

THE HERALD OF SALVATION

An Illustrated Magazine of Pure Gospel Literature



"HE LEFT THE FAMILY BOARD . . . AT MEETING TIME."

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"A NEW YEAR AND A NEW LIFE."



A YOUNG English-woman married a man in the Government service. She loved her Church (the Church of England), and was regular in attendance; otherwise she was of the world, and did as the world did. Her husband was a light-hearted young man, who smoked, drank, and gambled, like other young men of his set. As the years went on, he was promoted in service, had large responsibilities, but he became a hardened gambler and swearer—the leader of a circle who boasted that they could individually drink two bottles of whisky and be nothing the worse of it.

As the husband went deeper into sin, his wife, through anxiety on his account, became deeply anxious about her soul, and as a lost, guilty sinner (Rom. 3. 9-19) cast herself and all her burdens on the Saviour, and became a patient, tender wife, with one purpose—to bring her husband to Christ. For thirteen years she prayed with never-failing faith that the Lord would convert her husband. Every Sunday she would ask him to accompany her to church, and he as often refused. He would sometimes say: "If you will go with me once to the theatre, the circus, the ball, or some other worldly place, I will go forty times to church with you." Her invariable reply was: "As much as I long to have you with me, I could not bring reproach on my Saviour by going once with you where He could not be."

A few years ago, on the last Sunday of the year, she repeated her invitation, when he laughingly said: "You have not converted me yet, old woman." She immediately threw her arms around his neck, and said: "No, and I never can; but the Lord Jesus Christ can convert you, George," whilst she felt more and more cast upon the Lord risen from the dead and "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). From that time he became very uneasy, but more determined to resist his wife's entreaties.

On New Year's Eve he went with some of his companions to dinner. After the dinner, he went home to take his usual New Year's presents to his wife and children. When he was distributing the gifts he found that for the first time since he was married he had forgotten a present for his wife. He was utterly at a loss to account for this, and said to her: "I never forgot you before; now you may

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ask what you like, and I will give it to you." She quietly and earnestly said: "Come with me to the watch-meeting to-night—that will be my present." "Oh, no," he said, "I cannot do that; ask for some present." But she was firm, and reminded him of his promise.

He left the family board, and when the time came for his wife to go to the meeting, she waited for him. The children said: "Do you think father will go with us?" "Yes," she said; "your father never broke a promise to me." He had returned, and overhearing this remark, it made him feel very uneasy. When they started he went with them, to the great joy of his wife. At the church door he turned and left them, intending to go back to his companions and cards, but something impelled him to return to his home.

There were pictures hanging on his walls, pictures he had often reversed; but now, before he could do so, his eye fell on a representation of Christ on the Cross. It attracted him, it smote him to the heart. The words which his devoted wife had so often read in his hearing came fresh to his memory: "He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from Him. . . . But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and *with His stripes we are healed*" (Isa. 53. 3-5). The past, with a wasted life; the future, with an awful eternity, rolled in like billows on his soul. Here in this One who was despised, rejected, wounded, bruised, appeared the only hope of true peace now and true joy hereafter.

He looked and looked until it seemed to him as if it were Christ Himself hanging on the cross, and He said, to him "I DIE FOR THEE." "For me, Lord?" the wondering man replied, and then and there, in soul agony, he called on the Saviour to save him, to put away from him forever the taste for liquor and the desire for all sin. Like "the chief of sinners" he "fell to the earth" (Acts 9. 4), and upon his knees in his own house, with no one near but God, he acknowledged his "manifold transgressions and mighty sins" (Amos 5. 12), accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as His own and only Saviour. He believed on Him "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4. 25), and rose from his knees a free

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man, with Christ as his Saviour and his almighty Deliverer. He went directly to the meeting, and startled the midnight service by crying out, "Praise God, I am saved!"

That very night he wrote cheques paying off all his gambling debts, and ceased playing cards. He never tasted liquor again, and he who had smoked twenty cigars a day never smoked another. His deliverance was complete. The Gospel demonstrated itself in his case, as in the case of myriads more, to be "*the power of God unto salvation*" (Rom. i. 16), from sin, lusts, passions, and Satan.

On that memorable New-Year's Eve, the occasion of his new birth, he went to his old companions and told them what the Lord Jesus had done for him. They thought he was joking, and laughed at him. They tempted him to their utmost to drink with them, and when he was firm they emptied their glasses over him, and he walked out wet with the liquor, and they followed him home with ribald songs and jeers. And now he who had been a slave of Satan, and a leader in sin, has a new Master that has rescued him, and his whole soul is filled with love and devotion to Him. From day to day he preaches in halls, on the street, everywhere, telling of the love and power of Jesus to save. Eight out of twenty boon companions have been saved.

We wish we could tell all that this intensely earnest man is doing for the Lord Jesus Christ, but suffice it to say that hardened men, as well as little children, are being brought in numbers to the Saviour. Surely if God can save a drinking, swearing, smoking, gambling sinner of the deepest dye, and make him a "new creature" in Christ, he can save any one! Burdened, weary, sin-sick soul, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). Gaze on the Man of Sorrows dying, crushed beneath the load of the wrath and curse of God. Believe on Him as your own personal Saviour, and say, "He was wounded for *my* transgressions, He was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him; and with His stripes *I* am healed" (Isaiah 53. 5). Then as another trophy of grace go forth and tell what great things the Lord has done for your soul.

Don't delay the settling of the great question—Where shall I spend eternity? Time is flying. The day of reckoning is nearing. Why not *now* believe on Christ and obtain eternal life?

"WHO WILL BE THE THIRD?"

A MERRY party they were who sat on the top of a Vanguard Motor Omnibus *en route* from Cray to Brighton. The morning was bright, a happy outing was in prospect, and already the exhilarating effects of a day in the country had begun to manifest themselves.

The omnibus rushed on, between green hedgerows, amidst fruitful and fragrant fields, leaving slower conveyances rapidly behind. Two gentlemen, seated together on an outside seat, conversed on the scenes rapidly



A SIDE VIEW OF THE WRECKED VANGUARD MOTOR BUS.

appearing and disappearing before them. Their attention was directed to first one, then another driving party which had come to grief on the roadside, when, looking at his companion, one of them involuntarily remarked: "Well, there go two; I wonder who will be the third." At that moment the heavy 'bus was on the top of Handcross Hill, and the words had scarcely escaped the gentleman's lips when the gear and brake gave way. The heavy vehicle, gaining momentum at every turn of the wheel, rushed down the incline, and was smashed to pieces against an oak tree. None of the outside passengers escaped without injury, and

“Who will be the Third?”

ten were killed outright, or died within a few minutes, the questioner being among the first whose lifeless body was rescued from the wreck.

With startling suddenness the question was answered, and the questioner called into Eternity. “Who will be the next?” you ask, and who knows, that, ere an hour, the dread summons may go forth that will call you beyond this bourne of time and place. In the midst of life—“Death.” This is the gaunt spectre that, ever present, casts its pall over the brightest of our joys, robs our pleasures of half their happiness, and constantly reminds us that here we may not linger. “Who will be the next?” In view of this possibility, let me ask, if you are prepared for the great transition. You hope that when the call comes you may be ready, but what is the ground of your hope? “The wages of sin is death” (Rom. 6. 23), and the “soul that sinneth it shall die,” sound the death-knell to your prospect of ever attaining life and peace through any effort of your own.

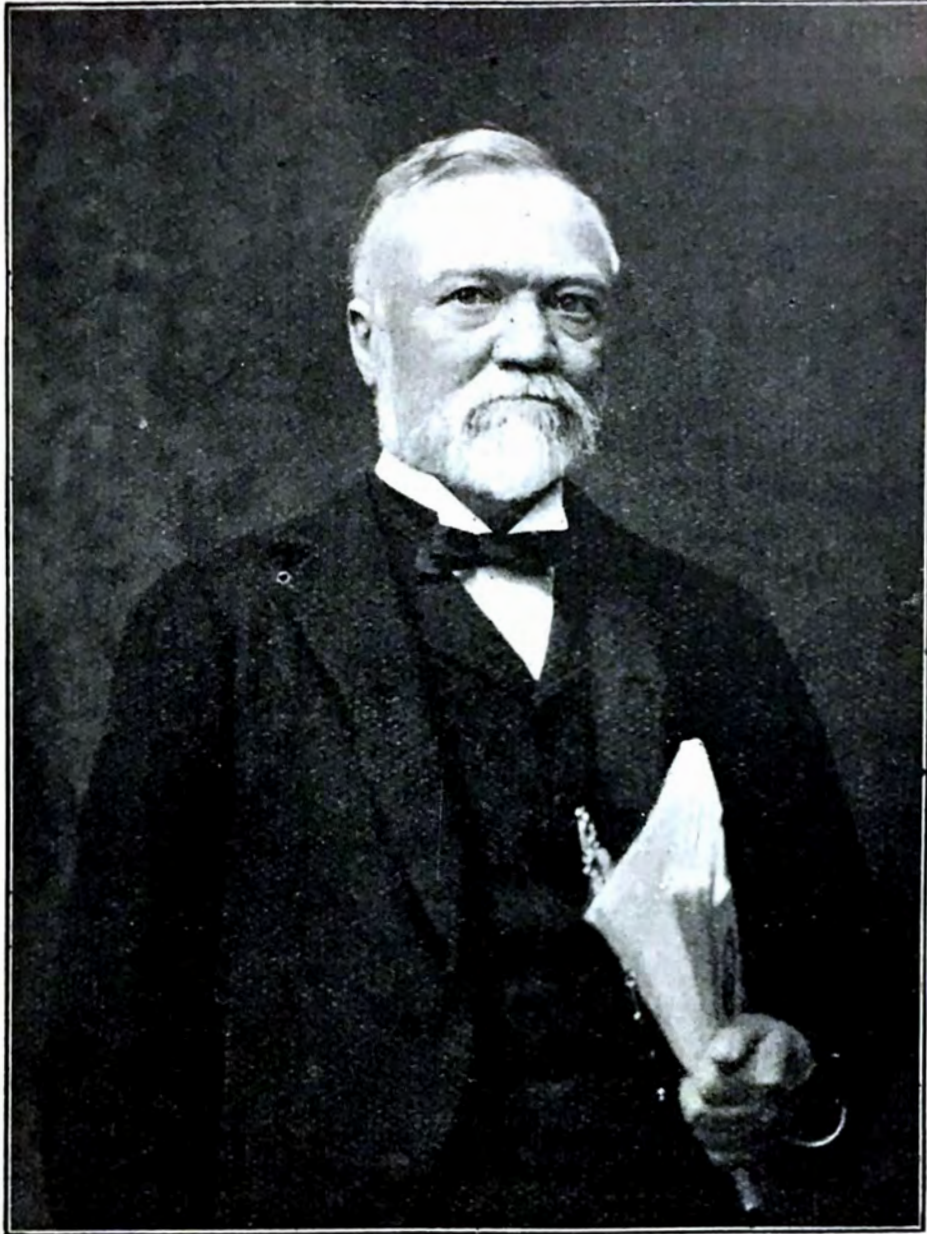
Yet it is here the glorious gospel of grace reaches you. “When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly” (Rom. 5. 6). Open your heart to the good news. The holy, spotless Lamb of God has “tasted death for every man.” When He hung in agony upon the Cross of Calvary, the punishment due your sins was caused to meet on Him. “He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16. 31). Make His finished work and His glorious Person your own by faith, and, should death come, it will be “Absent from the body, present with the Lord.” J. H.

VERY DIFFERENT—YET THE SAME.

A NEGRESS, on being asked the ground of her confidence, replied, “Me die or He die: He die, and me no die.” How delightfully simple and scriptural was her answer! A theological professor would have a difficulty in giving a better answer. The great and good John Wesley, ere he passed into the presence of Him whom he had served so long and so faithfully, gave a similar doctrinal declaration:—“I the chief of the sinners am, but Jesus died for me.” The ground of our salvation is not what we do for Christ, but what He did for us (1 Cor. 15. 1-4).

THE MAN OF MILLIONS.

THERE are some fifteen hundred millions of human beings in the world, yet, so far as we know, only one of them is making it his life-work to give away millions of money. That one is ANDREW CARNEGIE, the famous



ANDREW CARNEGIE, THE FAMED MILLIONAIRE.

American millionaire, of Skibo Castle, in the North of Scotland, whose generosity has benefited multitudes of his fellow-men. As a youth poverty drove him from Dunfermline to the United States, where as bobbin boy he gathered *pennies* by working hard in a cotton factory for a few shillings a week; then gathered *shillings* by becoming telegraph operator, passing rich on £60 a year; then joining with others in the

The Man of Millions.

purchase of an oil farm the *pounds* began to flow in rapidly, till now from oil, iron, railway and other sources, he is possessed of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. It is said to be more than three times the annual output of the Royal mint. The interest alone would yield £225 a minute, if put into sovereigns it would make a streak of 550 miles long, sufficient to supply ten millions of our readers with a £5 bank note each, and if spent on his own pleasure Andrew Carnegie would need to live the lives of ten Methuselahs.

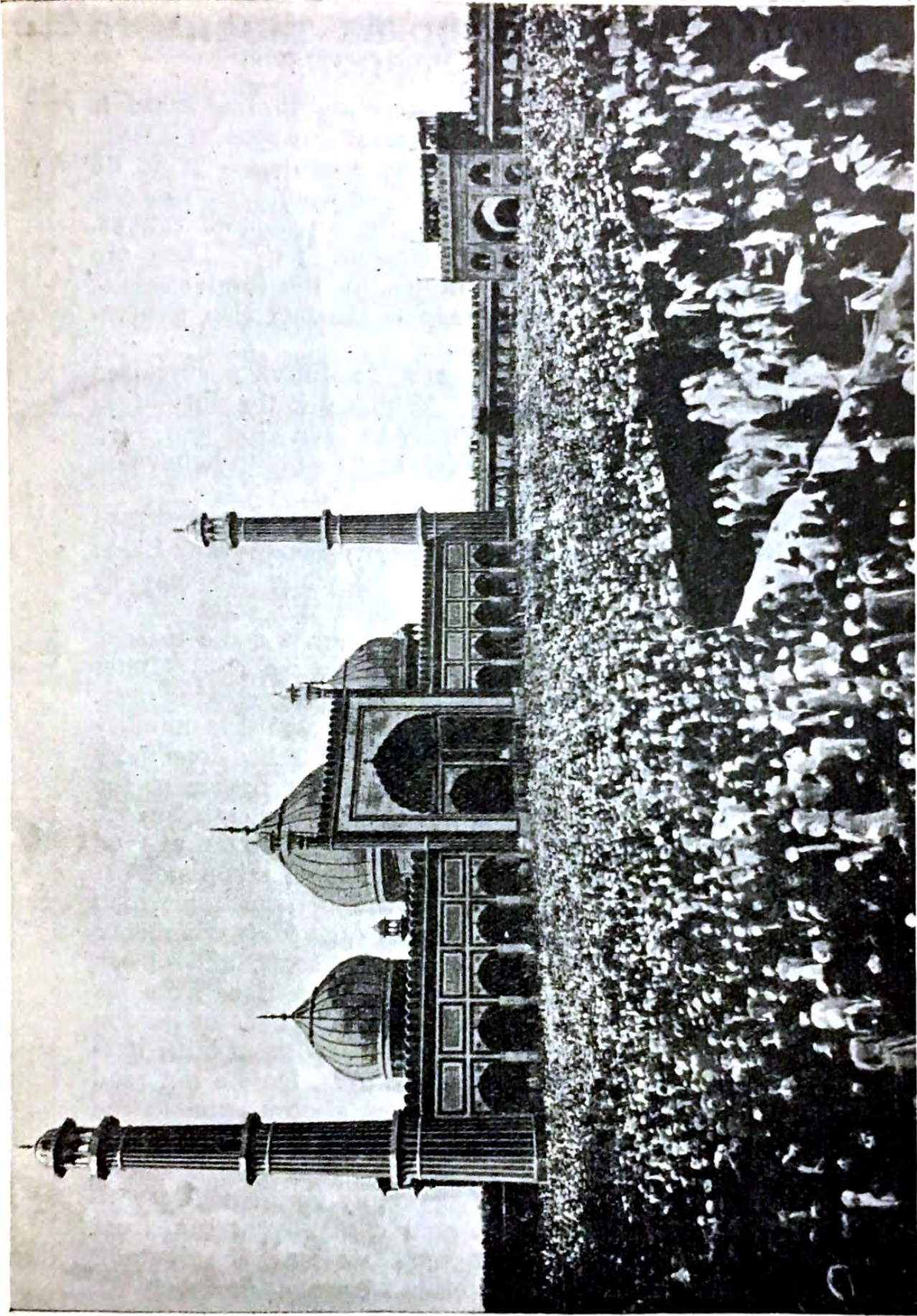
“TRULY HE MUST BE SUPREMELY HAPPY!” Listen to the testimony, not of a street preacher or pious divine, but of a well-known journalist and politician. T. P. O'Connor, writing in “M.A.P.,” says:—

“I remember, as we drove down to the station on his four-in-hand coach, I was saying how I envied him his wealth, and he said, ‘*I am not really to be envied. How can my wealth help me? I am sixty years old, and I cannot digest. I would give you all my millions if you could give me your youth and health.*’ And then I shall never forget his next remark. We had driven on some yards in silence, when he suddenly turned, and in a hushed voice, speaking with a bitterness and depth of feeling quite indescribable, he said:—‘If I could make Faust’s bargain, I would; *I’d gladly sell anything to have half my life over again.*’ And I saw his hands clench as he spoke.”

Right, Mr. Carnegie! Not all the gold of all the world, and all its wealth combined, can give the true peace, joy, and happiness for which every human soul craves. Your millionaire echo is only the echo of millions!

Yet the man with his millions of to-day, as the woman with her “mites” of long ago, may have *life*, and *love*, and lasting *joy* in the Lord Jesus Christ, for the Word of God declares, “He that believeth on the Son hath EVERLASTING LIFE” (John 3. 36), and ’mid poverty or plenty can exclaim, “Who shall separate us from THE LOVE OF CHRIST? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?” (Rom. 8. 35); because he is assured that the One who saves him and keeps him will finally “present him faultless before the presence of His glory with EXCEEDING JOY” (Jude 24). If this be your happy portion, “be glad in the Lord and rejoice.” If not, even now “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved” (Acts 16. 31).

HYP.



THE LARGEST PRAYER-MEETING IN THE WORLD.

SHOULD THE UNSAVED BE TAUGHT TO PRAY FOR PARDON?



THE largest prayer-meeting in the world is held outside the Great Mosque at Delhi, India, every Friday morning. It is an impressive sight to see from 3,000 to 4,000 Mohammedans in the attitude of prayer. What are they praying for? They are praying to God, among other things, for the forgiveness of their sins. Scripture clearly reveals the fact that forgiveness is not obtained in this way.

“Don’t you believe in prayer?” enquires a surprised reader. Most certainly we do. Whilst it is the duty of all men to pray, just as it is their duty to love God and keep His statutes, there is a *prior duty*, and that is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

“The characteristic voice of a past dispensation,” says Wm. Reid, the author of the well-known book, “The Blood of Jesus,” was, “‘Seek ye the Lord while He may be found’ (Isa. 55. 6), but the characteristic voice of the present dispensation is, ‘The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost’ (Luke 19. 10). Under law, man was to seek God; under grace, God is seeking man. It looks humble to send men to their knees, but it is humility spun out of the wisdom of man’s conceit, and has done more to dim the lustre of grace than any other device of the enemy. We are saved through *grace*; not through *prayer*.”

Have the unsaved any good reason to expect that God will answer their prayers? That God has, in His matchless grace, bestowed blessings on unsaved persons for which they prayed, we do not deny. A man also may commence praying as an unbeliever, become a believer, and obtain blessings promised to believers before he rises from his knees. What Scripture assures the unbeliever of pardon through prayer? Are we not told that “without faith it is impossible to please God” (Heb. 11. 6)? Do we not read that “the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord” (Prov. 15. 8)? “We know that God heareth not sinners” (John 9. 31).

A soul convicted of sin by the Holy Spirit will cry to God for mercy. No power on earth can prevent him from doing so. There is, however, only one way of salvation, not two—one by faith and the other by prayer (see Acts 16. 31; John 3. 16-36; 5. 24; Acts 13. 38, 39). If acceptable,

Should the Unsaved be Taught to Pray for Pardon?

prayer must *include* faith, it cannot *precede* faith. A wounded Israelite could not have been cured of the bite of the deadly serpent by persistent or importunate prayer. God appointed one, and only one, way of healing, and if he did not look to the uplifted serpent he would assuredly perish (John 3. 14, 15). If a Christian worker instructs an anxious soul to pray for salvation instead of pointing him to Christ, he turns the eye of his soul from the cross of Calvary, and his feet are directed into another path than God's way of peace.

To teach the unsaved to pray for pardon instead of to believe on Christ is unreasonable. If the sinner does not believe what God has done for him in the *past*, why ask Him to do something for him in the *future*? If he does not believe the "record" God has given concerning Christ, why encourage him to pray for any other blessing? Why tell him to "ask" for pardon when God is all the while beseeching him to accept of it as a free gift (see 2 Cor. 5. 20)? If you were presented with a book, and instead of accepting it, turned your back on the donor, and, kneeling down, earnestly besought and implored him for it, where would be the sense of such conduct?

Does Christ not say, "Whosoever will, let him take [not 'ask' or 'seek'] the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17)? One may enquire, "Is it not said, 'Ask and ye shall receive'" (Matt. 7. 7)? Assuredly. Was the promise given to believers or to unbelievers?

The "ye" refers to those spoken of in chapter 5. 14—"Ye are the salt of the earth." Are the unsaved ever spoken of as the "salt of the earth"? Are we not told that "when He was set His *disciples* came unto Him and He taught them" (Matt. 5. 1, 2)?

Do we not read, "And forgive us our sins"? Yes; but do not these words occur in what is commonly called "The Lord's Prayer"? Was that prayer not taught to Christ's disciples? If so, have His "enemies" (Rom. 5. 10). any authority, or right to use it?

Does Scripture not declare that "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. 10. 13)? The succeeding verse sheds light upon the passage—"How then shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed"? This surely proves that whatever the "calling" may mean it involves faith in Christ, and when a man has faith in Christ he ceases to be an unbeliever.

Should the Unsaved be Taught to Pray for Pardon?

To teach an anxious enquirer to pray before he believes the Gospel is to lead him past Christ into some *by-path of self-righteousness*. Every moment the enquirer delays accepting the pardoning mercy of God he becomes more blameworthy. "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son: and this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son: he that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5. 10, 12).

So long as a man continues in unbelief he increases his guilt. But if it is his duty to pray first he will consider that he ought to wait for an answer to his prayer; thus his anxiety will cool down, and the sting of conscience be removed.

The doctrine that an unconverted person should be taught to pray ere he believes the Gospel of the grace of God often leads to a false peace. Many were once troubled about their souls, and enquired, "What must I do to be saved?" Such were told to pray instead of to *believe* on Christ and His finished work, and they are now careless and unconcerned. They have peace, but it is a *false peace*. Such tell of the time when they "went forward," prayed, felt happy, believed that God answered their prayers, and made a start for the kingdom, intending to prove faithful, &c., &c. Alas! alas! the multitudes of earnest, sincere, but mistaken ones who have been deceived with a spurious conversion. Their religion begins with "I, I," and *ends* where it started, and Christ is missed. Thank God that He has revealed to us so plainly His way of *forgiveness* in His precious Word.

Hearken to the Royal Proclamation of Acts 13. 38, 39: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." How gloriously simple! "BELIEVE AND LIVE."

" 'Tis not doing, 'tis not praying;
'Tis not weeping saves the soul.
God is now His grace displaying;
Jesus died to make thee whole.
Look to Him and life works follow,
Look to Him without delay,
Sinner, look, and ere to-morrow
Thou wilt weep and praise and pray." A. M.

THE TEXTS ON THE HALL.

A FEW weeks ago I was travelling by rail from Norwich to London, Whilst passing through a village in Suffolk I observed a hall close to the railway track on which were two solemn and striking verses of Scripture. One was, "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT" (Numbers 32. 23); and the other, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD" (Amos 4. 12).

Through the kindness of a friend I was enabled to secure a photograph of the building, a reproduction of which



GOSPEL HALL IN A SUFFOLK VILLAGE ON THE GREAT-EASTERN RAILWAY.

accompanies this article. I was thankful to see God's Word brought so distinctly before the eyes of the Great-Eastern Railway travellers. No one can tell what blessed results may flow from the perusal of such awakening and soul-searching words.

How true it is that our sin will find us out, either in Time or in Eternity! All of us are sinners, and therefore all deserve sin's wages, which is eternal death. The Christian has accepted God's verdict against himself, and confessed his lost, guilty, and helpless condition. "Woe is me! for I

The Texts on the Hall.

am undone," is the language of his heart. Though deserving of God's wrath, he accepted of eternal life as a free gift by simple faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. 6. 23). Where does the reader stand? Are you condemning yourself and justifying God, or are you condemning God and justifying yourself? Whether you are moral or immoral, religious or irreligious, you are "condemned already," because *you don't* believe on Christ (John 3. 14-18). You may deny that you are "condemned," and may imagine that because you are not outwardly wicked that you have a "good chance" of entering heaven "at last." If such be your thought, you are terribly mistaken. "Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment, and some men they follow after" (1 Tim. 5. 24). There is a day of reckoning, and whether distant or near, it is certain. The unsaved *must* meet God. "God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccles. 12. 14). Every sin you have committed in thought, word, and deed will then be read out of the book of remembrance. I would therefore raise the danger signal, and call upon you to "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD." "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people," says the proverb. Is the reader prepared? Don't try to *fit yourself* for the dread tribunal. You cannot do so. No deeds of merit; no prayers, tears, or religious observances can remove sin's penalty. God has provided a righteousness for you, even "the righteousness of God which is unto all and *upon all* them that believe" (Rom. 3. 22). "How is this righteousness to be obtained?" one may inquire. By faith in Christ. "Christ is the end of the law *for righteousness* to every one that believeth" (Rom. 10. 4). The end of the law in this country is *the rope*. "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and was buried and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4). Christ paid the ransom for your deliverance. "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. 10. 9). "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). Believe *now* in Him who shed His precious blood to save you from the agony and despair of a lost eternity. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou shalt be saved.*"

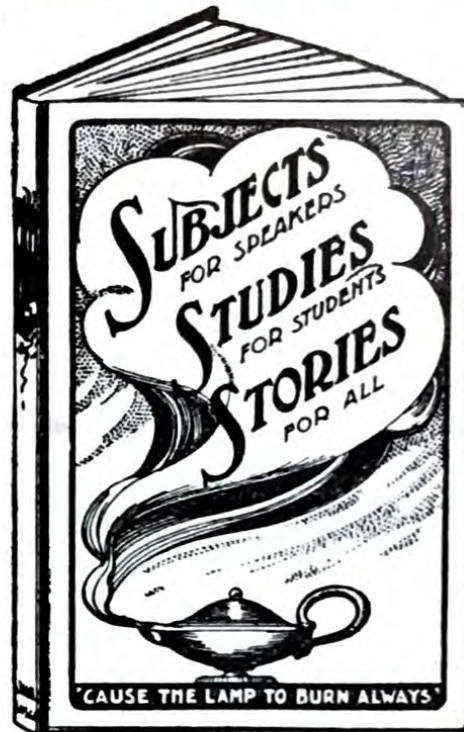
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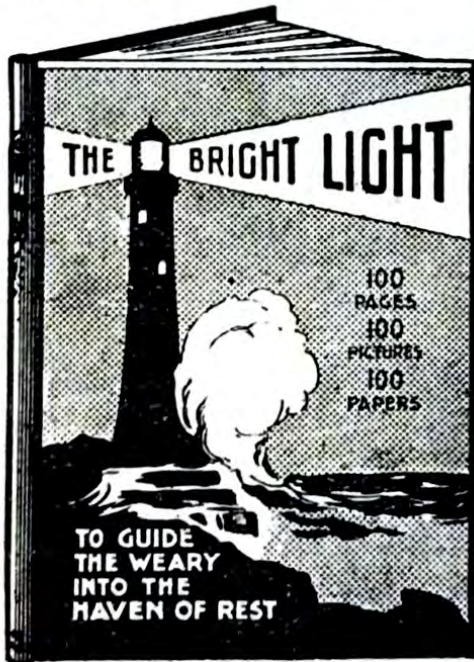
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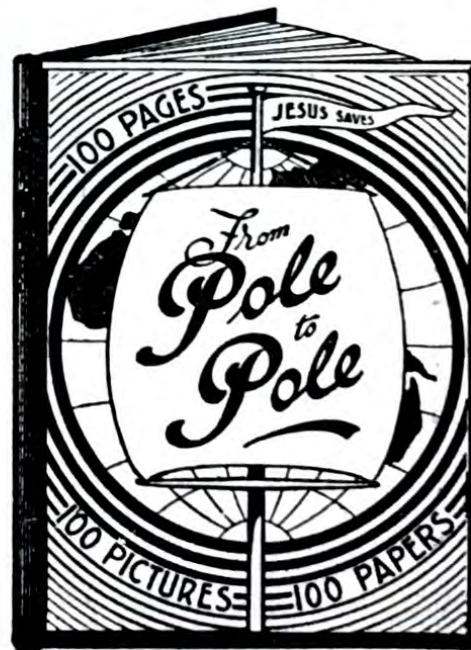
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OUR 30TH YEAR OF TESTIMONY.

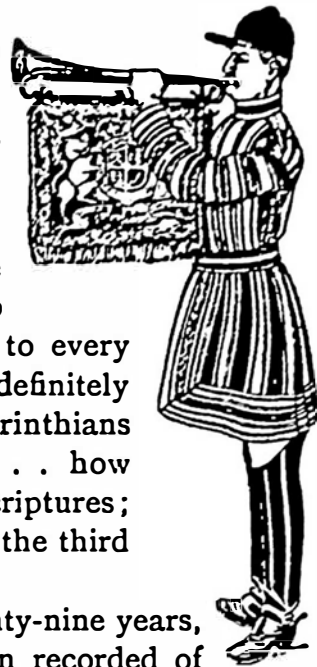
THE ROYAL HERALD has one duty to perform—to act as herald for his Royal master. His business is not to frame the proclamation, much less to revise, improve, or alter it, but simply to sound it out.

The ROYAL HERALD OF SALVATION has a similar duty. His business is not to criticise the “old” or seek after a “new” message, but to “go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature” (Mark 16. 15). That Gospel has been definitely defined by Divine Revelation according to 1 Corinthians 15. 1-4: “I declare unto you THE GOSPEL, . . . how 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.”

Acting consistently on this line for the last twenty-nine years, during which many remarkable cases have been recorded of THE GOSPEL manifesting itself as “the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth” (Rom. 1. 16). The Herald of Salvation enters its **Thirtieth Year** of issue on the same uniform lines.

Blessing continues to follow the faithful presentation of the Gospel. A well-known evangelist writes: “I met at Plumas, Manitoba, last week, a Christian who told me that her sister who resided in Newmarket, Ontario, was saved through reading *The Herald of Salvation*.” . . . An Irish evangelist tells of “one, who is now a happy Christian, who was awakened through article, ‘Keep on Loving Her,’ in *Herald of Salvation*.” . . . A Scotch evangelist writes: “A woman near Loanhead attended a meeting in the room, and professed to be saved whilst reading the article, ‘The Prairie Fire,’ in *The Herald of Salvation*.” Space forbids the mention of many more.

With deepest gratitude to all who have helped by writing, photographing, circulating, commending, and praying, we earnestly solicit a continuation of such “fellowship in the Gospel.”



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EDITED BY ALEX. MARSHALL, Author of “God’s Way of Salvation.”

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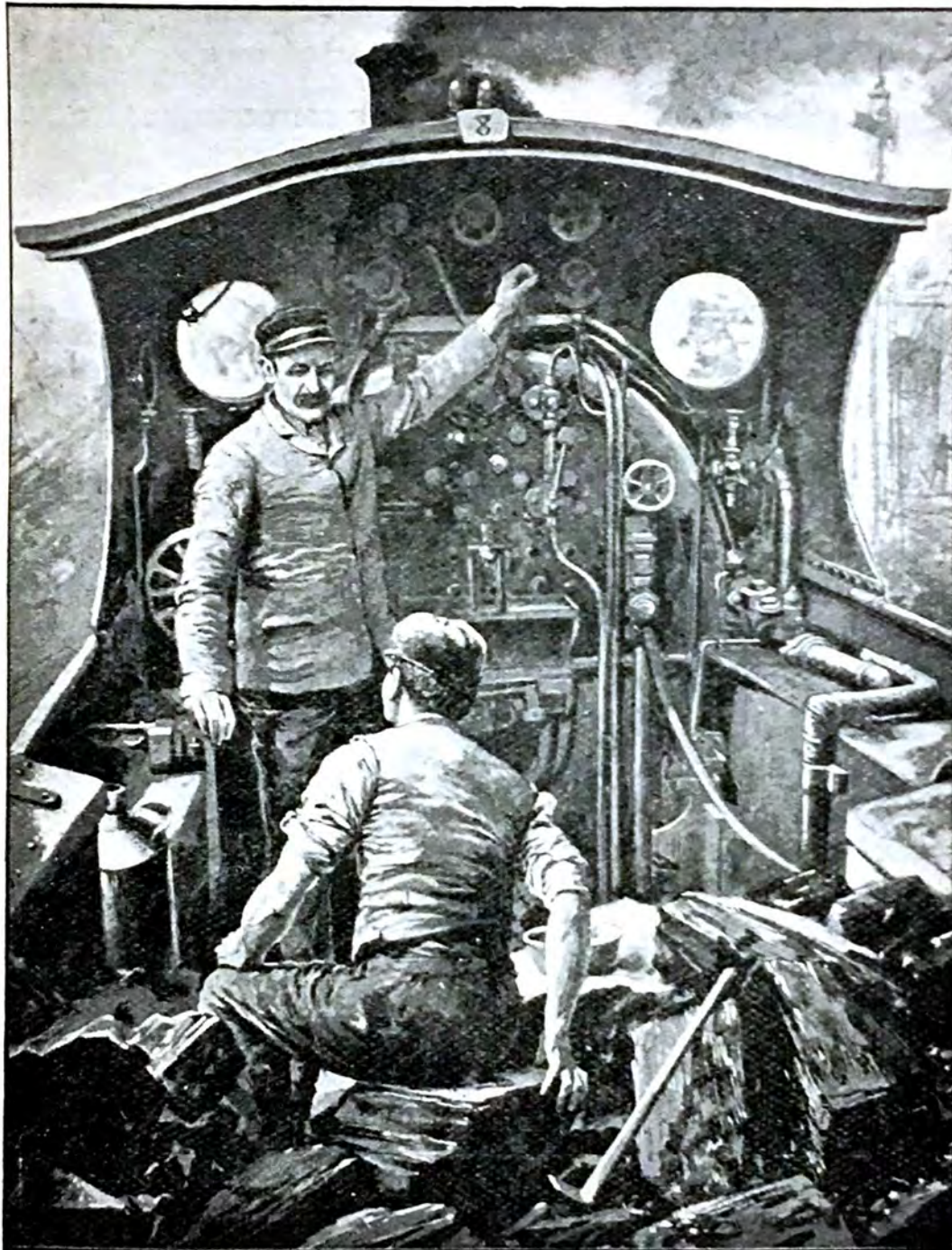
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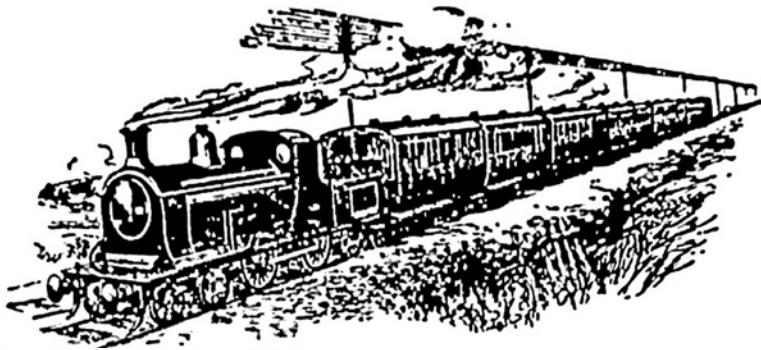
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THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S SURPRISE.



“BOB, give me a paper,” said Bill Lawson, a big burly engine-driver, to the “news-boy” at an American Rail-

way Station. “Bob” had recently been converted to God, and in the joy of his first love; eagerly and earnestly sought to win others to the Saviour. “I’ll give you a paper,” was Bob’s answer, “if you promise to read this tract.” “Tract!” was the indignant and scornful reply; “I don’t want any such rubbish,” and walked away. Shortly afterwards the engine-driver preferred the same request, and he got the very same reply. For the third time Bill asked a paper, and on hearing the customary answer he said to Bob, “Do you really want me to read it?” “I do, Bill.” Taking the tract out of his hand Bill said, “Then I shall read it.”

When he had leisure Lawson took the tract out of his pocket and carefully perused it. It spoke of God’s amazing love in giving His only begotten Son to bleed and suffer and die in our room and stead. The “glad and glorious Gospel” as unfolded in the life-giving words of John 3. 16—“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”—was expounded.

