for myself, though in the midst of a scene of death, I felt that Jesus was with me, and that I had nothing to fear."

Only a Christian can truly utter such words when faced with death.

Dare you, who may scan these lines, face death without Jesus?

In this day of grace hear what He says: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." (Rev. iii. 20.)

Then again, "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." (Rev. xxii. 12.)

How awful, the time being past, to find the door shut from His side, and to hear His voice saying, "I know you not." (Matt. xxv. 10-12.)

Have you opened to Him yet?

“ AN ARROW SHOT AT A VENTURE.”

SOME time ago a few earnest Christians were preaching in the open air at one of the south coast towns.

Amongst them was a man who had an impediment in his speech. Yet his love for his Lord and Master, and great desire for the salvation of souls, compelled him to stand in the little crowd and raise his voice in warning of the coming judgment and to tell of the present attitude of Christ as Saviour.

He informed his hearers that his text was only a short one, but it involved much. It was one verse uttered by one in Old Testament times, yet it was true of a great number of people: “There is but a step between me and death.” (1 Sam. xx. 3.)

It was almost painful to hear him stammer out his text, and three young women who were passing at the time began to laugh, and were heard mocking and laughing as they walked away.

“There is-is-is but-but-but a-a-a-a step-step between me-me-me and-and death.”

The preaching appeared to go on as usual, but that text, uttered with stammer-

ing tongue, had found its mark; it was truly “an arrow shot at a venture.”

One of the three young women I have referred to stopped suddenly, and, as she afterwards owned, began to tremble as the truth of the solemn words sank deep into her heart.

“ Oh! if there is only a step between me and death, between me and meeting God, and here I am, mocking with the very words falling on my ears!” She added, “ I quickly excused myself from my companions and hurried home, the words burning in my mind, ‘ Only a step between me and death,’ and oh! I am not ready to die!”

She got to her room and wept, and tried to pray, and owned how wrong she had been and was. She felt she must go back to the little meeting.

When she got there the meeting had broken up and the people had gone away. Was there no hope?

Yes; where God creates a desire after Himself He is ever ready to meet it.

To make the story short, she found out the speaker that night, and through God's great mercy and love he was able to point out the fact that it was Jesus who had taken that step into death for her. His precious blood had been shed that it

might cleanse her and all who receive Him from all sin. The question of sin had been raised. The power of the devil had been broken in such a way that the step that remains for the believer to take is into blessing.

The young woman returned home again that night; not mocking nor in great dread, but with gladness in her heart and praise on her tongue.

According to custom she went out the next night, but to tell her good news. On meeting her friend the first words that greeted her were, "Oh! what a miserable night I have spent. I have been neither able to sleep nor work. Is it true 'There is only a step between me and death'? If so, I am lost."

A—— was able to tell her good news now to an attentive hearer, and together they visited the preacher, who was delighted to hear how God had sent the word home.

Again, as in thousands of instances before, an open heart was found to take in the simple gospel message. They were not slow in seeking out the third young woman, who, though not so deeply exercised, accepted Christ as her own Saviour and Lord in a very short time.

Truly wonderful are the ways of the

Lord. The dear servant of God who used to tell us this beautiful incident to encourage us is now with the Lord he served. But the same glorious gospel remains—God's power unto salvation to every one that believes.

J. L.

NOTES FROM A SOLDIER'S DIARY.

D.—K.—, "Gordons," writes:
 "15/3/17. I am going up to the trenches to-morrow (6.30 in the morning). Oh! how I pray that God may bring us all together again down here. You know that I am a believer, though God knows what a weak one, and how 'funky' I feel; but I pray with all my soul that I may do my duty, and be some good example, however poor, to my comrades. . . . My soul is poured out like water. O Lord! help me, is all I can pray. . . . If you hear bad news keep a brave heart. 'The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"3/4/17. To-morrow I am going into the front line for a few days. You know that I am ready to be with Jesus, which

is far better. If you could get just a peep of what goes on out here you would agree that 'to be absent from the body, present with the Lord' was an enviable position indeed. There is nothing but chaos, bloodshed and cursing connected with war—any war—so that any Christian who happens to find himself embroiled in the strife at present going on, can really look at death with a smile. Naturally, as a human being, I sincerely hope that God will bring me through; but '*be of good cheer.*' "

"14/4/17. Next week I shall stand a good chance of being back wounded, unless I am more than wounded. I am in God's hands, blessed be His name!

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear.'

I often have that hymn in my mind."

"24/4/17. 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord.' "

In order that the circulation of this little serial may be maintained, it has been decided, after further consideration, to continue at the price of One Halfpenny per copy.

