

# THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."



## HAVE YOU A PASSPORT ?

**F**EW of our readers, perhaps, have had any practical occasion to inquire what a passport is. The following is the exact copy of one, (with the omission only of date and names), as obtained by the writer for his own use, when about to go abroad, some years ago :—

*We, A. B., Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, request and require, in the name*

*of Her Majesty, all those whom it may concern, to allow M. N., British Subject, travelling on the Continent, to pass freely, without let or hindrance, and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need. Given at the Foreign Office, London, the —th day of — 18—.*

*(Signed) A. B.*

Signature of the Bearer  
M. N.

This almost explains itself. Within the last few years, the passport system has been modified in several



countries; but had we attempted, at the time we refer to, to land on the Continent without one, we should soon have found ourselves either arrested as of suspicious character, or ordered peremptorily to return. Our passport, which we required to carry about with us wherever we went, made way for us into France, into Italy, into Germany, and wherever we wished to go. It secured for us honourable treatment as a subject of Queen Victoria, and the protection of the laws of every country we entered. For it was granted in the Queen's name, by her Secretary of State; being also countersigned by ourselves before leaving home, in order to furnish a ready proof (if needed) of our being the very person in whose favour it was issued.

The ancient hostilities and jealousies of nations (now, we are happy to think, gradually breaking down), gave rise to such precautions on the part of Governments for the purpose of preventing the admission within their territories of dangerous persons even in time of peace, or, in time of war, of any natives of hostile countries. The peaceful subject of a friendly sovereign alone was allowed to enter.

*Now we need a passport into Heaven.* For sin is a state of war between us and God. The gates of the Holy City have been barred against us.

How shall we obtain the passport that will open them for us?

Will the reader look back to the document we have given above, and for the letters M. N. insert his own name and surname; and, instead of "travelling on the Continent," read "wishing to go to Heaven?" From whom, and how, is he to get such a passport?

1. It must be granted by authority of the King, even God Himself. No angel's name, no man's, will open for us those everlasting doors. Beware, dear friend, of trusting the opinion or the promise of any man, or your own imagination, or the devil's deceitful whispers, when you hope for Heaven. Have you a *Divine* passport?

2. God grants passports to Heaven only by the hand of His great Representative, to whom "all power is given in Heaven and in earth" (Matt. xxviii. 18); power over all flesh, that He may give eternal life to as many as God hath given Him (John xvii. 2). For we have been rebels against the laws of Heaven; and God in His immeasurable compassion has entrusted to His own Son, who is one with Himself, the high work, to which none else was equal, of satisfying His broken law. Now, therefore, Christ bears the glory. To Him you must apply for your passport; with His own blood He has obtained the

“Show me Thy ways, O Lord” (PSALM xxv. 4).

right to give it; and “there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved” (Acts iv. 12).

3. But will He grant it on application? He will; for He is full of grace. He has passports without number, ready written out and signed by Himself, and only waiting to have this man's and that man's name inserted in them; and He loves to do this. He has promised that He will to those that ask. The passport must have *your* name embodied on it. One granted to another person will not do for you. Your father or your mother, perhaps, is on the way to Heaven; but they cannot bring you there; their passport will only do for themselves. Your brother's, or your sister's, or your minister's will not do for you. You must get one with your own name. Jesus invites you to come and receive your passport (John vii. 37), without money or price (Isaiah lv. 1; Rom. iii. 24); and that *now* (2 Cor. v. 20; vi. 2); just as you are, for He receiveth sinners (Luke xv. 2). Go to Him, then, pleading that word, “It is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;” and that other, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out;” and cast yourself, humbly yet believingly, on His grace and truth, to do as He has said.

*Lastly*, Your passport must be signed by yourself. Your consent to its terms is your signature. Have you signed it? for without this, you will from the very gate of Heaven be rejected. Have you given yourself to Jesus on His own terms, as a sinner deserving wrath, to be saved by grace alone through His blood, and to be made a child or servant of God? If not, will you *now* do so? The passport calls you—not indeed “British subject,” but by a far higher title “Servant of God.” But is this true of you, who, up to the moment of receiving it, have been a rebel? No, it was not true till now; but in giving it He makes it true. Do you consent to this? Do you consent to lay your weapons of rebellion against God's authority down at the feet of Christ? Do you consent to receive His yoke with the promise of His almighty grace, and the sense of His wondrous love, to make it easy? That consent is your signature; marking you to your own conscience and to the world as the person to whom the passport is given. And if doubts are raised hereafter by the devil, or by your own heart, just sign it over again as one who, if hitherto a rebel, is now willing to be made by grace an obedient subject and child. The King's signature opens Heaven's gates; your signature approves you as the person to whom entrance is freely granted.



### God is Great in Power.

"Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is Thy hand, and high is Thy right hand"—PSALM LXXXIX. 13.

**I**F the power of God be so great, *yield to it.* Man, do you hope to resist God? Hast thou an arm like God's, and canst thou thunder with a voice like His? Oh, if there be a man reading this who is the enemy of God, I beseech him to count the cost before he continue the war, and see whether he is able to brave it out with God. Shall wax fight with the fire, or tow contend with the flame? He would go through a host of such as thou art, O man, as fire burneth up the stubble; and or ever thou hast time to think of it, thou shalt be utterly destroyed. "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little."

Is God so strong? *Then trust Him to save you.* Never say again that He cannot snatch you from perdition: never doubt His power to save, even in extremity. He has treasured up His gracious power in the person of His Son, Jesus Christ, therefore look unto Jesus Christ and be ye saved. All power lies with Him: He can forgive all sin, and He can also subdue all iniquity, change the most depraved heart, and implant every grace in the soul. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

If God be so strong, then *trust Him in everything.* Oh, you that are His people, never dare to distrust Him. Is His arm shortened? Cannot the Lord deliver you? Bring your burdens, your troubles, your wants, your griefs; pour them out like water before Him, let them flow forth at the foot of the Almighty, and they shall pass away, and you shall sing, "The Lord is my

strength and my song; He also is become my salvation." With regard to all the *future* which lies before you—is God so strong? Then commit it to His hands. You have a great trouble to face to-morrow, you are expecting a greater trouble still at the end of the week. Be not afraid, for the Lord liveth to deliver thee. In patience and quietness wait for the fulfilment of His promise: rest in Him, and be at peace.—*Spurgeon.*

### Jesus is Near.

**I**N darkest hours I hear a voice,  
Which comes my saddened heart to cheer,  
Saying, in tones of love, "REJOICE!  
Jesus is near!"

In times of trial and dismay,  
Through the dark gloom of doubt and fear,  
There breaks a light, like dawning day,—  
"Jesus is near!"

When years autumnal tokens bring,  
And fading hopes seem dry and sere;  
Then bursts a bloom, like second spring,—  
"Jesus is near!"

Thus, when at length the veil shall rise,  
Will my enfranchised spirit hear,  
From angel-voices, through the skies,—  
"Jesus is near!"

Not far away, but close at hand,  
A constant Friend, most true and dear;  
Gladly I follow Heaven's command,  
With Jesus near!

[The above may be had on Card, (No. 18), printed in blue and gold, 18 for 6d.]

THE only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on.



### Watch the One Weak Point.

**T**HERE is but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out and blows out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine, and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel, and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body.