At their next meeting Bill was asked the question, “Did you read the tract that I gave you?” Throwing his arms around Bob’s neck, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, in broken and faltering accents, he exclaimed, “I never read such a tract. I thought that God was like a policeman with a club in His hand seeking to arrest me; now I see that He loves me. If He is such a loving God, I want to know and love Him.”

Many, like Bill Lawson, imagine that God is like a policeman, pursuing them to shut them up in the prison-house of hell. What a perversion of the character of God! How true the divine declaration that “He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love” (1 John 4. 8). Though God hates sin, He loves the sinner with a fond and tender love. Whatever *you* are, or have been, God

The Engine-Driver's Surprise.

loves you. At this very moment He desires to bestow upon you a free, full, and present salvation. Harken to His solemn asseveration: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezekiel 33. 11.) God has no pleasure in your death. Scripture declares that "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3. 9). God is not willing that *you* should perish. His longsuffering is salvation to multitudes. He desires that you should now repent and believe the Gospel of His matchless grace. Though this is so, many ask if we believe that God made anyone to damn Him! Would that such took time to read the Scriptures! If they did they would learn that "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). He longs to bless and save *you* as you read these lines. He loves you with a wondrous wealth of love, and longs to save and bless you at this very moment. You may imagine that it is a matter of unconcern to Him whether you spend eternity in remorse and misery, or in joy and gladness. You never made a bigger mistake in your life.

The *proof* of His love to you is the glorious fact that He gave Christ to die on Calvary's Cross that you might not perish but have everlasting life. Can you doubt His love to you a moment longer? Christ bore sin's penalty, and shed His precious blood as a ransom for your deliverance. The ransom price has been paid and accepted. God is satisfied, and He desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Believe on Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities (Isaiah 53. 5), and you will obtain eternal life as a present possession, and like the engine-driver have a glad surprise. Why not now believe and be saved? Why not cease procrastinating? The Lord Jesus Christ is coming to take His people to be with Himself. Are you ready for His coming? "Now, now, now—to-morrow too late may be." "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

A. M.

“ADMIT THE BEARER—A SINNER.”

“SO, John, you’ve got fairly into the kingdom. You have been long seeking, how did you get in at last?”

“Oh, it was the simplest thing in the world; it was just by presenting the right ticket. I held it out, the door was opened, and I was in. And the strange thing is, I found that the ticket of admission had been in my possession from childhood, and I had carried it in my breast pocket for the last twelve months, and never had the sense to use it.”

“That is strange, for you were so anxious to get in. What kind of a ticket was it, and what was written on it?”

“Why, it was as plain a ticket as you ever obtained for a public meeting, and it had nothing on it but the words:

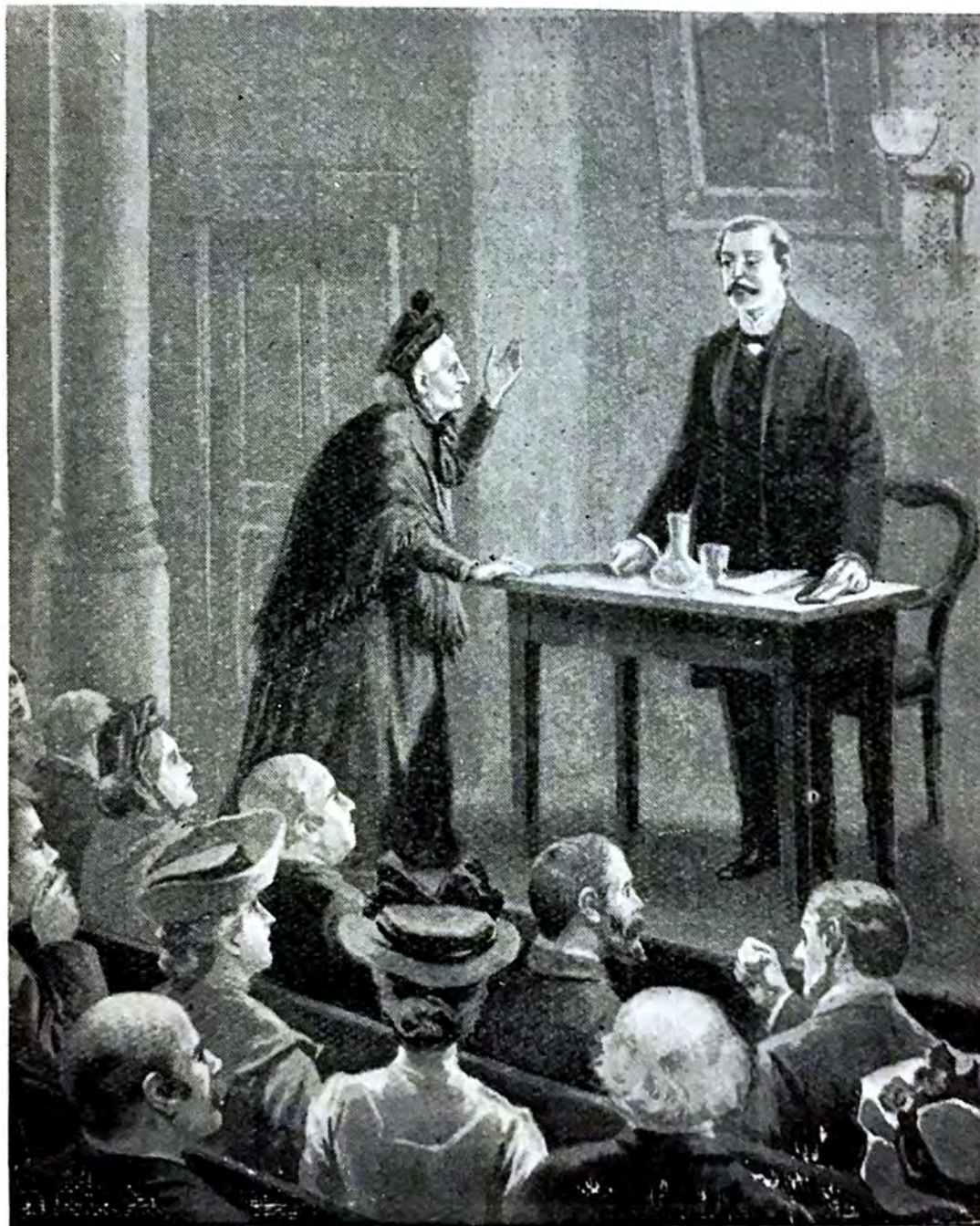
**“ADMIT THE BEARER—
A SINNER.”**

Luke 18. 13, 14.

“Was that all?” “Yes. And what kept me so long from getting in was, that I always *added* something to the words on the ticket, when I presented it. Whenever the Lord saw anything of my adding, it was refused. The first time I went, I wrote at the bottom, ‘But not so great a sinner as many of my neighbours.’ That would not do, so I rubbed it out and put down, ‘But is doing the best he can to improve.’ That would not do either, so I became more anxious, and prayed and wept awhile, and then added ‘Who is praying and weeping for his sins.’ Even that wouldn’t do. After that I began to despair, and wrote down, ‘Too great a sinner to be saved.’ That only made matters worse, and I had almost given up, when I looked at Christ and heard Him say, ‘I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved’ (John 10. 9), and ‘Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out’ (John 6. 37), as well as those precious words, ‘Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely’ (Rev. 22. 17). I looked again at that parable of the Pharisee and Publican, and saw that it was *simply* as *a sinner* that he went and was justified. He did not make his sins too great to be forgiven, nor too little to need forgiveness. He went just as he was, ‘a sinner,’ and trusting to the promised grace of God, he went down to his house ‘justified.’ I remembered that Jesus had said, ‘I came to call sinners to repentance,’ so pulled out the old ticket, and without adding a word, presented it. It was accepted, and I entered.” Reader! go thou and do likewise, and, as God is true, thou wilt be justified.

THE SCEPTICAL LECTURER SILENCED.

AFTER an infidel had concluded a lecture in a village in England, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said: "Sir, I have a question to ask you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction,



"KEEP TO THE POINT - WHAT HAS YOUR WAY OF THINKING DONE FOR YOU?"

The Sceptical Lecturer Silenced.

and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to being in the glory with Jesus. That's what my religion has done for me. What has *your* way of thinking done for you?" "Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but—" "Oh! that's not the question," said she; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking *done* for you?" The infidel endeavoured to shirk the matter again; the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and the champion had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

Let us change the picture. The mother of HUME, the infidel philosopher, wrote to him the following pathetic letter: "My dear Son,—My health has failed me. I am in a deep decline. I cannot long survive. My philosophy affords me no comfort in my distress. You can afford me some substitute for the loss of the hopes of religion. I pray you, hasten home to console me, or at least write to me the consolations that philosophy affords at the dying hour."

Said Colonel INGERSOLL, the noted infidel, by the coffin of his brother: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry."

Said the learned infidel VOLTAIRE: "The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate, and the globe contains carcasses rather than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself, and *I wish I had never been born.*"

This is the best infidelity can do. Listen now to the words of a dying Christian. Said the godly HALYBURTON: "I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be meet to praise Him for ever. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in view of death itself! What a mercy that, having the use of my reason, I can declare His goodness to my soul! I bless His Name; I die rejoicing in Him. *Blessed be God that ever I was born.*"

Now, what is the practical result of *your* profession? Have *you* peace with God? Are *you* ready for death and eternity?

A CONVERTED KING.

ON 8th December, 1907, there passed into the presence of the King of kings in the person of OSCAR II., King of Sweden, a monarch who was remarkable, in that he was a converted king, and to whom pertained the romantic in that he was the grandson of a French shoemaker.



OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN.

To deal with the ROMANTIC first: The grandfather of Oscar II., the founder of the dynasty, was a bootmaker's apprentice and a Frenchman. Just after the outbreak of the French Revolution he shouldered a musket in the French army, and in the course of time won the position of Marshal in Napoleon's army. At that time, and for a long time before, the Swedish dynasty had been involved in

A Converted King.

serious complications respecting the succession. Baron Morners, a Swedish statesman, suggested that Marshal Bernadotte should offer himself as Crown Prince. He did so, and was accepted, and in 1818 succeeded to the throne.

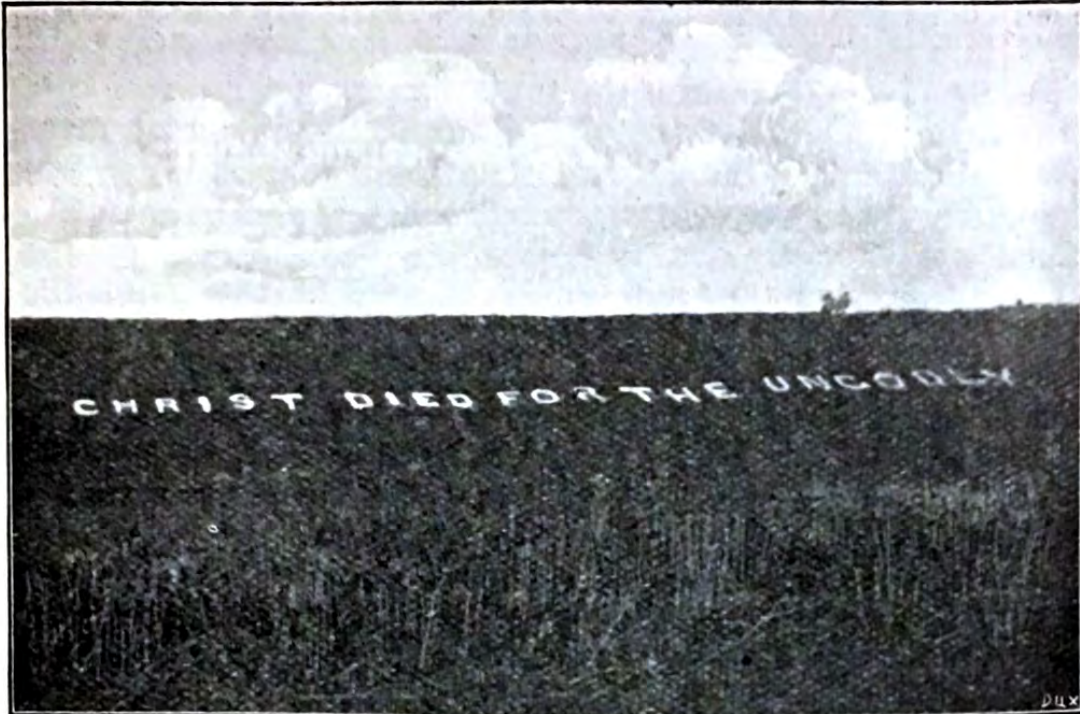
As to the REMARKABLE: Mr. Josiah Nix relates that some years ago, at Bergen, the King was on the point of leaving for Stockholm when a party of Polytechnic visitors cheered lustily. Thereupon the King said to Mr. Nix, their conductor: "Do you like my country?" "No, your Majesty," was the reply; "we *love* it, and your people." Mr. Nix then thanked King Oscar for his message to the Y.M.C.A. in London on their celebration, and also for the Queen's greetings. "Are you a disciple?" King Oscar asked. "Yes, your Majesty, the least of all the disciples," was the answer, upon which the King said quietly: "Then please do not refer to me as 'your Majesty.' *We are one in Christ Jesus.*"

Touching details are given of the solemn moment when the King of Terrors (though not in this case the terror of kings) entered the royal chamber. When, at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, His Majesty became conscious for a moment, he recognised his family and said in a clear voice: "God bless you all." The Queen said: "Yes, the Lord shall carry you through; His mercy is so great." To this the King replied: "*Yes, His mercy is great.*" The Queen then bent down over her husband's bed and whispered in his ear the words of the First Epistle of John, chapter 1, verse 7: "But if we walk in the light as He is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and *the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.*" The King said in a distinct voice: "THANKS BE TO JESUS." These words were King Oscar's last. At four o'clock he was "with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1. 23).

Thus is being amplified the testimony from monarchs and mighty men not a few, and from masses of the rank and file, the saved of the Lord, that (1) "without shedding of *blood* is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22); (2) that "*the Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin*" (1 John 1. 7); (3) that "peace through *the Blood of His Cross*" (Col. 1. 20) can be enjoyed in life and in death.

The vital question is: Are you resting alone in the peace-speaking Blood and Finished Work (John 17. 4) of the Son of God for happiness here and bliss hereafter? Is the true note of your heart—"PRAISE BE TO JESUS"? HYP.

THE ARKANSAS SILENT PREACHER.



THE COMPLETE TEXT.

"Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5. 6). 400 feet long. Seen two miles away.



SINGLE LETTER "O" IN THE WORD "UNGODLY."

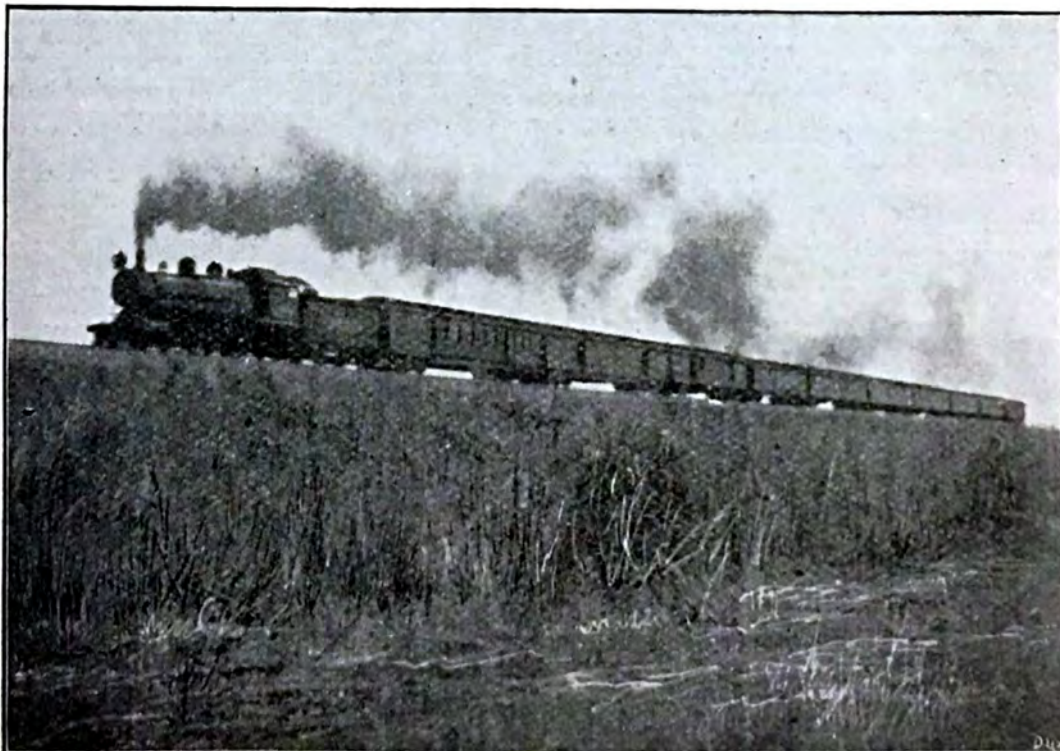
Taken 30 feet away. Size 16 feet from top to bottom, 9 feet wide. Contains 3 waggon loads of rocks of various sizes. The stone on which the young lady is sitting would require two strong men to move it.

THE ARKANSAS SILENT PREACHER.

TWO miles north of Arkansas city, on the side of a hill near to the track of the Aitchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, in stone letters 16 feet high, is inscribed the blessed Gospel declaration that "CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY." The letter "O" alone is composed of three waggon loads of white stones. The complete text is 400 feet long, about 600 yards from the railroad, and can be seen two miles away. The text is opposite a heavy grade on the railroad, and as the train moves slowly at this point, the passengers have ample opportunity of reading it carefully. Tens of thousands of people see it as they journey.

An engine-driver who passes the spot daily was awakened by it, and claims to be converted to God. Many who see and read the text have no interest in it, verifying God's Word, which declares that "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick" (Luke 5. 31) No one will ask, "What must I do to be saved?" unless he has discovered that he is lost. Robert Murray M'Cheyne has recorded his experience in his well-known hymn. The first stanza describes his condition as careless and heedless of eternal concerns:

"I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load."



A TRAIN OPPOSITE THE TEXT.

It is quite a grade, heavy trains cannot run fast, thus passengers have time to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the wonderful news.

The Arkansas Silent Preacher.

Of his conviction of sin by the Holy Spirit he wrote:

“When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die.”

When sinners are roused from their sleep of death, they tremble at the prospect of meeting a holy and righteous God.

“But I am not ungodly,” says one. I suppose you mean by that that you are not outwardly wicked. A man does not need to be openly bad to be “ungodly.” We are in the habit of using the term to describe the immoral or irreligious. The word is not so limited in Scripture. One may be generous, moral, upright, and “religious,” and yet be “ungodly.” The term is descriptive of all who are out of Christ, and applies to those who have never experienced the great change of conversion to God. All are sinners, and *all* of us deserve sin’s wages, which is eternal separation from God in conscious misery. Granted that there are 50 pence debtors, 500 pence debtors, and 10,000 talent debtors, yet all are hopelessly bankrupt, having “nothing to pay.” What then is to become of us? Future obedience cannot atone for past disobedience. Is there no way of escape? Thank God there is. At an infinite cost the Lord Jesus has purchased a full, free, and present salvation. Because of His sacrificial death God can righteously justify ungodly sinners who believe on Christ.

The *ground* on which He can do so is expressed in the words of the text on the American hillside—“CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY.” “How am I to know that He died for *me*?” inquires one. My answer is, He died for the “ungodly,” *therefore* He died for you.

A Highlander in the Isle of Skye once said to me, “If I knew that Christ died *for me* I would be all right.” The dear fellow had been taught that Christ died for the elect *alone*, and not knowing that he was one of them he could not believe that Christ died for *him*. “God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us” (Rom. 5. 8). You are a “sinner”; Christ died for sinners, *therefore* Christ died for you. Believing that Christ died *for others* won’t do your soul any good. You must believe that He died for *you*, ere you can obtain eternal life.

The Gospel which the Apostle Paul preached to the Corinthians when they were *unbelievers*, and by which they were saved, is contained in 1 Corinthians 15. 1-4. What was the Gospel which was the power of God to their

The Arkansas Silent Preacher.

salvation? "Christ died for our sins . . . was buried and rose again." The "glad and glorious Gospel" does not speak of what Christ is *going to do* for us when we believe. It tells us of what He did for us centuries ago. Christ "gave Himself a ransom *for all*" (1 Tim. 2. 4-6). "He tasted death for *every man*" (Heb. 2. 9). "He died *for all*" (2 Cor. 5. 15). Christ so put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself that all God's holy claims have been fully met, and those who believe on the Saviour are pardoned, justified, and made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

I knew an Irishman who, on discovering his lost condition, took His Bible and went into a quiet corner of a field. As he searched God's Holy Word, longing to know how he could obtain forgiveness, he read the scripture: "For when we were yet without strength, in due time CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY" (Rom. 5. 6). On seeing it he leaped in the air, and clapping his hands exclaimed, "Christ died for the ungodly! Christ died for the ungodly!" adding, "THAT'S ME! DO YOU HEAR THAT, DEVIL?" and there and then he rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour. Why should not you also rejoice?

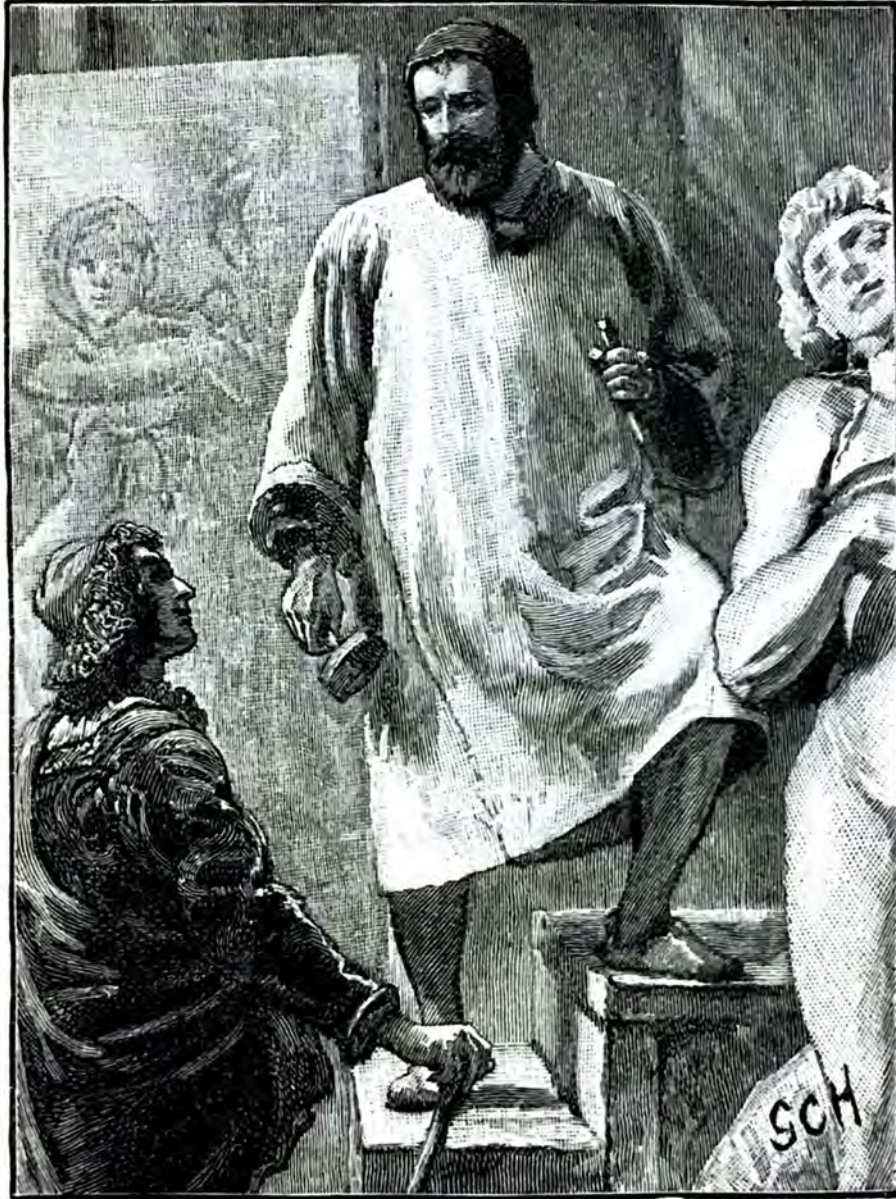
Although "Christ died for the ungodly," and therefore for you, oh, fellow-traveller to eternity, His death will avail you nothing unless you believe the good news. What the Lord Jesus did and suffered has satisfied all God's holy claims. Nothing meritorious is necessary on your part. "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). You can, as you read these lines, have the free forgiveness of your innumerable sins by simple faith in the finished work of Christ. Forgiveness cannot be obtained on the ground of *your* doings. The work that saves was accomplished at Calvary, and no efforts of your own can procure the pardoning mercy of God.

May the unsaved reader take his place among the "ungodly," and believe on that blessed One who died for all his crimson sins, and be saved for eternity.

"I seek no other argument,
I want no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me."

ONE THING LACKING.

MICHAEL ANGELO had been busy in his studio for weeks. The old master had one of his greatest works in hand, and all his brilliant talent was brought into play. At last it was finished; the chisel was laid aside:



MICHAEL ANGELO AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

the statue was unveiled, and the studio thrown open to the public. Crowds flocked to see the work of art, and stood in admiration before it, but the sculptor heeded not the praises of the multitude. His eye was upon one who was standing before the marble figure. What he thought was everything to Angelo, for he was the greatest critic of the day. At

One Thing Lacking.

length he speaks. "Michael," he says, "it lacks one thing." "What is that?" eagerly asked the sculptor. "SPEECH," was the quiet reply. It only lacked one thing. This indeed was flattering to the sculptor. The statue was life-like, a splendid imitation of the natural, proving the great genius of the one whose hand had fashioned it.

But the great critic's remark can be justly applied to hundreds around us, and to them it is not flattering, for lacking the "one thing" they lack everything that is worth having. They are professors, but not possessors. They appear to be very like Christians, but they have never accepted Christ. The eye of the Judge is upon them, and He says—as He said to one in days gone by—"one thing thou lackest." Is my reader one of this class? Then listen—with all your profession, you are as dead as a stone toward God. It is LIFE you lack, and this is not to be had in ordinances, ritual, or creeds, but in Christ alone. Life is to be found in the Son of God, and if you want life you must get this living Saviour. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12).

Will you now "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" and obtain this life? For "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the WRATH of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). Believe *now* and be saved. J. T. M.

"NO NEED TO BE CONVERTED."

"YES, Mrs. —, it is true what I tell you, James — has been converted." "Dear me," she replied; "a decent lad like him that no one ever had an ill word of; he surely had no need to be converted."

I tried to show her from the Bible that everybody without exception needs to be born again (John 3. 3), and all who are not "born again" must perish for ever. Mrs. — was not easily convinced. The truth is, she was a church member herself, and knew nothing about being "born again," and the conversion of the young man referred to had troubled her considerably. I suppose that she was thinking that if he needed it she needed it, and I suspect that unconverted professors generally are annoyed when they hear of some very moral individual being converted.

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(1 Peter 1. 18, 19)?

HyP.

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"TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT AILED THE WORLD."

THEN AND NOW.

By HOWARD M. KELLY, M.D., Professor, John Hopkins University, Baltimore, U.S.A.



It is now twenty-seven years since I began my college life, a life which stretched out through eight years of good, hard work, four at the classics and four at medicine. During the college period and after it, and again, especially in these latter years as a teacher, I have always been most profoundly interested, as a student of human nature and of medicine, in trying to find out what ailed the world about me. Why is it, as I have grown older, that I have come to find out that there is so much misery and unhappiness in the world? Why is it that each successive generation of young men begin to run the life-race that is set before them, full of vigour, of fine enthusiasm, and with a determination to accomplish great things, and then one by one, drop back into the same indifference, and the same routine as was done by those who preceded them, the fire and all the enthusiasm gone, content in the end to make a good living and to take good care of themselves?

I well recall my own class, as fine a lot of fellows as you could wish to see, shouting, "'77 forever" daily in the assembly room until we were hoarse, and each one certain beyond a peradventure that with our advent into the affairs of the world, the golden era was about to dawn. We each knew individually that we ourselves were destined to do some great deed, and we each looked, too, with secret admiration upon his fellows, picturing in our minds the great future which lay before each one.

A quarter of a century has elapsed and what is the outcome? Untimely death has claimed not a few of the dear boys (boys ever in spite of the added years), and those of us who survive have entered upon life's duties, just as our fathers did before us; good, faithful work has been done, but we have failed to bring about those startling changes which we had fondly hoped would make "'77" renowned forever, and a sad little stone in the old college wall, commemorative of ivy day, and a blighted ivy plant below it seem emblematic of our shattered hopes.

What is the reason of the failure? Or was it a failure after all? Was it, then, impossible to realize those great aspirations which thrilled us as we entered life's arena? These are the questions to which I will now briefly address myself.

I would say of my own life that I have both lost something and I have found something. I have lost that which

Then and Now.

I at first esteemed great, for I discovered, as I went on, that it was, after all, but a bubble, a glittering semblance of a jewel, evanescent and temporal (2 Cor. 4. 18). But wondrous to relate, I have found in its place something infinitely more precious, eternal, a possession which increases in value day by day, lending a reality and a value to life in all its relations far beyond all possible anticipation of all my early years.

Let me look at my life a little more closely; what have I actually lost? I think the loss can be pretty well covered by one word which used to figure largely in our college debates and chapel speeches, a word which covered the one great qualification in a man, which marked him out for success, and that word is "ambition." I remember well setting success in life before me as the one great desideratum, and anxiously analyzing its essential elements, which seemed to resolve themselves into ability, ambition, opportunity, health, and adding various adjuvant qualities, such as judgment, memory, tact, etc. I found by God's grace, as I went on, that this, after all, was but a selfish scheme of living, which even if I might attain my end, was possible only for a fortunate few; I saw, too, some who were just about to take their fill of the cup of ambition suddenly snatched away by an untimely death, while others with all the other qualifications, were restrained from grasping the prize by the hand of disease; others again (worst mockery of all), who gained all the world could offer in the way of fame or of wealth, remained, after all, most miserable and dissatisfied with life.

My first aim was, therefore, manifestly a false one. What was I then to do? Conclude that life was naught but a mockery? I thank God that when I found the emptiness of the aims of the world, I also found that He was not so sparing of His best gifts as I had begun to imagine. When I discovered that life and self were failures, I then found in Him more than heart could desire. Having no longer any good thing of my own, and now content to be as one of the servants in His house, I found instead that He had a glorious robe of righteousness of His own providing, and He was willing to set the very beggars who trusted Him among the princes at the gate (1 Sam. 2. 8). The glorious grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, which God in His great mercy has offered, not to a forward intellectual few, but to all men everywhere, came as a blessed solace to one who found on all sides the vanity of setting the affections on the things of this world.

Then and Now.

I would like to dwell on this noble theme, for I would that young men everywhere could only see that there is just one thing in the world that is worth making the object of our ambition, and that is to know, to love, and to serve God, and to know Him in the only way we can know anything about Him, through His Son, Jesus Christ. Christ's service is not a theory of life, or a philosophy, but a life, a new birth (John 3. 3), a new creation. Behold, old things are passed away, and all things are made new (2 Cor. 5. 17). And this knowledge, which brings the peace the world knows nothing of, is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, who calls out and leads God's people in their earthly pilgrimage. The great effective instrument of the Holy Spirit by which these truths are authoritatively taught, is the inspired Word of God. Satan is gaining great victories in these days by holding men back from a loving, searching study of the Bible.

My own daily life is as full as that of any man I know, but I found long since that as I allowed the pressure of professional and other engagements to fill in every moment between rising and going to bed, the spirit would surely starve, so I made a rule which I have since stuck to in spite of many temptations, not to read or study anything but my Bible after the evening meal, and never to read any other book but the Bible on Sunday. I have found that faith in Jesus Christ is a wonderful foundation rock upon which stands a marvellous superstructure. I have found that the Holy Ghost is not an influence, but a real, living, active Person. I see wonderful truths relating to Christ in types and prophecies which I never dreamed of before, and "the blessed hope" has a new meaning. The message of the Epistles I once thought full of hyperbole, now glow with meaning. And so I might go on, and so doubtless God, in His great grace and goodness, will lead us all on through ages of eternity, beholding new glories and new graces in His Son. What more can I say to arrest the attention of young men? Once my interest was in things which will pass away, now I am an actual "partaker of the divine nature" of Him who made all these things. What are they compared to Him? He is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). Have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you saved?

WHAT MONEY CANNOT DO.

A PAPER offered a prize for the best definition of the value of money. Needless to say, there were many competitors. The following was the successful answer: "Money is a universal provider for everything but happiness, and a passport everywhere but to heaven." How true and suggestive! Almost anything that this world supplies can be had for gold. But MONEY CANNOT PURCHASE HAPPINESS. The wise man has said: "Money answereth



A WELL-KNOWN VIEW OF NEW YORK.

all things" (Eccles. 10. 19), but this only refers to all things "under the sun." Money cannot satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit. "He that hath silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase" (Eccles. 5. 10). The more a man possesses of this world's goods and honours, the more he seems dissatisfied.

It is recorded of one of the members of the Vanderbilt family that he said to a friend: "I don't see what good it does me—all this money that you say is mine. I can't eat it; I can't spend it; in fact I never saw it, and never had it in my hands for a moment. I dress no better than my private

What Money Cannot Do.

secretary, and cannot eat as much as my coachman. I live in a big servant's boarding-house, am bothered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, cannot drink champagne, and most of my money is in the hands of others who use it mainly for their own benefit." Alas! what a testimony to the fact that money cannot purchase happiness.

God, in His Word, tells us that "godliness with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out; and having food and raiment let us be therewith content" (1 Tim. 6. 6, 7). Note the order: "Godliness with contentment." To secure "godliness" one must have the forgiveness of sins. Too many are "content" without God's forgiveness.

Are the reader's sins forgiven? If not, don't be satisfied until you know that they are. The only happy people on earth are those who are rejoicing in the knowledge of forgiveness through faith in Christ. "Blessed"—or happy—"is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psalm 32. 1). The Christian is the only one that can afford to be happy. He is happiest when he remembers facts, and the unconverted are only happy when they forget them.

"MONEY IS A PASSPORT EVERYWHERE BUT TO HEAVEN." How true! The "golden key" can open most earthly doors, whether of mansions or castles, but it has no power to open heaven's door. Regeneration is absolutely necessary for this. Christ's words to Nicodemus are clear and definite: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). Rich and poor, millionaire and pauper, must enter by the same door. The Lord Jesus says: "I am the Door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). How true it is that money can neither purchase happiness nor an entrance into heaven.

Every blessing you need is treasured up in Christ. Young or old, rich or poor, educated or illiterate may now obtain the blessings of forgiveness, justification, and eternal life "without money and without price," without prayers and without tears, without groans and sighs, "good works," or religious observances. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. *And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely*" (Rev. 22. 17). A. M.

THE WORKMAN AND HIS WIFE.

SHE was a working man's wife, not long wedded. A decent, respectable young woman with a profession of religion, she was becoming more and more convinced that it was only a *profession*, that she was not in reality a happy



"PEELING THE POTATOES FOR DINNER."

possessor of eternal life. The longing desire to really and truly know her sins, which were many, all forgiven, forgotten, and covered by the Precious Blood, had become the paramount question with her morning, noon, and night. In fact, sleep had almost forsaken her eyelids, and her husband was beginning to be anxious about the state of her body and mind, as well as being deeply anxious concerning the

The Workman and His Wife.

salvation of her soul. Converted himself for a little time, he was not equal to the task of dealing with one in desperation with "fightings within and fears without." What was he to do? This night, which was to be the night of all nights, had been a night of sleepless trouble for both—the husband to help the wife he loved; the wife to be assured concerning the question: "Where shall I spend Eternity?"

In his extremity, as he left her early in the morning to go forth to his toil, he espied a copy of the well-known soul-winner in booklet form, entitled: *God's Way of Salvation*. Handing her the book, he commended her to read it carefully, in the hope that she might "find the light." She read and worked, and worked and read, till, sitting peeling the potatoes for dinner, she came to the chapter entitled:

"I CANNOT REALISE IT."

"What do you mean? 'I see that Christ has borne my punishment, and that God is perfectly satisfied with what He has done; but, somehow or other, I cannot realise that I have everlasting life.' Your mistake is, you are taken up with the *realisings of your mind* instead of with the *realities of God's salvation*. Suppose for some crime you were sentenced to a term of imprisonment, with the option of paying a large penalty. A friend pays the amount in full, and brings you a receipt; would you then be afraid of going to jail? 'No.' Why not? Because of your 'realisings' or 'graspings'? 'No.' Why would you not be afraid? '*Because the ransom had been paid.*' Would you not require to 'realise,' or 'lay hold' of the money? 'Certainly not.' God in His Word tells you that Christ has GIVEN HIMSELF a ransom for you (1 Tim. 2. 6), and on the ground of what He has done you may be saved. Do not think of your 'realisings,' but believe in the reality of His death for you, and you will then know that you are saved, and all your sins forgiven."

There and then she saw the truth of salvation—that Jesus had paid it all, and, believing on Him, in a moment she was enabled to lay hold of the Saviour's promise: "He that believeth on Me *hath everlasting life*" (John 6. 47).