### One sin destroys the soul.

It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected; the only point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind; and so it little matters how zealous a man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin, Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all his hopes. The strength of a chain is to be measured, not by its strongest, but by its weakest link; for if the weakest snaps what is the use of the rest? Satan is a close observer, and knows exactly where our weak points are. We have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord who prayed for us that our faith fail not. Either our pride, or our sloth, our ignorance, our anger, or our lust, would prove our ruin, unless grace interposed. Any one of our senses or faculties might admit the foe, yea, our virtues and graces might be the gates of entrance to our enemies. Jesus, if Thou hast indeed bought me with Thy blood, be pleased to keep me by Thy power even unto the end!

—*Spurgeon.*

PRAYER and praise are like the double motion of the lungs; the air that is drawn in by prayer is breathed forth again by thanksgiving.

### My Wages.

**W**HAT were the wages the world gave me when I foolishly followed her every day, and lived in sin and rebellion against God?

Ah, this was her pay:—An aching head,  
A heart full of longing, and thirsting for love,  
And often the wish, “O that I were dead!  
At rest in the grave with the green turf above.”

But what are my wages now—to-day,  
For turning from sin to the pure and the good,  
For throwing the world and her wiles away,  
And living, through grace, the life that I should?

A heart that is happy, lightsome, and free,—  
More joyful than that of the bird overhead;  
While Jesus the Saviour is smiling on me,  
Imparting, for sorrow, His sweet peace instead!

What are *your* wages, my friend? Are they the wages of sin? If so, turn away from the world to work for the Lord, who has said, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls” (Matt. xi. 28, 29). “THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. vi. 23).

L. M. R.

MANY pawn their souls to Satan in a conditional bargain; so do all that venture upon sin, upon a presumption of pardon and repentance. The devil is a great trader for souls; he hath all sorts of commodities to suit all men's humours that will deal with him. He hath profits for the covetous, honours for the ambitious, pleasures for the voluptuous; but a soul is the price at which he sells them.

### "Yet There is Room."

WHAT a glorious declaration is this in regard to the Gospel: Yet there is room! Millions have been invited, and have come, and have got to Heaven—but Heaven is not yet full. There is a banquet there which no number can exhaust; there are fountains which no number can drink dry; there are harps which other hands can strike; and there are seats there which others may occupy. Heaven is not full, and there is yet room. The Sabbath school teacher may say to his class, There is yet room; the parent may say to his children, There is yet room; the minister of the Gospel may go and say to the wide world, There is yet room. The mercy of God is not exhausted; the blood of the atonement has not lost its efficacy; Heaven is not full.

What a sad message it would be if we were compelled to go and say, "There is no more room, Heaven is full. No other can be saved. No matter what their prayers, or tears, or sighs, they cannot be saved. Every place is filled; every seat is occupied!" But thanks be to God, this is not the message we are to bear; and if there is room, come, sinners, young and old, and enter into Heaven. Fill up that room, that Heaven may be full of the happy and the blessed. If any part of the universe is to be vacant, O let it be the dark world of woe!

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else" (Isaiah xlv. 22).

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12).

### God Wants to Have Us Love Him.

GOD wants to have us love Him!  
 And so has made our earth  
 A palace full of beauty,  
 A world of ringing mirth:  
 With blue mists robed the mountains,  
 Fair flowers o'er valley flung,  
 And gold-fringed clouds, like curtains,  
 Above the city hung.

He wants to have us love Him,  
 And so, with gift on gift,  
 Has lavished forth His treasures,  
 That grateful hearts may lift  
 A song of adoration  
 To Him who giveth all,  
 Returning their affection,  
 Obedient to His call.

It was that we might love Him  
 He sent His only Son  
 To bear the heavy smiting  
 For crimes that we had done.  
 O crowning deed of mercy!  
 And yet the heart, unmoved,  
 Repeats the fatal evil,  
 Unloving, though beloved.

God wants to have us love Him!  
 His heart of boundless grace  
 Can only find its filling  
 Embracing our lost race:  
 And so, in condescension,  
 With gifts, and deeds, and pleas,  
 Beseeches, where His greatness  
 Demands our bended knees.

God wants to have us love Him!  
 "Then, Lord, we twain are one:  
 For I desire to love Thee,  
 For all that Thou hast done.  
 If love is what Thou askest,  
 Such love as I can give  
 Is Thine, O gracious Father,  
 My love through Christ receive!"

WILLIAM LUFF.

AN evil speaker differs from an evil doer  
 only in the want of opportunity.



FAITH is not a vain opinion, but a certain and full assurance which God Himself brings forth in our hearts and preserves by His Spirit; therefore it produces such wonderful effects as surpasses the human understanding. Faith is distinguished from presumption, which is a confidence without a sufficient warrant.—*Gaulier*.

EVERY man must work at something. The moment he stops working for himself, the devil employs him.

### Thoughts on Prayer.

**M**ANY of the Lord's dear children, though they consider prayer to be both their duty and their privilege, yet are often at a loss what to pray for; which greatly tends to restrain that holy, constant intercourse with God they ardently wish to enjoy. Now, although none can help you so efficiently as the Holy Spirit, for His assistance is *indispensable*, yet He works by means; and if an idea is suggested by another, He may impress it on your mind, cause you to feel your want of it, and enable you to plead with God for the bestowment of it. I will therefore just name a few of those things which every true Christian can safely pray for, such as—The entire pardon of all our sins; the knowledge of our complete acceptance in Jesus; a more decided growth in grace; increase of holiness; greater spirituality of mind; more devotedness to God; stronger faith in His Word; a more habitual reliance upon Christ for all things; a spirit of grace and supplication; a conscience increasingly tender; a greater regard for God's glory than our own advantage; a more grateful heart for our numerous unmerited mercies; the enjoyment of every new covenant bles-

sing; a more growing hatred to sin; and more steady resistance of it even in its first approaches; to be enabled to bear a more decided testimony before the world of the truth and importance of religion, and furnish clearer evidence of our being the children and servants of God.

Who can unfold the awful condition of a prayerless soul? A prayerless soul is a graceless soul, a graceless soul is a Christless soul, a Christless soul is a hopeless soul, and, *dying such*, will be a miserable soul to all eternity.

Those who live without prayer are very likely to die without repentance, and consequently without pardon, without grace, without happiness, and without God. But although you may have lived up to this hour neglecting your best interests, yet if even now you begin to seek the Lord in earnest, none can say that you shall not find Him. If you were but induced to make the trial, it might be the turning-point in your life, and the beginning of true felicity: you would never have cause to repent of such a step, but would bless God as long as you live that ever He enabled you to take it.—*From Stirling Tract, No. 707, 4s. per 100.*

GRACE, as the seed in the parable, grows, we know not how; yet, at length, when God seeth fittest, we shall see that all our endeavour hath not been in vain; the tree falleth upon the last stroke, yet all the former strokes helped it forward. Christ and His Church, when they are at the lowest, are nearest rising.

TRUE repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.

"Yet a Little While."

**T**HERE is a wondrous healing power in "a little while." A little while, and the tears of childhood give place to smiles of joy; a little while, and the weariness of the toiler is exchanged for repose and refreshment; a little while, and the hour of temptation is past, and he who was sore oppressed by the adversary raises his thanksgiving to God who giveth the victory; a little while, and the power of the oppressor is broken, and deliverance comes to the loyal, trusting soul; a little while, and the bitter days of tribulation are done, and the heart, tossed, troubled, and discouraged, finds repose in the providence and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ; a little while, and the anguish of bereavement is assuaged, the broken heart bound up, the sorrowing soul made glad, and the discouraged one goes forward in the strength of God; a little while, and the weary pilgrimage is ended, the fight is won, and the victory is gained.

"A little while, and ye shall see Me," said the Saviour to His sorrowing disciples. "Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry," is the testimony of faith to the struggling, trusting Church.

Let us rejoice in Him who thus gives us everlasting consolation; and, though the time to us seems long, and the years seem weary, yet our gracious Lord ever whispers in our ears, "Yet a little while." Blessed are they who can trust His precious word, and can believe that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are

not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—*The Common People.*

No man can have "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" until he first has "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The two are often confounded, but they differ. *Peace with God* marks the conclusion of man's rebellion against his Maker; the *peace of God* is a fruit of the Holy Spirit shed abroad within the heart. No man can have peace with God until he turns from sin and ceases to rebel against the Almighty.

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment, are marks of the wise man who "keepeth his soul from troubles" (Proverbs xxi. 23).

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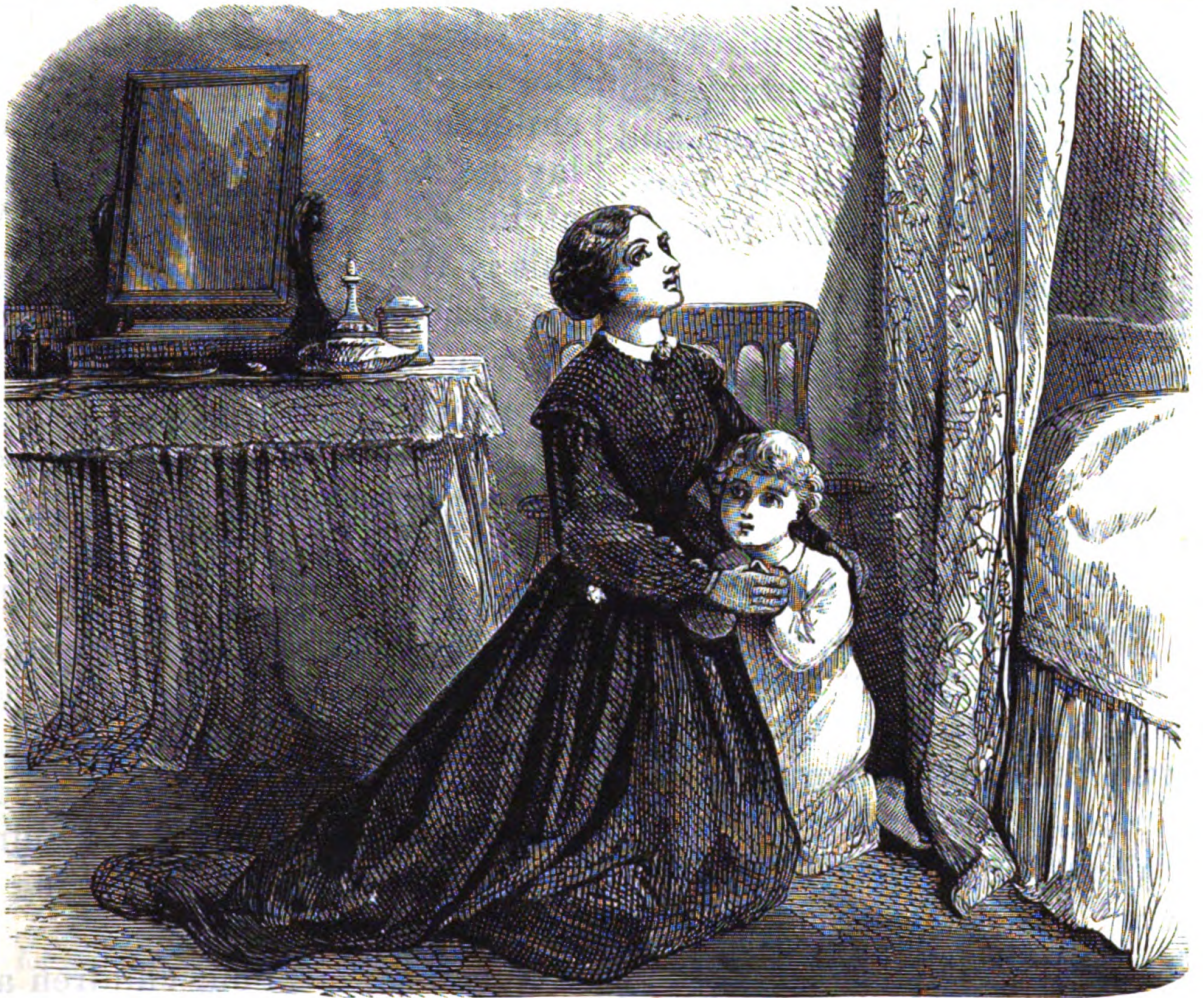
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# THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."



**"JESUS WILL KNOW ME WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN.**

**T**HE pastor of a young mother was talking with her about her maternal responsibilities, and urged the duty of constant and believing prayer for the early conversion of her children. She assured him that it was her daily practice to carry her little ones in supplication to the throne of grace, and yet complained of a want of faith and of definiteness

in asking for them the special influences of the Holy Spirit.

"Do you pray for each child separately, and by name?" inquired the pastor.

"No; that has never been my habit," was the reply.

"I think it of much importance, Mrs. H——, especially as a help to our faith, and to the clearness and



“ My God will hear me ” (MICAH VII. 7).

intensity of our desires on their behalf. You pray *with* them, I trust, as well as for them?”

“ Sometimes I do, but not often.”

“ Let me persuade you, dear Mrs. H——, to try a different plan. Take your little son and daughter each separately to the place of prayer, and kneeling with them before the Lord, tell Him the name, the daily history, the special want of each, and see if your heart is not opened to plead for them as you have never done before.”

Tears were in the eyes of the young mother as she said, with trembling lips, “ I’ll try.”

As evening came, she had not forgotten her promise; but as she saw that Sarah her daughter was unusually peevish, she thought best to take her little son first to her chamber. Willie was a bright and pleasant boy of five years; and when his mother whispered her wish to pray with him, he gladly put his hand in hers, and knelt by her side. As he heard his name mentioned before the Lord, a tender hush fell upon his young spirit, and he clasped his mother’s fingers more tightly as each petition for his special need was breathed into the ear of his Father in Heaven; and the clinging of that little hand warmed her heart to new and more fervent desire, as she poured forth her supplication to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer.

When the mother and child rose from their knees, Willie’s face was like a rainbow, smiling through tears.

“ Mamma,” said he, “ I’m glad you told Jesus my name; now He’ll know me when I get to Heaven; and when the kind angels, that carry little children to the Saviour, take me and lay me in His arms, Jesus will look at me so pleasant, and say, ‘ Why, this is Willie H——; *his mother told me about him*; how happy I am to see you, Willie.’ Won’t that be nice, mamma?”