When her husband returned to his dinner he found his wife delivered from her doubts and fears, and rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven (1 John 2. 12).

Doubting, halting, or desponding one, believe the glorious Gospel facts—"Christ *died* for your sins, was *buried*, and was *raised* for your justification" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4), and like the workman and his wife, and others without number, you will rejoice in "victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." HYP.

THE ESKIMO CHIEF AND JOHN 3. 16;

— OR, —

"ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH."

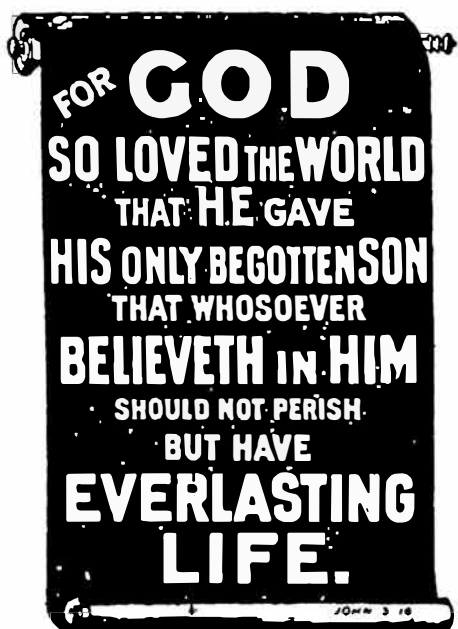


ESKIMOS AT HOME, WITH HUTS, DOGS, AND CAMP.

THE ESKIMO CHIEF AND JOHN 3. 16.



EARLY in the last century Hans Egede, a Danish missionary, left his native land to preach the gospel to the Eskimos of Greenland. He laboured and toiled for years seeking to instruct them in the truths of Christianity, and yet he saw no apparent results from his arduous and self-denying efforts. Eventually he became so discouraged and depressed by the indifference of the people that he decided to leave the country. The text he selected to preach his farewell sermon was from the words, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain" (Isa. 49. 4). Egede was succeeded at the station



by Mr. Beck, another Moravian missionary. On his arrival he began to tell the poor pagans of God's wondrous love to guilty sinners as revealed at Calvary's cross. When Kajarnak, the chief, a wicked old murderer, heard the missionary reading the blessed and glorious words of John 3. 16, he exclaimed, "Read it again." Beck read the "wonderful words of life" again and again, and Kajarnak burst into tears and wept like a child. God's holiness and righteousness did not move him; the terrors of law and of hell made no impression on him. But the matchless grace of God in giving His only begotten Son to die that he might be eternally saved completely broke the stony heart of the murderous Eskimo chief.

Thousands on earth praise God for "John three and sixteen," and tens of thousands will do so in the glory. And yet no unsaved person understands the saving truth underneath the words of this "miniature gospel," as Luther delighted to call it. Every word in it is full of the deepest significance. "FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD." Then God loves *you*, O unsaved fellow-traveller to Eternity. However careless and indifferent to your eternal interests, God loves you. He hates your *sin* with a perfect hatred, but loves you with an unmeasured wealth of love. "Prove it," you say. That can be easily done.

The Eskimo Chief and John 3. 16.

“THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON.” Loving and giving are inseparable. Here, then, is love that “passeth knowledge.”

“Why did God give Christ to die?” may be asked by one. That you “should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Sinners are perishing, fast perishing in their sins, yet it is not God’s will that any should perish (2 Peter 3. 9). It is His desire that “all men” should be saved (1 Tim. 2. 4-6). At an infinite cost He has provided salvation for all. Everlasting life as a free gift can be obtained as you read these lines, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.”

“THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.” How grand and glorious! Could anything be simpler and freer? No works of merit are necessary. No tears need be shed, no prayers be made in order to possess the pardoning mercy of God. Salvation is “*not of works*, lest any man should boast” (Eph. 2. 8, 9). “Whosoever believeth in Him” Who made atonement for sin and paid the ransom for our deliverance “shall not perish but have everlasting life.” Everlasting life is not given to those who *believe in their believing*, nor to those who *believe in themselves*. We are not saved because of our believing, nor on account of anything that we may do or feel. Through *believing on Christ* who gave Himself a ransom for us, and “put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself” (Heb. 9. 26), we obtain eternal life.

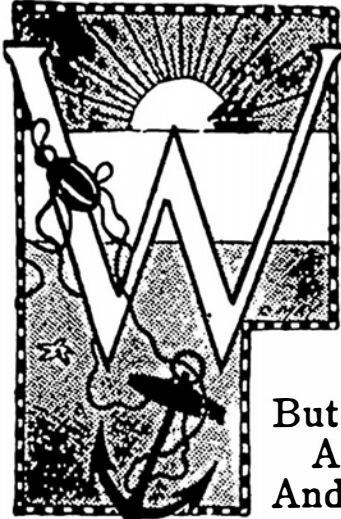
“Whosoever” takes in all kinds and classes of sinners. None are excluded. “I am not sorry enough,” says one; “I am not anxious enough,” says another. God is “anxious” to save you *now*. Whatever you have or haven’t, whatever you are or aren’t, “whosoever” embraces you in its grasp. You are invited and commanded to believe on Christ, without any qualification whatever. YOUR NEED IS YOUR CLAIM. “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” (Isaiah 1. 18). Don’t delay. Time is short. Eternity is drawing nigh. The Lord Jesus is coming, and you may be left behind for judgment. Let the Saviour into your heart. May you, ere you lay these words aside, be enabled to say, “God loved—God gave—I believe—and I have everlasting life.”

A. M.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

" A Saviour, and a great one " (Isa. 19. 20).

" That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved " (Rom. 10. 9).



HO cometh thus from Edom;
With garments stained and dyed:
Upon His brow are thorn prints,
A spear wound in His side?

'Tis I, who speak uprightly,
The Mighty One to save,
Who gloriously have triumphed
O'er Satan and the grave.

But why are stain'd Thy garments
As though with wine that's red?
And whence those wounds that mar Thee
On hands, feet, side, and head?

The winepress I have trodden,
With no one there to cheer;
These wounds to Me were given
Upon the desert drear.

But *why* Thy weary treading
The winepress all alone?
And *why* the diresome conflict
Thou seemest to have known?

For thee, for thee, poor sinner,
The grapes of wrath I trod;
And bore the brunt of battle
To bring thee back to God.

For thou from Him hadst wandered
In sin's destructive ways;
And Satan strove to have thee
With him through endless days.

But I thy foe have conquered,
His kingdom overthrown;
And thus to thee, poor sinner,
Unbounded love have shown.

Now, since I thus have suffered,
And braved the worst for thee:
Pray, hearken to My question—
Say, sinner, " Lov'st thou Me " ?

J. C. J.

THE GLASS-BLOWER IN GLASGOW.

SIXTEEN years ago, I went to Scotland to work at my trade as a glassmaker. Like many others, I was "without hope, and without God in the world," seeking pleasure in every way but God's way. I went into the depths of wickedness; I sought the ale-house, theatre, and singing-room; I tried to enjoy myself and find happiness apart from Christ: all this was in vain. One Lord's Day afternoon, I left my home with the intention of committing sin, but on my way I was arrested, like Saul on his bloodthirsty errand to Damascus.

A man stood by the gaol in Glasgow, and preached from these words: "And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb" (Rev. 6. 16, 17).



THE GLASS-CUTTER'S FRAME.

"Some of my companions," said he, "have been hung in this gaol, some have been drowned in the Clyde, and others have been killed through their wickedness; God," he added, "in His wondrous mercy, has kept me from being killed." God used those words in the sixth of Revelation to convince me that I was a lost sinner under judgment. From that moment I was heartbroken. I wandered up

The Glass-Blower in Glasgow.

and down the streets, praying to God to put any trouble upon me if He would only save my soul. I knew not how a man could be saved, and I was afraid to die. I had no desire to take my food, for the miserable thought pressed heavily upon me that at any moment I might drop down dead and go to hell. Many a time have I stood at my door thinking I would drown myself, but I had heard it said that it was wrong to take away one's own life, and this prevented me from doing so.

I remember listening to some Christians preaching in the open air. When they had done speaking they invited the people to a building which stood near by. I went into that building that night a lost sinner, seeking to be saved. The preacher spoke from John 3. 16. He pointed to me personally, and said, "Drunkard, Christ has died for thee! Scoffer, Christ has died for thee! Blasphemer, Christ has died for thee!" Then he said, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I went into that building a miserable sinner; I came out rejoicing: I had found the Saviour—the Lord Jesus Christ.

How did I know His blood was shed for me? By the Scriptures. Christ suffered for sins—I had got sins; Christ died, the Just for the unjust—I was unjust; Christ had died for me.

How often do people say: "Oh! I do believe Christ died for sinners, but I cannot realise that *my* sins are forgiven—I do not experience the benefit of Christ's death!" If we search all through the blessed Book we shall not find mention of being saved by feelings. The gospel applies itself to all who take the ground of being lost.

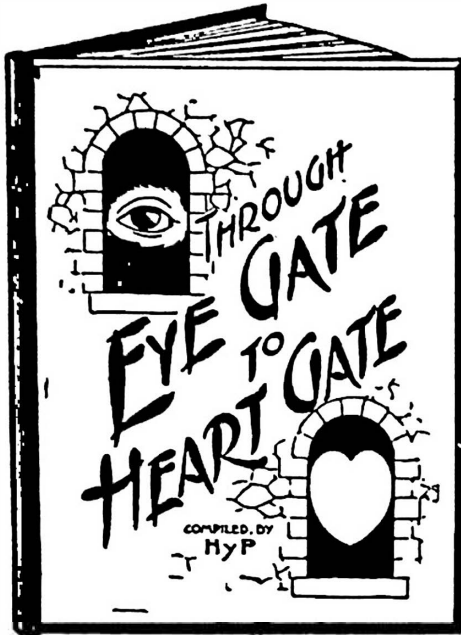
Christ died for sinners; that is just what I was by nature—a lost sinner. He died for me. How do I know this? Is it because I feel it? By no means. How, then? By the Word of God. "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 3, 4). His resurrection is my receipt in full, that God is satisfied with His atonement. Why not now come to Him and obtain rest and peace and pardon?

Come to Him as a guilty, lost sinner; accept Him now as your own Saviour.

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“The Truth shall make you Free.”

John 8. 32. ARE YOU LIBERATED? HyP.

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THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.



STEALING rides on freight cars is a common occurrence in Canada, and is a punishable offence. Not long ago a young Scotsman was caught on a car between Montreal and Toronto, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Belleville Jail. During his incarceration in prison a Christian worker visited him, and spoke to him about his soul's welfare. On his release he attended a Gospel service held in the Bethel Hall, Belleville. That night the speaker took for his subject "Salvation," pressing upon his hearers three important questions. (1) Are you saved? (2) Are you willing to be saved? (3) Are you willing to be saved now? The Lord gave much liberty to the speaker, the Word being proclaimed with freshness, fervour, simplicity, and power.

A friend of mine observed the young stranger, and at the close of the service shook hands with him, and spoke to him about his soul. The three questions referred to were put to the Scot: (1) "Are you saved?" With tears in his eyes he confessed he was not. (2) "Are you willing to be saved?" "Yes," was the quick response. (3) "Are you willing to be saved now?" "Yes, I am."

God had been dealing with the dear fellow. Far from home, from friends and relations, a stranger in a strange land, newly discharged from prison, feeling ashamed of himself, he was in a condition to be spoken to. He knew he was not saved. He needed no one to tell him that he was unsaved. Conscious of the fact that he was a sinner, unprepared to meet a sin-hating God, he was not only willing, but *anxious* to be saved. When people see that they are guilty and lost, they are willing to accept of salvation on God's terms. That night he accepted of Christ as his Saviour, and left the hall rejoicing in the assurance of salvation.

With the reader's permission I should like to ask him to ponder these questions: (First) ARE YOU SAVED? It is not, "Are you a religious professor?" Nor is it, "Are you a member of the church?" It is, "Are you saved?" Many are active, earnest, and energetic in religious, social, benevolent, and philanthropic work who have never been saved. To be "religious" is one thing, to be "saved" is another. Many of such don't profess to be saved. To test it, ask the average church member how long it is since he was saved, and you will probably obtain the reply, "I am

Three Important Questions.

not so presumptuous as to say that I am saved." If you have any doubt about your salvation, give your soul the benefit of the doubt. You may say that you "hope" it will be "all right" with you "at last." But what about *the present*? If you are not "saved" in Time, you cannot be saved in Eternity. "Well, I hope I'm saved." Hoping is not enough, *you ought to be certain.*

The second question was, "ARE YOU WILLING TO BE SAVED?" What do you say to that? Are you really willing to be saved? You must first know that you are *lost* ere you can be desirous of being saved. Did you ever learn that you were "lost"? One must first know he is lost, ere he can know that he is saved. There are but two classes of persons—"lost" sinners, and sinners saved by grace. There are but two roads, a broad and a narrow. There are but two companies, travelling to two destinies—heaven and hell. Which road are you travelling? Which class do you belong to? Christ came to save *lost* sinners (Luke 19. 10). "Not the righteous; sinners Jesus came to save." Are you lost or saved? If you believe that you are one of the "lost" whom Christ came to seek and to save, and are *really willing to be saved*, I would ask of you to consider the third question: "ARE YOU WILLING TO BE SAVED NOW?" Many who know that they are sinners deserving punishment are not anxious to be saved NOW.

Perhaps you are asking, "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?" If this is so, the question can be answered in the words of Scripture. That was the question put by the Philippian jailer to the Apostle Paul. The divine reply was this: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 30, 31). "Oh," says one, "that is too easy a way." Remember it is God's way, and His only way of saving sinners. Praise His holy name it is easy for us, but it was not "easy" for Christ.

Last summer I travelled on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Toronto to Vancouver in British Columbia, a distance of nearly 3000 miles. It was very "easy" for me to cross the Continent. All I did was to procure a ticket, sit in the train, and I was carried through the prairies and over the Rockies to the Pacific Coast. Think of what it cost the Canadian Government to build the railway! It cost them millions of dollars and millions of acres of valuable land. What did it cost God to open up the way to peace and

Three Important Questions.

happiness, and glory to guilty sinners? Hearken to the glorious declaration: "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 3. 16). It cost God His only begotten Son; it cost Christ His precious blood to open up a righteous way to God for us. Christ "finished" the work that saves, and you have only to believe on Him who did it all, and paid it all. Thank God for the word "whosoever." "Whosoever" takes you and me and everybody in. You may say that your heart is cold and hard, aye, even "past feeling," yet you are embraced in the word "whosoever." "Whosoever believeth in Him!" Do you believe in Christ? "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Are you the happy possessor of everlasting life? "No," you reply. Then you don't believe in Christ. If you do you would be the present possessor of pardon, peace, justification, and everlasting life.

"Are you willing to be saved now?" Do you reply, "Not now?" Why not now? Why not at this moment accept of Christ as your Saviour and Lord? Why not now believe in Him Who died to save you from eternal misery and despair? Why spurn His mercy? Why resist His Spirit? Why procrastinate longer?

The old proverb says, "The way to hell is paved with good intentions." How awfully true! Stand by the death-bed of that unsaved young man. He was brought up in a Christian home, was cradled to sleep with the lullaby of hymns and spiritual songs, was a member of a Sunday-school class taught by a Christian teacher, listened Sunday after Sunday to the Gospel of the grace of God, was urged and besought to decide for Christ. "There's plenty of time," was his usual reply. And now he is dying, and dying without hope! Hearken! "I might have been saved. Father and mother are in heaven, and I am going to hell. There is no one to blame but myself. I was almost persuaded to become a Christian, but I was afraid of what So-and-so would say if I were converted, and procrastinated, and now I am lost, lost, eternally lost!" Many are being rocked to sleep in the cradle of a false security with the hellish lullaby, "Time enough! Time enough!" Tarry no longer, but immediately believe on Christ and be saved for Eternity.

A. M.

THE TERMS OF PEACE.

THE battle had raged fierce and long, and the names of hundreds of gallant soldiers would soon be added to the long lists of killed, wounded, or missing ; but now the awful day of bloodshed was over, and the time for counting the cost had come. Scattered over the wide field of battle no sight was more interesting than that of two soldiers who were conversing together in a shaded portion. One of them having been severely wounded, had crawled into the bush for shelter ; the other, his companion, having searched and found him, was seeking to help in his hour of need. After ministering to his creature wants, he tried to minister to the deeper needs of his soul.

“Shall I read you a portion from the *True Guide to Peace?*” he enquired. The wounded man nodded assent.

He commenced with the gracious invitation : “Come unto Me, *all* ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matthew 11. 28).

“Stop ! stop !” cried the dying soldier ; “these words were never meant for me ! You know I’ve been God’s enemy all my life, and have fought against him hard and sore. No, no ; they can’t be meant for me !”



The Terms of Peace.

“Enemy or not,” said his comrade, “I assure you they *are* meant for you, for are you not included in the *all*; are you not indeed one of the *weary*; are you not specially mentioned in the *heavy laden*. His enemy no doubt you are, as I once was; but here God offers you His terms of peace.”

“Terms of peace, did you say?”—and the enemy of God, realising that he was so soon to meet Him, grasped at the thought of being *at peace* with God—“Terms of peace: let me hear more.”

“That I will,” said the Christian comrade, and he read to him portion after portion—John 3. 16, John 5. 24, Romans 10. 9, &c.; then turning to 2 Corinthians 5. 20 he read: ‘Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ’s stead, *be ye reconciled to God*. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.’ These are the terms of peace which God offers you. Though an enemy, as you admit, and full of sin as you are, because He has made Him (Jesus) to be sin for you, peace, pardon, life, and joy can be yours now, through believing in Christ. The question is, *Will you here and now accept God’s terms of peace?*”

The dying soldier’s countenance changed, and reaching out he grasped his comrade’s hand with a dying grip, and slowly, though deliberately, he whispered, “I ACCEPT THE TERMS.”

Praise God, mid scenes of war he found peace with God, and during the remaining hours of his life he frequently repeated the words, “*Thank God—at peace—at peace!*” and ere the list was issued of those who had been “killed” or “died from wounds” he was in that happy land where wars and rumours of wars shall be heard no more for ever.

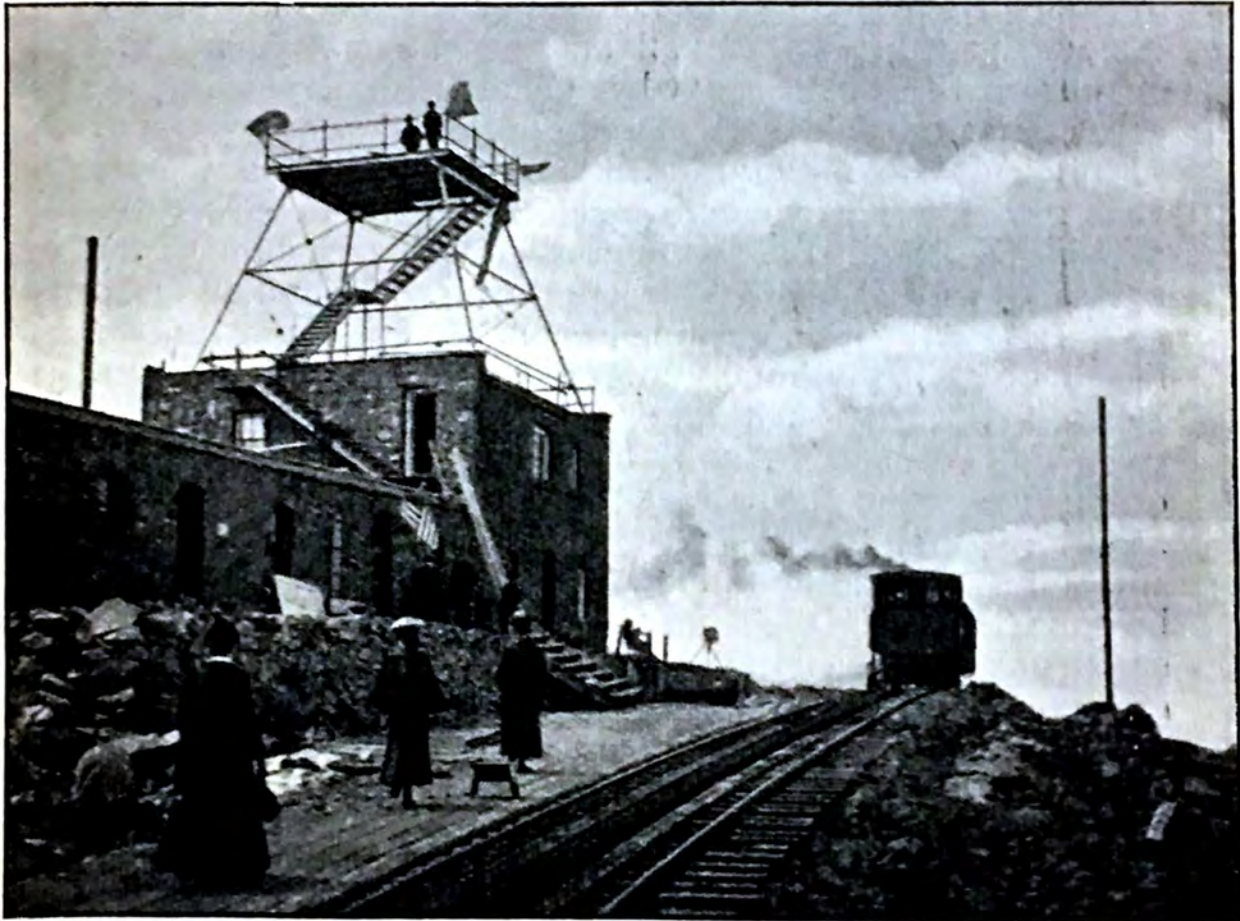
God’s terms of peace are just the same to soldiers in health and to soldiers wounded unto death; just the same to ALL—soldiers, sailors, civilians—peace through the blood of Christ’s Cross (Col. 1. 20); peace through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. 5. 1); peace now, and grace and glory to follow. The question for you is, *Will you, here and now* (on a battlefield, by the wayside, or on the very spot where you are), accept God’s terms of peace, and be “saved with an everlasting salvation?” or will *you, here and now*, reject God’s terms of peace, continue at enmity with Him, and be “punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power?”

HYP.

ALONG THE WAY TO PIKE'S PEAK.

"PIKE'S PEAK," one of the highest elevations of the Rocky Mountain range, lies sixty-five miles south of Denver, Colorado. On its summit is the highest meteorological station in the world, the height being over 14,000 feet. From Maniton, at its base, there is a railway to its top, a distance, with its curves, of about nine miles.

The trip to the "Peak" is one of the "sights" to tourists and travellers who pass that way, and, as it well repays the



RAILWAY TERMINUS AND METEOROLOGICAL STATION ON SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

trouble and expense, the road is liberally patronised. Recently, however, the railway employees and patrons of the road were surprised at an innovation in the way of "sights" by the way. Some unknown person had evidently been exercised about the fact that those travellers were taking another and a more important journey than to "Pike's Peak"—even to ETERNITY! This person had posted placards all along the way, bearing questions such as "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?"

A startling question surely, and especially so to such as

were trying to forget the fact that the days and the months were bearing them on to Eternity, and the meeting with God! Perhaps the reader may be one of these? To think of it troubles you, and therefore you think the easiest way is—*not* to think of it! But it does not set aside facts, does it, to ignore them? A wiser way would be to face them honestly, and, if there is a way of getting the matter of your salvation settled for Eternity, *to have it settled.*

But that question was not all the travellers saw that day. A little farther on, and there on a boulder was the startling statement: "THE WICKED SHALL BE TURNED INTO HELL!" "Startling!" you say; "why, it fairly unnerves one to think of it; it spoils one's pleasure in life!" And yet, if it is true, one cannot afford to trifle with the matter any more than the captain of yonder vessel can afford to ignore the flashing beams of the lighthouse, which warn him of the rocks and shoals, where destruction awaits him and his craft.

Therefore the next warning announcement of our zealous friend was equally important. It was: "DON'T PASS THE DANGER SIGNAL!" Ah, that's it! Don't pass it. Rather pause and consider. Ask yourself the question which was on the face of the jutting rock: "*Which shall it be for me—Heaven or Hell?*"

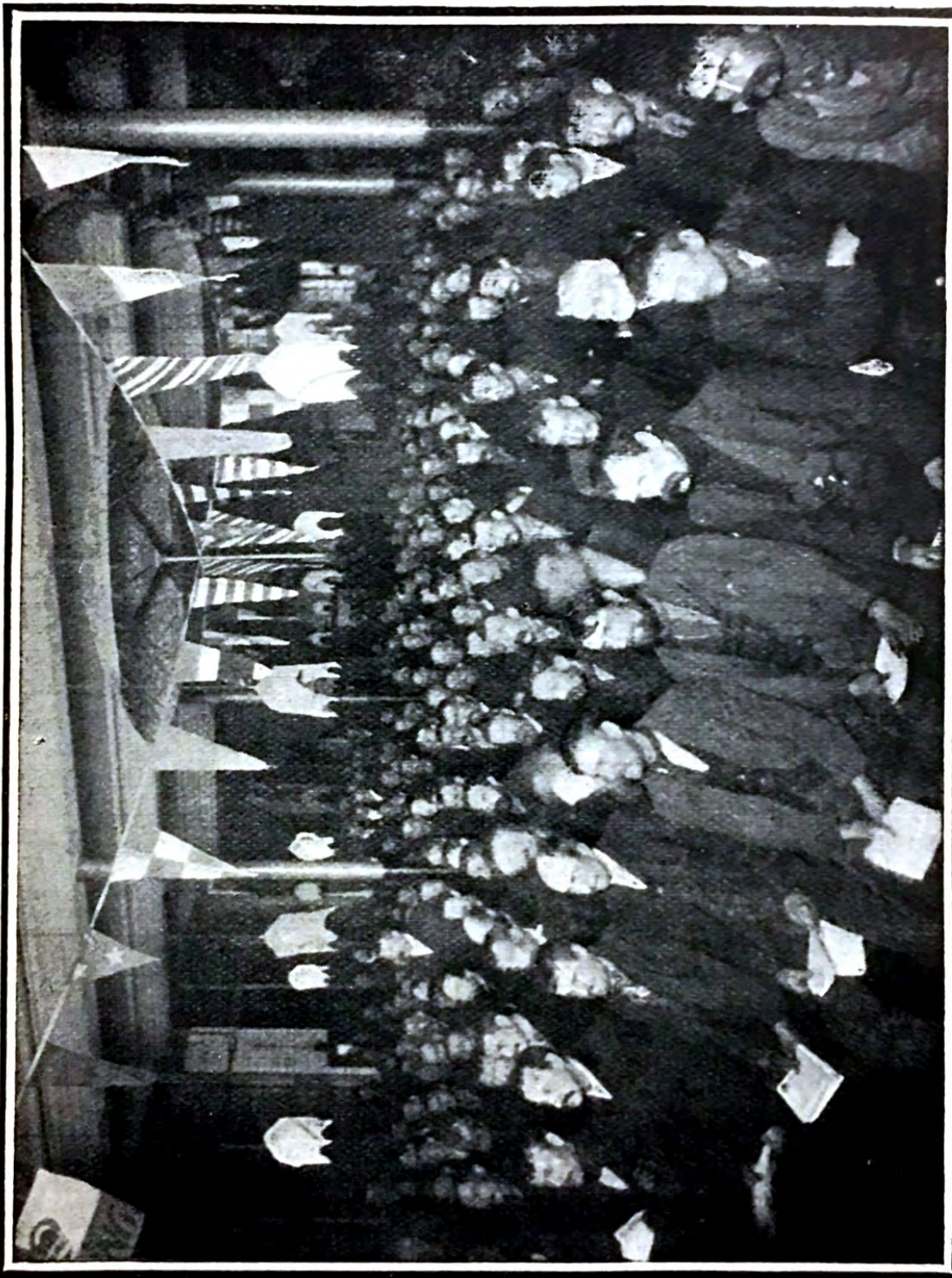
God is holy, and His holiness demanded that sin should be punished. For the sinner to bear the weight of his own sin means hell for eternity! But God in His wisdom and grace provided One who, because He was God, could sustain the weight of judgment against sin; and, because He was very Man, could take upon Himself our liability. In other words, He was the true "Daysman," for whom Job long ago wished: "One who could lay His hand upon both of us."

No mere man could fill this place. But He, because He was God, *could* and *did* meet the claims of the Throne of God; and, because He was Man, *could* and *did* reach down to the depth of human sin and need to lay hold of us. And now, *because He was what He was*, the God-man, and *finished the work of atonement* He came to do, God has raised Him to His own right hand and proclaimed Him to be a Saviour for the ungodly. There *is* no other—there *can be* no other—for you *need* no other; therefore, because He "died for the ungodly," we would simply add, in the language of Scripture, one other message: "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Acts 16. 31). T. D. W. M.

TACKLING THE TRAMPS;

— OR, —

THE NEW YORK PREACHER'S COUNSEL
TO "TOUGHS," "TRAMPS," AND "DEADBEATS."



TRAMPS AT A FREE SUPPER IN A RESCUE HALL.

TACKLING THE TRAMPS.



ONE evening in the winter of 1907, in company with a friend, I visited a "rescue hall" in the Bowery, New York city. The building was well filled with a company of between 400 and 500 of "toughs," "tramps," and "deadbeats." Most, if not all of them, had seen better days. Owing, however, to their love for drink they had lost their businesses and situations, and were down in the mire of sin, proving the truth of Scripture that "The way of transgressors is hard." Some had been rescued from the slavery of drink and were teetotallers, whilst others had been delivered from the bondage of Satan and were Christians.

The order of the meeting was as follows: Singing and prayer, hot coffee and sandwiches, an address, and open, voluntary testimonies. The poor fellows seemed to enjoy their meal. The singing was hearty, but many of the "testimonies" were stereotyped and unsatisfactory. The so-called "Gospel" address did not in my judgment contain sufficient Gospel to save anybody. The speaker was a minister of an influential church in the city, but his "talk" was one of the most disappointing that I ever listened to. Most of the time was occupied in giving a sketch of a newly-published novel by "Ralph Connor." Feeling that some *application* was expected from such a congregation, Dr. — finished up with the following exhortation: "Turn from all sin; pray to God for forgiveness; swear by Jesus you will follow Him." And this was all the "Gospel" given! How I felt for these poor waifs! It is unnecessary to say to those who understand their Bibles that such teaching is not *God's Gospel*, the Gospel as preached by the apostles.

Let us examine the "Doctor's" theology. To poor, broken-down tramps, to men who were walking on the dirty side of the broad road, and conscious of their guilt, he said: "TURN FROM ALL SIN." If they did what he told them, what then? What about their past life, all stained with guilt, all criminal with rebellion? Of what use is it to exhort a *condemned criminal* who received the death sentence to murder no more? The man is already condemned. Sinners, however respectable, upright, moral, or religious, if unsaved, are "condemned already" (See John 3. 18). If the unconverted reader never commits another sin, future obedience cannot obliterate the past.

Tackling the Tramps.

The preacher's second counsel was to "PRAY TO GOD FOR FORGIVENESS." Is forgiveness of sin obtained by the *unbeliever* through prayer? "Without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. 11. 6). But the unsaved have not faith in Christ. The moment a man believes on the Lord Jesus, that moment he ceases being an unbeliever, is saved (Acts 16. 31), obtains eternal life (John 5. 24), and is justified (Rom. 4. 4, 5). "They that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. 8. 8). Every unconverted person is in "the flesh" as to his standing before God. How, then, is forgiveness obtained? Harken to God's Word: "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). Sinners are neither justified nor pardoned through prayer, but by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, "Does it not say," inquires one, "that if we ask, we shall receive?" Let us look at the passage: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7. 7). To whom were the words spoken? To Christ's *disciples*. The "ye" referred to were the same persons who were addressed as "the light of the world" (Matt. 5. 14), and "the salt of the earth." Are unbelievers the "light of the world"? Are the unsaved the "salt of the earth"? Of what use is it, then, to exhort the unregenerate to pray to God for forgiveness, when God does not bestow it in that way? Why pray to Him when He is beseeching them to accept of it as a free gift (see 2 Cor. 5. 20)?

The last exhortation in our opinion was the worst of all: "SWEAR BY JESUS YOU WILL FOLLOW HIM." Why advise sinners to "swear by Jesus," when He declares "swear not at all" (Matt. 5. 34)? And why "swear by Jesus that *you will follow Him*"? It is true that Christ is set before *believers* as a perfect example. Christ left them an example that they should follow His steps (1 Peter 2. 21). What scripture commands sinners, who are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. 2. 1), to follow His steps in order to be saved? Christ lived a perfectly holy and sinless life. He knew no sin, He did no sin, and in Him was no sin. Those who know themselves best, think least of themselves. As they contemplate the walk of Christ as revealed in the gospels, they see how far short they are from the divine standard.

The Unitarian counsels sinners to follow in the footsteps

Tackling the Tramps.

of Christ, but evangelical Christians urge them to accept of Him as their Saviour and Lord. To every unconverted person who reads these lines we would say, Don't attempt to obtain salvation through your "doings." "Christ died for the ungodly" (Romans 5. 6), therefore He died for you. By His death on Calvary He paid the ransom price for the deliverance of your soul (1 Tim. 2. 4-6). God has accepted His "finished" work as a perfect atonement, and you are now invited and entreated to believe on Him who settled the *sin question*. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). "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 3. 16). Accept now the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, and you will be saved with an everlasting salvation.

A. M.

ONE QUESTION FIRST.



ONE question needs to be answered before you come to assurance, and it is this: "*Have you been born again?*" Have you been saved? If *not*, it is simply impossible you can know you *are* saved. If you have not got eternal life, it is impossible you can have the assurance that you have it. You can see this at a glance. You could not, for instance, have the assurance that you had a hundred pounds in your pocket, if there was nothing in it. "No," you say, "let me have the hundred pounds first, and then it won't be difficult to make me sure I have it." In the same way many *can't understand* this assurance. And why? For the best of all reasons—*because they have not got eternal life*.

If you have never experienced the great turning of "conversion unto God," how *can* you have assurance of salvation? It would be a delusion if you had. Then do not waste time in "wondering" about *this assurance*; but let your great concern be, What are you going to do with *this Jesus* which is called Christ?

W. S.

THE POLICEMAN'S SURPRISE.



THE VAULTS UNDER ALL SAINTS'.

THERE was a fine, strapping fellow in the Manchester police force named John C—, and part of his nightly duty was to go around the buildings on his beat and see that the doors and locks of the various offices and warehouses were securely fastened. One dark night, while on his rounds, he examined the vaults under All Saints' Church. With bull's-eye lantern in hand he flashed the light in all directions. His attention was attracted to some words carved on the stone-work over

The Policeman's Surprise.

the entrance. His curiosity was excited. He carefully spelt the words, which are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. They were words taken from Holy Writ, and were: "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!" He was startled. It seemed as if God was speaking to him. And so He was, and speaks to you, and commands you to prepare to meet Him. The words sank into his heart. "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD" rang in his ears, and penetrated the deepest recesses of his soul. He knew that he was very far from being "ready" to meet a just and holy God. If he were called into eternity he was not prepared, and what would become of him? "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people," says the proverb. The proverb is true. The Lord Jesus has solemnly declared that "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 18. 3). He was not "converted," and so long as he continued in that condition, he had not the faintest hope of entering the abode of the Redeemer. That night John C——, the policeman, retired to rest awakened and troubled about his spiritual condition. He set about trying to fit himself for God's presence, but was never satisfied with his attainments.

Years elapsed, and he removed to Buxton, where the writer met him whilst visiting a sick person. In the course of conversation I discovered that he was an anxious soul longing to know what he had to do to be saved. There was no necessity to tell him of his guilt. He was well aware of it. I spoke to him of Jesus, the sinner's Saviour, and bade him "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). I told him that Christ was the only One who ever perfectly obeyed God, and I sought to show him that Christ became our Surety, and that Jehovah "hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." When he saw that the Lord Jesus had made full atonement for sin, and perfectly satisfied all God's righteous and holy claims, he was wise enough to take God at His word and accept of His great salvation. He believed on One who loved him, and gave Himself for him, and he obtained rest and peace in believing. Then it was that he told of the work of grace that began in his soul on that eventful night when the bull's-eye lantern flashed its light on that solemn message from God—"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD." Are you prepared to meet God?

J. L. S.

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THE PEAT CARRIER'S CREED.



DURING the summer of 1907 I had an interesting talk with a peat carrier whom I met outside the town of Lerwick, Shetland. The following is the substance of our conversation: On being asked if she was a Christian she immediately replied, "I hope so." "Are you saved?" "I cannot say that I am." "Do you believe in Jesus?" "Yes, I do."

After quoting the "wonderful words of life" as contained in John 3. 16, which she seemed to be able to repeat, I inquired what she thought a person had to do to be saved. Her answer was this: "Pray to God, believe in Jesus, take the sacrament, and do the best you can."

How sad to think that a woman thirty-six years a church member (as she told me) should be so ignorant of the salvation of God! With choicest portions of Scripture stored in her memory, which tell of God's way of peace, she was utterly ignorant of it in her heart. She knew that it was *necessary* for Christ to die on Calvary's Cross, but she had no idea that His death was *sufficient*. She was aware of the fact that no one could be forgiven apart from faith in Christ, but she believed that other things had to be added ere the great change of conversion to God could take place. "Good works," according to her belief, in addition to faith must be performed ere one could say that he was a "new creature." Yet the Scriptures clearly reveal the fact that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Down in her heart the Shetlander believed that prayer, observance of the "sacrament," and doing one's best had *something* to do with purchasing eternal life, though God's Word declares that it is a "free gift" (Romans 6. 23).