Mrs. H—— never forgot that scene; and when she was permitted to see not only her dear Willie and Sarah, but the children afterwards added to her family circle, each successively consecrating the dew of their youth to God, she did, indeed, feel that her pastor’s plan was “ the more excellent way.” So she resolved to recommend it to praying mothers, by telling them this touching incident.

When we meet our children at the last great day, may Jesus own as His those whom we have “ told Him about ” on earth.

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God’s mercy in Christ as naturally covers the great sins of those who love Him and keep His commandments as the ocean covers the great rocks that sleep in its bed.

It is good that we have sometimes trouble and crosses, for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he ought not to put his trust in any earthly thing.



### Lost Names.

“Those women which laboured with me in the Gospel, and whose names are in the book of life” (PHILIPPIANS iv. 3.)

**T**HEY lived, and they were useful ; this we know,  
And naught beside ;  
No record of their names is left to show  
How soon they died ;

They did their work, and then they passed away,  
An unknown band,  
And took their places with the greatest host  
In the higher land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,  
Or ill, or well,  
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold ?  
No one can tell.

One only thing is known of them : they were  
Faithful and true  
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer  
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame ?  
They lived to God.

They loved the sweetness of another Name,  
And gladly trod

The rugged ways of earth, that they might be  
Helper or friend,

And in the joy of this their ministry,  
Be spent and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on earth,  
But in God's Heaven

Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,  
And there is given

A place for all who did the Master please,  
Although unknown,

And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays  
Before the Throne.

O take who will the boon of fading fame !  
But give to me

A place among the workers, though my name  
Forgotten be ;

And if within the Book of Life is found  
My lowly place,

Honour and glory unto God redound  
For all His grace !

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

“They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.”

—MALACHI iii. 17.

CHRYSOSTOM compares prayer to a haven for shipwrecked mariners, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of diseases and a guardian of health. Do we look upon it thus? Is it our refuge, our anchor, our strong staff? What gift so rich, what power so great, what privilege so high! True prayer is the speech of the heart; the voice of the soul; it is the avenue by which our desires and longings reach the ear of the Most High.

### “That Hand Never Lost a Man.”

**A** TRAVELLER, following his guide amid the Alpine heights, reached a place where the path was narrowed by a jutting rock on one side, and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide, holding on to the rock with one hand, extended his other hand over the precipice for the traveller to step upon, and pass around the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said, “*That hand never lost a man.*” He stepped upon the hand, and passed safely.

The child of God who takes the Saviour as his guide in this world of darkness and danger, has the help of an unfailing hand. Who that has ever trusted Him has been disappointed? He stretches out His hand for our help and deliverance. He holds us by His right hand in the midst of dangers. And He has said, “My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand.” “*That hand never lost a man.*” Blessed are they who can lie safely within its hollow, protected by its Almighty grasp!

### A Lie in the Song.

THE people had been singing lustily about the "happy day, when Jesus washed their sins away." Again and again the chorus had rung out, until it seemed that every one in the hall had experienced the happiness of which they sung.

Feeling that there might be a mistake in this matter, the speaker who next addressed the meeting abruptly asked, as he rose, hymn-book in hand, "I wonder if the angels keep note-books, in which they record the events of our lives. If so, I could fancy them turning the pages, as they hover around, to find the date of that happy day in the experience of each individual singer here present. 'Ah!' says one angel, 'there's Mr. ——. I remember the happy day upon which we rejoiced over him.' 'And there's Mrs. ——,' exclaims another; 'I took the record of her salvation. Here it is;' and the speaker turned the leaves of his hymn-book, as if finding the entry. "'But when did Mrs. So-and-so believe?' cries a third angel; 'I do not recollect that we ever sang over her.' 'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' say the angels. 'Let us see,' suggests one: 'she was born ——, here is the date of her natural birth,'" and the speaker again turned over the leaves of his hymn-book, "'fifty years ago. I have watched her ever since, and have many pages of her sayings and doings; but I cannot find any record of her new birth.' 'And yet she sang about it.' 'Then she sang a lie,' exclaimed the angels; 'and we must record it as such.' So it was written for eternity:—'*In the Mission Hall, on the night of ——, we together witnessed that Mrs. —— sang of sins washed away, WHEN HER SINS WERE STILL BLACK UPON HER.*'

And the whole company of assembled angels signed the statement.

"Oh, what liars before God are in this meeting!" continued the speaker; and the charge so roused the old nature, that one man, irritated by the thought, cried, "Prove it! prove it!"

But it needed no proof from the platform. Conscience spoke in the hearts of all who had ears to hear, "It is even so."

When I reached home, I turned to my Bible upon this subject, to "prove it," as the man said; and found that the Apostle John had made the same solemn charge against some professors in his day:—"He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar" (1 John ii. 4); and that Christ Himself, speaking of others, used similar words, and said, they "do lie" (Rev. iii. 9). Further back, I read also of one to whom Peter said, "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God" (Acts v. 4). I even found that this charge was brought against God's ancient people:—"They did flatter Him with their mouth, and they lied unto Him with their tongues" (Psalm lxxviii. 36).

Finding that the charge of lying was proved, I proceeded to see what would be the end of such characters, and found that "The mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped" (Psalm lxiii. 11); that "He that speaketh lies shall not escape" (Prov. xix. 5); and further, "He that speaketh lies shall perish" (Prov. xix. 9). As for such reaching Heaven, I saw it was impossible; for "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that maketh a lie" (Rev. xxi. 27). "Whosoever loveth and maketh a lie" must for ever be "without" (Rev. xxii. 15).

Oh! may no singer who joins in the many beautiful experimental hymns of our holy and joyous worship ever "be found a liar!" (Prov. xxx. 6).

WILLIAM LUFF.



“To Every One that Believeth.”

ROMANS X. 4.

“*To every one that believeth;*” there the stress lies. Come, man, woman, dost thou believe? No weightier question can be asked under Heaven. “Dost thou believe on the Son of God?” And what is it to believe? It is not merely to accept a set of doctrines, and to say that such and such a creed is yours, and there and then to put it on the shelf and forget it. To believe is to trust, to confide, to depend upon, to rely upon, to rest in. Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead? Dost thou believe that He stood in the sinner’s stead, and suffered, the just for the unjust? Dost thou believe that He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him? And dost thou therefore lay the whole weight and stress of thy soul’s salvation upon Him—yea, upon Him alone? Ah! then, Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to thee, and thou art righteous. In the righteousness of God thou art clothed, if thou believest.

It is of no use to bring forward anything else if you are not believing, for nothing will avail. If faith be absent, the essential thing is wanting: sacraments, prayers, Bible reading, hearings of the Gospel, you may heap them together, high as the stars, into a mountain, huge as high Olympus, but they are all mere chaff, if faith be not there. It is thy believing or not believing which must settle the matter. Dost thou look away from thyself to Jesus for righteousness? If thou dost, He is the end of the law to thee.