Ask the average professor of religion if he believes that a drunkard can be saved from sin's penalty by simple faith in Christ, and in nine cases out of ten you will be told that he does not believe any such doctrine; that one must believe in Christ *and act up to it* in order to secure God's "great salvation." The Roman Catholic doctrine of justification by *faith and works* is more widely believed among "Protestants" than most people imagine. The professed creed of Protestantism is *justification by faith alone*, apart from works; and what is better still, it is the Bible doctrine as expounded so clearly in the epistle to the Romans:

The Peat Carrier's Creed.

“To him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness” (Rom. 4. 5). If any works of mine had anything whatever to do with purchasing the favour of God, salvation would not be *all of grace*.

Scripture distinctly and definitely declares that ungodly sinners who believe on Christ are “justified from all things” (Acts 13. 38, 39). The Apostle Paul asks, “Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude that a man is *justified by faith* without the deeds of the law” (Romans 3. 27, 28). Cease attempting to *earn* God’s salvation by your doings. “And if by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work” (Romans 11. 6).

A. M.

“IF I DO MY PART, GOD WILL DO HIS.”

A CHRISTIAN in the east of England used to say it took him forty-two years to learn three things— (1) That he could do nothing to save himself; (2) that God did not require him to do anything; and (3) that Christ did it all.

If *you* learn these three lessons, you will never talk about *your doings*. “Your part” is to admit that you are a helpless, hell-deserving sinner, unable to do anything to save yourself. “Your part” is to cease thinking of being saved by anything you can do or feel. “Your part” is to believe that Jesus did everything that was necessary—that He finished the work of atonement, and paid the ransom price with His precious blood. Whenever you cease trying to be saved by *your doings*, and believe on the Lord Jesus, who did it all and paid it all, you become a son of God, an heir of glory, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. “To him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his FAITH is counted for righteousness” (Rom.4.5). The Saviour on the Cross cried, “It is finished.”

“‘It is finished,’ yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need,
Tell me, is it not?”

If God is satisfied with the “finished” work of Christ, you ought to be satisfied with that which satisfies Him.

"WORLD OF LIGHT, FAREWELL!"



A CHIEFTAIN of a savage race, ere he was ushered by a violent death into eternity, cried, "World of light, farewell!" Before him there was nothing but darkness. The civilized infidel has advanced no further. All he can tell you about death is summed up in these words: "It is a leap in the dark." This seems to be everything that this enlightened age can tell us of what lies beyond the tomb. But it only proves what is written in God's

Book, "The world by wisdom knew not God." But the blessed Word of God steps beyond the boundary line of death, and tells of a world of light—of never-fading light—that lies beyond the grave. It tells of the throne of God, and the Lord of Life, and that heaven into which He has entered. It tells of the abode of the blest, and the never-ending song, and the day that knows no night, and sees no sorrow, for "sorrow and death may not enter there." But that "home of the blest" is only for those who enter by the narrow gate into God's kingdom while in this dark world—who have embraced the crucified Lord Jesus Christ—only for those who have come to the Cross, and by the eye of faith seen their sins borne away in His own body on the tree; for

"The blood was the sign, Lord,
That marked them as Thine, Lord;
And brightly they'll shine
At Thy coming again."

In the light of the glory yet to be revealed—which eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard—this world is but a wilderness. Earth's joys are but momentary; they bring no rest to the soul; and in the end they bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. But the heaven-born joys that spring through union with the Christ of God, are new every morning. Heaven begins below. By faith's far-reaching eye we see the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. Is such the land to which you journey? Is Christ the One in whom your life is bound up? By heavenly birth, have you entered into that kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost?

w. s.

THE COCKENZIE FISHERMAN.

IT was in Cockenzie, a fishing village which lies on the shores of the Firth of Forth, about nine miles from Edinburgh, that I first saw the light of day, in the year 1840, and it was while engaged as a fisherman, and living in the same place, that, nineteen years later, the light of the Gospel broke in upon my soul.



JOHN THOMSON, OF COCKENZIE, "THE FISHERMAN EVANGELIST,"
Who fell asleep, 26th February, 1903, aged 63. "Saved by grace."

At the age of eleven I entered upon a sea-faring life, being bound as an apprentice for four years. It was while serving my apprenticeship that the first awakening of conscience occurred. This happened when I was about fourteen years of age, and it was brought about in connection

The Cockenzie Fisherman.

with a service on board ship at Stettin, in Prussia. At this service a number of the sailors were telling how they were converted, and in listening to them I was made very anxious about my soul's welfare; but at the end of a year I got back into a careless state of soul, which continued till the memorable revival year of 1859.

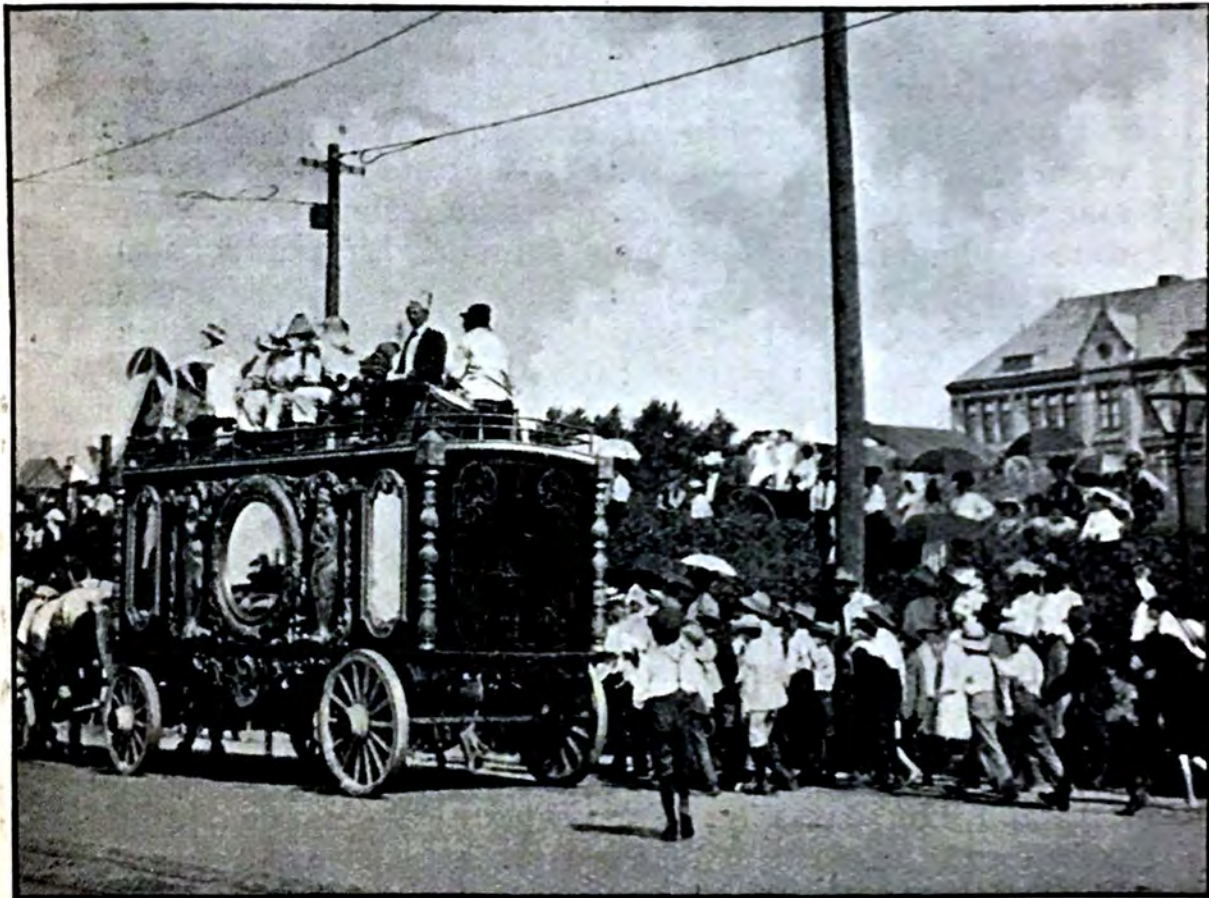
In the meanwhile my term at sea had ended, and when it was finished I gave up going to sea and took to the fishing. My sister's husband, who was a fisherman, had been drowned, and I went to the fishing to take charge of the boat for her. When the great revival broke out in the year 1859 God spoke to me in a little cottage meeting, and awakened me to such a sense of sin that for about a fortnight I was in great agony of soul. I attended all the meetings, and tried to get others to go as well, but I was still walking in darkness. During these days of spiritual distress an old man in the village, who was looked up to as a religious man, said to me, "Hae ye ony doots?" "Ay, man, I have that," I said. "Ah, weel, my son," he said, "ye're a' richt if ye hae doots." But I didn't feel that I was all right; I felt that I was all wrong, and I got so that I could neither eat nor sleep. The way was growing darker every day; and things continued like this till one morning when I was standing in the boat the text came to my mind: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). The Word was in the power of the Holy Ghost, and I said, "Lord, I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour," and from that moment my burden rolled away, and I began to sing, "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice."

When I came ashore with the boat the first thing I did after stepping out of it was to kneel down on the shore, and the womenfolks who were standing around waiting on the boats coming in with the fish, said, "Puir man, he's wrang in his mind." The story soon got round about the village that I was out of my mind, and at night the house in which the meeting was held was crowded to the door; before the meeting was done seventeen people made profession of being converted to the Lord. It was the beginning of days to me and to others as well. More than forty years have come and gone since that blessed day when Jesus washed my sins away, and "the way grows brighter and brighter still, for all the way along it is Jesus." J. T.

A TROUBLESOME SUGGESTION.

IT was "circus day" in the little town of A—. As was usual on such occasions, the circus people were to give a "parade" by way of advertising their performances. At an early hour the "country people" began to come into the town. Old and young came, from grandfathers and grandmothers, down to babies in arms, and all ages in between.

In the town at that time there was a man who, for some weeks, had been spending his days in going from house to



A CIRCUS PROCESSION IN THE TOWN OF A—, U.S.A.

house, giving the people Gospel magazines and Gospel tracts, holding conversations with such as would listen to him as he sought to speak of the Lord Jesus and their need of Him. In the evenings he preached the Gospel in a tent, centrally situated on one of the public thoroughfares, where any one could without difficulty find him.

"Circus day" found our friend very busy. He, in his tramps around town, had noticed on the flaming posters of the circus people the date of their coming. So that day he was up and out at an early hour, with some thousands of

A Troublesome Suggestion.

Gospel tracts, to distribute among the crowds which lined the streets, waiting for the "parade." They were a "jolly" crowd—out for a "good time," they said; and laughter and joking at one another was the order everywhere. No thought of aught but the enjoyment of the hour. No care for what lay beyond. The god of pleasure was their God that day! Many of them were "church members." They had their "profession," and, in some instances, were at times active in what is called "Christian work," but, to-day, they were one with the non-professor, the out-and-out worldling, in seeking that which their hearts had evidently not found in Christ—*satisfaction!*

From group to group of laughing, careless men and women, our friend went with his printed messages. In many instances they were courteously received, but others were inclined to look upon them as an unwarranted intrusion upon their pleasures. To one lady in a group of chatting women, he gave a tract entitled: "YOUR DYING HOUR." As her eye caught the title of the paper, her face alternately blanched and flushed, in her agitation, as she cried out: "Oh, we *don't* want to think of that *now*; this is circus day," and threw the tract from her. "True," was the quiet answer of the servant of God, "it is 'circus day,' but ere it closes it may be '*your dying day*' also. 'Prepare to meet thy God!'" What the effect on that woman and others of that "rude interruption" of their day's pleasure may have been eternity alone will fully tell. But of one thing we are sure, *it is a good thing to be ready to meet God.* And none of us can tell when our "dying hour" may be. In thousands of cases it comes when least expected, and exemplifies the truth of that proverb, which says: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. 27. 1). The Scriptures are clear on the great subject of salvation. We find that *salvation is of God* (Isa. 45. 22). It is *through Christ* (Acts 4. 12). It may be *known* (Luke 1. 77). It is *received* on the principle of *faith, not works* (Ephes. 2. 8, 9). It is a *present* possession (1 Cor. 1. 18). It is for the *worst*, as well as for the *best* of sinners (1 Tim. 1. 15). It is obtainable "*now*" (2 Cor. 6. 2), and it is "*eternal*" (Heb. 5. 9).

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

T. D. W. M.

HOW RHODES SUBDUED THE MATABELES.



CECIL RHODES AT LUNCH ON ONE OF HIS INLAND TOURS.

THE Matabele people were in open rebellion against British rule, and the campaign against them, under the leadership of Sir F. Carrington, had failed to subdue them. It seemed as though a long and expensive war lay ahead, when Cecil J. Rhodes determined upon a most daring undertaking—nothing less, in fact, than going totally unarmed into the midst of the rebels and attempting, single-handed, to bring them to their knees.

Taking with him an old hunter, named Colebrander, who knew the country and people well, and could speak their language fluently, and two others, he refused an armed escort, and carried nothing himself but a short riding-whip. Through the deep ravines, and up the rugged hills they climbed until they arrived within striking distance of the Matabele forces. Here they halted, sending on the guide to announce to the chiefs that Rhodes desired an interview

How Rhodes Subdued the Matabeles.

with them, and would meet them at once. After some murmuring from the younger chiefs they decided that they would hear what Rhodes had to say if he would come up to them. The place selected for the meeting was a huge natural amphitheatre in the very heart of the Matabele stronghold. Walls of granite towered to the height of two hundred feet on every side of it, and these heights were black with thousands of fierce warriors, all eagerly watching for the great white man and his three companions who were not afraid to face their whole power. The Englishmen arrived first on the scene, and after waiting a short time a white flag waved out from one of the kopjes, and a procession of chiefs moved forward in single file to where Rhodes waited to receive them.

What a scene that must have been! There stood Rhodes and his fellows surrounded by hordes of fierce and blood-thirsty rebels, whose polished skins shone like ebony in the sunlight, and who only required the slightest sign of weakness or fear on the part of the white men to hurl certain death at them.

After greetings had been exchanged, Rhodes addressed them through the interpreter thus: "I have come among you unarmed with peace in my heart; tell me your troubles."

At once they began to pour their complaints into his ear, and he listened patiently for awhile. Then suddenly rising to his feet, he demanded to know why they had massacred the women and children? "For this," he said, "you deserve no mercy." His companions trembled for his safety and theirs, and Colebrander at first refused to interpret Rhodes's words, for he knew well that there would be no chance of escape for them if the chiefs were offended. But Rhodes insisted there could be no peace until this serious question was gone into. So upon the startled ears of these culprits fell the scathing words of Rhodes.

They listened in silence with bowed heads before him. "Well, is it to be peace or war? If there is not peace now, there will be famine soon," he told them. What would they do? For some intense moments they waited almost breathlessly; then slowly the oldest chief arose, and, with head bowed in submission, he moved towards the man who had subdued him. Casting his staff down at Rhodes's feet, he cried: "Here is my rifle; I cast it down at your feet." Then repeating the movement, he said: "And here is my

How Rhodes Subdued the Matabeles.

spear; I cast it at your feet also." Then he retired to his place amid a loud shout of assent from all present. One by one the younger men followed the example of their senior, until all had surrendered to Rhodes. He had quelled the rebellion single-handed!

Before I finish my story I must point my application. The Matabele nation represents the world—the world in rebellion. Into the midst of the rebellious world there came One to subdue it. He

did not come with armed cohorts and warlike legions, but "with peace in His heart." The One who thus came was Jesus, and at His birth the angels sang, "Peace on earth." He came full of goodwill, to see the sorrows of men and to heal their sore. It cost Him much to come, far more than tongue can tell. He had to exchange the radiant heaven for a cheerless earth, the thrones and crowns and glory for the manger, the weariness and the loss of a homeless stranger in this world. And more, He came not to risk



CECIL RHODES.

His life, but to lose it, knowing well ere ever He came all that His mission of love would cost Him. He had to die if He would be a blessing to men, and this, thank God, He has done in order to show to all His great love—the great love of God to guilty, rebel sinners.

But before any man or woman can have the peace which Jesus came to give, the very serious question of their guilt must be raised. Rhodes could not offer terms of peace to the Matabele rebels until they saw how wrongly they had acted; he had to charge home their guilt, and so it must ever be. You have rebelled against God; you have slighted and neglected Him; you have left Him out of your thoughts and sinned against Him, and this you must face and acknowledge. If you will but do this, blessing shall be yours.

Think well of this, and then answer the question: "Is it to

How Rhodes Subdued the Matabeles.

be peace or war?" If you continue to rebel and refuse to bow to God's claim "it will be famine soon." Cecil J. Rhodes told the blunt, plain truth to those black chiefs; we would treat you in the same manner. Eternal famine, everlasting loss, will be the sad result of continued rebellion against God.

Surrender to-day. Cast down your weapons of warfare at Jesus' feet. Yield now to Him. You will be an eternal gainer if you do. Take up the words of the lines—

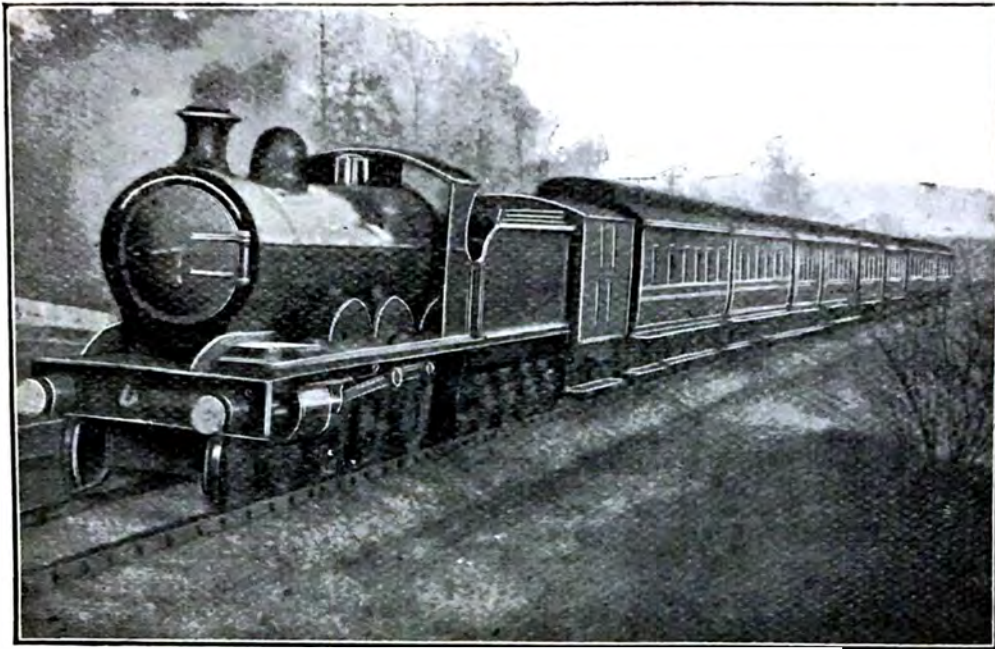
"Just as I am, Thy love I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

When the Matabele nation surrendered thus to Mr. Rhodes he said: "Now I will stay amongst you, and be a father to you; come to me with all your troubles, and they shall be righted." For days he stayed with them, listening patiently to all they had to say, and thinking no trouble too great, and in this way he won their confidence, until at length they would gladly have risked their lives for him.

But think of what Jesus does for those who trust in Him. He says, "Lo, I am with you alway"; "I will never leave nor forsake thee." And at all times, and under all circumstances His people may go to Him, and He is not only ready to listen to their need, but delights to meet it. He can say, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He sits upon the throne, and we are exhorted to approach boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need (Hebrews 4. 16). Such a Saviour as the Lord Jesus is well worth knowing.

As Cecil Rhodes left that memorable scene in the Matoppo Hills he said to Colebrander: "These are the things that make life worth living." But that He might subdue sinners to God, and lift their burden, and give them joy instead of sorrow, Jesus willingly went into death. Terrible indeed was the death and judgment through which He passed, but He undertook it for the joy that was set before Him. Oh, let Him not have died in vain, as far as you are concerned, but bow to Him to-day. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, **BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.** For He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Yield to Him now, and peace will be yours. J. T. M.

DO YOU BELONG TO THE "ONES" OR THE "FIVES"?



"AS A FRIEND AND I JOURNEYED ON BY TRAIN."

IT was a lovely day in spring, and a magnificent river was flowing in its course near to a railway line. Everything in nature seemed joyous, and gentlemen could be seen intent on their fishing, whilst evidently enjoying the sunshine after an exceptionally severe winter.

As a friend and I journeyed on by the train, the following conversation took place between my companion and another passenger: "Are there many Christians in B—?" asked my friend. "I'm afraid not," was the reply. "Indeed; are they not all Christians in B—?" "Oh, no; B— is a very corrupt place. In fact, I should not think there would be more than *one* Christian to *five* who are not." "And which class do *you* belong to: the ones or the fives?" "Well I couldn't say that I am among the ones." "Then you are not a Christian—you don't know your sins forgiven; and if you are not of the 'ones,' you must be of the 'fives,' and therefore on your way to hell."

This pointed way of bringing home the truth soon manifested the self-righteousness within, for she replied: "I would not like to be so confident as some people are, and I don't consider this the place to talk of such matters!" "Not the place! Why, whatever do you mean? Supposing you were drowning in yonder river, and one sought to rescue you, would you reason similarly as to that? and do you not

Do You Belong to the "Ones" or the "Fives" ?

know that if you are not a Christian, you are in danger of eternal punishment?"

These home-thrusts were not in the least relished, and the passenger betrayed eager longing for the train to stop that she might escape from any further conversation. Again she was affectionately and solemnly warned to flee from the wrath to come, and the train having by this time stopped, she got out, and hurried away from the place.

The point is, are you saved?—have you been born from above? I do not ask if you can talk fluently or intelligently regarding religious topics, but I would deal with you personally as to the need of real contact with God. Are you a Christian? Perhaps you will reply, "Why, of course I am; we are all Christians." But pause and weigh what you are saying. Are you a Christian? Is Christ yours, as a personal loving Saviour? I implore you to beware of the hollow profession so rife in our day. Many are the counterfeits of Satan. Before men you may appear to be all right, but unless your name is written in "the Lamb's book of life," in God's sight you are all wrong.

It is quite likely that, like the lady in the train, you may think this kind of thing displays bad taste, but we cannot help it. It is simply faithfulness to your precious soul. Infinitely better, surely, if you are on the wrong track, that you should be undeceived, than go on blindly, to awake in hell, where there is no remedy. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." You may be a Christian as you read these lines. You can now obtain the free and full forgiveness of your numerous sins at this very moment. Hearken to God's gracious declaration: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 38, 39). Why not now believe on the Lord Jesus and be justified, saved, and converted to God?

Be urged, then, to renounce everything of self, and trust alone in Christ's precious blood for the remission of your sins. Beware of the indefiniteness of many of to-day, who leave these things open. God desires that you may *know* that you have eternal life, and if you simply trust in Jesus, it is not presumptuous for you to rejoice in the definite knowledge that you have passed from death unto life, for your joy comes through believing God's Word (1 John 5. 9-13). F. A. B.

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"FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT,

and from the power of Satan unto God."

Acts 26. 18.

HyP.

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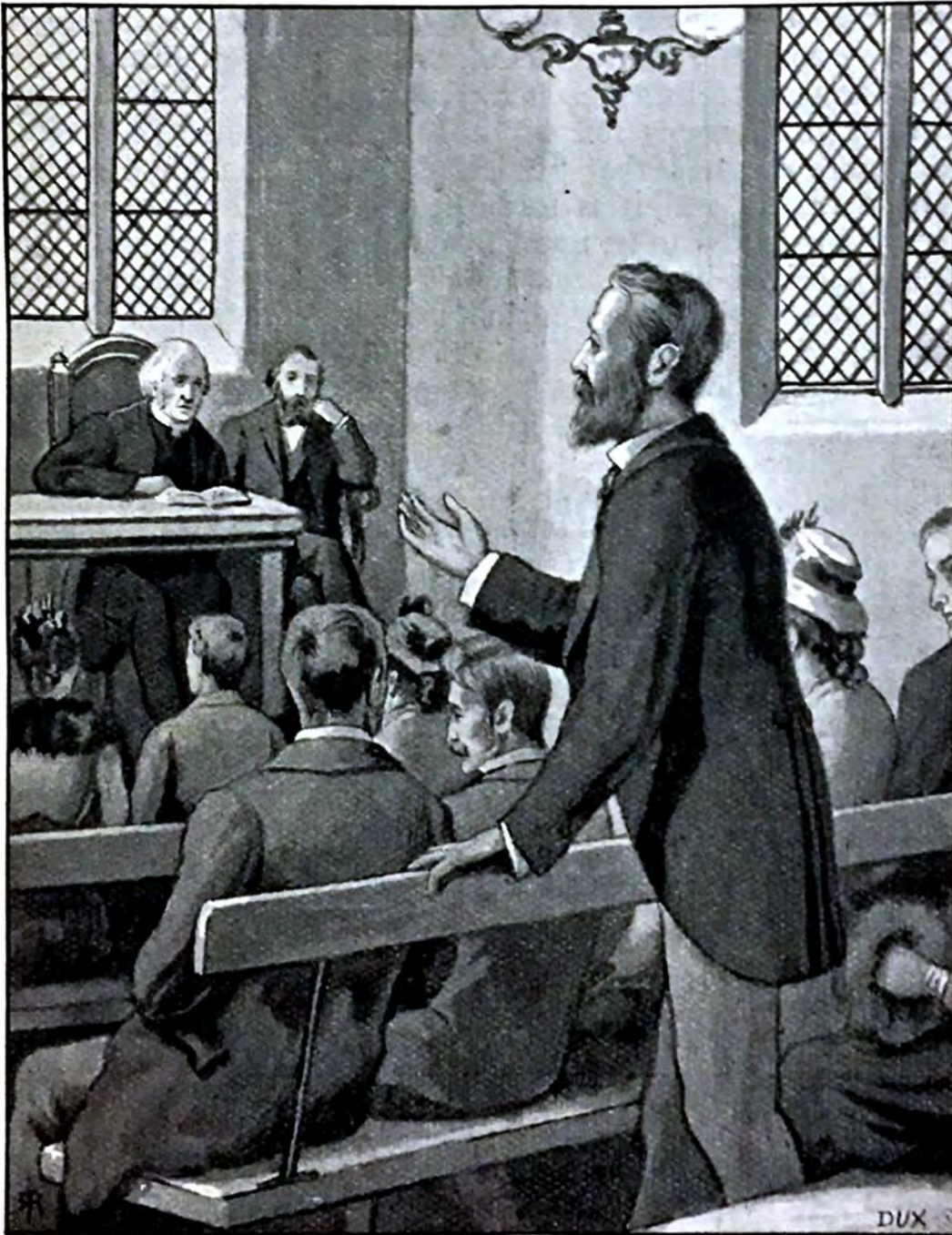
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THE CANADIAN'S TWO CONVERSIONS.



GEORGE MORTON was born in a village in Eastern Ontario, over 40 years ago. When a lad he professed conversion through some special "revival services" that were being held in the place.

Though sincere in his belief that he was converted by God, he was *sincerely mistaken*. Morton, however, was not a "hypocrite." He had no desire or intention to deceive any one, but he was thoroughly deluded in imagining that he was a Christian. God has but one way of salvation, and if that way is missed, no spiritual change is effected. Scripture declares that "Satan deceiveth the whole world" (Rev. 12. 9), and it is to be feared that, in these days of easygoing Christianity, not a few who pass for Christians have been deceived by the arch enemy of souls. "There is a way that *seemeth* right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of *death*" (Proverbs 16. 25). All who are on the broad way, whether on the clean or the dirty side of it, however sincere, or conscientious, are hurrying to death and destruction. After Morton's "conversion" he joined the Church and became an active member. Some years afterwards he removed to Rochester in the State of New York, and connected himself with one of the principal churches in the city. Eventually he became Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and took a leading part in a "Slum Mission." During Messrs. Moody and Sankey's gospel campaign in Rochester, Morton sang "gospel solos" at the services with such effect that many were moved to tears. For quite a number of years he sincerely believed that he was a Christian, although he had never really been "born again."

"I would rather have one *reared* Christian," said an Irish woman to a friend of mine, "than a hundred of your *converted* kind." But there are no "reared" Christians; all who are true children of God have been "born again." Lots of "religious" people pride themselves on their good "upbringing." What they need is a good *down*-bringing, that they may be led to see that they "*must* be born again" in order to be Christians. No one grows into a Christian. God-made Christians are regenerated by the Holy Spirit. "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). The great change must take place—call it what you will, the new birth, salvation, or conversion—to gain admission into the kingdom of God.

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

After a sojourn of several years in the United States, Morton returned to Canada, and obtained employment in a factory in one of the large cities. One day he asked a Christian connected with the firm to purchase a ticket from him for a "grand musical festival" which he was arranging. Y— refused to do so, adding, "Since I was 'born again,' I have no desire for such things." Morton thereupon entered into a discussion with Y— on religious subjects, seeking to



TYPICAL HOMES IN A NEW SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

justify his connection with the contemplated entertainment. Y— enquired of Morton if he was a Christian. He replied that he was, and stated that he was "converted" when a lad. Y— did not feel satisfied, and sought to ascertain the ground of Morton's confidence. Subsequently the two had frequent conversations on divine things. Y— spoke of Christ and the work He accomplished on Calvary as his *sole* hope for eternity, quoting "chapter and verse" for his position. Had he not clung to the Scriptures he would have been overpowered by Morton's superior reasoning powers.

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

Y—— was convinced that Morton's "conversion" was spurious; that he had been converted by *man* and not by God the Holy Spirit; and was resting on his prayers, doings, and experiences, instead of the "finished" work of Christ.

Months passed, Morton still taking the ground of being a Christian, seemingly determined to hold on to his profession. Yet as he read his Bible, he became more and more uneasy. "Perhaps, I am not really 'born again'" was suggested to his mind. Y——'s clear, scriptural, testimony regarding his conversion to God, so different from his own, could not be forgotten. Was he really born again? Or was he resting on something short of Christ? Eventually he became so concerned about his spiritual state that he visited various clergymen with the object of ascertaining their views as to the nature, necessity, and means of regeneration. Thoroughly dissatisfied and disappointed with the result of his inquiries, he diligently read the Scriptures, with the object of learning God's way of salvation. One day, whilst reading the interview between Nicodemus, the learned Jewish Rabbi, and the Lord Jesus, recorded in the third chapter of the Gospel of John, he was arrested by the words of verse 3: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, EXCEPT A MAN be born again he CANNOT see the Kingdom of God." It was a message from God to his soul, an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. There and then he renounced his profession, acknowledging to God his undone condition. Although Morton was a church member, choir leader, and Sunday-school superintendent, he was an unsaved sinner on the way to ruin. On learning his state in God's sight Morton decided to make a public confession of the fact. At the following weekly church prayer meeting he rose to his feet, and spoke somewhat as follows: "Brethren, I have been a professing Christian for nearly twenty-seven years, but I have recently learned from God's Word that I have never been born again. I stand before you to-night as a dead sinner, and if there is a born-again person here I want him to pray for me," and sat down. The effect of such a testimony in such a place, from such a person, can more easily be imagined than described.

A few days after this, Morton told Y—— what had taken place, and the only reply he received was this—"What a merciful discovery!" Conviction of sin was deepened and intensified, as Morton clearly apprehended his guilt and peril. On the Sunday evening he sang the opening piece at the

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

church service, and then hurrying out of the building, entered a hall where a Gospel meeting was being held. A Christian worker, known to him, was speaking on the brazen serpent uplifted for the bitten Israelites in the wilderness, as a type of Christ uplifted on Calvary's cross for sinners. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3. 14, 15). At the close of the service Morton was spoken to about his soul, but the only reply he gave was this—"I AM A DEAD SINNER," and hurriedly departed. Next day, when at work, the Saviour's solemn declaration contained in John 3. 18 greatly affected him: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is *condemned already*, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." "Condemned already!—*Condemned already!*—CONDEMNED ALREADY!" rang in his ears and pierced his soul. He clearly perceived that he was a "condemned" sinner, the only thing between him and eternal ruin being the fragile thread of life which might be snapped at any moment, and he would be hopelessly lost. So overpowered was he by the realization of this fact that he broke down, burst into tears, and wept for an hour. Y—



D. L. MOODY PREACHING DURING ONE OF HIS GOSPEL CAMPAIGNS.

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

discovered him weeping, and sought to lead him to look to Christ. Morton then began quoting a number of scriptures that were only applicable to believers. As each text was repeated he inquired: "Is that for me?" "No," was Y——'s reply, "that Scripture is not for you." As each verse quoted was shown to be for Christians, in sheer despair he exclaimed, "What scripture is there, then, for me?" "Listen," said Y——, and then he brought before him the following passages, "But He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah 53. 5, 6). "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved...*Christ died for our sins*, and was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1-4). "Once in the end of the world [or ages] hath He appeared to *put away sin* by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). He was shown that his sins had been laid on the head of Christ; that He was wounded for his transgressions, and bruised for his iniquities; that sin had been so put away by His sacrifice, that God could righteously justify ungodly sinners who believed on His Son. The gospel of God's matchless grace was laid hold of by Morton, his face lit up with a new-found joy, and he exclaimed, "I SEE IT! I SEE IT! I'M SAVED. ISN'T IT SIMPLE? I must go and tell Harry"—one who was in soul-trouble.

When the factory bell rang at six o'clock that evening, the young convert cycled to the house of his minister, and told him that he was saved. On the preceding day the clergyman had said to him, "Since I heard your confession at the prayer meeting I feel as though I could never preach another sermon." A mighty change, however, had taken place. "I had a wonderful experience at five o'clock this morning," said Mr. ——. "It seemed as though Christ was right in the room beside me, and I saw I had everything in Him, righteousness, justification, and redemption. I have been trying to preach the gospel for thirty years, but did not know it myself!"

Such is the story of Morton's two "conversions"—the one a "conversion" *by man*, and the other a "conversion" *by God*.
Are you resting your soul on what *you have done* for Christ,

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

or on what *Christ has done* for you? Converted by man or by God—which? If you were called at this moment into Eternity, what reason would you give to God why you should not be punished for your innumerable sins? “Because *I prayed to God* for forgiveness, and I believe He answered my prayer,” says one. Then you were saved through your prayers! But God nowhere promises to save sinners on the ground of their prayers. “I was saved *for my believing*,” says another. If



“A CHRISTIAN WAS SPEAKING ON THE BRAZEN SERPENT.”

so, you were saved on account of what you have done. It is true that one of our popular hymns states that, “There is life *for* a look at the Crucified One.” But poetry is not Scripture. The Word of God tell us that sinners are saved THROUGH looking unto Jesus, but not *for* looking unto Him. We are no more saved *for* a “look” than for a prayer, a tear, a vow, or a penny. “By grace are ye saved *through* (not *for*) faith” (Eph. 2. 8, 9). There is no merit in faith. Faith is the empty hand that accepts eternal life as a free gift from God. Faith

The Canadian's Two Conversions.

is the eye of the soul that looks off unto Jesus, and sees Him dying in our room and stead. It is to be feared that numbers are resting *on their faith* instead of *on Christ*—faith's object. "Look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isaiah 45. 22). It is not Look to your looking, or Believe in your believing. Look to Christ, believe on Christ, receive Christ by faith, and eternal life is yours. Make sure that you are really converted to, and by God. Many are *white washed* with religion, instead of being *washed white* in the blood of Christ. They talk of churches, ministers, sermons, meetings, &c., &c., and all the time they are under condemnation! What is the use of telling God what you are going to do in the future? You speak of turning over a new leaf, of giving up this, that, or the other thing. It is too late in the day for that. The trial is over. God has brought in the whole world guilty. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23). When you tell God what you are going to be, or do, it is tantamount to saying that you desire a new trial.

Hearken to the "glad and glorious Gospel" as proclaimed to Nicodemus by the Lord Jesus Christ: "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 3. 16). Thousands have been eternally saved through the proclamation of this simple yet sublime message.

Whatever you are, or have been, GOD LOVES YOU. The proof of this is the wondrous fact that He gave His only begotten Son to bleed and die on your behalf. Why was it necessary that He should die? "Without shedding of blood is no remission." God gave Christ as a sacrifice for our sins, that we might not perish, but have everlasting life. Everlasting life can *now* be obtained by believing on Christ. "WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM." Oh, the simplicity of God's way of salvation! It is not "whosoever believeth in Jesus, *and gives up his sins*"; nor "whosoever believeth in Jesus, *and acts up to it*"; nor "whosoever believeth in Jesus, *and holds on to the end*"; nor "whosoever believes *that he believes in Jesus.*" Thank God, it is "whosoever believeth in Jesus." Scripture teaches that salvation is by grace, through faith, "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that *justifieth the ungodly*, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU SHALT BE SAVED."

A. M.

THE GREATEST WONDER IN LONDON;

OR, WORTH MORE THAN WEALTH OR FAME



FAVOURITE VIEWS OF THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

THE GREATEST WONDER IN LONDON.



HE sights of London! Who can describe them? We had spent several days, and seen the most of them. St. Paul's, the magnificent Gothic structure designed by Sir Christopher Wren; the historic Tower, with its "beefeaters" and attractive armoury; Westminster Abbey, the coronation church of sovereigns and resting-place of the great; Thames Embankment, with Cleopatra's Needle, 70 feet high and 180 tons weight, brought from Egypt at a cost of £10,000; Nelson's Monument, with its lions; British Museum, with three million works; National Gallery of 1400 masterpieces of art; the Bank, with its reserve of £20,000,000; the Exchange, with the tessellated pavement of the original building; Buckingham Palace, the Royal residence; Houses of Parliament, with a debate on education in progress; the parks, palaces, mansions, streets, stations, and other sights innumerable.

But the greatest wonder of all was a young girl lying in a poor part off Carlisle Street, Edgware Road. Her earthly career was drawing to a close. As the end approached she distinctly said, "I die rejoicing in the Blood of Jesus Christ, which 'cleanseth from all sin'" (1 John 1. 7), and gently closed her weary eyes in a slum of the greatest city on earth, to open them in the "city which had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof" (Rev. 21. 23).

Journeying home, we could not but be impressed by the thought that greater than power, pomp, wealth, antiquity, or splendour was the *reality* of a soul passing into the great Eternity, resting on the Finished Work of Christ (John 19. 30), and rejoicing in the cleansing efficacy of His precious Blood. For what, after all, is London's greatness and glory to those whose names are enshrined therein, if "an entrance" was not "ministered unto them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter 1. 11)? Nay, more important still is the question for *me*, when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are therein [London included] shall be burned up," which shall I be amongst:

"These shall go away into
EVERLASTING
PUNISHMENT;

"but the righteous into
LIFE ETERNAL"
(Matt. 25. 46). HYP.

LIFE WITHOUT LIFE.

RICHARD GERMAN H— was a promising young man, possessed of high moral sentiments, quick understanding, deep religious feelings, and an intensely affectionate nature. He was the model of his younger brothers, the pride of his sisters, and the comfort of both father and mother. Successful also in his newly-established business, to which he applied his energies with wisdom



"THIS WAS THE TRIAL ALLOWED TO TEST THE REALTY OF HIS PROFESSION."

beyond his years. Being a nominal believer in the Bible, he did not question its teaching nor its divine authority. He had a great respect for all good men and things, appeared to love the place of prayer, and joined with musical fervour in all the hymns of praise. Being a skilful musician, he formed one of the choir of the chapel of which his father was the minister.

Such was Richard at the age of 23. But there was one thing lacking. He lived *a* religious life, but did not possess *the* life. He had not the Son of God who is *the* Life—the

Life without Life.

life of every true believer. Like the stony-ground hearer, the word he had heard so often fell into his heart and produced an effect of some sort, but it was not *the* fruitful life: in a word, he had not been born of God. He was like the young man in the Gospel—not far from the Kingdom, but not *in* the Kingdom of God. He had the *religion* of Christianity, but did not possess the *Christ* of Christianity. He was in the habit of hearing the Word, nor did he question its truth. But he had not the Son of God, and this nominal belief was soon to be shaken to its foundation.

A young lady in the choir to whom he had become devotedly attached, capriciously disappointed his hopes by breaking off their engagement to be married. This conduct from a professing Christian was the trial allowed to test the reality of his profession. It proved he did not really love Christ. The root of the matter was not in him. He hastily gave up his business and left the town, filled with bitter feelings and ready to listen to the specious arguments of his new infidel shopmates. In a short time their poison had done its work, and Richard became an avowed unbeliever of that Word that shall judge all men at the last day.

In the great Exhibition year he went to London. Working at high pressure in crowded rooms by day, and careless of his health at night, he caught a severe cold which ended in rapid consumption. The doctor gave him but a few months to live, and urged the necessity of going home to his friends. On his arrival, his father and he had a long and serious talk, but Richard announced his intention, although death stared him in the face, of dying an infidel.

The agony of that father can never be told. He decided to set aside a day for fasting and prayer. Toward the evening of that very day the mother, when crossing the room, saw her son with his face turned to the wall, and heard him quietly whispering, "None but Jesus, none but Jesus, can do helpless sinners good." He had realized his guilt, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his own Saviour, and was saved (Rom. 10. 9, 10). Christ was now his, and he had Eternal Life. Oh! the wonders of grace. Snatched as a brand from the fire! Are you the happy and real possessor of the salvation of God? Anything short of a real and personal faith in Christ Jesus leaves the soul in a lost condition, whatever may be the appearance before men.

W. C. H.

“BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT.”

AFTER the conclusion of one of Brownlow North's addresses in Edinburgh a young man came into the room where he was receiving persons anxious for private conversation, and said to him, “I have heard you preach three times, sir, and I neither care for you nor your preaching, unless you can tell me, Why did God permit sin?”



THE MOUND AND PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

“I will do that with pleasure,” was the immediate reply: “BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT.”

The young man, apparently taken by surprise, stood speechless; and Mr. North again replied, “BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT, and,” added he, “if you continue to question and cavil at God's dealings, and vainly puffed up by your carnal mind, strive to be wise above what is written, I will tell you something more that God will do, He will some day cast you into hell. It is vain for you to strive with your Maker—you cannot resist Him, and neither your opinion of His dealings, nor your blasphemous expression of them, will

"Because He Chose It."

in the least lessen the pain of your 'everlasting punishment,' which I again tell you will most certainly be your portion if you go on in your present spirit. There were such questioners in St. Paul's time, and how did he answer? '*Nay, but O man, who art thou that repliest against God?*'"

The young man here interrupted Mr. North, and said: "Is there such a text as that in the Bible?" "Yes, there is," was the reply, "in the ninth chapter of Romans and the twentieth verse, and I recommend you to go home and read that chapter carefully right through and you will then realize that God claims for Himself the right to do *whatever He chooses*, without permitting the thing formed to say to Him that formed it, 'Why hast Thou made me thus?' Remember, that besides permitting sin, there is another thing God has chosen to do—GOD CHOSE TO SEND JESUS. Of His own free and sovereign grace, God gave His only begotten Son *to die for sinners in their stead, in their place*, so that, though they are sinners, and have done things worthy of death, *not one* of them shall ever be cast into hell for his sins who will accept Jesus as his only Saviour, and believe in Him, and rest in His Word. I have no time to say more."

This conversation took place on Sunday evening. On the following Friday Mr. North was sitting in Moody Stuart's drawing-room, when the servant announced that a young man wanted to speak to him. On being shown up stairs he said: "Do you remember me?" "No." "Do you not remember the young man who on Sunday night asked you to tell him, 'Why did God permit sin?'" "Yes, perfectly." "Well, sir, I am that young man; and you said that God permitted sin BECAUSE HE CHOSE IT, and you told me to go home and read the ninth chapter of Romans, and also that *God chose to send Jesus* to die for such a sinner as me. I did, sir, what you told me, and under the guidance of the Word of God, and Spirit of God, I took the guilty sinner's place and accepted Him whom God chose to send (John 3. 17) as my Saviour, and now I am happy—oh! so happy, sir; and though the devil still comes sometimes to tempt me with my old thoughts, and to ask me what *reason* I have to think God has forgiven me, I have always managed to get him away by telling him that I do not want to judge things by my own reason, but by God's Word, and that the only reason why I know I am forgiven is that *for Christ's sake God chooses to pardon me.*"

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 John 3. 36.

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THE PASSENGER'S PLUNGE.



ON "May-Day," 1907, the s.s. *Teutonic*, of the White Star Line, sailed from New York for Liverpool with a complement of passengers and a valuable cargo. Our pilot was dropped at Sandy Hook, and we were soon ploughing the Atlantic at twenty miles an hour, when an incident occurred which caused a sensation.

A middle-aged man, wearing a dress coat and heavy gold chain, was observed pacing the deck, evidently labouring under excitement. He was overheard saying that no policeman would put handcuffs on him. Suddenly, without any warning, he made a dash for the side of the steamer, with the evident intention of jumping overboard, when two passengers seized his arms. He struggled violently, and eventually slipped out of his coat, leaving it with them; and plunged into the sea.

The cry, "A MAN OVERBOARD!" "A MAN OVERBOARD!" resounded through the steamer. Passengers rushed forward and saw the would-be suicide in the distance swimming vigorously. Lifebuoys were immediately thrown out, but it was some time ere the *Teutonic* could be stopped. A boat was lowered, manned by officers, and though diligent search was made, no traces of the self-destroyer could be found.

"How awfully sad," says one, "for a man to commit suicide!" Yes, indeed, but it is a sadder sight for one to commit *soul* suicide. God charged Israel with this terrible sin in the familiar words: "O Israel, thou hast *destroyed thyself*" (Hosea 13. 9), and He charges many to-day with the same crime. Does He charge you? The Scriptures represent the race as perishing on account of sin. All of us have sinned against God, and therefore every one of us deserves sin's wages, which is eternal separation from God in conscious punishment. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), but God has provided salvation for sinners as such. Many, however, neglect, despise, or refuse it.

If a condemned murderer rejected a free pardon from his Sovereign, we would say he richly deserves to die; and yet millions of condemned sinners are to-day rejecting or neglecting God's "great salvation." "He that believeth on Him [the Lord Jesus Christ] is not condemned; but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18). Every unsaved person is under the con-

The Passenger's Plunge.

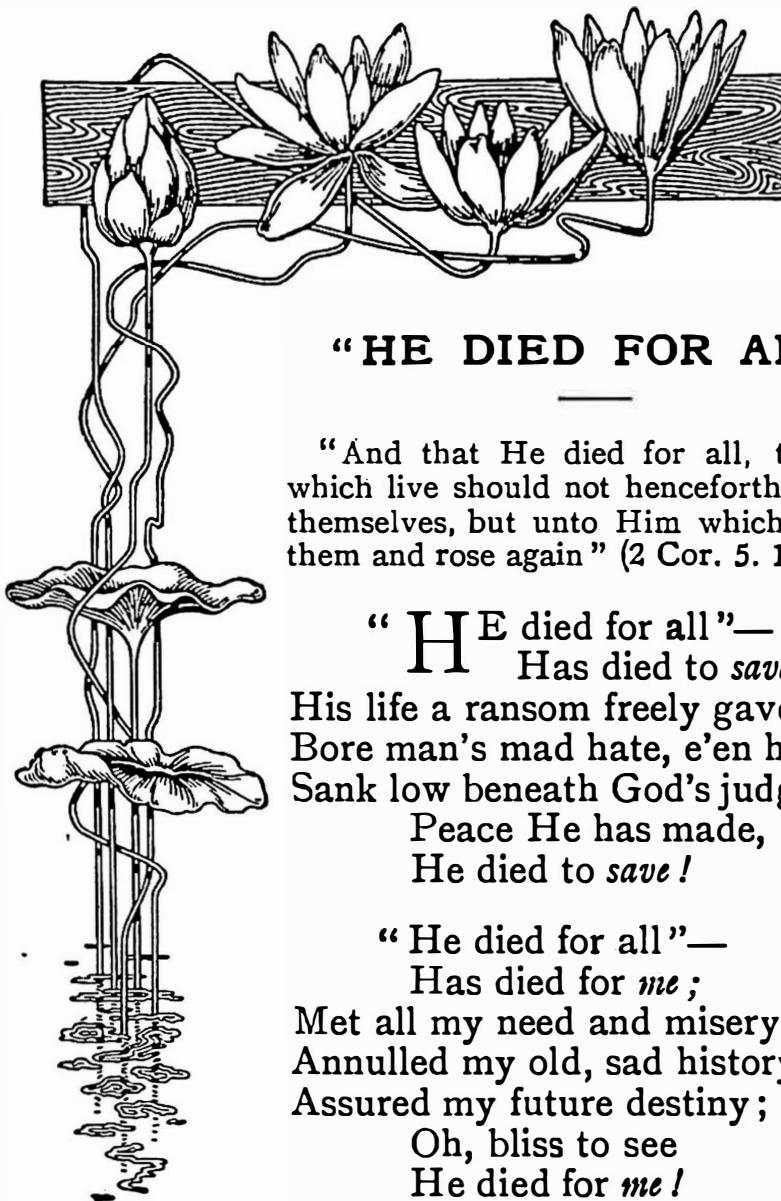
demnation of God—"condemned already," because he does not believe in Christ. Is the reader justified or condemned?

The crowning, the damning sin of the sinner is the fact that though God, at the cost of the life's blood of His only begotten Son, has provided salvation for him, and presses it upon his acceptance as a free gift, he won't accept it on God's terms, viz., without money and without price; without prayers, tears, good works, penance, or penitence. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, *but the wrath of God abideth on him*" (John 3. 36).

The great question is, Are you a believer or an unbeliever? Are you, or are you not, in possession of everlasting life? If you *really* believe on the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you, you have the assurance of God's Word for it that you are saved for eternity. If, however, you do not believe on Him, at this very moment you are in God's sight guilty and condemned. Ponder the terrible words descriptive of the unbeliever's condition: "The wrath of God *abideth on him.*" Every moment you live in unbelief, every day you neglect the acceptance of Christ, the wrath of a holy God rests upon you. Go where you may, do what you may, you are "condemned already," and may be cut down as a cumberer of the ground.

Why, then, continue in your present state? "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3). You have no thought or intention of being eternally lost; you "intend" to be saved *some time*. You "expect" to spend eternity in heaven. Remember, however, you cannot escape the condemnation of hell if you *neglect* the salvation of God. There is one and only one way of salvation, and that is *God's way*. Harken to that way as told out by the Lord Jesus Christ: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that *whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life*" (John 3. 14, 15). He is now pressing on your acceptance salvation, free, full, present, and eternal, as a free gift. Accept it as you read these lines. He won't force you to do so. To the Jews He said: "I would, but *ye would not.*" He did not compel them, nor will He compel you. Time is flying, eternity is nearing. "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." As you are, and where you are, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved for eternity.

A. M.



“HE DIED FOR ALL.”

“And that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again” (2 Cor. 5. 15).

“HE died for all”—
Has died to *save* ;
His life a ransom freely gave ;
Bore man’s mad hate, e’en hell did brave ;
Sank low beneath God’s judgment wave ;
Peace He has made,
He died to *save* !

“He died for all”—
Has died for *me* ;
Met all my need and misery ;
Annulled my old, sad history ;
Assured my future destiny ;
Oh, bliss to see
He died for *me* !

“He died for all”—
Has died for *you* !
Endured sin’s just and awful due ;
Brought thus God’s love and light to view ;
From high now wafts the message true !
Your soul to woo—
He died for *you* !

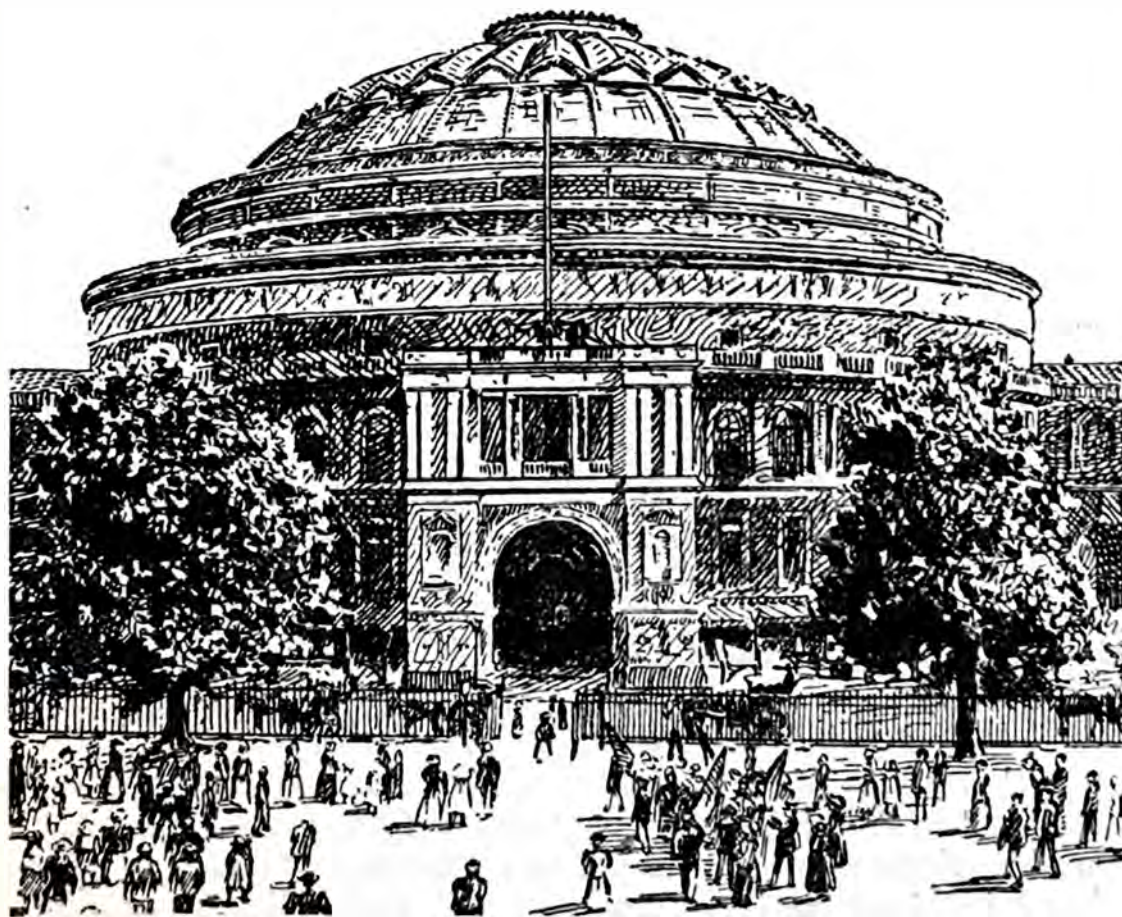
“He died for all”—
The great the small ;
But *only* saves from sin’s dark thrall
Those who in faith before Him fall !
The rest His wrath shall soon appal.
Heed, then, the call—

“He died for all !”

S. J. B. C.

JOYLESS INFIDELITY.

WHO ever saw a really happy infidel? Jolly infidels—jolly on occasions in public—you have seen, but who ever saw an infidel that had joy in the deepest depths of his heart, the deep overflowing joy that the Christian knows? I was once preaching in Chicago, and I asked everyone in the building who had found deep heart satisfaction, rest and joy in Jesus Christ, who had found every deepest longing of their soul satisfied in Christ, and hundreds of men and women immediately rose to their feet. I said, "That will do; now, sit down." I said, "I want to be fair. There are a good many infidels here to-night. I would like to ask every infidel in the building who can honestly say in the presence of this congregation that he has found in infidelity satisfaction for the deepest longings of his soul and real heart rest, and is satisfied with infidelity, to-night to stand up." Just one man arose. I said, "I am glad there is one man who has the courage of his convictions, and I would like to ask him to meet me downstairs after the meeting is over."



ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON, WHERE DR. TORREY PREACHED.
It seats 10,000 persons, and was often filled to overflowing.

Joyless Infidelity.

He accepted my invitation. We sat down and talked. "Mr. S.," calling him by name, "you publicly proclaimed at the meeting that you had found satisfaction for the deepest longings of your soul, that your soul was at rest, and that you were fully satisfied with infidelity. Is that really true?"

"Well," he said, "Mr. Torrey, that will have to be qualified."

"I think it will. You cannot find an infidel on earth, the deepest longings of whose soul are at rest, and satisfied in infidelity. Who ever saw a happy old infidel? Jolly old infidels, that is jolly on occasions, you have seen, but who ever saw an aged infidel with that deep-abiding, overflowing joy that is so characteristic of the aged Christian?"

I happened to be with a friend of Robert Ingersoll's on the day that Robert Ingersoll died so suddenly. We had been talking about Ingersoll that very day. He said to me, "Every time I call on Colonel Ingersoll nowadays, Mrs. Ingersoll meets me and says, 'Don't say anything to the colonel about his growing old; it makes him very angry.'" Why should it? It does not make a true Christian angry to be told he is growing old. They tell me I am growing old. I am certainly getting white, but if I am getting old I am simply ripening for the better life and eternal youth. You cannot find a happy old infidel. DR. R. A. TORREY.

WHERE THE JOY CAME IN.

"AND rejoiced, believing in God with all his house" (Acts 16. 34). Now, that was a man who got aroused about his soul, and, whenever he believed, he commenced to *rejoice*. And why did he rejoice? There must have been a cause for his rejoicing. He rejoiced because he was *saved*. He *knew* he was saved, and that is why he rejoiced. If he had been *uncertain* as to his salvation, he could not have rejoiced. There can be no rejoicing in the terrible uncertainty as to whether it is to be heaven or hell. But whenever the jailor trusted the Lord Jesus, he was at rest, and rejoiced that same night. So if you wish to know whether you have believed or not, let me ask if you have rejoiced in God? Have you praised God for saving your soul? Such is a very simple test whereby to know if you have believed *unto the saving of the soul*. Rejoicing and believing go together; as it is written, "The Kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and *joy in the Holy Ghost*." w. s.

THE ARRAN PREACHER'S MISTAKE.

A FRIEND was telling me of a sermon he heard in a Presbyterian Church in the Island of Arran. The preacher was a Glasgow minister, and he took for his text the Philippian jailor's question, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16. 30), but instead of quoting the apostle's reply, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (verse 31), he gave a most unscriptural answer.



LOOKING TO ARRAN, GOATFELL IN THE DISTANCE.

This was *his* "way" of salvation: "I answer simply, I answer broadly, DO YOUR DUTY TO ALL, DO YOUR DUTY ALL ROUND." Why did the minister ignore the apostolic reply to the question? Did he not consider it better than his own? According to the Glasgow "divine," salvation from sin and death and hell is obtained by *doing our duty* "all round"! That would be salvation by *character*, and not salvation by *the Blood of Christ*.

"If a man does his duty he has nothing to fear," is a common excuse of careless sinners who seek to justify

The Arran Preacher's Mistake.

themselves in neglecting God's "great salvation." Who among the sons of men has done his duty? "Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man" (Eccles. 12. 13). Who has kept "the commandments"? The "Catechism" of the church which the Glasgow clergyman represents, says: "No mere man since the fall is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed." It is absolutely certain that no "mere man" has loved God with "all his heart, soul, strength, and mind, and his neighbour as himself."

What, then, is to become of us? God's Word declares that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point, he is *guilty of all*" (James 2. 10). No "mere man" has always been what he should have been, or always done what he should have done. "What saith the Scripture?" Hearken to the searching words—"There is *none* righteous, no, *not one*; there is *none* that understandeth, there is *none* that seeketh after God. They are *all* gone out of the way, they are *together* become unprofitable; there is *none* that doeth good, no, *not one*" (Rom. 3. 9-12). If, then, ALL have sinned and broken God's holy law, ALL are sinners—sinners not only by nature, but sinners by practice. "There is no difference [distinction, see R.V.], for ALL have sinned and come short of the glory of God." If, then, "*all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God," what about the Glasgow minister's gospel? If salvation can only be obtained by those who have *done their duty*, there is little chance of the Glasgow minister or anybody else being saved.

The apostle's answer to the question is quite opposed to that of the Arran preacher. His answer is contained in the blessed words: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The apostle did *not* tell him to do his duty and he would have a "good chance" of heaven. Paul's "gospel" was a different one from that of the minister.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou *shalt be saved*." There is no uncertainty about it. The words are clear and definite—"Thou *shalt be saved*." If any tell you that it is "presumption" for a feeble, failing creature like you to say that you know you are saved, you can point such to Acts 16. 30, 31, and show them the ground of your confidence, and tell them to "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and they will immediately obtain the same blessing. A.M.

COLIN CAMPBELL'S CONVERSION.



The Landmark of "Auld Reekie."

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

"I DIDN'T think you needed to be converted," was the exclamation of a friend to whom I had been telling what God had done for my soul. Indeed, there was a time when I did not think I required such a change myself, as, like many others I was religious, temperate, and outwardly moral. From early boyhood I was the subject of religious impressions. Between church, Sunday school, and young men's meetings, I was brought up in a religious atmosphere. My inclination led that way, no doubt mingled with the usual fun and frolic of youth. Although for many years under Sunday-school teachers, I do not remember one of them ever speaking to me about my soul. Amid all the Bible teaching, I do not remember CONVERSION spoken of as a personal experience, or pressed home on the conscience.

As I grew up to manhood I entered fully into all church work, such as teaching in the Sunday School, attending the minister's Bible Class, Mutual Improvement Association, even going the length of helping the congregational mis-

Colin Campbell's Conversion.

sionary in his district meetings, taking part publicly in prayer, and leading the psalmody. How solemn that one could do all this while still a stranger to grace. Sadder still, a stranger to the *need* of it.

But conscience was neither dead nor dormant. Religiousness did not give rest. There was ever present the sense of something lacking, and, like many others, I vainly thought this something could be attained by greater earnestness. To some it may seem inconsistent with this state of mind to say I was a frequent attender of the theatre, of which I was very fond; but while reason approved, conscience rebuked. Oft did I wish some one would convince me that it was wrong. Deep and distracting questions also assailed me. If there is a devil, why, if God is all powerful, does He not stop him? Why is this sinful state of things allowed to go on? What is to become of the heathen? Happily the time was nearing when the question was not what about the heathen, but what about myself. I trembled at the thought of meeting God, and was afraid of Him. I thought God "an austere master," who was frowning down on me, threatening that if I did not behave He would put me in hell. I wished there was no God. If anyone could have proved to my satisfaction that there was no God, he would have removed a burden from my life. Yet you say, "You were religious." Yes, however strange it may seem, but deep is the heart of man—"desparately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9).

Amongst the Sunday-school teachers—of which I was one—there were a few truly converted young men, earnest and full of the Spirit. There was a something about them I could not fathom. Their prayers were different, they could speak with assurance of having eternal life, of going to heaven. They knew and possessed something of which I was ignorant; they were rejoicing in the Redeemer. I envied them, yet knew not what made the difference. I attended the same church, believed, as I thought, the same things; I even became a member of the church, thinking it was a step in the right direction. I remember one of the circle putting this question to me as we walked late one night: "Have you ever felt that love in your heart to the Lord Jesus you hear some people speak of?" "No, David, I have not," I frankly replied; "but I believe I shall yet attain to it." Alas! I thought I was on the ladder; I had only to climb higher, when somehow, and at some time, I

Colin Campbell's Conversion.

would grasp the prize my soul was seeking. But I had to climb down ere that was found.

Urged by these earnest young men, I attended the evangelistic meetings then held in the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. I was struck by the directness of the preaching. You must be converted. You were pressed to decision NOW. Mentally I said: "These people speak as if EVERYBODY SHOULD BE CONVERTED, and at once." I was under the impression that conversion was a high attainment, for which you must labour long and hard. I was deeply impressed by Dr. Donald Fraser one night, who preached on "Ye must be born again" (John 3. 7).

He was beyond my depth. I knew about ministers, churches, sermons, religious service, and teetotalism, but felt dark as a heathen about "the new birth." There was a strange power with the word. All my religion was taken from me. If I wasn't born again I had nothing. I went out into the street "LOST," as a man in a mist is lost. I knew not where I was; I knew not where to go. Still I struggled on, giving up questionable things, doubling my earnest quest, "If heaven is to be gained I must gain it." A tract I read showed that the majority of people were saved before they were twenty. The cold sweat broke on me as I remembered I was some years beyond the likely time. "What if I am never saved?" "What can I do in the future that I have not done in the past?" I thought I had done all I could do.

Thus I laboured and prayed, but telling no one of the struggle. I would sometimes say to myself, "Perhaps I am a Christian, and don't know it; I am making a fuss about nothing." Then I would take myself to task thus—"Colin, can you say you have been born again?" Honestly Colin had to say, "I know nothing about it." "Then heaven you'll



Colin Campbell's Conversion.

never enter till you are." "Well, then, I'm done for. God must do it; I can't regenerate myself." Thus I was brought to the end of myself. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

On a Friday night, about half-past nine o'clock, I was nearing my home pondering the question above all questions, "*Why is it I cannot say I am saved?*" What do these saved people do that I don't do? What do they believe that I don't believe? I am as moral, as religious, as earnest as they are. And yet, for the life of me, I cannot say that I am saved." To bring the matter to a point I said, "HOW IS A MAN SAVED?" The answer came, "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Acts 16. 31). I stood transfixed to the pavement. God spoke to me. I looked up and said, "BELIEVE! I DO believe." "Then you are saved." "Saved!" I said. "And have I nothing to do?" "Nothing! all was done long ago." For the first time in my life I saw the meaning of the Cross. I saw that when the Lord Jesus died on that Cross He died to save me. I was saved by what He did when "He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). I again repeated, "Then I have nothing to do? Nothing! Then I am SAVED FOR EVER?" "Saved for ever!" came the assuring word. I could only exclaim—"Oh, what love! what fulness! what freeness! God has been loving me all the time, and I did not know it. What a stupid I've been!" I was struggling, striving, praying; and God had said, "It is finished" (John 19. 30).

Thus was salvation revealed to me as I stood at that lamp post in Morrison Street, Edinburgh. I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and "passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

"Is this conversion?" I said; "am I now born again? Perhaps I'm mistaken; surely it is not so easy; there must be *something* to do. What if it be only a new idea that has struck me, soon to vanish, and leave me as before?" In answer to these fears and questionings there came the blessed assurance of the unchanging word of God. Text after text came to my mind, showing clearly that salvation was always connected with believing. I see my mistake. I've been praying and trying. God has been saying, "Believe! believe!" The gist of the Scripture on this important question is summed up in that glorious, simple, yet profound announcement, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). c. c.

"OH! TELL THEM BOTH SIDES."

I WAS visiting among some cottages in Shetland one afternoon previous to holding a gospel service, and came upon an aged Christian woman who was nearing the end of her pilgrimage. Her poor body was swollen and suffering, but the joy of the Lord filled her heart. Before leaving I sang her one of the believer's Hallelujah songs:

"Blessed Lord, for Thee I'm waiting
With my lamp outside the door;
Come, oh come, then precious Saviour,
Take me home for evermore.



"I CAME UPON AN AGED CHRISTIAN WOMAN."

Glory, glory, Jesus saved me,
Glory, glory, to the Lamb;
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory, to the Lamb.'

The dear soul could scarcely contain herself with joy, and kept shouting, "Glory, glory, Jesus saved me," for some time, and then added, "Oh! what wad auld Ebbie dae noo if she hadna Jesus?" But auld Ebbie *had* Jesus, and He made her happy in prospect of soon entering eternity. How would it be with you in similar circumstances?

“Oh! Tell Them Both Sides.”

But what impressed me most was her message to me on leaving. She turned towards a large peat fire burning in the cottage, and said, “You are going to preach to the unsaved; oh! BE SURE AND TELL THEM BOTH SIDES. Tell them Christ is willing and waiting to save them; but tell them also that if they will not have Christ and His salvation, they will have to make their bed in hell.” Then, as if to give force to her words, she added, pointing with her finger to the fire, “What an awful thing it would be to be forced to lie down for ever so short a time in that fire, and to think that Christless souls *must* make their bed in *the lake of fire* for ever! Oh! tell them both sides.”

The meeting that night was held in an Independent chapel, and when I got there with the words of auld Ebbie burning in my soul, I found the place crowded and many unable to get in, so I stood in the doorway and delivered the Lord’s message and auld Ebbie’s message to the people within and the people without. It was a night of decision for some souls, and led to several such meetings.

If still unsaved, did you but realise in the faintest measure the awful reality of “*the wrath to come*,” of what it will be for *you* to *dwell* with the devouring flame in “the everlasting burnings” (Isa. 33. 14), you would be on your knees before God asking the question, “What must I do to be saved?” (Acts 16. 31). You, no doubt, sincerely hope that such a condition will never be yours. Then you must have Christ. “There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved” (Acts 4. 12). Why delay longer? God waits to save you. He “so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3. 16). What, then, are you going to do? There are two great possibilities imminent. *Death* is on your track, and you may be cut down in your sins, or *the Lord Himself may return* to raise the dead saints and change the living ones in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and together **THEY** will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air to be forever with Him (1 Thess. 4. 15-18).

What a destiny for saved sinners! Glory, glory, glory! What about the Gospel hearers and Christ rejecters who are left? Judgment, judgment, judgment! Oh! flee from the wrath to come.

A. S. R.

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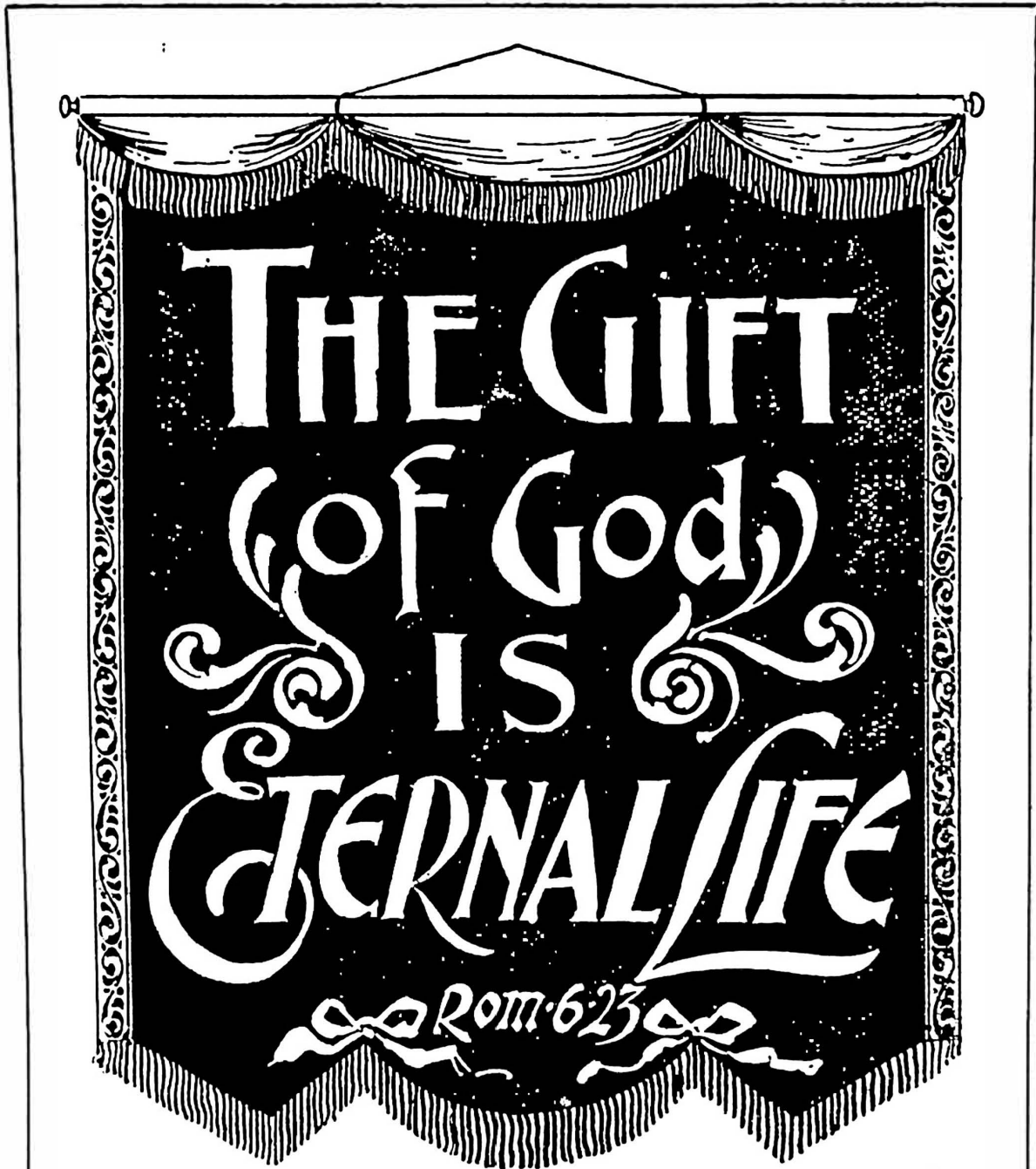
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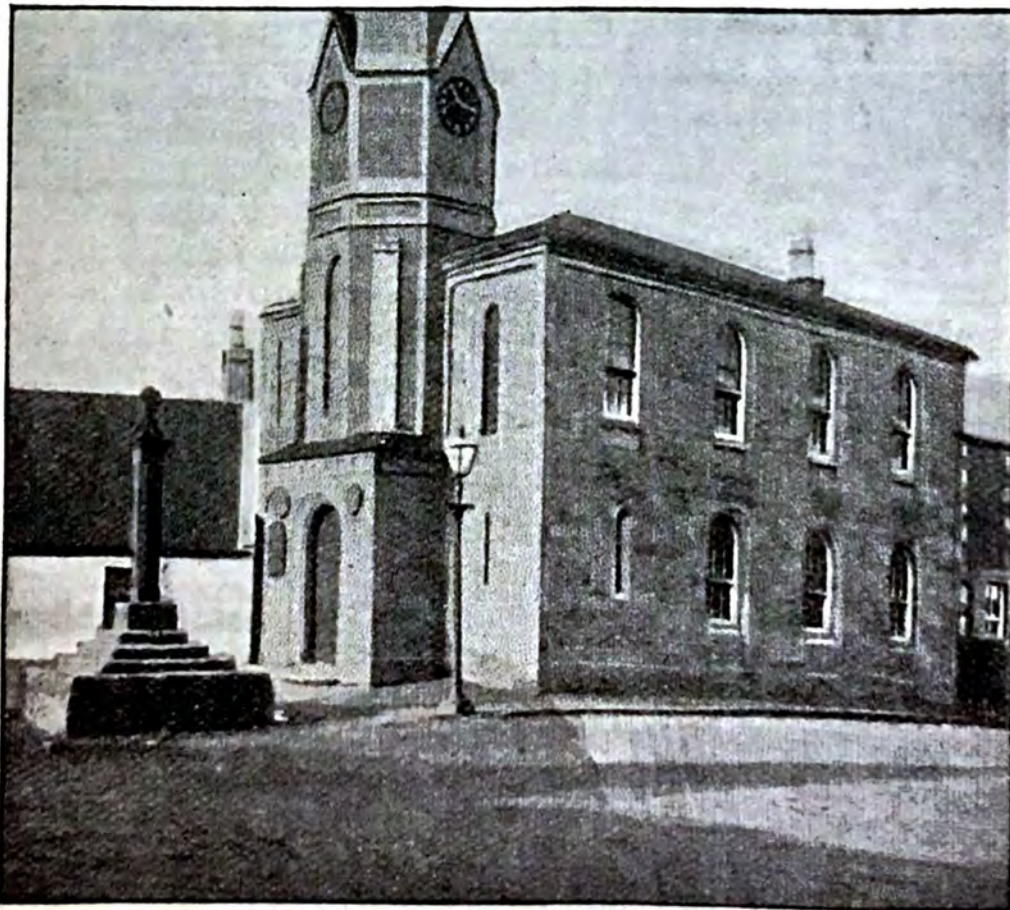
T Prestwick Cross one night I made a great discovery. It was that I was heir to a kingdom, and I will tell you how I found it out, because more heirs are wanted, and you may be one of them. It was the first Sunday evening in September. I had been to the Gospel meeting in the Bute Hall, where I had heard the offer of a free and full salvation made to *all*, and had heard verse after verse quoted from God's Word to show that this is so. Four years before this the Spirit of God had made me feel that I was a sinner, and such a very great sinner did I see myself to be that I believed that there could be no heaven for me, that I should never again see my loved ones who had left me, saying that they were going to be with Jesus, and I was in darkness and deep despair. As the verses rang out from the speaker's lips—" *All* we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us *all*" (Isa. 53. 6), "Come unto Me, *all* ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28), "By Him *all* that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13. 39), "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, *all* the ends of the earth: for I am God" (Isa. 45. 22), "He died for *all*" (2 Cor. 5. 15), "Who gave Himself a ransom for *all*" (1 Tim. 2. 6)—my despair began to give way to hope, and when the meeting was over, and an invitation given to an open-air meeting at the Cross, I went there with a Christian lady, for whose ministry and prayers I shall ever be debtor.