Now observe that there is no question raised about the previous character, for it

is written, “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to *every one that believeth.*” But, Lord, this man before he believed was a persecutor and injurious, he raged and raved against the saints, and haled them to prison and sought their blood. Yes, beloved friend, and that is the very man who wrote these words by the Holy Ghost, “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.” So if I address one whose life has been defiled with every sin, and stained with every transgression we can conceive of, yet I say unto such, remember “all manner of sin and of blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men.” If thou believest in the Lord Jesus Christ, thine iniquities are blotted out, for the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s dear Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

This is the glory of the Gospel, that it is a sinner’s Gospel; good news of blessing, not for those without sin, but for those who confess and forsake it. Jesus came into the world, not to reward the sinless, but to seek and to save that which was lost; and he, being lost and being far from God, who cometh nigh to God by Christ, and believeth in Him, will find that He is able to bestow righteousness upon the guilty. He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, and therefore to the poor harlot that believeth, to the drunkard of many years’ standing that believeth, to the thief, the liar, and the scoffer who believeth, to those who have aforetime rioted in sin, but now turn from it to trust in Him.—*Spurgeon.*

THE serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of the Spirit of God.

### "Undertake for Me."

**H**IS was the prayer of Hezekiah when he was "oppressed" (Isaiah xxxviii. 14). For all oppressed with trouble it is a very proper prayer to offer. It is as good for the Christian now as it was for the king centuries ago.

Every one who desires to be saved must engage Christ to undertake for him. The sinner is not to apply to Christ for *help* in the work of salvation. Salvation is not the joint work of the sinner and the Saviour. Salvation is not the result of one's own righteousness supplemented and made perfect by the righteousness of Christ. Salvation work must be undertaken by Christ, who alone has power to accomplish it. If He undertakes for one, salvation is sure.

He is willing to undertake the most desperate cases. In fact, He will undertake no cases except desperate ones. He came to save the lost—those who are convinced that they are lost and helpless. Those who are convinced that by nature and practice they are lost sinners, and are convinced that they can do nothing towards their salvation, but utter the cry, "Save, Lord, or we perish!" He will save. His word is pledged to this effect: heaven and earth shall pass away sooner than His word shall fail.

The Christian needs Christ to undertake for him as much as does the sinner. The Christian is often "oppressed" with sins. He repents, and resolves to sin no more. His resolutions prove ineffectual. Sin easily besets him. He strives more earnestly, but often in vain. His only hope of deliverance from sin lies in getting Christ to undertake for him. Christ is not only faithful to forgive sins, but also to cleanse

from all unrighteousness. The Christian needs Christ as much to keep him from sin as to atone for and to forgive his sins.

At all times, and under all circumstances, the Christian's prayer should be, "Undertake for me." Happy is he who has learned the lesson of entire dependence upon Christ.—*N. Y. Observer.*

### An Echo in the Heart.



PENITENT stood by the mercy-throne,  
Where the Father held fellowship with His  
Son,

And it seemed that an echoing voice was heard  
In the penitent's heart, of each falling word.

"Thou art My Son,"\* said the Holy King:  
Through that penitent's heart I heard it ring.  
"My son."—Oh, strange seemed that echo there!  
A child of earth, yet a Heavenly heir.

"My Son, I have loved Thee."† "Loved thee," fell  
In that dungeon heart with a holy spell:  
Few upon earth would have told him so;  
But if God had said it, God must know.

"My Son, I have raised Thee."‡ "Raised thee."—Yes,  
'Twas a whisper uttered from Heaven, no less.  
"And have crowned Thee."§ "Crowned thee!"  
"Can it be,"

He mused, "such whispers are meant for me?"

"Thou art ever with Me."|| "With Me," crept  
An angel of light where the shadows slept.  
"Well pleased with Thee."¶ Was it really true,  
That the "pleased with thee" was His echo too?

'Tis a goodly thing, when thy faith is strong,  
To stand where the echoes float along;  
To hear what the Father tells the Son,  
And know that believers and He are one.

Go, gather the echoes, repeat them o'er:  
Let Memory cherish a goodly store;  
For the thoughts I breathe are no poet's whim—  
*Our words of hope are God's words to Him.*

WILLIAM LUFF.

\* Hebrews i. 5. † John iii. 35. ‡ Ephesians ii. 6. § Hebrews ii. 9. || Revelation iii. 21. ¶ Matthew xvii. 5.



### Are You Ready to Die?

**P**UT it before you for a little; for sooner or later *it must come*, and if you will not prepare for it now, death will take you *unprepared*. Death will not wait for your prayers; when he comes, go you must, to reap as you have sown; you must go to that place for which you have prepared yourself. Do consider, while yet there is time.

Perhaps one day you feel a little unwell, but you think nothing of it; still you feel unwell, and you try some remedy; but all the time you think, “In a few days I shall be all right.” But you grow worse; you know that you are very ill. Then you see sad faces around you, and a chill thought is forcing itself upon you that there is danger; then the doctor tells you that you have not many hours to live; and you know that life is *behind you*, past and gone, and eternity before you, with its endless years upon years to come “for ever and ever;” and nothing matters to you now but the answer to the question,—

“When the sun sets to-morrow,  
where shall my soul be?”

Or it may happen that you die at once, without warning; one moment strong in life and health, the next—WHERE? If that question came to you to-day, what would you answer? Think *now* of your agony if conscience and a careless, Christless life answered for you all too plainly—“Hell!”

Dear reader! Christ, who died for sinners, longs for *your* salvation. He is calling you now, by this page; do not resist His voice; *it may be the last call*. Oh! flee, flee from the wrath to come! accept His salvation while yet there is time. God, in

His great mercy, grant that you may not be one of those fools who kept their ears closed and their eyes shut till they opened them in hell—lost! lost! *lost!*—who might have been *saved*.

“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that CHRIST JESUS came into the world *to save sinners*.”

“Come unto Me, *all ye that labour and are heavy laden*, and I will give you rest.”

“Him that cometh to Me, I will *in no wise* cast out.”

“Be ye therefore ready, for *in such an hour as ye think not* the Son of man cometh.”  
—From *Stirling Tract, No. 264, 6d. per 100.*

IN regard to the lawfulness of certain pursuits, pleasures, and amusements, we may confidently say that whatever is found to unfit you for religious duties, or to interfere with the performance of them; whatever dissipates your mind, or cools the fervour of your devotions; whatever indisposes you to read your Bible, or to engage in prayer; wherever the thought of a bleeding Saviour or of a holy God, of the hour of death or of the day of judgment, falls like a cold shadow on your enjoyment; the pleasures which you cannot thank God for, on which you cannot ask His blessing; whose recollections will haunt a dying bed, and plant sharp thorns in its uneasy pillow;—these are not for you. These eschew; in these be not conformed to the world, but transformed by the renewing of your minds. Never go where you cannot ask God to go with you; never be found where you would not like death to find you; never indulge in any pleasure which will not bear the morning's reflection.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

### Not Fit to Come to Christ.

**T**HE awakened sinner who has a knowledge of the Gospel knows that Christ only can save him. He knows that he cannot atone for his past sins, nor work out for himself a righteousness for the future. He knows that he must receive pardon and salvation at the hands of Christ.

When Christ invites him to come and receive pardon, he is not ready to go. Ask him why he does not at once go as a lost, helpless sinner, to receive pardon and eternal life, and he says he has not feeling enough. He feels anxious, and desires pardon, but he does not feel that sharp distress bordering on frenzy, which he thinks is necessary to repentance and preparation for pardon. He confounds penitence with distress of mind. He is waiting for more feeling. That, he thinks, though he does not say so, will recommend him to the mercy of Christ.

Another does not go to Christ and receive pardon, because he is such a great sinner. He is not mistaken in regard to the fact that he is a great sinner. No sinner ever over-estimated his sinfulness. All men are greater sinners than they think they are. But Christ's offer of pardon is not limited to moderate sinners. He has saved, and is willing to save, the chief of sinners. No man who comes to Him as a small sinner will be saved. He who comes to Him as a penitent sinner, however great his sins, will be saved. Though his sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.

Another does not go to Christ, because he has not broken off from his sins. He has refrained from some open transgressions, and has tried to lead a new life; but he finds that his sins remain. He thinks

he must not go to Christ till he has made himself better. Hence his delay.

Thus sinners do not go to Christ, because they are not fit to go. Those who persevere in their purpose of becoming fit, never go. Those who become convinced of their folly and sin in making terms which Christ has not made, and who see that they must go to Him just as they are, and rely upon His promise for pardon and deliverance from sin, will be saved, or rather are saved.

"Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy" (Micah vii. 18).

"He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24).

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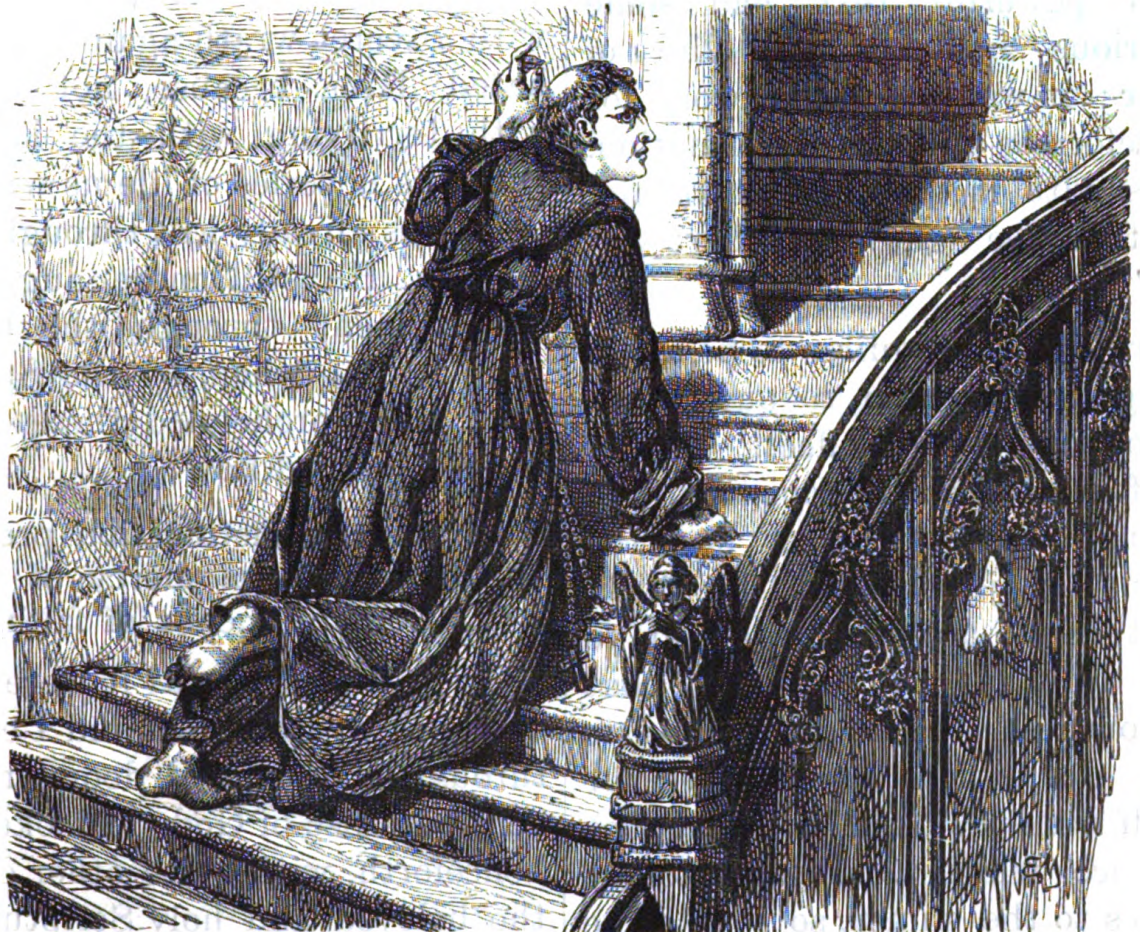
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# THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."



LUTHER AT ROME.

WHEN Martin Luther, as yet a superstitious monk, was on a visit at Rome, he wished to gain an indulgence which the Pope had promised to whoever should ascend on his knees what was known by the name of *Pilate's Staircase*, and humbly toiled up those steps, which they told him had been miraculously transported to Rome from Jerusalem.

Whilst he was performing this supposed meritorious act, he thought he heard a voice crying to him from the bottom of his heart, "*The just shall live by faith!*" This Scriptural phrase, which twice before had smitten him like the voice of an angel of God, resounded incessantly and loudly within him. He springs upright in alarm on the steps along



which he is dragging his body; he abhors himself; he is ashamed to see to what a degree superstition has debased him, and he flies from the place of his folly.

This powerful text had some mysterious hold of the life of Luther; it was a creative word for the Reformer and the Reformation. It was with it that God then said, "Let there be light! and there was light."

A truth often requires to be again and again presented to our minds to produce its full effect. Luther had often studied the Epistle to the Romans; and yet never had the doctrine of justification by faith, taught in it, appeared so clear to him. Now he comprehends that righteousness which alone subsists before God; now he receives for himself from the hand of Christ that obedience which God gratuitously imputes to the sinner, so soon as he turns his eyes upon the crucified Saviour. This is the decisive moment in the inward life of Luther. That faith which saved him from the power of death becomes the soul of his theology, his fortress in all dangers, the power of his words, the animating principle of his love, the foundation of his peace, the stimulus of his labours, and his consolation in life and death.

"Though I was," he says, "a holy

and irreproachable monk, my conscience was yet full of disturbance and torments. I could not bear the phrase, GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS. I did not love that just and holy God who punishes sinners; I was filled with a secret wrath against Him; I hated Him, because, not content with terrifying with the law and with the miseries of life us wretched creatures already lost through original sin, He still more augmented our torment through the Gospel. . . . But when, by the Spirit of God, I comprehended these words, when I learned how

The sinner's justification proceeds  
from the pure mercy of the  
Lord by means of faith,

. . . then I felt as it were a new man burn within me, and I entered through wide-spread doors into the very paradise of God. I looked, too, henceforth, with quite other eyes on the beloved and holy Scriptures; I read through the whole Bible, and collected a great number of passages that taught me it was the Word of God. And whereas I had before heartily hated the phrase, *God's righteousness*, I now began to esteem and love it as the dearest and most consoling of expressions. In truth, this text of Paul's was for me the true gate of Paradise."

Thus did Luther find what had been wanting, at least to a certain



degree, to Doctors and Reformers, even of the highest order. It was in Rome that God gave him that clear view of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. He had sought the city of the pontiffs to solve some difficulties relating to a monastic order; he bore away from it in his heart the salvation of the Church.