The speaker at the Cross said there might be someone present who was hoping to feel saved, and he warned his hearers that "feelings" had nothing to do with it, and that belief in God's Word was all-sufficient. In his address he told how Napoleon was one day reviewing his troops, when his horse became restive and might have unseated him, had not a young private stepped out from the ranks, seized the bridle, and quietened the animal. "Thanks, captain!" said the Emperor. Taking Napoleon at his word, the soldier questioned, "Of what regiment, sire?" Napoleon answered, "Of my own guards." "Salvation is like that," said he, "just taking God at His word." I heard no more. With one glad heart-cry, known only to God, I, with no merit, no works to plead, claimed salvation as offered in God's

Saved at Prestwick Cross.

Word, freely to *all*. There and then I said, "Yes," to Jesus. But my heart questioned me: "How shall I know that I am saved—that I am really a child of God?" Like an angel's whisper in my soul I heard the words: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1. 12, 13). Enough. I knew then that I was born again by simply believing God's Word, and a peace passing knowledge stole over my mind and heart as I left the open-air meeting, an heir to the kingdom of glory. I had received Jesus, and He had filled me with His love and joy unspeakable. He had made peace for me by His death on Calvary's tree, and I had obtained that peace by believing on Him (Rom. 5. 1).

Although sleep had been a stranger to me for long, that night I slept like a babe on its mother's bosom. I knew now that God loved me, and that I was safe. I had before



PRESTWICK CROSS, BURGH HALL, AND STEEPLE

Saved at Prestwick Cross.

believed that He hated me for my sinfulness, but now the terrors of the law had no dread for me. My Saviour's obedience unto death had covered all my transgressions. Next morning I awoke with His praises on my lips and His peace in my heart, and on the following day I confessed Christ as my own personal Saviour in my home circle. Although many times sorely tried and tested, searched out and tempted, His peace is with me still, and I know that He is faithful that promised. He cannot deny Himself.

The prince of this world is a hard master. He binds with chains and blinds his slaves. My Saviour comes to open the blind eyes and set the captives free. He is at your door now! Won't you let Him in? He waits to give you joy and blessing. Hearken to His life-giving words: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

I. B. C.

THE CHRIST REJECTER'S END.



MAN was dying in the town of Dunfermline. His agony was almost insupportable. Conscience was now sinking its scorpion sting into his soul, while memory was recalling sins he had committed. His obstinacy and guilt, his folly and rebellion, seemed to overwhelm him. Earnestly did my friend speak to him of the love of the Lord Jesus, urging him to neglect salvation no longer. Suddenly his eyes stared wildly in their sockets, and he shrieked, "When shall I meet God? When shall I meet God?" "James," was the reply, "if you don't meet Him now as a loving Father you will soon meet Him as an angry Judge. We are about to part never again to meet in Time, and I want to ask you solemnly this question, Have you accepted or rejected God's salvation?" He paused, and then screamed out, "I HAVE REJECTED! I HAVE REJECTED CHRIST!" An hour after this he passed into eternity without giving any evidence that he was saved. Unsaved reader, no longer despise God's pardon; no longer resist the Holy Spirit; no longer neglect the great salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." A. M.

AMONG THE HOP PICKERS.

ONE Sunday morning two Christian men visited a company of hop pickers at their camp. The background of the scene was formed by sheds, at the doors of which many were washing. Curling smoke was rising from the



A FAMILY OF HOP PICKERS AT WORK,

fires kindled upon the ground for cooking purposes, and preparations for dinner seemed pretty general; some were cutting potatoes, and others making puddings, or getting ready the joints.

Choosing a spot where a number of felled trees would form seats for the congregation, and where the smoke would

Among the Hop Pickers.

not drive into the throats and eyes, the two visitors started an old Gospel song :

“Behold! behold the Lamb of God!
On the cross!
For us He shed His precious blood,
On the cross.”

Many drew near, and took their seats upon the logs as the singers continued—

“Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
On the cross.
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross.”

This “bell-ringing” for service was evidently understood, for the stragglers gathered up, while many of the busy ones put down their work. Then came the last verse, which fully showed the singers’ intention in coming there—

“Where’er I go I’ll tell the story
Of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
THAT JESUS TASTED DEATH FOR ME,
On the cross.”

There was silence for a moment, and then the younger man said: “‘Jesus tasted death for me.’ Not only can I sing these beautiful words, but I believe them. ‘Jesus tasted death for me.’ The Bible says, ‘We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man’ (Heb. 2. 9). He died for sinners, and I know He died for me. None are left out; God loves sinners. Now suppose,” he added, “I saw some preparing dinner, others getting ready potatoes, others their meat, but none for me, how unhappy I should be! But God’s word of grace is for all. He says, ‘Behold, I have prepared My dinner: My oxen and My fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come’ (Matt. 22. 4).”

Such is the joyful message which has made glad the heart of many hop pickers. Has it made *you* glad? W. L.

TRUSTING TO HIS OWN MERITS.

IN the summer of 1878 there was a blessed work of grace in the town of Kilmarnock. Many professed to accept of the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour from sin and death and hell. Amongst such was a respectable, upright, religious man of the name of Alexander Milligan. At the close of one of the meetings he was observed weeping. On being asked the cause of his grief, he replied: "Excuse me, sir, I never wept before in public." "What is the matter?"



DEAN CASTLE, KILMARNOCK.

inquired my fellow labourer. "Oh," said he, "I was a church member for twenty-five years, and have been *trusting to my own merits*. I was never saved till to-night. I NOW SEE THAT SALVATION IS OBTAINED THROUGH THE BLOOD OF JESUS."

"I am surprised," says one, "that any intelligent person should imagine that salvation is obtained in any other way." Most people in this country would contend for the scripture doctrine of salvation through the blood of Christ. Whilst doing so, they do not believe that the work which Christ accomplished is ENOUGH. It is one thing to believe that it

Trusting to His Own Merits.

was *necessary* for Christ to die on account of our sins, and it is another thing to believe that it was *sufficient*. God's Word reveals the fact that sinners are justified by faith *apart from works*. "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 4, 5). From this, and many other passages of Scripture, it is evident that salvation cannot be had on the ground of our deservings. The blood of Christ is sufficient on which to rest for eternity, and to add anything to it is to despise the grace of God. Multitudes to-day are endeavouring to *merit* His pardoning mercy—members of churches and chapels, earnest and sincere Sunday-school workers, but not regenerated.

For twenty-five long years Mr. Milligan expected to merit admission into the gloryland because of *his own merits*. Year after year he sat at the communion table, not knowing Him whom He professed to "remember" in the broken bread and outpoured wine. And during that quarter of a century he was eating and drinking judgment to his soul!

It is "by grace" that men are saved. And "grace" is God's free, unmerited favour. If our prayers, works, money, vows, or resolutions had anything whatever to do with procuring the favour of God, salvation would not be *all* of grace. "And if by grace, then is it no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace: but if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work" (Rom. 11. 6).

Mr. Milligan was saved through faith in Him who paid the ransom for his deliverance with His precious blood. As you read these lines you may obtain like blessing. Because of the "finished" work of Christ, God's holy claims have been fully met, and now in perfect consistency with His character He is enabled to pardon righteously all who believe on His Son. The blood *secures*, and the word *assures*. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7). May the language of your heart be that of the familiar lines:

"Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked come to Thee for dress;
Helpless look to Thee for grace:
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

"NEXT SUNDAY WEEK."

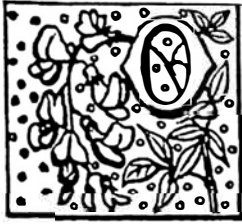
The daughter said: "NEXT SUNDAY WEEK I WILL GIVE MY HEART TO GOD."

The mother said: "IS MY DAUGHTER GONE TO HEAVEN?" What was the answer?



"ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF WARWICKSHIRE."

"NEXT SUNDAY WEEK."



VER thirty years ago a friend of mine was preaching the gospel near one of the beauty spots of Warwickshire. One Sunday evening he took for his text the familiar yet little understood words of Christ, as contained in John 5. 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." As a result of the address a young woman was deeply convicted of sin, and remained for personal conversation. The evangelist sought to lead her into the light and liberty of the gospel by pointing her to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29).

There seemed to be some hindrance to her accepting of Christ as her Saviour. The evangelist urged her to close with God's proffered mercy, but she seemed unwilling to yield to the strivings of the Holy Spirit. The gospeller besought her to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and she replied: "NOT TO-NIGHT. NOT TO-NIGHT." On leaving the meeting-room she said to Mr. A——: "NEXT SUNDAY WEEK I WILL GIVE MY HEART TO GOD." Seeing that she was bent on procrastinating, the preacher quietly replied: "By next Sunday week you may be dead and damned." Something seemed to be standing between the young woman and God, which she was unwilling to renounce. Perhaps that is the reason why the reader is unsaved. If so, how dreadful it is to allow anything to intervene between you and your eternal interests!

On the Saturday preceding the Sunday the young woman referred to, Mr. A—— was asked to call at a cottage near to the Crown Hotel. The evangelist reached the place, and, on entering the house, found a number of young men dressed in black, and smoking tobacco pipes. As he gazed around the room he asked, "Why am I wanted here?" A grief-stricken woman, sobbing bitterly, sprang forward and exclaimed, "Is my daughter gone to heaven?" "Who is your daughter?" inquired Mr. A——. He was told that she was the young woman whom he had spoken to a few days previously. She had been suddenly seized with violent internal pains, and in great agony screamed, "LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME," and in less than five minutes she was called into eternity.

"Next Sunday Week."

The young men assembled in the room had been attending her funeral. "How sad!" says one. "How awfully sudden!" says another. Yes, indeed, it was sad and sudden. Little did the young woman imagine when she delayed the settling of the question of her soul's salvation on the Sunday night that she was so near eternity. Oh, the multitudes who are excusing themselves out of heaven, and perish in their sins through procrastination! They have no thought or intention of going to hell. They "intend" and "expect" to be saved sometime. The "god of this world"—Satan—is blinding them to their true condition.

The Word of God reveals the fact that every unsaved person is now *under condemnation*. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3. 18). Unsaved reader, ponder the terrible fact that now, as you read these lines, you are "condemned already." The ground of your condemnation is the fact, that, though Christ died on Calvary to save you from unending woe, you do not believe on Him. You may think and say that you believe on the Lord Jesus, but if you are still unsaved you never *really* believed on Him. "*All that believe are justified from all things*" (Acts 13. 38, 39).

Delay no longer, for delays are dangerous. You may be *suddenly* cut down in your sins as a cumberer of the ground, and when you awake in an undone eternity you will never be able to forgive yourself. Then you will know that God loved you, that Christ died for you, that the Holy Spirit strove with you, that there was not a hairbreadth between you and salvation, and that no one was to blame but yourself! Why not *now* believe on the Lord Jesus and be saved for eternity? (Acts 16. 30, 31). Why not *now* believe on the Son of God, Who loved you and gave Himself for you, and obtain eternal life as a free gift and a present possession? "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36). So long as you continue an unbeliever, the wrath of a holy God rests upon you. So long as you don't believe on Christ, you are guilty of the dreadful sin of calling God *a liar* (1 John 5. 10, 11).

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3. 15). Look and live now. A. M.

"I CAN GO IN WITH THEM."

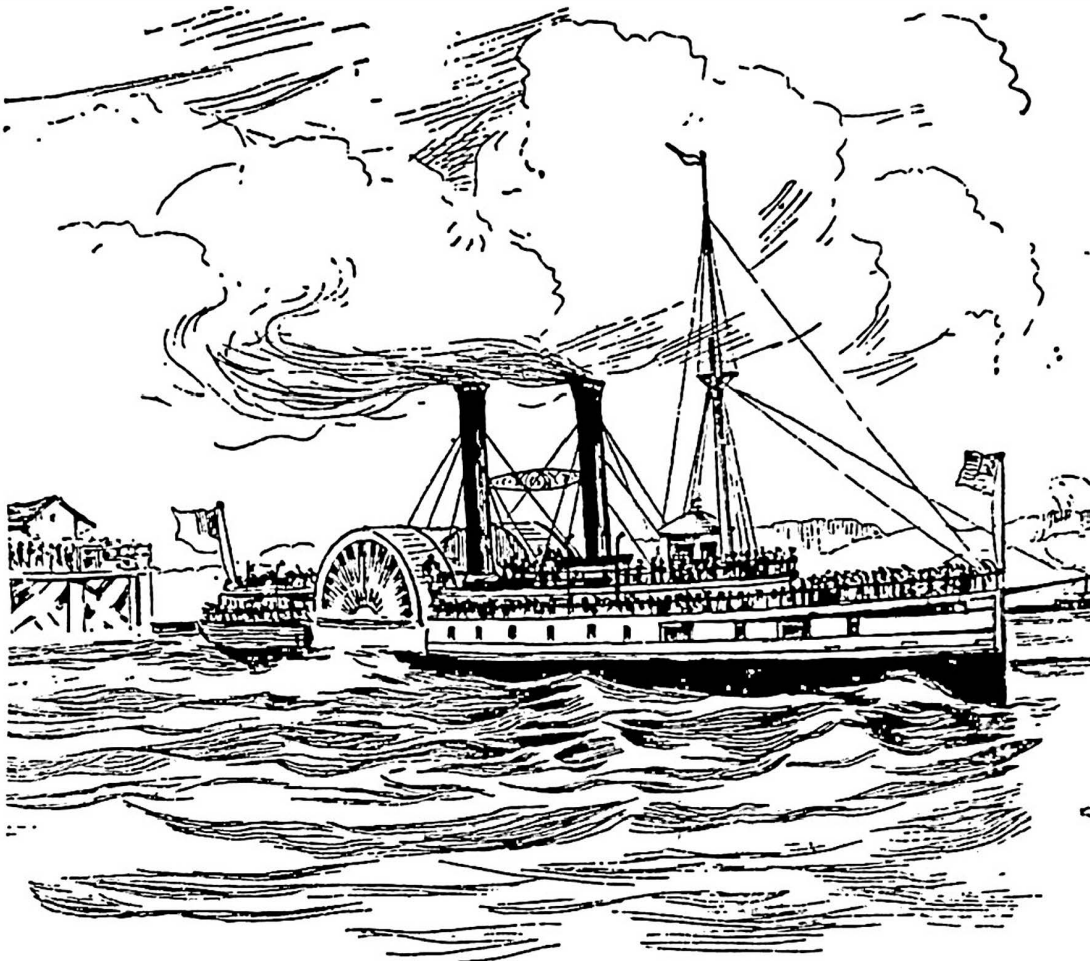


I HAVE read, said Mr. Spurgeon, of one who dreamed a dream when in great distress of mind about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory. They passed by him through the gate, and he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked. "They are the goodly fellowship of the *Prophets*, who have gone to be with God." He heaved a deep sigh, as he said, "Alas! I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there." By-and-by there came another band, equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard. "Who are they?" "They are the goodly fellowship of the *Apostles*." "Alas!" he said, "I belong not to that fellowship, and I cannot enter there." He still waited, but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of *Martyrs*. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still, and saw a company of *Preachers*, but he felt he could not go in with them.

At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner, and the thief that died upon the cross. He looked long, and saw there Manasseh, and the like; and when they entered, he could see who they were, and he thought, "There will be no shouting about them." But to his astonishment, it seemed as if all heaven was rent with sevenfold shouts as they passed in. And the angels said to him, "These are they that are MIGHTY SINNERS, SAVED BY MIGHTY GRACE." And then he said, "Blessed be God! *I can go in with them.*" And so he awoke. Will you enter the portals as "a sinner saved by grace"?

SHORT-LIVED PLEASURES.



THE yearly return of the 24th of May brings to not a few of the residents of London, Ontario, and vicinity, sad recollections of a dreadful calamity that befell them in the year 1881, whereby many of their loved ones were swept into eternity. It was the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday, and as the sun rose warm and clear that morning, many looked forward with bright anticipation to a day of unmixed pleasure. To some the city had its attractions, others took the early trains in order that they might spend the day with friends in some of the neighbouring towns and villages, and, again, others found an attraction in the pure fresh air of a little summer resort a few miles down the River Thames.

A small steamer, the *Victoria*, plied up and down the river, carrying pleasure seekers, and did that day a busy trade. About 5 o'clock the boat that was to take them home reached the wharf, the gangway was laid, and the surging mass began to crowd on board, each one eager to get a place. The protests of the captain and the crew were

Short-lived Pleasures.

in vain, and soon the little vessel was overcrowded, the gangway withdrawn, and the homeward trip began. It was a heavy load, and the boat swayed considerably as the people moved from side to side to escape the water that from time to time laved over the edge of the lower deck.

The orders of the captain that they should be quiet were unheeded, the excitement rose higher, and the swaying of the boat became more perceptible, until with a sudden lurch it rolled over, the stanchions supporting the upper deck gave way, and the panic-stricken multitude were CAST INTO THE RIVER. Wounded and insensible, many of them sank at once to the bottom; others made desperate efforts to escape to the shore, some of them succeeding; others, becoming exhausted, sank, in many cases dragged down by drowning ones, thus multiplying the number of the dead.

Later on there might have been seen stretched out on the grass that lined the river's bank nearly two hundred men, women and children, called from the midst of holiday pleasure into the presence of a holy and heart-searching God.

What a picture of earthly pleasure! And how solemn it is! Had you been one of the number, where would your soul be now? "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6. 7). Many are going on in a haphazard way, waiting for a "convenient season," which, alas! never comes, and hoping for an indefinite "*something*," which they trust will happen in order to take them safely through the ordeal of meeting God when they die, for getting the Lord Jesus has said: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3.) Listen to those words that came from His blessed lips when down here: "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 3. 16). Then we have His own loving invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28); and His assurance, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). Come, then, as you are! Come now! but *come to Jesus!* It may be your last opportunity. To-morrow the day of grace may be closed forever, and you be shut out. Myriads will be praising the Lamb, but multitudes will be shut out from that glory and shut up in "the blackness of darkness forever." Soon Time will be no more, and Eternity begun. T.

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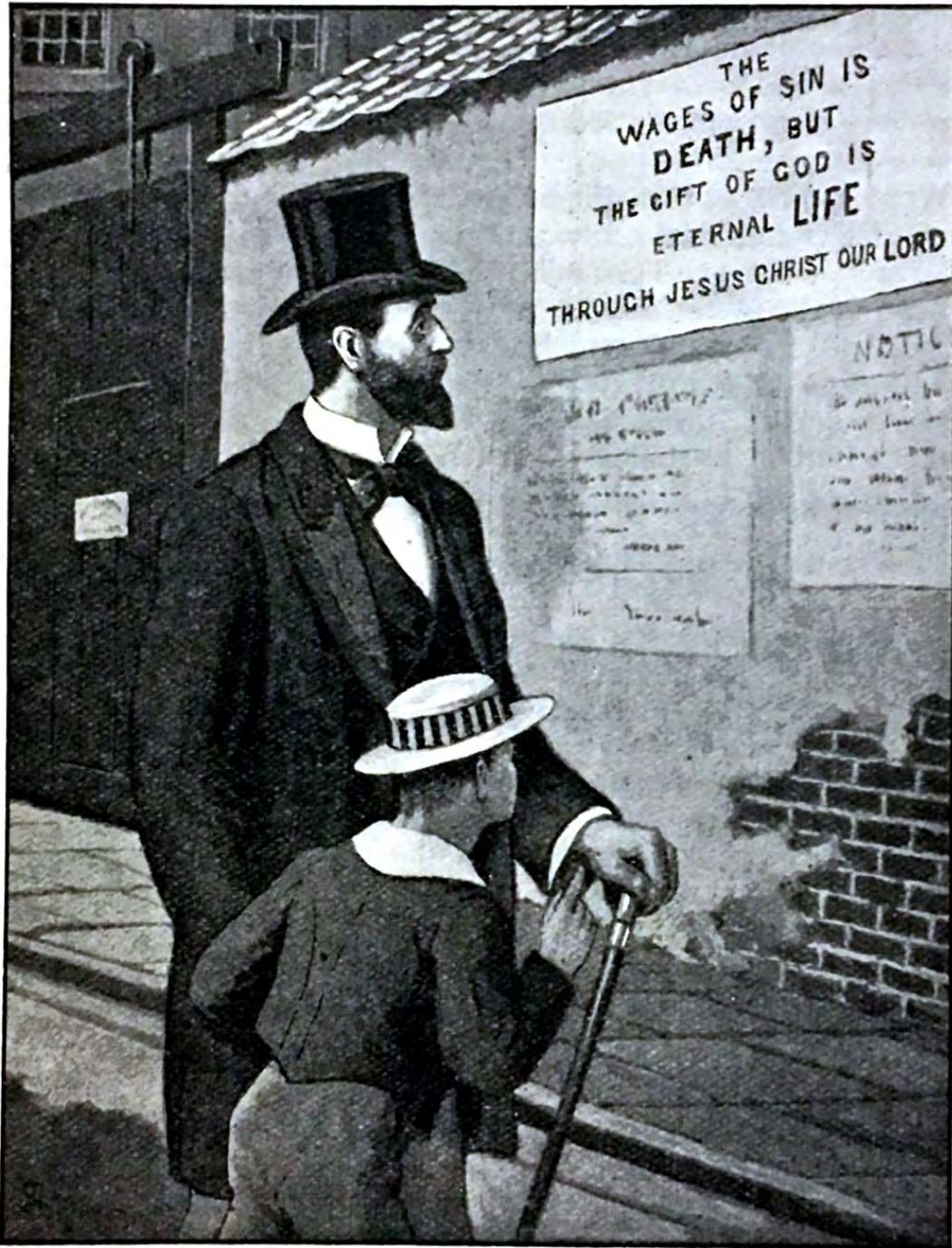
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THE BANK MANAGER'S DELIVERANCE.



R. CARSON was a bank manager in a country town, on the shores of Lake Ontario, Canada. Although a good-hearted man of the world, and a nominal member of the Church of England, Mr. Carson was a stranger to grace and to God. During a visit to Montreal he was the guest of his sister, whose husband was an official in the same Banking Institution as himself. On a wall on the opposite side of the road from the Ritualistic Church, which Mr. Carson's relations attended, a text of Scripture was placarded. A Christian merchant, desirous that God's Word should be brought before the Roman Catholic citizens of that commercial centre, had portions of Scripture printed in large bold type, and posted in the leading thoroughfares. One word of the poster caught Mr. Carson's eye, and troubled him greatly. It was the word "DEATH" occurring in Romans 6. 23. The text was printed very distinctly in bold black letters, and was about three feet long, and two feet wide, with a deep black border, as follows:—

**THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH,
BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE
THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.**

Death to Mr. Carson at that time was the "King of Terrors." He tried to banish the thought, but was unable to do so. "The wages of sin is *death*"; "The wages of sin is *death*," rang in his ear, and pierced his soul. He instinctively felt that the words were the voice of the living God to him, and he had to listen. He knew that he was a sinner, but did not know till then the magnitude of his guilt. He saw that he was lost and helpless, hurrying to the bar of a holy and righteous God, and feared lest he might be cut down in his sins, and be ushered into a Christless eternity. Ofttimes he has said, "If ever a man had a glimpse of hell, it was I."

Mr. Carson knew that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23); that, "the soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. 18. 20). Conscious of the fact, that he had sinned against light and love, he trembled at the

The Bank Manager's Deliverance.

terrible doom that awaited him. Immediately he commenced trying to save himself. Earnestly and fervently he sought to work himself into the favour of God by extra church-going, alms-giving, praying, and religious observances. Supposing that forgiveness of sins was obtained by good works, he strove to merit God's pardoning mercy. Perhaps it will be better to describe in his own words his experience at that time, by giving an extract from a letter received by me. "I fasted," he says, "till I could barely walk. Day after day during the 'Lenten' season of the church of England, I walked early in the morning, without breakfast, to a Ritualistic church to take the morning sacrament, thinking that by so doing I would obtain peace. I fasted the rest of the day, and prayed so earnestly and so long that I am surprised I did not break down. I gave away my money, and did everything a deceitful heart and a false system suggested, until, worn out and discouraged, I almost gave up in despair. I wonder how I stood the agony and pain, both of mind and body, which I endured day after day, and week after week. I feel certain that it was the Holy Spirit who sustained me during that severe ordeal. He was teaching me the plague of my own heart, and for some wise purpose was showing me the utter futility of forms, sacraments, and religious ordinances in obtaining God's favour."

The more Mr. Carson toiled to save himself, the more miserable and wretched he became. He did not then know that God desired him to cease his struggles and efforts, and accept eternal life as a "free gift." "To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to HIM THAT WORKETH NOT, BUT BELIEVETH ON HIM THAT JUSTIFIETH THE UNGODLY, HIS FAITH IS COUNTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS" (Rom. 4. 4, 5).

On a lovely spring morning Mr. Carson, with a sad and weary heart, was returning from church in company with his little nephew. The lad said to him, "Uncle Willie, let us cross the street." On doing so, they halted in front of the text to which reference has already been made. Mr. Carson read it slowly and deliberately: "THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH, BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD."

As his eye caught the latter part of the Scripture: "But the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," the soul-saving truth of the Gospel shone into his darkened soul. Throwing up his hands, he exclaimed, "My God, is it possible

The Bank Manager's Deliverance.

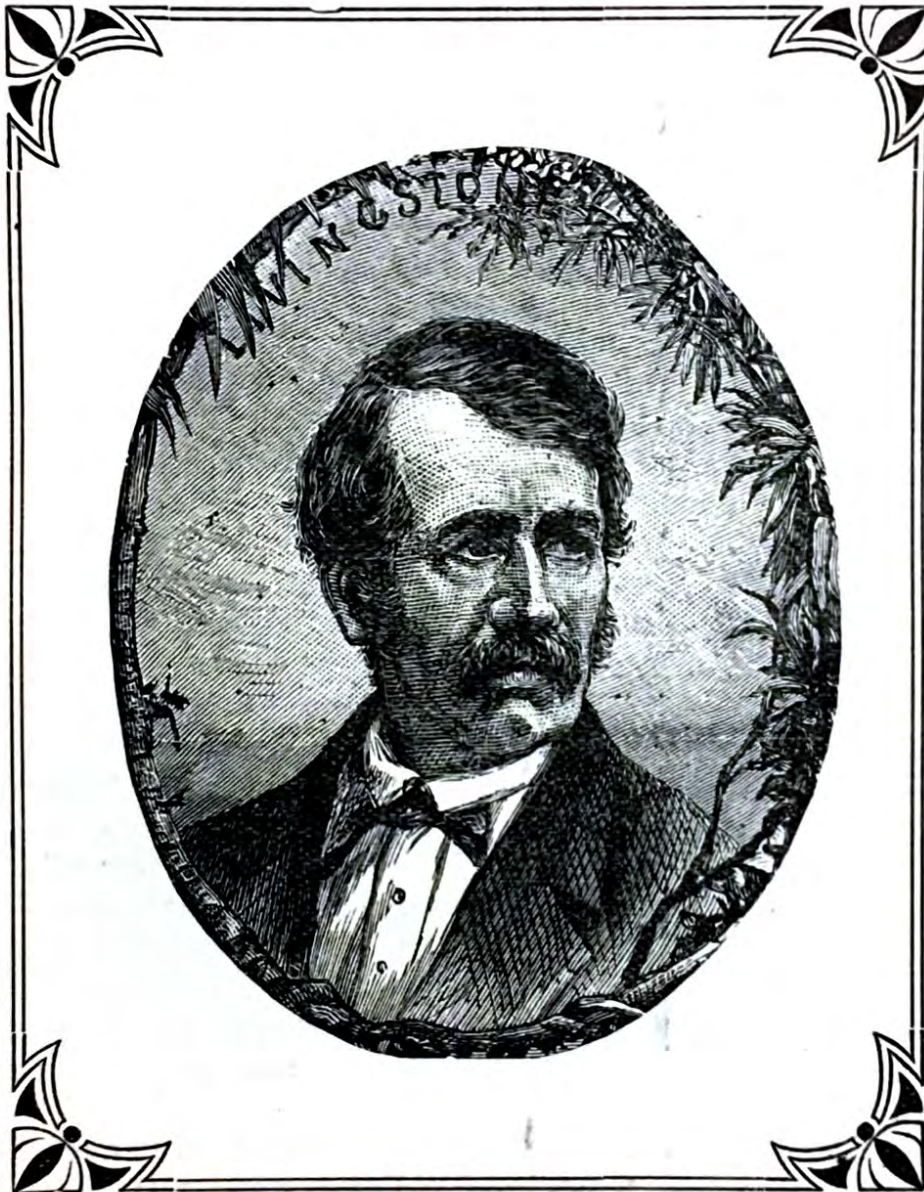
that eternal life is a free gift? and I have been working so hard to procure it!" In a moment he perceived that Christ by His sin-atonement sacrifice, had settled the sin question, and procured for him eternal life; and by believing on Him who did it all and paid it all, he was saved.

When Mr. Carson discovered that God had given to him eternal life, and saved him with an everlasting salvation, he immediately hastened to his sister's house, pulling his nephew behind him. On reaching his room he fell on his knees, and gave thanks to God for plucking him as a brand from the everlasting burnings. At the contemplation of his life of sin and folly, ingratitude, and rebellion; of God's amazing love in giving Christ to die in his room and stead, his heart overflowed in praise and thanksgiving. In the freshness and joyousness of "first love," he made the following resolution: "Henceforth, I shall devote my life, my heart, my strength, my all, to the proclamation of the gospel, which has been God's power to the salvation of my soul." And sitting down at the table, he wrote out his resignation as Manager of the — Bank, at —, and forwarded it a few days later to the head office. Constrained by divine love, he commenced to tell to others the "glad and glorious Gospel." For more than thirty years Mr. Carson has been engaged in this blessed work, and we have heard him in England, Canada, and the United States telling the story of his conversion to God.

Whatever you are, or have been, you may now obtain eternal life as a "free gift" from God. Don't try to purchase it, for it cannot be earned by good works, prayers, penitence, penance, or sacraments. Perfect satisfaction has been made by the Lord Jesus to the injured honour of the divine character and government. Because of His glorious atonement, you are now invited and entreated to be reconciled to God. (2 Cor. 5. 20, 21). What the Lord Jesus Christ did at Calvary's cross is ENOUGH. God is satisfied with His finished work, and He desires that you should be satisfied with that which satisfies Him. Cease looking within or around. Look to Jesus, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree . . . by whose stripes ye were healed" (1 Peter 2. 24). Believe in His mighty love to you, and you will be able to say, "GOD LOVED, GOD GAVE, I BELIEVE, AND I HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE." Then you will join Mr. Carson in praise to the God of all grace, in words which he frequently quotes: "THANKS BE UNTO GOD FOR HIS UNSPEAKABLE GIFT." A. M.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S CONVERSION.

IN the year 1813, two years before the memorable Battle of Waterloo, there was born in Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland, one who was destined in after years to become distinguished, wherever the English language is spoken.



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David Livingstone's Conversion.

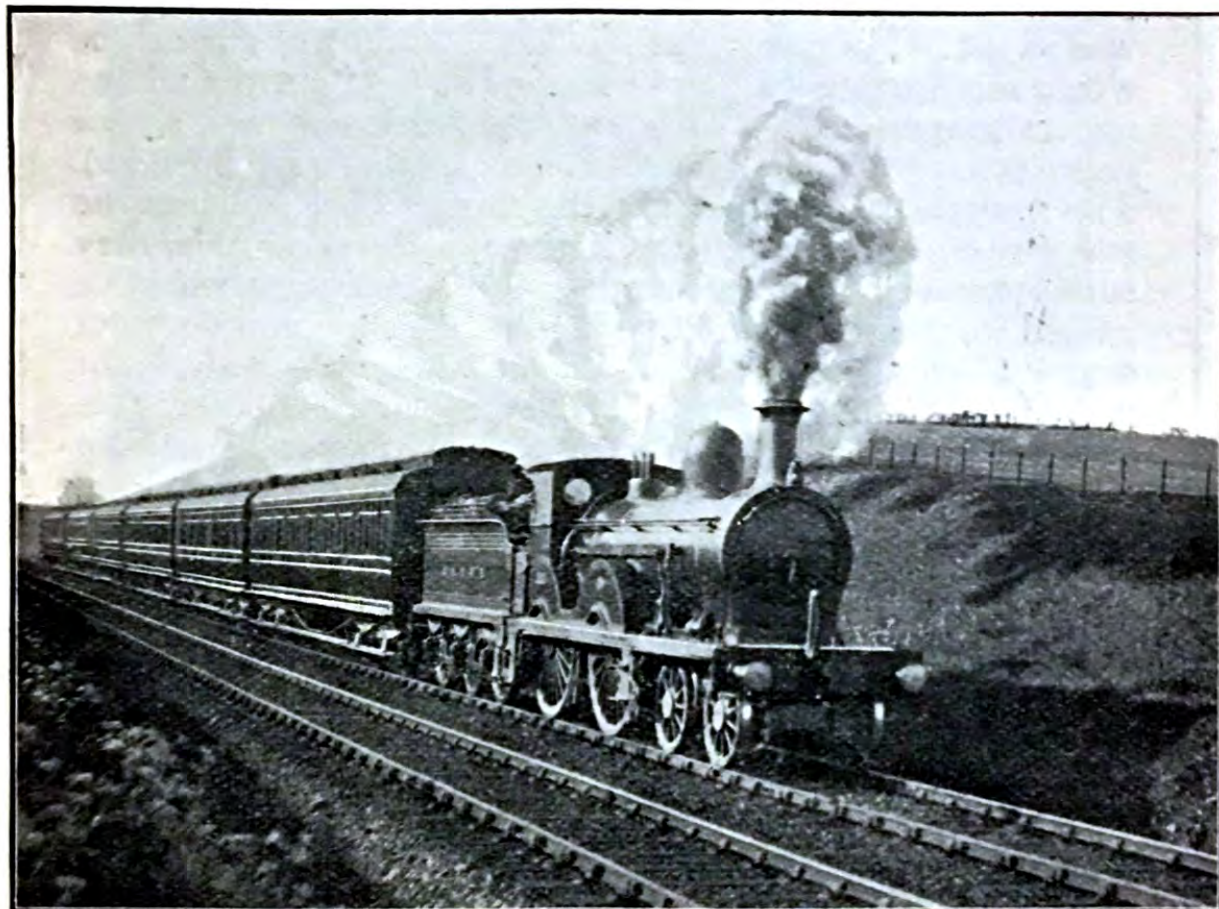
had often had times of serious thought as to his spiritual welfare, which he could scarcely escape having had, in view of the fact that he had been brought up in a godly home and "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Very much care had been taken by his parents in regard to his Scriptural instruction. They had been at great pains to set before him the doctrines of the Christian faith, so that with his mind full of Gospel precepts and promises, the idea of a full, free, and present salvation through the atoning work of our Lord Jesus Christ was, in theory at least, easily enough received by him. It came quite natural to him to give assent to the things he had learned from a child up, but when the years of his young manhood began to gather round him he was led very urgently to feel the need of a personal and vital interest in the salvation which had been provided through Christ's atoning death. A sense of unworthiness, however, stood in his way, as it has stood in the way of many another seeking soul. He looked within for some ground of hope, but all such research only added to his despair, for in the flesh there dwelleth no good thing. Instead of looking off unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of salvation, in whom all merit is to be found, he looked for merit within, where it never can be found, and in consequence met with nothing but disappointment.