But this great doctrine of the salvation which emanates from God, and not from man, was not only God's mighty instrument for the saving of Luther's soul, but also for the conversion of the Church. It had been an effective weapon in the hands of the Apostles, and, too long neglected, it was now at last brought forth in its pristine brightness from the armoury of God. At the moment when Luther rose up in Rome possessed and deeply affected by those words which Paul had addressed, fifteen centuries before, to the inhabitants of that metropolis, Truth, till then bound a captive in the Church, rose up also, never again to fall.—*D' Aubigne*.

“Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that, being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life” (Titus iii. 5-7).

THERE will never be a second Saviour to atone for the guilt of rejecting the first.—*Dr. Wardlaw*.

### Draw Near to God.

IF you stand a quarter of a mile off from your father, you will be sore puzzled to know what he says, or what he means; but if you go within a few feet of him, everything will be plain. So, my brother, if you stand off and away from God, your Heavenly Father, in the midst of earthly absorptions, you will undoubtedly be much at a loss to know what is His will; but if you live near to Him, walking with God (as the Scripture expression so significantly gives it), you will have no difficulty of this sort.

### A Sabbath Meditation for an Invalid.

HAIL, holy day! though in my quiet room,  
I mark the silent hours steal slowly by;  
The Sabbath cannot be enwrapped in gloom,  
When Christ, the Sabbath's Lord, is ever nigh.

Sweet day of rest! bright interval of peace!  
Life's week-day turmoil for awhile is o'er;  
The stirring sounds of busy labour cease,  
And Sabbath music charms the ear once more.

Lord, I have loved Thy house in days gone by,  
And hailed with eager joy the hour of prayer:  
The song of praise, the solemn litany,  
And the pure Word of truth, were precious there.

I murmur not: life's crystal fount is free,  
Though many pleasant streams have long been dried;  
A blessing, surely, still there is for me;  
Salvation's river knows no ebbing tide.

Hope oft times plumes her wing, and fain would soar:  
O, could I fly away, and be at rest!  
Submission whispers,—Wait, 'twill soon be o'er,  
Thy Father's time must surely be the best.

Too swiftly past these sacred seasons glide,  
The voice of praise is hushed, the Sabbath o'er,  
Earth's brightest dawning fades to eventide;  
But there remains a rest for evermore.

Hail, holy day, ne'er to decline to night!  
A day of endless gladness, perfect peace!  
Hope shall expire in rapture of delight,  
And faith's good fight in victory shall cease.

### A Bicycle Sermon.

**W**ALKING one day, with a friend, a little way out of a village in which we were holding special services, we found ourselves in a lane slightly declining toward the high road, and upon this advantageous piece of way a young countryman was learning to ride a bicycle. Having a little spare time, we watched his attempts, again and again made, to mount the unmanageable machine. Presently we got into conversation with the would-be rider.

"What you want in order to ride those wheels is faith," we remarked; "and what you want for salvation is just a similar faith—to get clear of everything else and throw yourself upon Christ, who is as much intended to bear you and your sins, as that seat was intended to bear a rider. Will you thus trust Him?"

"I wish I could; but I think that is harder than learning this."

"My dear friend, the difficulty is the same in both cases. You can never ride a bicycle until you get right upon it, and you will never have the joy of salvation until you cast yourself upon the Son of God in complete reliance. You believe *in* the bicycle, and you then trust yourself *upon* it: believe in Christ, that He is strong, that He is intended for you, and that He can bear you along the whole of life's road; believe in Him, and then trust yourself upon Him. Some only give Christ a one-foot faith, and they get no pleasure: just as you find no pleasure hopping along behind your machine. For enjoyment there must be perfect trust."

Our friend seemed interested, and stayed near us some time. Presently he succeeded

in mounting, and, as he rode past down the gentle incline, he called to us, "I have done it so far, and I hope I shall soon trust in the other matter."

About eighteen months after, when riding about five miles from the village just referred to, we passed this young man walking home. Accosting him, we said, "Put your bundle in, and walk to the top of the hill, and we will give you a lift." He did so. We had heard of him many times since our first introduction over the bicycle, and knew him to be a happy, working Christian; but we had never heard the story from his own lips, so as we drove along we asked, "How were you brought in?"

"Well, sir, when I had that talk with you about the bicycle, I saw it plainer than ever before; but it wasn't settled straight away. I'd thought I'd been converted before that; but now I know it wasn't true. I used to go to the chapel because I liked the singing: them bass singers I used to think sounded fine; but I weren't saved. I were anxious, though, when you spoke to me, and I comed to the meetings as were being held; and when you had the after-meetings, I would have liked to come back if any of they others would; but I hadn't the courage to come in by myself. At last I thought, 'It's no use a going on like this.' And when they as did believe were asked to stand up, I just stood right up; and there were more, only waiting for one to start."

Ah! I thought, you left off one-foot faith, and sprang right into the saddle. Would that others in a similar experience would follow this young friend's example. Off self—works—feelings; on to Christ, His death, His life, His merits. But oh,



it is hard to get men to take that step! Some have been hopping along the road for years, holding Christ, and in a sense following Him, but not fully trusting. Now, my friend, spring upon the Saviour, with the faith that ventures all,

“Venture on Him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude.”

Jesus only, Jesus wholly, and a good journey is before us. Once up, look not behind! Bicycle riders must let their eyes look right on: and so must we. Thank God, there is no fear of being thrown in this riding.

As one illustration had been so blessed, we ventured another:—

“When you put your bundle in just now, and walked up the hill, I thought that is just how many treat the Lord. He may carry their sins; but they think He does not mean to carry themselves, especially up the hills. We took in both you and your burden, and so will Christ. It is not only said, ‘He shall bear their iniquities’ (Isaiah liii. 11); nor merely ‘Cast thy burden upon the Lord’ (Psalm lv. 22), but it is added, ‘He shall sustain THEE.’ He carries the lost sheep itself upon His shoulders (Luke xv. 5). And this may be our constant experience; for, ‘He shall dwell between His shoulders’ (Deuteronomy xxxiii. 12), even to the end of life, according to that word, ‘Even to your old age, I am He: and even to hoar hairs will I carry you’ (Isaiah xlvi. 4). Not only trust your sins and sorrows to His care; but trust yourself as well.”

As we parted we handed the young man his bundle. He looked at us with a meaning glance as he said, “The Lord doesn’t give us our bundle back though, does He?”

No! He does not. Nor does He set us down with the last mile of our journey to be tramped in our own strength. Oh, what a Saviour! Let us trust Him wholly, solely, only, and we shall ride in a chariot of salvation, “paved with love” (Canticles iii. 9, 10), right Home to the Royal Palace!

WILLIAM LUFF.