But after a time his fruitless endeavours ceased, and gave place to saving faith; he "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ" and was "saved" (Acts 16. 31). Discovering his error of trying to obtain salvation on any other ground than that of free grace, and finding the rest of soul that he had longed for in Calvary's ransom price, the desire from thenceforth possessed him to show his gratitude and love to the Saviour who had done so much for him by enlisting his energies in His service.

On receiving a revelation from Christ, the great missionary of apostolic times said: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" So with Dr. Livingstone, whose long, useful career as a missionary is a matter of public knowledge, and need not be rehearsed even in the briefest form here. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him. His remains repose in Westminster Abbey, where rest the remains of many of the great, but among them all there is not one greater than David Livingstone, the Blantyre factory lad, Africa's truest friend—a sinner saved by grace. J. C.

"NO ONE CAN BE CERTAIN OF THAT."

WHILE travelling in a railway carriage in the south of Scotland, I began to distribute some Gospel books amongst my fellow-passengers. A tall, stout man, sitting opposite me, while reading the one I had given him, shouted aloud: "And he was quite right." I asked what he meant. Holding the book in his hand he replied: "The man spoken of here, when asked if his sins were forgiven, replied that no one could be certain of that, and I believe he was right."



A GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY EXPRESS.

I remarked that that was only his opinion, and he might be wrong. "Oh! but," said he, "no man living knows that he is saved, and I don't care how good he is, he cannot be certain of it on this side of the grave." "Surely you don't believe God's Word." "Oh, yes, I believe every verse of it, from Genesis to Revelation."

Opening my Bible I read: "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" (1 John 5. 13). "You say, 'No one can know,' and God plainly says in His

"No one can be certain of that."

Word, 'Ye may know,' whether should I believe you or God?" Immediately he burst out saying, "I don't care what you say, we can never be certain about it till we die; we must just do what we can, and hope for the best." "Friend," I replied, "I am sorry that you don't believe what God has said." "But I do believe the Bible." "Does K-N-O-W read H-O-P-E in your version?" To this he made no remark, excepting that no one could *know*, and that it was "great presumption" in any one "going the length" of saying he was saved. I replied that if what he said was correct, he would require to get a pair of scissors and cut out the following scriptures—(1) "I write unto you, little children, *because your sins are forgiven you* for His Name's sake" (1 John 2. 12). The Apostle John states that the sins of those to whom he was writing were forgiven. If the apostle knew this, they surely knew it themselves. (2) "*We know* that we have passed from death unto life" (1 John 3. 14). John does not say, "I who have attained to such holiness know," but "*We know.*" They knew it. They did not hope that this great change would take place. They knew it had taken place. (3) "*We are always confident*" (2 Cor. 5. 6). Paul did not say, "It is great presumption in any one to be confident"; nor did he say, "I who am so nearly perfect am confident," but, "*We are always confident.*" My fellow-traveller listened to the scriptures and my remarks on them, but declared that he would still hold to his opinion that "No one could be certain."

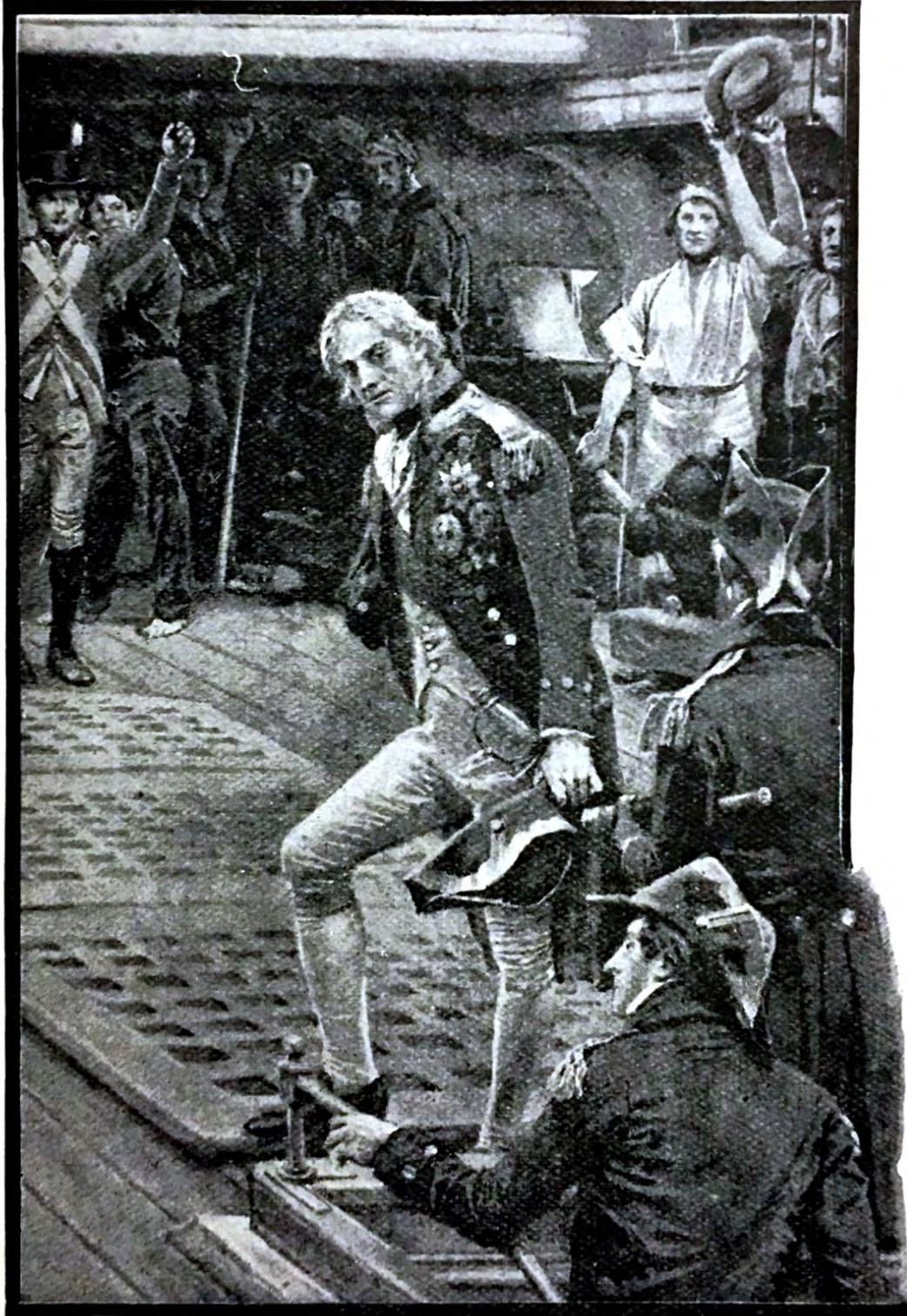
Have you hitherto imagined that no one could be sure of his sins being forgiven while here on earth? If so, lay aside your "thoughts" and "opinions," and believe God's Word. Whether will you believe God or man? "Tell me how I can be sure of it," I hear one ask. You can only know it through believing what God has said in His Word. You can *know* it, and *know it now*, as you read these lines. You and I deserved to die eternally on account of our sins, but Christ died for us. The punishment that we merited He took. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities"; and now Jehovah declares, "By Him *all that believe* are justified" (Acts 13. 39). "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life" (John 3. 36). Don't wait for any "experience" or "feeling," but rest your soul on the bare Word of God, and you will *know* (not "feel") that you are saved and be certain about it.

A. M.

A TRUE FRIEND:

OR,

"IT WAS A DARING THING TO DO, BUT IT PROVED THE REALITY
OF HIS FRIENDSHIP."



NELSON AND HARDY AT TRAFALGAR.

A TRUE FRIEND.



EVERYONE will agree that it is a downright good thing to have a real and true friend—one in whom you may always trust, who will stand by you at all times, and never play you false. Such a friend is well worth having. Now, I can introduce you to a Friend of this kind. He will never deceive you, and upon Him you may always safely depend. The Book which never lies says: "He sticketh closer than a brother" and "loveth at all times," and those who know Him best are the readiest to bear witness to the fact that all the Bible says of Him is true. His name is JESUS. This is the Friend in whom I glory, and it would be well if He were the boast of every one who reads this page. Yes, Jesus is the Friend of whom I write, and the Friend whom you need; in every walk of life you need Him, whether, so to speak, you ship behind the mast or walk the quarter-deck, whether your responsibilities are great or small, your trials heavy or light, you cannot get on aright without Him.

The most successful life is a stupendous failure, when judged in the light of Eternity, if it is lived without the Lord Jesus Christ. But He is not only indispensable to you, He is all-sufficient—fully equal to every emergency in which you may find yourself.

Now, do not turn away as though He were not worthy of your notice, or the time will come when you will heartily wish you knew Him. When will that be? When the hollow shams that please you now have ceased to be, and you are confronted with the tremendous realities of the vast Forever, and the reason why it would be well for you to know Him at that supreme moment is because He is greater than all that could make you afraid then.

He is greater than your sins, greater than the judgment they deserve, greater than the power of death, the grave, and Satan; in short, we who know Him proclaim Him to be the greatest and most blessed Person in God's universe. Well, if He is greater than all these terrible things, He is surely greater than this world, more glorious than its greatest glory, more powerful than its utmost might; He is greater than your foes and trials, and, being so, is the very Saviour and Friend you need.

How happy is the portion of those who belong to the Lord Jesus! He is sufficient in every time of need. His

A True Friend.

power and grace are ever put forth on their behalf, for He is at all times true to them.

An incident from the life of Lord Nelson may in some sort of a way illustrate for us the unfailing love and friendship of the Saviour. It is well known that Nelson had a strong and life-long affection for his lieutenant, Hardy. On one occasion this affection was put severely to the test. Nelson was then Commodore, and his flag flew from the mast of the frigate *Minerve*. On Feb. 11, 1797, he left Gibraltar to join the fleet under the command of Sir John Jervis.

Nelson had no sooner weighed anchor than he perceived two Spanish battleships moving in pursuit of him, the foremost of which was gaining upon him. As the *Minerve* was inferior in size and equipment to the Spanish vessels, all sails were set to get out of their reach. At this moment a sailor fell overboard, and Hardy, who had just been released from Spanish captivity, leaped into a boat with a party of men to attempt a rescue. Their efforts proved useless, and they sought to regain their ship, but the current was against them, and then to their consternation they found that the foremost Spanish ship was now within gun-shot. It was also evident that if Nelson waited to pick them up his ship would be overtaken, and run the risk of being destroyed or captured. He took in the situation at a glance, and at once decided to take the risk of saving his friend. "I will not lose Hardy," he exclaimed; "back the mizzen topsail." At once the *Minerve's* course was changed, and she began to drift towards Hardy, and in the direction of the Spanish ship *Terrible*. Now was the Spaniards' opportunity to avenge themselves upon Nelson, and he fully expected an engagement, and prepared his ship for action.

But the Dons feared his prowess, and were utterly taken by surprise at this daring manœuvre, so much so that the *Terrible* shortened sail in order to allow her companion to come up before commencing an attack. This gave Nelson the time he desired. He was able to save Hardy from falling into the hands of the Spaniards again, and, setting his studding sails, he got clear away from the foe. It was a daring thing to do, but it proved the reality of his friendship. He risked his ship, his reputation, his liberty, and his life in order to stand by his friend and save him from his perilous surroundings, and I am sure that Hardy would never doubt the sincerity of Nelson's love to him after such a test.

A True Friend.

But let us think for a moment of the constancy and love of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was said of Him, when here on earth, He is the friend of publicans and sinners; and verily, though this was said in bitter derision, He has gained for Himself this title—gained it by proving the reality of His love. It was written in olden days: “If a man would have friends he must show himself friendly”; and truly the Son of God has shown Himself to be friendly, in order that He might gain friends. He could say, “Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friends.” This is what He did, and, having done it, He offers Himself to all. You—yes, even you—may accept Him, you may trust in Him as your Saviour; then you will prove how great a Friend He is. You will be able to sing:

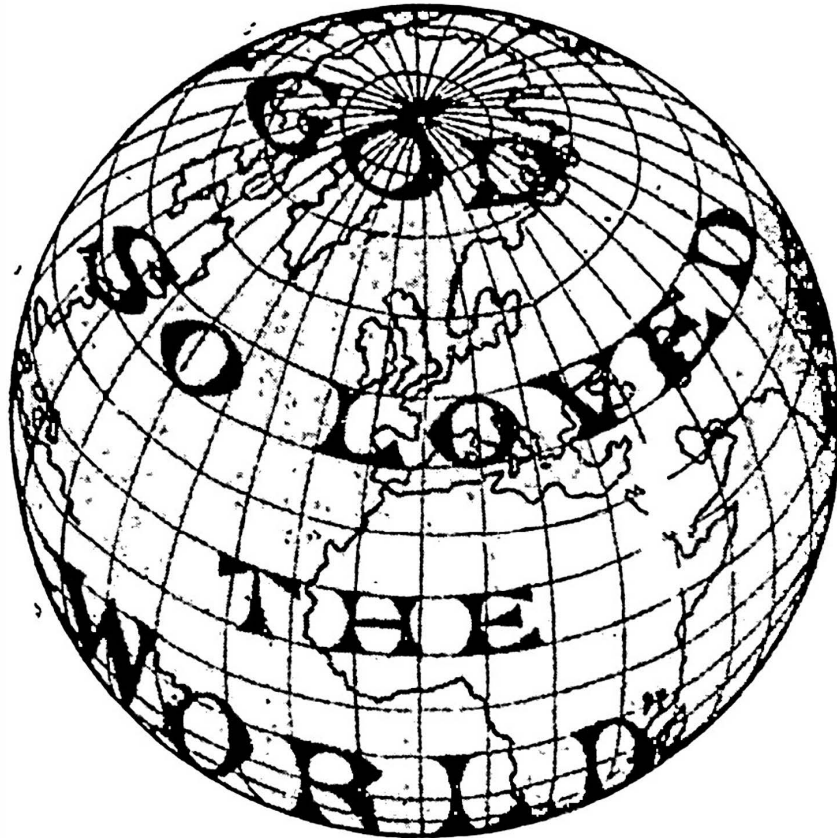
“I have found a Friend in Jesus,
Oh, how He loves!”

And His love will never change. Having saved you, He will care for you all the way home. It is true that Christians have many foes in this world. Satan desires to harm them, and hates them bitterly because they belong to Christ; but he cannot destroy them, for Jesus has said of them: “They shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of My hand.” Nor need we fear the foe, for our Lord Jesus Christ has also said, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” And He is greater than all our foes. He proved His greatness by overcoming them all upon the cross.

He did not merely risk the conflict with the foes in order to save sinners. He met them in stern battle, and, by dying Himself, has gained the victory, and He has now risen triumphantly from the grave. He is the conqueror, His right hand has gotten Him the victory, and the Christian can say, “I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.” His name and glory and word are all pledged to bring you to the harbour of heaven in perfect safety. The foe shall not again enslave you, because you belong to Him; but if you are not His, if you cannot say, “I am His and He is mine for ever and for ever,” your danger is most terrible. Oh, that your eyes may be opened to see it, that you may discover your sinfulness and the need of this Saviour; then you will turn to Him, and turning to Him, you will prove Him to be a present and eternal Saviour, “a Friend that loveth at all times, a Brother born for adversity.”

J. T. M.

"GOD LOVES YOU."



AT the close of a Gospel address I went up and spoke to a young man whom I thought seemed to be impressed by the preaching, but I soon found out that he had not heard a word, for he was deaf and dumb. However, I was not hindered by that difficulty, for knowing a little of their language, I just told him the words at the head of this paper, "God loves you." He looked at me with a vacant stare, and shaking his head, he replied in the same manner, "No, no! I don't believe it; I know He hates me." "However can you say so?" I asked. "I went to church, and the minister gave an address, which was interpreted to us, and he said that 'God would forever cast us into hell if we did not live holy lives and keep His holy commandments,' and ever since then I have not opened a Bible, I was so afraid, and of course I never went again."

"What did you come here for; you could not hear anything?" "I don't know why I came." "Shall I tell you," I asked. "If you know, you can." "Well, doubtless you were drawn by an unseen influence, that you might *know* that God's love is world-wide, therefore *God loves you!*" "I wish I did know it," he said. Taking up a Bible I turned him to John 3. 16, that grand old verse which has

"God Loves You."

brought peace to thousands—"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." The light seemed to shine in little by little, but still there was a kind of dread, and so turning to many other scriptures which spoke of God's love, I at last pointed him to 1 Johu 4. 17, 19: "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as He is, so are we in this world." "We love Him, because *He first loved us.*"

Again and again he read them, and the change in his countenance was wonderful, and taking his note-book out he wrote all the passages, and after bidding "good-bye," he said: "I see it all now, and although dumb, I can praise God for loving *me*, and Jesus for dying *for me.*"

God loves you, and has shown that love in giving His Son to die for you. He delights *not* in the death of the sinner (1 Tim. 2. 4). If He did, there would have been no need for the Lord Jesus to die. I want *you* to understand this, and to make no mistake about it, that God *loves you*. Now, give Him credit for it by just owning yourself as a sinner unworthy of such wondrous love, and let that draw you to Himself, and then you can thank and praise Him, for He will fill your heart with love to Him.

"Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you—
Oh, how He loves!"

F. H. D.

"AS GOOD AS MY NEIGHBOURS."

WHENEVER I hear anyone say, "I am as good as my neighbours," I at once conclude that something is materially wrong. Those who think themselves "as good as their neighbours" have never got a sight of themselves, else they would have discovered their own heart to be "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). I never heard a truly converted person say, "I am as good as my neighbours."

Job said, "Behold I am vile" (Job 40. 4). Isaiah cried, "Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips" (Isa. 6. 5). Peter confessed, "I am a sinful man" (Luke 5. 8). While Paul, so far from thinking himself as good as his neighbours, considered himself the "chief of sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15). Where do you stand?

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THE MOTORIST AND HIS MOTHER.



FRANK THOMSON was a bright, business man, who lived in the neighbourhood of New York city. He was the eldest of a large family, his mother being a decided Christian. From his earliest days he had been taught to reverence the Scriptures, and had been shown God's thoughts regarding sin and its penalty, as well as His provision to meet the need for all. Like many other young men, Thomson was much more concerned about "getting on" in the world than in "getting on" in the glory. He lived for Time instead of Eternity.

Some of his motoring friends occasionally gave him an invitation to join them in an automobile ride. One trip through the upper part of the city necessitated the crossing of a railroad track. As the party were doing so a train dashed into the automobile, immediately killing Thomson and seriously injuring several others. A man was despatched to convey the news to the bereaved parents. The father attended to the bell-call. The mother was upstairs when the messenger arrived, and on hearing of the sudden and unexpected death of her firstborn, she in piteous accents exclaimed, "AND HE WAS NOT SAVED!"

Frank Thomson went in for money-making and self-pleasing, and lost his soul. How terrible! Yet multitudes to-day are doing the same. Are you one of them?

Jeremiah, who has appropriately been called "the weeping prophet," in his lamentation over the sins and follies of God's earthly people, Israel, exclaimed, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are *not saved*" (Jer. 8. 20). The door of hope was not then closed for Israel. Though they had neglected salvation, their day of grace had not closed. They could still accept of the pardoning mercy of God. The moment Frank Thomson's soul left the body his doom was fixed and his fate was sealed.

Perhaps, like the motorist, you may have determined to go in for the world and "risk" the loss of your soul. If so, you are running a terrible "risk." If you are a young man, God warns you in the words: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that *for all these things God will bring thee into judgment*" (Eccles. 11. 9). Though often warned of the Christ-despiser's doom you close your

The Motorist and his Mother.

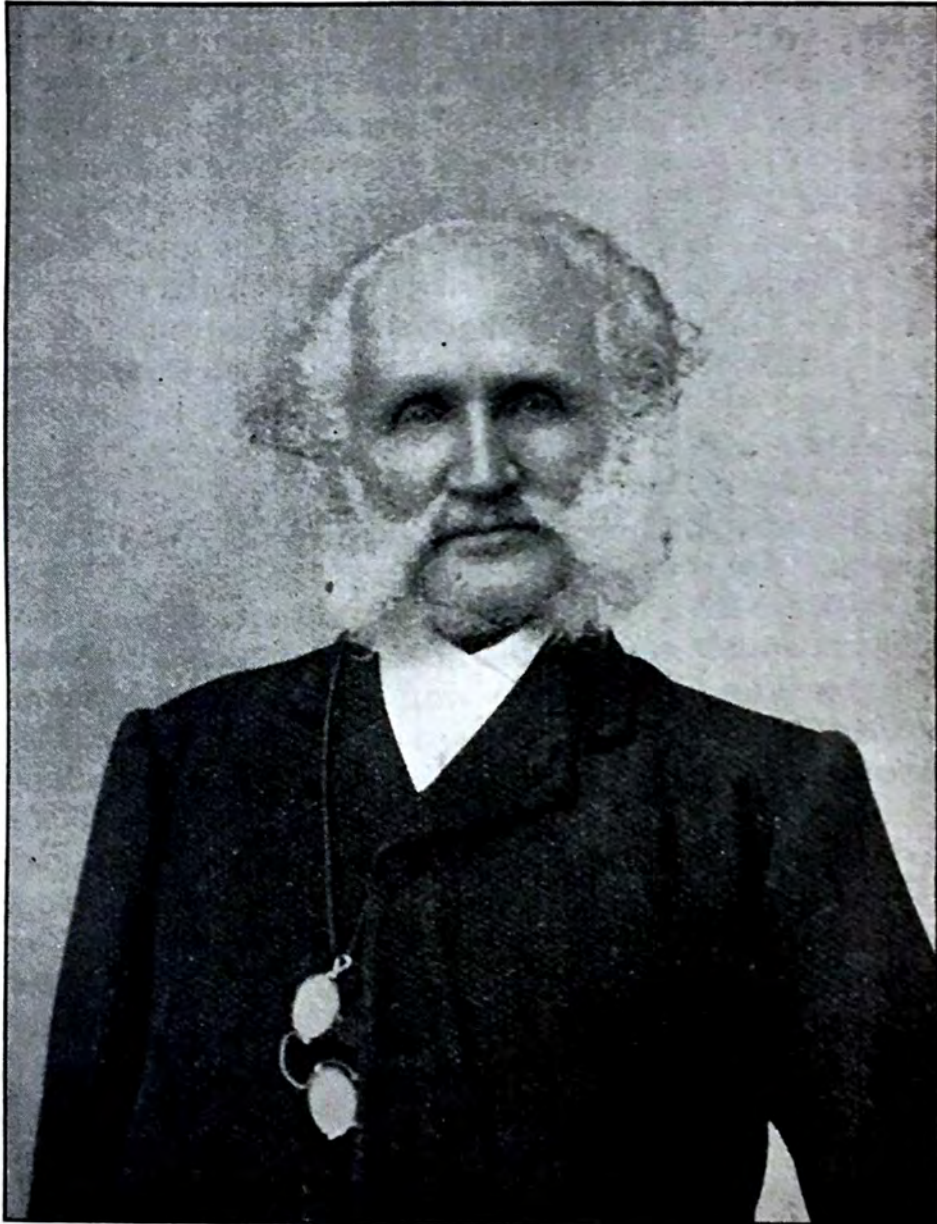
ear to God's voice of entreaty. Once again He speaks to you. Harken to His solemn remonstrance: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; . . . turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for WHY WILL YE DIE?" (Ezekiel 33. 11). Without any warning whatever you may be suddenly cut down in your sins and be doomed for eternity. Why, oh! why trifle with your soul? Why delay a moment longer? God has declared that "he that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck shall *suddenly be destroyed*, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1). You may be killed in an accident, be cut off by an act of judgment, or be suddenly taken away by natural causes. You may be at business, or in your home reading, talking, or writing, and without any special warning whatever, cease to breathe, and if you die unsaved you will be hopelessly, irretrievably, and eternally lost.

Don't imagine that because your mother is a Christian God is bound to answer her prayers and save you from hell. God won't *force* you to be reconciled to Him. He won't *compel* you to believe on His Son. Absalom might think that God would answer his father's prayers and save his soul. Harken to the bitter wail of King David when the news reached him of his son's sad end: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" (2 Sam. 18. 33).

"God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts 17. 30). He commands *you* at *this moment* to "repent," to change your mind about self, about God, sin, and salvation, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Now the door is open, enter while you may." "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and knock" (Luke 13. 24, 25). The urgency here spoken of is based on the fact that the Lord Jesus, who is now seated at God's right hand, will "rise up." Then be in haste. "Now the door is open, enter while you may." Christ is the door of entrance into God's presence. He loves you, and poured out His precious blood to save you from the lake of fire. "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. 10. 9). "Time ends, and then—Eternity." A. M.

A BARRISTER'S CONVERSION.

IN the winter of 1901 I spent ten days in the city of Wanganui, New Zealand, and saw a good deal of my old friend Mr. Gordon Forlong. I had not seen him for more than thirty years, and was delighted to hear him talking



THE LATE GORDON FORLONG, WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND.

of the wondrous revival times in Scotland in the sixties.

The story of his conversion to God was an exceedingly interesting one. He was a barrister by profession. Whilst in London on business he had occasion to call on the Honourable Arthur Kinnaird. Mr. Kinnaird suggested that he might see Mr. Hitchcock, of Hitchcock, Williams

A Barrister's Conversion.

& Co., St. Paul's Churchyard. He visited the warehouse and had an interview with him regarding a business matter. On leaving, Mr. Hitchcock said to him: "Mr. Forlong, what a pity you are not a Christian!" Unwilling to be drawn into a discussion on religion he parried Mr. Hitchcock's thrust by saying, "We Scotch people are well up in the Bible." "What a pity you are not a Christian!" was repeated by Mr. Hitchcock. The Scotsman hummed and hawed for a moment, and then said that he did not understand Mr. Hitchcock. "If you think you are a Christian," said the earnest soul-winner, "sit down on that chair and talk to me about Christ." "I cannot do that," replied Mr. Forlong. "No; I knew you could not," said the Christian merchant. "Now, Mr. Forlong, I would be very pleased if you would be kind enough to read a small book that I have." Mr. Forlong remarked that he read a good deal, and would gladly look over the book that he purposed giving him. The book he received was a copy of a treatise entitled, "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," by an American citizen, and is an able vindication of the Christian faith. He took it home and read it carefully. On perusing it he said to himself, "This book is wrong, but I cannot tell where." He became greatly interested in the position taken by the writer, and began re-reading it. As he studied it carefully, he was arrested by the words of Leviticus 17. 11: "For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for IT IS THE BLOOD THAT MAKETH AN ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL." Whilst reading these words the light of the glorious Gospel of God's wondrous grace burst into his soul's vision, and he said to himself, "That explains how the whole Bible streams with blood." He perceived *how* the blood made atonement, because the life is in the blood, and to pour out the blood signifies death. "He poured out His soul unto death" (Isa. 53. 12). And by believing that Christ died and made a full and perfect atonement for all his sins, he found rest to his sin-sick soul. He saw he was safe—not because of what he did for Christ, but because of what Christ did for him.

He hastened to tell Mr. Hitchcock that through reading the book he gave him he was saved. "Thank God for that," was the Christian merchant's response. "I cannot go on with that business matter now," said the young

A Barrister's Conversion.

convert. "And what are you going to do?" inquired Mr. Hitchcock. "I must preach the gospel," was the characteristic reply. He felt he had a call from God to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ, and he commenced to preach Christ and Him crucified with remarkable fervency and power. Multitudes of sinners were saved, and many Christians were helped through his faithful ministry. For more than half a century he was privileged to be an ambassador of the cross, until called to his eternal reward in September, 1908.

The writer can never forget the words spoken by Mr. Forlong in a circus in the city of Glasgow on a Sunday evening in January, 1865. I don't remember if he had any text, but I know he repeated again and again the following words: "IT'S THE BLOOD THAT SAVES! IT'S THE BLOOD THAT SAVES! IT'S THE BLOOD THAT SAVES!" He explained that Christ's blood-shedding had made a perfect atonement to the injured honour of the divine character and government, and all who believed on Him had eternal life. Dealing with the widespread difficulty of waiting for feelings, instead of TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD, he repeated again and again the words: "BELIEVING IS THE ROOT; FEELING IS THE FRUIT!" "BELIEVING IS THE ROOT; FEELING IS THE FRUIT!" I thank God that His servant was led to speak as he did. I had been waiting to *feel*. I ceased looking within, and looked to Christ dying for my crimson sins, and found life in a look at the crucified One.

Where is the reader looking? To Christ or self? To faith or feelings? Christ's atonement is *enough* to meet your deepest need. Is God not *fully satisfied* with what Christ did and suffered for you? "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, has made an atonement for all sin. Don't try to atone for the offences of the past. It is too late in the day to attempt that. Christ has done everything that was necessary. The blood in its "solitary dignity" has eternally satisfied the demands of law and justice. Don't wait to *feel* that what God says is true. Believe the "glad tidings" regarding Christ and His finished work, and the feelings will follow. May you be enabled truthfully to lay hold of the meaning of the familiar lines:—

"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."

A. M.

THE TWO MOUNTS.

A GROUP of Christian men were conversing at the close of a meeting in the Gospel Tent regarding many popular ideas among them as to the way of salvation, when one of them suggested that those who thought that salvation was to be had for *doing* something meritorious, might "know God as He is revealed at Mount Sinai, but they did not know Him as the One manifested at Mount Calvary." And what is the difference? There are two special places



"AT THE CLOSE OF A MEETING IN THE GOSPEL TENT"

spoken of in the Word of God, where Jehovah is manifested—the one is at SINAI, the other is at CALVARY.

Of SINAI we read in Exodus 20, where the "Ten Commandments" are made known to the people. Their character was not symbolized by a descending *dove*, but by thunderings and lightnings—fit symbol of the judgment that would be visited upon the disobedient ones. Exodus 20. 18 shows the effect upon the people: "And *all* the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood *afar off*."

The Two Mounts.

Here is the giving of the law, of which it is written in Romans 10. 5: "That the man who doeth these things shall live by them." Notice, it is not he that *tryeth* to do them, but "*doeth*" them; and if he fails—and who does not?—the Word is plain in Galatians 3. 10: "*Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them.*" It is only when the holiness of God is *not* seen, and His claims *not* understood, that the sinner *dares* to approach Him on the ground of his fancied good works or faithfulness. But the position is perilous in the extreme, for God has already said concerning the sinner's best endeavours, that "*all his righteousnesses are as filthy rags*" (Isaiah 64. 6); and none will argue that such will be fit for the presence of Him, before whom the seraphim veil their faces, crying, "Holy! holy! holy is the Lord of Hosts!"

But, oh, when God is seen at CALVARY, and His dealings there with His Anointed One understood, how different the attitude of God! How different the result on the sinner! No need for trembling here, for God is on the side of the sinner in the person of His Son. Don't misunderstand me. *A holy God never can and never will be on the side of sin*; but here, at Calvary, He has taken up the desperate case of the sinner, for there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, therefore His own eye pitied, and His own arm brought salvation; so that those who by nature and practice were "afar off" from God are now "*made nigh by the blood of Christ,*" and justly so, for here that Scripture is fulfilled which says: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other" (Psa 85. 10)—not mercy at the expense of justice, for justice is satisfied: therefore God is now just, and "the Justifier of him that believeth on Jesus" (Rom. 3. 26). Let me ask how is it with you to-day? Do you know God as the One revealed at SINAI, where holiness demands what you never had, and never can give? Or do you know Him as the One revealing Himself at CALVARY as "the God of all grace," where the claims of holiness are all divinely met in the person of Christ, and a channel, broad and deep, made for His grace to flow out to you? *The LAW can only curse you, because you are a transgressor. GRACE can save you where you are, and as you are, if you, a guilty sinner, will believe on Jesus as your Saviour. "Believe and be saved" now.* T. D. W. M.

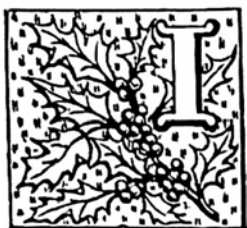
A WONDERFUL REDEMPTION.

A message by "C.S.," which has been blessed to many.



SPRINKLING THE BLOOD ON THE DOORPOSTS IN EGYPT.

A WONDERFUL REDEMPTION.



IKNEW a person who had, for some years, been deeply anxious about her soul. She longed to know, for certain, that *she* had redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of her sins. She felt that if she died without redemption, she was lost for ever. She went from place to place to hear the preaching of the word. Her anxiety became very great; yet nothing that she heard gave her peace. She was constantly thinking that she had something to do, in order to obtain redemption. She tried to lay hold of the promises; but they gave her no relief. She tried to serve God and keep His commandments; she found she failed at every step. She tried forms and ceremonies; but all in vain. She then thought she must have stronger faith, and sought to understand more clearly the value of the blood of Jesus; still all was darkness. God would not even have her faith, as the price of her redemption. Her heart sank within her; she could do no more. It was when she was in that state of self-despair, she heard these words, "WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD, I WILL PASS OVER YOU" (Exodus 12. 13.) The Holy Ghost spoke in her soul, in that moment, and said to her, "It was God who spoke these words." In a moment she felt the vast difference between her seeing the blood of Jesus, and God seeing it. She thought, "Yes, God sees such value in the blood of Jesus, that He will pass over me; and the destroyer will not touch me." From that moment, she believed what God hath said about the blood of Jesus, and had peace with God. Now she knows, with certainty, that she has redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of her sins (Eph. 1. 7).

Concerning these wonderful words, "When I see the blood," let me remind you of the condition of the people, as described in the previous chapters. They were slaves under Pharaoh, in bitter bondage. "They sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God." (Exodus 2. 23.) God heard and pitied them. Man has sold himself, a bond-slave, to Satan. There is no denying it. Oh! what a cry of misery ascends from this world of sin! How bitter is the slavery of sin, even if there were no future punishment! What bitterness and anguish sin has brought! Every

A Wonderful Redemption.

heart knows its own bitterness. God heard their sighs; and has He not heard yours again and again?

God is love! He heard their sighs, He knew their sorrows, and He came to save. The people heard that God had looked upon their affliction (Ex. 4: 31), and they desired to go forth and worship Him. Like the woman referred to, they anxiously desired to go forth and serve God; but, as it was with her, this only made their burdens the heavier. Their affliction and sorrow were now very great. How often is this the case, when the soul is awakened to thirst after God. Then Satan brings all his force to crush the sin-burdened soul. The promises of God in chapter 6 entirely fail to give the least comfort. "They hearkened not for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage." In chapters 7 to 12 we see by the conduct of Pharaoh, in suggesting various schemes to detain his slaves, how loth Satan is to give up his victims.

Many who read these lines will say, "How like me all this is! The more I have desired to serve God, the heavier has been my burden. I have tried to get comfort from the promises; but all in vain. Still anguish of spirit; still the burden of sin; still uncertain as to *my* interest in Christ." If this is your condition, look at this redemption chapter, and God grant that this may be the beginning of months to you. The Lamb was slain, and the blood was sprinkled on the doorposts. Every soul, young or old, that took refuge in the blood-sprinkled house, *had an interest* in that blood. God said, "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are; and when I see the blood I will pass over you." He did not say, When I see how good you are; or, When I see that you deserve My favour; or, When you have repented enough or believed enough. No; the blood is first and uppermost in God's thoughts. It was His token of love to them. He did not even say, When *you* see the blood; but, "When *I* see the blood." Every firstborn that trusted in what God said about that blood was saved.

We all know that redemption from Egypt was a type of redemption through "the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Pet. 1. 19). And, in the very same way, is not the blood of Christ God's token of love to lost, burdened sinners? Jesus did not die that God might love us: He died *because* He loved us. "In

A Wonderful Redemption.

this was manifested the love of God toward us." God did so love the world, that "He gave His only-begotten Son." "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 4. 9, 10). The gift of His Son was the proof of His love.

Mark, it is not what *you* see, but what *God* sees, in the blood of Christ. He knows all your sins; and yet He sees the blood of Christ. He sees that the sufferings and atoning death of His beloved Son justify Him in passing over all your sins, however deep their crimson dye. He says so, plainly; and is righteous in "justifying freely" every sinner who believes in Him, "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 3. 24). Do you say, How am I to know that I have an interest in that atoning blood? Every Israelite who believed God had an interest in the sprinkled blood. And if you search the New Testament through, you will find not one sinner who trusted God about that precious blood shed on the cross but knew, with the utmost certainty, that he had redemption through the blood of Christ. Mark, you have not to trust in a promise. Redemption is no longer a promise, but an accomplished fact—a finished work. If you were dying of thirst, and a person promised to bring you water, you might trust his promise, but when he *has* brought the water *to you*, you have not then to trust in his promise, but to drink the water. God has fulfilled His promise: He has sent His Son. The blood has flowed through His pierced wounds. It is all finished. Peace through that blood is come to you. Oh! how strange that men should forget this, and go back to the promises, as though God had still to do something to save sinners.