### Christianity Not a Failure.

**C**HRISTIANITY a failure! Then man is a failure. Then the race is a failure. Then the government of God is a failure. The man whose face is seamed and ridged all over with the fruits of vice says virtue is a failure. The bloated, besotted, drivelling inebriate says temperance is a failure. The highwayman and the murderer say the law is a failure. The reckless violators of the law of health say the science of medicine is a failure. Pope Pius IX. said the civilisation of the nineteenth century was a failure. The owl says light is a failure. Is it any wonder that men may be heard to say that Christianity is a failure? It is an old cry; every single century since Christ lived in the world it has been sounded out. But somehow this thing we call Christianity *does not* fail. And the charge of Christianity’s failure never seemed so absurd as in the high noon of this nineteenth century. He only can make the charge who shuts his eyes to some tremendous facts, and who is smitten with the notion that his own little world of doubt and cavil is the whole wide world of thought and feeling of to-day.—*Dr. H. Johnson.*

CHRIST comes with a blessing in each hand—forgiveness in one and holiness in the other—and never gives either to any who will not take both.

### My Best Friend.

**M**Y Saviour is my best Friend. It was in proud contempt that Jesus was called a "Friend of publicans and sinners," by men who had chosen the friendship of the world as their portion. Most gladly will I class myself among the outcasts of mankind, if I may but acquire an interest in the friendship of the Lord Jesus Christ. The mutual attachment of David and Jonathan was but a faint, feeble, and cold affection, compared with that subsisting between Christ and the soul He loves. O that mine for Him was more nearly proportioned to His for me!

When through sin I stood friendless in the world, Jesus undertook the fearful office of "surety," under circumstances so difficult, that had all the created intelligent beings in the universe stood forward, their single or united bond could not have been accepted for me. While I have had to lament the humours and fickleness of human friendships, He has proved Himself to be the "Friend that loveth at all times." My heart has often been cold and my regard wavering. He has never changed. When even near kinsmen have treated me with neglect and indifference, He has shown Himself a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The Cross, on which He died for me, and by which I am crucified unto the world for Him, is the bond of our union, and allows of no separation. The piercing nails fastened Him to my soul, and fastened me to Him in an indissoluble attachment.

Times occur when this best of Friends proves His loving by giving me pain. But faithful are the wounds of such a Friend, for they are inflicted to save me from the deceitful kisses of the enemy. What inter-

course of friendship so effectually "sharpeneth the countenance" as Christ? Jesus I can and do esteem above all others, and He merits supreme regard. He has (Lord, enable me to say it in sincerity!) no rival in my heart. Many share His love with me, but this lessens not my portion. In all my perplexities I can open my mind to Him, and repose in His wisdom. In all my difficulties I can have recourse to His power, and in all my wants to His rich bounty.

He not only permits me to call Him my Friend—a liberty not often given by a superior to an inferior—but He also addresses me by the same endearing title. Thus He spoke of Abraham:—"Thou, Israel, art My servant; Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham, My friend;" and the Lord said to His disciples, "I have called you friends." I have tasted the sweetness of this life. It will allay the bitterness of death. It will diffuse its fragrance over my eternity.

**"This is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem!"**

(Song of Solomon v. 16).

As in some parts of the world the cold is so intense that the mercury freezes, and the registering of the temperature ceases, so with conscience,—we may sink so far in sin that it ceases to reprove, for itself is frozen and powerless.

THE best of men are unworthy to loose the latchet of Christ's shoes, yet the sinful woman might do as she would with His sacred feet. Desert may not touch His shoe-tie; love may kiss His feet.—*George Macdonald.*



**On Whom He had Compassion.**

“When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them” (MATTHEW ix. 36).

A WIDOW (Luke vii. 13).

**W**AS but a widow, as she bore her loved one to the grave ;  
 And yet it moved the Saviour’s heart : He raised His eye, then gave  
 That strange command to halt, then took the young man’s icy hand ;  
 “Arise !” He said. And he arose, called from the unknown land.  
 He hath compassion still on such,—earth’s sad ones,—in their grief ;  
 And though He raises not our dead, He sends us sweet relief.

THE DEMONIAC (Mark v. 19).

’Twas one possessed, a maddened soul, a lunatic at large :  
 On him the Master’s pity fell : He spoke his free discharge :  
 And at Compassion’s tender glance, the tyrant demon fled,  
 While in the silken cords of love, the Legion’s prey was led.  
 Compassion for a man whose heart was as a little hell,  
 Companion of the fiends : on such the Lord’s compassion fell.

TWO BLIND MEN (Matthew xx. 34).

Two beggars, sitting by the way, called, as the Lord passed by :  
 Few had compassion on the men, they bade them cease their cry ;  
 But Jesus knew their dark, dark night, and, looking on their eyes,  
 Touched them with His soft, gentle hand, and bade the sun arise.  
 They had their sight, and, looking up, at one bright glance could trace  
 The joy of a sweet, tender heart in His o’er-bending face.

THE MULTITUDE (Matthew xv. 32).

But not on one, nor two, nor ten, His great compassion fell,—  
 The multitude who gathered round beheld His heart upwell

With pity for their wants, and care that they should be supplied ;  
 For they were faint, and, but for Him, beside the way had died.  
 Did He thus care for needs like theirs, and shall we think that now  
 He cares not for earth’s teeming throng, doth ne’er in pity bow ?

THE IGNORANT (Hebrews v. 2).

What is His character to-day ? Compassionate and kind !  
 The multitude, the ignorant, the mourning, and the blind  
 Have still a Friend who pities them ; though raised above the skies,  
 When He beholds our sad estate, compassion fills His eyes.  
 Ye ignorant, ye wandering, will not compassion move ?  
 He pities you, He bears with you, He mourns for you in love.

WM. LUFF.

**“Fear Not.”**

**W**OULD our King tell us again, “Fear not !” if there were any reasons at all to fear ? Would He say this kind word again and again, ringing changes as of the bells of Heaven upon it, only to mock us, if He knew all the time that we could not possibly help fearing ? Only give half an hour to seeking out the reasons He gives why we are not to fear ; see how we are to fear nothing, and no one, and never, and nowhere ; see how He Himself is in every case the foundation and the grand reason of His command, His presence, and His power always behind it ; and then shall we hesitate to say, “I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me ?” Shall we even fancy there is any answer to those grand and for ever answered questions, “The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear ? . . . of whom shall I be afraid ?”—*F. R. Havergal.*

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (2 Cor. iii. 17).

"The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His" (Romans viii. 2, 9.)

FOUR things are necessary to constitute a Christian. Faith *makes* a Christian; life *proves* a Christian; trials *confirm* a Christian; and death *crowns* a Christian.

### No Danger to the Christian.

"**I** WANT," said a father, who felt that his hours on earth were numbered, "I want to talk to you, my daughter, about Heaven. We may not be spared long to each other. May we all meet around the throne of glory, one family in Heaven!"

The young lady was overpowered by his remark, and exclaimed, "Oh! my dear papa, surely you do not think there is any danger?"

Beautiful was his reply: "Danger! my darling. Oh! do not use that word. There can be no danger to the Christian, whatever may happen. All is right! all is well. God is love. All is well—everlastingly well!"

Only by hiding in Christ, the rock of our salvation, can we be prepared to meet death, and the judgment beyond, with calmness and joy. "Little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming" (1 John ii. 28). "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee" (Isaiah xxvi. 3).—*H. K. Wood.*

LIFE being hung on little things, its preservation is a daily miracle; and that any of us should arrive at mature age, is owing to the fact that there is an Eye upon us which never sleeps, the eye of a Heavenly Father, whose loving-kindness is over all His works; whose "mercies are new every morning, and fresh every evening."

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