The blood has been freely shed. God sees that blood. Have you been brought to take your last refuge in that blood? Can you say that the blood of Jesus is your only trust? Then it is most certain that *you* have an everlasting interest in that atoning blood. *You have* redemption through that blood, according to the infinite value that God sees in the death of Christ. Up, then, arise, and away from Egypt! With girded loins, and staff in hand, as the redeemed of the Lord, away, away! Adieu, adieu, to Satan's bonds and Satan's world! You are no longer your own, but bought with a price—and such a price. Christ died, the Just for the unjust, *to bring you to God*—and to such a God. What a wonderful Redemption! c. s.

THE OLD SAILOR AND GOD'S GIFT.



The "Scotia" in Troon Harbour

I WAS scattering the good seed in the quiet little harbour of Troon, Ayrshire, when I got into conversation with an old seaman aboard a fair-sized fishing smack. After asking him to take a tract, which he did readily, I endeavoured to get in a word about the Lord Jesus, who died that we might live, and that we might not be eternally lost. The old man informed me that he was brought up to do the best he could, live a good life, and if ever he was to get to heaven, that was his way. I told him kindly that the Word of God said no such thing, and that Jesus died for men and women who could do nothing to save themselves. Looking straight at me he said, "You must be preaching a new gospel, as I never heard of that before."

I asked him to sit down and we would let the Word of God speak for itself, to which he said, "Certainly. I was brought up to reverence that Word, and whatever it says must be correct." He confessed he had read little of it, always leaving that to some one else more able. Uplifting my heart to God I endeavoured to put before him those passages which would be most helpful to him, such as: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). "Who His own

The Old Sailor and God's Gift.

self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). "Therefore being justified *by faith*, we have peace with God."

Verse after verse was read, which told of forgiveness of sins and peace with God through the death of the Lord Jesus, and by our receiving Him as our own and only Saviour the whole value of that death was put to our account. As I read I could not help watching the expression of his face. He seemed to be drinking in the Word, as a thirsty man would drink a refreshing draught. Ultimately I read Romans 6. 23, which says: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Read that again," he eagerly exclaimed, which I did, and then handed him the Book to read it for himself. "Certainly, this is something new to me," he said. "I don't need to work, pray, or do anything; SALVATION IS A GIFT." I said, "That is exactly what the Book says. Are you going to take that gift? that is the question." This gift is held out to all men, but all men are not saved. "Why would'nt I take it?" was his prompt response. We read further, and talked further, anent this wonderful gift, and then I said, "If you have really taken Christ as your Saviour, it is the greatest transaction that has or ever will take place in your life, and it becomes us to thank God that He has saved you at such an advanced age. A few more years and you would have been in a lost eternity." Pause and consider! What about your soul? Where are you going to be in eternity? We are getting near its shores. Some day very soon we will enter in, either to the "very far better state," like Paul, or the other state to be "tormented day and night." The old man said, "Get down on your knees and thank God for saving me, as I have certainly taken the gift." Together we knelt down on the deck, and thanked God for His great and wonderful love in plucking this aged seaman from the very jaws of hell. May the reader follow the sailor's example, and go on the way that leads to heaven and home.

S A.

A TRUMPET CALL.

"**N**OTHING to *do*, sinner, only believe.
God *gives* salvation, come now and receive;
Jesus has suffered for sin on the tree:
There is the way, sinner, open for thee."

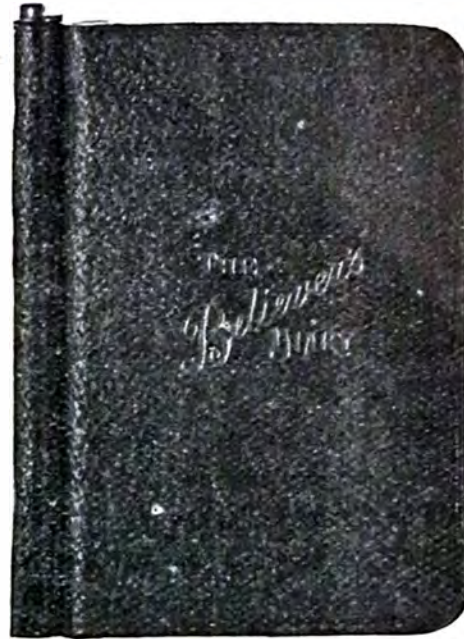
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He was wounded for our transgressions,
He was bruised for our iniquities.

JULY, 1902.

1 W	We should not trust in ourselves, but in God.	Ps. 125
2 Th	Love is not rash, is not puffed up.	1 Cor. 13
3 F	The Lord forgetteth not His saints.	Ps. 138
4 S	I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me.	Ps. 124
5 M	Hide not Thy face from me, I am in trouble.	Ps. 27
6 Th	A soft answer turneth away wrath.	Prov. 15
7 T	Swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.	Prov. 17
8 W	Love is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.	1 Cor. 13
9 Th	God is our refuge and strength, a present help.	Ps. 46
10 F	Fear not for I am with thee, I am the Lord.	Isa. 41
11 S	The God of love and peace shall be with you.	2 Cor. 13
12 M	O give thanks unto the Lord: call upon His Name.	Ps. 118
13 Th	Let all those who put their trust in Thee rejoice.	Ps. 124
14 T	Love beareth all things, believeth all things.	1 Cor. 13
15 W	Rejoice with meekness the ingrafted wood.	Gal. 6
16 Th	O my strength, haste thee to help me.	Ps. 71
17 F	Follow after the things that make for peace.	1 Cor. 14
18 S	Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.	Ps. 124
19 M	Sing unto the Lord, tell ye of His wondrous works.	Ps. 150
20 Th	Come boldly unto the throne of grace.	Heb. 4
21 T	Let brotherly love continue.	1 Pet. 4
22 W	He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.	Ps. 23
23 Th	My presence shall go with thee, and I will comfort thee.	Isa. 41
24 F	Love hopeth all things, endureth all things.	1 Cor. 13
25 S	Keep sound wisdom and discretion.	Prov. 1
26 M	Bless the Lord, O my soul: These are very great.	Ps. 135
27 Th	Love never faileth: knowledge shall vanish away.	1 Cor. 13
28 T	They that wait upon the Lord shall not fail.	Ps. 146
29 W	Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him.	Ps. 147
30 Th	Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant.	Ps. 65
31 F	Seek not these great things; seek them not.	Ps. 138

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N.B.

The Editor tenders his grateful thanks to all who have sent in articles, suggested incidents, recommended to friends, or in any way been "fellow-helpers to the truth," by assisting in the production or distribution of the *Herald of Salvation*.

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THE OLD PENSIONER'S PARCHMENT.



ANTHONY HARROLD, an old pensioner, was a slave to drink. His wife, who was unconverted, became greatly troubled about his ways, and eventually persuaded him to attend some Gospel services. The Holy Spirit convicted him of sin, and led him to see that he was lost and condemned. John Lawson, an earnest Christian worker, and an ex-sergeant in the Royal Artillery, hearing of Anthony's condition, visited him and sought to lead him to Christ. Taking his Bible from his pocket, Lawson slowly read the words: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him"—here he stopped, and, looking Anthony in the face, said, "and that means *you*"—"should not perish, but have everlasting life"—"*and that means you.*" Anthony was amazed at what he heard. He had no idea that God loved him—a drinking, swearing sinner. In fact he believed it to be impossible that a holy God could love a wretch like him; and for God to give His only begotten Son to bleed and suffer and die to save him from hell and wrath and woe, was beyond the range of his comprehension! Bringing his big fist down on the table, he exclaimed, "I DON'T BELIEVE IT." Taking no note of the interruption, Lawson again read the Scripture—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever"—and stopping, gazed at Anthony, and said, "*and that means you*"—"believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Again Anthony struck the table, and shouted, "I DON'T BELIEVE IT." Three times over the glorious declaration of God's love to sinners was read, and three times over Anthony struck the table with his fist, declaring, "I don't believe it."

Lawson was a man of sound sense and good judgment. Instead of blaming Anthony for discrediting the words of Holy Scripture, he inquired how long he was in the army. "Twenty-one years and fourteen days," was Anthony's response. When he said so, Lawson struck the chair with his fist and said, "I DON'T BELIEVE IT." "Do you think I would tell you a lie?" retorted the old man. "It was twenty-one years and fourteen days." "I DON'T BELIEVE IT," said Lawson quietly. "Bring me the parchment," said Anthony to his wife. The parchment being produced, Lawson took the document in his hand, and, having glanced

The Old Pensioner's Parchment.

at it, inquired if he had read it, and if he believed it. Anthony replied that, though he was unable to read, others had done so, and he believed what they told him. "How can you expect me to believe you when you refuse to believe the Word of God?" and for the fourth time Lawson read the life-giving words of John 3. 16, adding, "*and that means you.*" The scales from the old pensioner's eyes were removed, the light of the Gospel of Christ streamed into his soul, and he exclaimed: "I SEE IT ALL! I BELIEVE IT! I BELIEVE IT! THANK GOD!" Anthony became a new creature. The lion was transformed into a lamb, the drink was given up, and his home was changed completely. He resolved to learn to read. His first spelling book was the Bible, and his first lesson was from John 3. 16. Anthony was used of God in the conversion of his wife, and they loved to read the Scriptures together and talk of God's amazing grace to them. May the reader believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as he reads these lines (Acts 16. 31). When you do so, you will be able to say: "GOD LOVED, GOD GAVE, I BELIEVE, AND I AM SAVED." A. M.

HOW TO GET FAITH.

SOME say faith is the gift of God. So is the air; but you have to breath it. So is bread; but you have to eat it. So is water; but you have to drink it. Some are wanting a miraculous kind of feeling. That is not faith. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. 10. 17). That is whence faith comes. It is not for me to sit down and wait for faith to come stealing over me with a strange sensation; but it is for me to take God at His Word. And you cannot believe unless you have something to believe. So take the Word as it is written, and appropriate it, and lay hold of it. In John 6. 47, 48 we read: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. I am that bread of life." There is the bread right at hand. Partake of it. I might have thousands of loaves within my home, and as many hungry men in waiting. They might assent to the fact that the bread was there; but unless they each took a loaf and commenced eating, their hunger would not be satisfied. So Christ is the bread of heaven; and as the body feeds on natural food, so the soul must feed on Christ. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Believe and live. D. L. MOODY.

THE JEW'S SEARCH FOR THE BLOOD.

IN the spring of 1898 I was holding some Gospel meetings in San Francisco, the great metropolis of the Pacific States, and on several occasions was able to address the Jews attending a "Mission to Israel." On one occasion, the meeting was thrown open for discussion with any Hebrews who desired to ask questions, also for any who had been brought to Christ to relate their conversions.



KEEPING THE PASSOVER IN A JEWISH HOME OF TO-DAY.

The experience of one old Jew interested me greatly, and as nearly as I can I give his remarks in his own words, though not attempting to preserve the inimitable Hebrew-English dialect. He said: "This is Passover week among you, my Jewish brethren, and as I sat here I was thinking how you will be observing it. You will have put away all leaven from your houses; you will eat the 'motsah' (unleavened wafers) and the roasted lamb. You will attend the synagogue services, and carry out the ritual and directions of the Talmud; but you forget, my brethren, that you have everything but that which Jehovah required first of all.

The Jew's Search for the Blood.

He did not say, 'When I see the *leaven* put away,' or 'When I see you eat the *motsah* or the lamb, or go to the synagogue'; but His word was, 'When I see the *blood* I will pass over you.' Ah, my brethren, you can substitute nothing for this. You must have blood, BLOOD, BLOOD!" As he reiterated this word with ever-increasing emphasis, his eyes flashed warningly, and his Jewish hearers quailed before him.

"Blood!" It is an awful word that for one who reveres the ancient oracles, and yet has no sacrifice. Turn where he will in the Book, the blood meets him, but let him seek as he may, he cannot find it in the Judaism of the present.

After a moment's pause, the patriarchal old man went on somewhat as follows: "I was born in Palestine, nearly seventy years ago. As a child I was taught to read the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. I early attended the synagogue, and learned Hebrew from the Rabbis. At first I believed what I was told, that ours was the true and only religion, but as I grew older, and studied the law more intently, I was struck by the place the *blood* had in all the ceremonies outlined there, and equally struck by its utter absence in the ritual to which I was brought up. Again and again I read Exodus 12. and Leviticus 16 and 17, and the latter chapters especially made me tremble, as I thought of the great Day of Atonement and the place the blood had there. Day and night one verse would ring in my ears, 'It is the *blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul!' I knew I had broken the law. I needed atonement. Year after year, on that day, I beat my breast as I confessed my need of it; but it was to be made by blood, and there *was no blood!* In my distress, at last I opened my heart to a learned and venerable Rabbi. He told me that God was angry with His people. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Gentiles, the temple was destroyed, and a Mohammedan mosque was reared up in its place. The only spot on earth where we dare shed the blood of sacrifice, in accordance with Deuteronomy 12. and Leviticus 17., was desecrated, and our nation scattered. That was *why* there was no blood. God had Himself closed the way to carry out the solemn service of the great Day of Atonement. Now, we must turn to the Talmud, and rest on its instructions, and trust in the mercy of God and the merits of the fathers. I tried to be satisfied but could not. Something seemed to say that the law was unaltered, even though our temple was

The Jew's Search for the Blood.

destroyed. Nothing else but blood could atone for the soul. We dared not shed blood for atonement elsewhere than in the place the Lord had chosen. Then we were left without an atonement at all? This thought filled me with horror. In my distress I consulted many other Rabbis. I had but one great question—'Where can I find the blood of atonement?' Some time after leaving Palestine, I was walking down one of the narrow streets of a city, when I saw a sign telling of a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led me to open the door and go in. Just as I took a seat I heard a man say, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John 1. 7). It was my first introduction to Christianity, but I listened breathlessly as the speaker told how God had declared that 'without shedding of blood is no remission,' but that He had given His only begotten Son, the Lamb of God, to die, and all who trusted in His blood were forgiven all their iniquities. This was the Messiah of the fifty-third of Isaiah; this was the Sufferer of Psalm 22. Ah, my brethren, I had found the blood of atonement at last. I trusted it, and now I love to read the New Testament and see how all the shadows of the law are fulfilled in Jesus. His blood has been shed for sinners. It has satisfied God, and it is the only means of salvation for either Jew or Gentile." H. A. I.



THE AUSTRALIAN FREETHINKERS.

IN the winter of 1901 I was travelling with a comrade in the Queensland bush. The arrival of our van with its lettered canvas hood caused quite a stir in a country village. We pitched our camp at the river side. Making things comfortable, we began to make known our business.

Taking our stand on an open piece of ground in front of a German blacksmith's smithy we began to preach.



BIBLE VAN IN THE QUEENSLAND BUSH.

Naturally in the country the attention of the countryside was aroused. After a few days people flocked in from miles round, no doubt interested in the business of these odd men. As our meetings went on, the German blacksmith pumped his bellows discontentedly. This "new religion" was opposed to his views. Things became stormy, still we were undaunted.

While going "the rounds" one day I called at a roadside cottage. The mistress answered my call, and, as is usual in sunny Queensland, invited me in. I had just seated myself when the customary cup of tea was suggested, without any inquiry as to my business. After lingering

The Australian Freethinkers.

some time over the refreshing cup, and chatting freely about the farm, the cattle, the weather, &c., I ventured to state my errand. On learning that I was a preacher, she informed me that she was a *Freethinker*, and was bringing up her family as *sceptics*. "I, too, am a freethinker," I replied. "I think freely with God's thoughts."

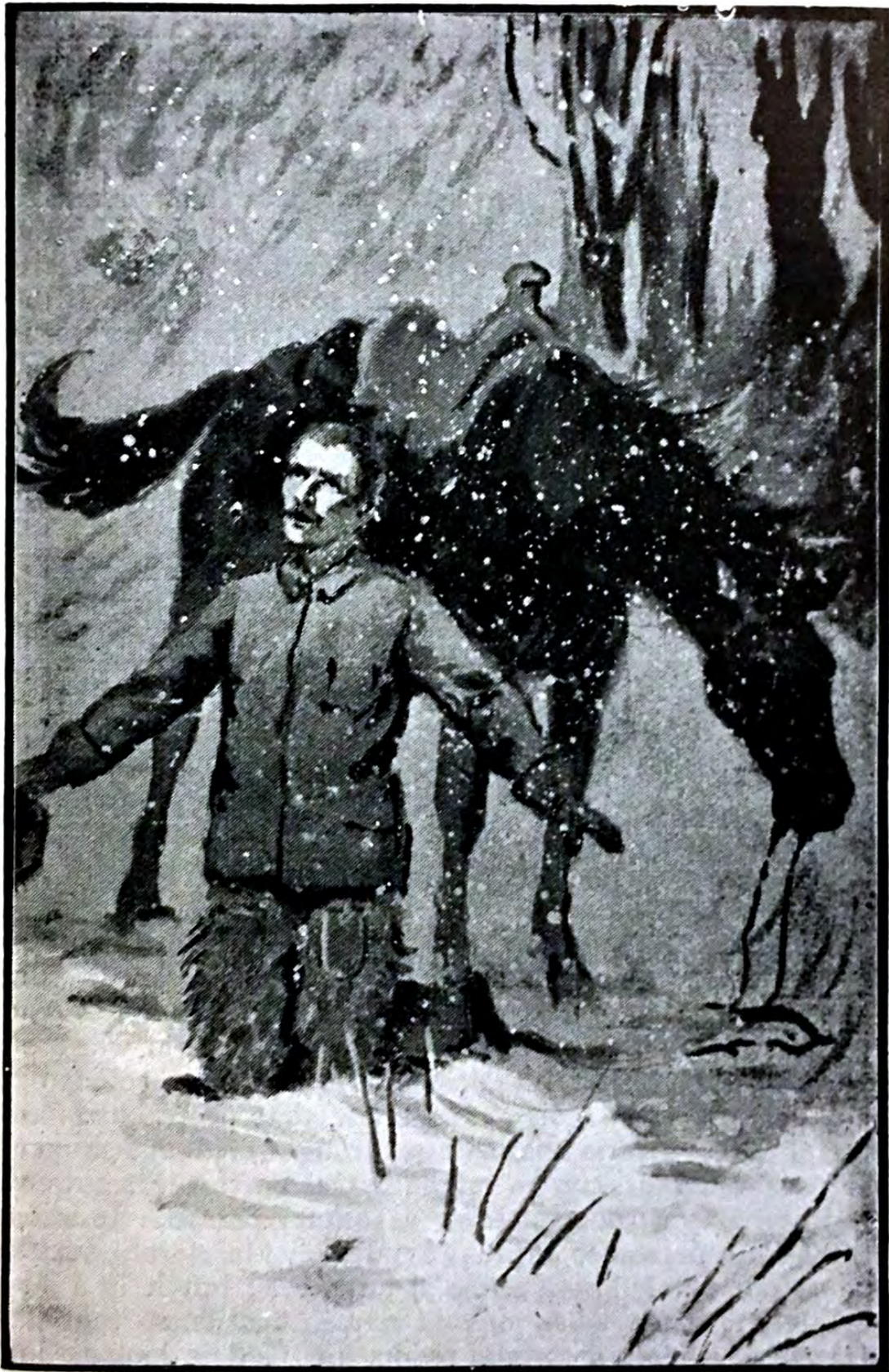
That evening found her with her two daughters in the village square. For two weeks we stormed the fort. At the end of that time it was evident that the sword of God was piercing the hearts of His people, amongst them the two daughters of the lady Freethinker. Such news they had not before heard. Our message was of sin and its consequences. A storm of unrest burst upon them. Conscience began to probe. Past life records were scanned. Past deeds were "weighed in the balances and *found wanting*." Conscience pleaded guilty, Eternity and the Judgment loomed ahead. Their home was turned into Weeping Castle. Their eyelids refused to close in sleep. Their hearts were like ships tossed on a raging sea, unable to rest. The teachings of the school of Freethought offered no refuge from the wrath to come. Every evening they listened with wrapt attention to startling messages of love and justice.

The master of the house returned in the meantime, and on learning the cause of the trouble began to pronounce "anathemas." He sent one daughter to the city, and forbade the other to attend the meetings. He was too late. The Word of God had wounded, and now began to heal the wounds. Christ was revealed as the Saviour. His gracious invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," was *accepted*. The glorious message of salvation, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, was received, and "peace with God" was theirs.

The mother went on for some time. But a few weeks afterwards she sent me word to say she was "resting sweetly in Jesus." Surely the Gospel which could so change a sceptic's home is of divine origin?

Am I speaking to a parent? What of your children? Are they to be lost because of your neglect? Has this Gospel of Christ ever been received by you? Life eternal is offered you! Everlasting joy can be yours! Accept Christ now, for "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 1. 12). Make HIM yours. W.-L.

CONVERTED ON A CANADIAN PRAIRIE.



A PICTURE OF WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

CONVERTED ON A CANADIAN PRAIRIE.



MORE than a quarter of a century ago a young Englishman named Nelson, the son of a clergyman, went to the Canadian North-west, and took up land on the plains, several hundred miles west of Winnipeg. The party was a thoughtless, pleasure-seeking lot of young fellows, who were not particularly successful farmers. A good deal of their time was spent in shooting, hunting, and other sports, their evenings being filled up with card-playing, draughts, and novel reading. If they had any "religion" in England it could not have troubled them much. Perhaps, however, they "lost" it on the voyage across the Atlantic! It is well to remember that it is one thing to have a Sunday "religion" and another thing to have Christ as a personal Saviour and Friend. Finding the solitude somewhat irksome, they paid occasional visits to the settlers in the district.

Several young Canadians, from Ontario, friends of mine, were accustomed to hold gospel services in the farmhouses around. Nelson now and then put in an appearance, and was a severe critic of the preachers and preaching. One evening in a spirit of bravado he asserted that there was no hell. The Canadians showed from Scripture God's declaration regarding the doom and destiny of the wicked, giving chapter and verse for their statements. When the young fellow was cornered he boldly asserted that he would not believe in a place of eternal punishment even though the Bible said so.

One day Nelson left for the post office, which was twelve miles distant. On returning homeward the sun set, and he had some miles to traverse without a road, track, trail, or landmark of any kind. The night was dark, and after travelling for a considerable time he concluded he had lost his reckoning. He knew that people had been lost on the prairie, perishing through cold and hunger. If he missed his way he might travel northwards towards Hudson Bay without meeting a solitary person. It is one thing for a person to express his disbelief in eternal verities when surrounded by a circle of admirers; but it is a very different matter when one is alone, conscious that the searching eye of a holy and sin-hating God is looking into the deepest recesses of his soul. As Nelson began to realise the fact that he was lost on the prairie, without a

Converted on a Canadian Prairie.

soul to comfort or help him in his extremity, he became dejected and depressed. In spirit he crossed the Atlantic to the loved ones in England whom he might never see again. His memory reverted to scenes of bygone days, and he saw what a fool he had been to neglect his soul's salvation. As he thought on the day of reckoning he trembled. God's Word declared: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the



"TOOK UP LAND ON THE PLAINS WEST OF WINNIPEG."

sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccles. 11. 9). And he was not prepared for such a meeting. The outlook was anything but encouraging. He always believed in hell—as most, if not all, so-called sceptics and scoffers do. Now he felt convinced that he was within a short distance from it. Opportunities unimproved, warnings despised, mercies slighted, resolutions formed and broken, crowded in upon his soul. All the infidel books that had ever been written, and all the assertions, arguments, and sophistry of sceptics, "agnostics," or scoffers had not a particle of

Converted on a Canadian Prairie.

influence with him then. The thought that overpowered him was the conviction that he was in the conscious presence of the Almighty God against whom he had so persistently and so grievously sinned. After travelling until he was thoroughly exhausted he lay down on the prairie and tried to sleep. But sleep forsook his eyelids. The recollection of his past life afforded him no comfort, nor did the future shed any light upon his troubled spirit. More and more clearly did he perceive that he was not only lost on the prairie, but that he was a lost, guilty, helpless sinner on the way to hell. "Is salvation possible to me?" "Will God save me?" "What must I do to be saved?" were the questions that filled his mind. That night, when conscious of God's presence, scriptures that he had learned when a child in far-off England came before him, and amongst them John 3. 16: "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." As he meditated on the glorious declaration he perceived that in spite of his innumerable sins *God loved him*, so loving him as to give the Lord Jesus to die as an atoning sacrifice that he might not perish. The joy of the Lord filled his soul, and the peace of God took possession of his heart. When the morning dawned, to his surprise and delight, he discovered that he was close to the settlement. With a heart full of love and gratitude to God for his two-fold deliverance he called at Mr. B——'s house, and on his appearing said to him: "Mr. B——, I was lost on the prairie last night, and I also discovered I was a lost sinner, but thank God I am now saved."

Have you taken the *lost* sinner's place and claimed the lost sinner's Saviour? "The Son of Man is come to seek and to *save* that which was *lost*" (Luke 19. 10). If you are among the lost ones whom Christ is seeking to save, remember He died on Calvary that you might not perish, but have everlasting life. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time."

"O worldling, give ear while the saints are near,
Soon must the tie be riven;
And men side by side God's hand shall divide,
As far as hell's depths from heaven;
The children of day are summoned away,
Left are the children of night;
Sealed is their doom, for there is no room,
Filled are the mansions of light."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

“HOW am I to be saved?” I will tell you; Scripture will tell you—that is better. Take the illustration Christ used to Nicodemus; you could not have a better. He took him to the remedy: “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life” (John 3. 14, 15). Now, there is the remedy. How am I to be saved? By looking to Christ; just by looking. You might say the whole plan of salvation is in two words—Giving; Receiving. God gives; I receive.

I remember, after one of the terrible battles in the American Civil War—I was in the army tending soldiers—and I had just laid down one night, past midnight, to get a little rest, when a man came and told me that a wounded soldier



The Dying Soldier.

wanted to see me. I went to the dying man. He said: "I wish you to help me to die." I said: "I would help you to die if I could. I would take you on my shoulders and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could; but I cannot. I can tell you of One that can." And I told him of Christ being willing to save him, and how Christ left heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of eternal death were gathering around his soul. I could not leave him, and at last I thought of the third chapter of John, and I said to him: "Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to Him when he was in your state of mind, and inquired what he was to do to be saved." I just read that conversation to the dying man, and he lay there with his eyes rivetted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth. When I came to the verse where it says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life," the dying man cried, "Stop, sir; is that there?" "Yes, it is all here." Then he said, "Won't you please read it to me again?" I read it the second time. The dying man brought his hands together, and he said, "Bless God for that. Won't you please read it to me again?" I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes. He seemed to lose all interest in the rest of the chapter, and when I got through it his arms were folded on his breast, he had a sweet smile on his face, and remorse and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering, and I leant over him, and heard him faintly whisper from his dying lips, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes, and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and he said, "Oh, that is enough; that is all I want!" and in a few hours he pillowed his dying head upon the truth of those two verses, and rode away on one of the Saviour's chariots, and took his seat in the kingdom of God.

May God help every lost one to look on the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. D. L. MOODY.

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HOMeward BOUND; or, The Heart Won.



FAR away on the trackless ocean, many, many miles from sight of land, a ship is on her homeward passage from Australia; she is the bearer of many a home-sick weary one, but none so anxious for a sight of home as Jessie, from the hills of Fife.

Years ago the iron hand of poverty had forced her family to sell their dearly-loved little farm, and leave their native land in search of employment over the sea. With breaking hearts they bade adieu to all that was dear to them, and, after many years of hard toil, they are now homeward bound, having repurchased their little farm in Fife. Far up in the bush lay the body of the valued wife and mother of the family in the cold ground, and Jessie had early to take upon her the care and toil of her father's young family. She had left Scotland a blooming girl in her teens, now she is returning worn from the roughing life in the bush: a fatal disease, too, having laid its relentless grasp upon her still youthful form. But Jessie heeded little the racking cough that gave her weary days and sleepless nights, and often she would smile and say, "I shall be well when I get hame and see the hills o' Fife again." Her father's strong arms carried her daily on deck, where she lay watching the waves that bore her onward towards her desired haven; and, when the roughness of the weather or her own weakness made it impossible for her to be on deck, she would watch with an intense yearning for the first sight of land, and at times she fancied she could see the outline of the hills of Fife from her cabin window.

As days passed on, the sick one got more weary and faint, and her father saw with sorrow that she must be taken to an hospital as soon as they got to land. It was hard to convince Jessie that this was necessary; the deceitful nature of her disease giving her fitful gleams of strength, and a little relief from her cough blinding her eyes to the fact that she was so very ill; and when, at length, she did reach Edinburgh, she could scarcely be persuaded that, for a time at least, she was unfit to continue her journey. In great grief her friends left her in a ward of the infirmary, while they pursued their journey without her.

I was in the habit of visiting the infirmary, and there I first saw Jessie, the very day she was left there by her friends. I had just entered the ward, and had been greeted

by kindly smiles and welcome looks of recognition from some of the suffering ones, when my eye rested upon one, who, though a stranger, at once awakened my deepest sympathy. She was sitting up in bed ; her face, which was intelligent and pretty, glowed with the excitement almost of despair, as she rocked herself to and fro from time to time, and then threw herself exhausted on the pillow in a paroxysm of weeping. After a word or two with some of my old friends, I quickly crossed the ward to where she lay, and after a little tender soothing she told me, through her tears, the story just related, every now and then clasping my hand in almost childish weakness, and saying, " Oh, you'll get them to take me hame ; I must see the hills o' Fife again." With a promise that I would speak to the nurse about her and see what could be done, I left her a little comforted.

As I went out I called the nurse aside, and asked her what the doctors thought of Jessie's case. " Oh," she said, " both lungs gone and no hope of recovery ; and my own thought is, she will never be off that bed." A strong desire filled me to return to that sad, lone, sick one, and tell her of Christ. I had listened to her tale of sorrow, and seemed unable to do anything but to sympathise, and I had failed to tell her of the only One who could satisfy her weary heart. I remembered I had some grapes with me which I had brought for another patient, so I went back to her and put them on her pillow, saying as I did so, " Jessie, do you know that Jesus loves you ?" " No ! for if He did He would have taken me hame to Fife, and not left me amongst strangers." " Did anyone ever speak to you about the Lord Jesus Christ in Fife ?" " No !" " Did anyone in Australia ever speak to you about the Lord Jesus Christ ?" " No !" " Well, Jessie, perhaps God sent you to this hospital to hear about His beloved Son, who loved you so much that He died for you, and He wishes you to be with Him for ever, in a land far more beautiful than the lands of Fife." She shook her head as if incredulous, and said, " You never saw my hame." " No, Jessie, I have not, nor have I yet seen the home that God has prepared for those that love Him, but I have read about it, and I know it is more beautiful than any home on earth. Here you would, if spared a little, have many a weary, suffering day, Jessie, but there ' God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall

there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away'" (Rev. 21. 4). Visiting hours were over, and having told her of Him who could save her, and make her happy for ever, I left with her a little Testament in which I had marked for her some passages, and came away.

It was several days before I could again visit the hospital. I went in prayer that the Lord would give me the right word to meet Jessie's case. I found her much in the same state as before; her father had been to see her, and she had again passed through the disappointment of being left behind. I felt it was best to try and interest her with something outside her own sorrowful circumstances, so I spoke to her, as I would to a child, of Jesus, of whom she seemed quite ignorant. Soon she was melted by the tale of what He had suffered for her, and through her tears said softly, "I never heard of such love. I thought there was no one could love me like Jamie," she said, pointing to a little ring on her finger; "he gave me that when I left Scotland, and he has waited for me all these years, and he came in to-day to see me; but I never heard of love like Christ's; it's more than any earthly love, far more." I rested my head upon my hand, and let my tears have their own way, while I silently thanked God that the exceeding beauty of Christ had won this weary, sorrowful heart. I had felt powerless to help her, but God had given her soul to grasp at once the most blessed of all gospels; for it was the person of the One who had died for her that had captivated her heart. As I was leaving the ward, she called me and said, "Will you write home and tell them I've got One now, who is more to me than the hills o' Fife—or Jamie?" she whispered, as the colour mounted to her cheeks, "though he knows I love him well." Then, after a moment's thought, she said, "No, the Lord will give me strength to write myself, for none of them know the Lord Jesus Christ."

It was a week before I saw Jessie again; a great change had passed over her face; it was calm and sweet, but the lines of death were on it, and her voice was feeble. She seemed not as usual to notice me, as I entered the ward, and I had to lean over her and whisper, "Jessie, dear, you're very weak to-day." "Yes," she said, smiling, "I'll soon be home—not to Fife," she added, quickly, as if fearing I might misunderstand her, "but to see His face. Oh, tell me more about Him." We had a blessed hour together. I shall

never forget it. We feasted upon our meditation of Him, who is "altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand." I felt we should never meet again, for I was to leave Edinburgh for a time: I almost feared to tell her, for she seemed to cling to me, but she answered, "He is enough; He saved, and then He satisfied." She seemed exhausted, so I left her for a few moments to speak to a suffering one at the other end of the ward. As I was going out of the door, I turned round to take a last look at Jessie. I saw she was asleep; her sweet face like a piece of chiselled marble; a smile upon her parted lips. She was "homeward bound!" I involuntarily went up to her bed and gently pressed a last kiss upon her pale forehead. A few days after I had left home, I got a message from a sister in the Lord, to say, "Jessie has gone home full of joy!"

Let me kindly ask, do you know anything of the Christ who first saved, and then satisfied Jessie? Has He saved you? Or is your heart bound up with some earthly love, or in some cherished home, to the exclusion of Christ? The earthly friend may disappoint, and the earthly home pass away from your hands; and "what then?" You are left desolate, for you have no Christ. There is nothing real, or lasting, or abiding, but Christ. Oh, if you have Him not, come to Him as a lost sinner; come to Him now!

Accept His invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). What you want is to have your heart captivated by Christ; to be so overcome by His exceeding beauty, like the Queen of Sheba when she visited Solomon—"There was no more spirit in her" (1 Kings 10. 5); like Jessie, to say, "I never heard of such love." "For scarcely for a *righteous* man will one die; yet peradventure for a *good* man some would even dare to die, but God commendeth His love to us, in that, while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 7, 8). Oh, if you knew for one hour what it was to have your heart filled and satisfied with the love of Christ, you would not be seeking satisfaction from the amusements of a world that has crucified Him. "The end of these things is death" (Rom. 6. 21). Accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, and like Jessie of the hills o' Fife, you will say: "He is enough, He saved and He satisfied."

CAN BE DONE WHILE YOU READ THIS.



THERE must be a decision arrived at before you can become a Christian, and that can be done while you read this. You have got a question to decide for yourself, which no one can decide for you. "Are you saved for eternity?" I may wish very much to go to Liverpool to-night to see friends who sail to-morrow: but no amount of wishing can take me to Liverpool. I must go to the station, buy a ticket, and get into the train if I am to reach that city and see my friends. And so it is with you about

your soul. Wishing will not save you; you must believe in Christ as your Saviour, and decide for Him.

When Abraham's servant went to fetch a bride for his master's son from the far country, and they wished to detain him for a time, even after he had found her, he said, "Hinder me not." But they thought it was too bad to send away Rebekah, never more, perhaps, to see her father and mother, and to go away with a stranger across the desert; and so they called the damsel and put on her the responsibility, "Wilt thou go with this man?" And she said, "I will go" (Gen. 24). Prompt decision. "Wilt thou go with this Man?" Wilt thou yield to the pleadings of the Holy Ghost and decide for Christ? Why not decide? You have got to do it if you would be saved (Acts 16. 31). Be like Ruth, who said, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me" (Ruth 1. 16, 17). **DECIDE NOW WHILE YOU READ THIS.** With all your heart say, "I take Thee, Lord Jesus, to be my Saviour. Thou didst take my place at Calvary, didst die in my stead as my Substitute; and now as a guilty undone sinner, I receive Thee as my own and only Saviour for Time and for Eternity." **D. L. MOODY.**

THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

A VIENNA paper gives a report of an interview between one of its representatives and Miss Rockfeller, the daughter of the famous American millionaire.

"Now tell me," inquired the reporter, "as you no doubt belong to the class of the most envied of all women, whether I may presume that you are happy?"

Miss Rockfeller replied: "Happy! Can one buy happiness with money? Are there not many things to make us



BROADWAY, LOOKING SOUTH, NEW YORK CITY.

unhappy which money cannot change? And then, are not the spoiled ones more sensitive to the principles of life than others? No, I AM NOT HAPPY, and you may tell it to all and sundry who envy me."

How true is the Scripture that "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing" (Eccles. 1. 8). It is a very great mistake to suppose that those who are rich are necessarily happy. The more one has of this world's goods the more he longs to have. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver" (Eccles. 5. 10).

The Millionaire's Daughter.

As has been often said: "A man is never satisfied until he has a little more than he has." Neither wealth, nor fame, nor social position, nor the world's applause can satisfy the thirst of an immortal spirit. A man may strive to be rich, and obtain what he is in quest of, but riches will not make him happy. Men of the world are only happy when they forget facts, and Christians are happiest when they remember them.

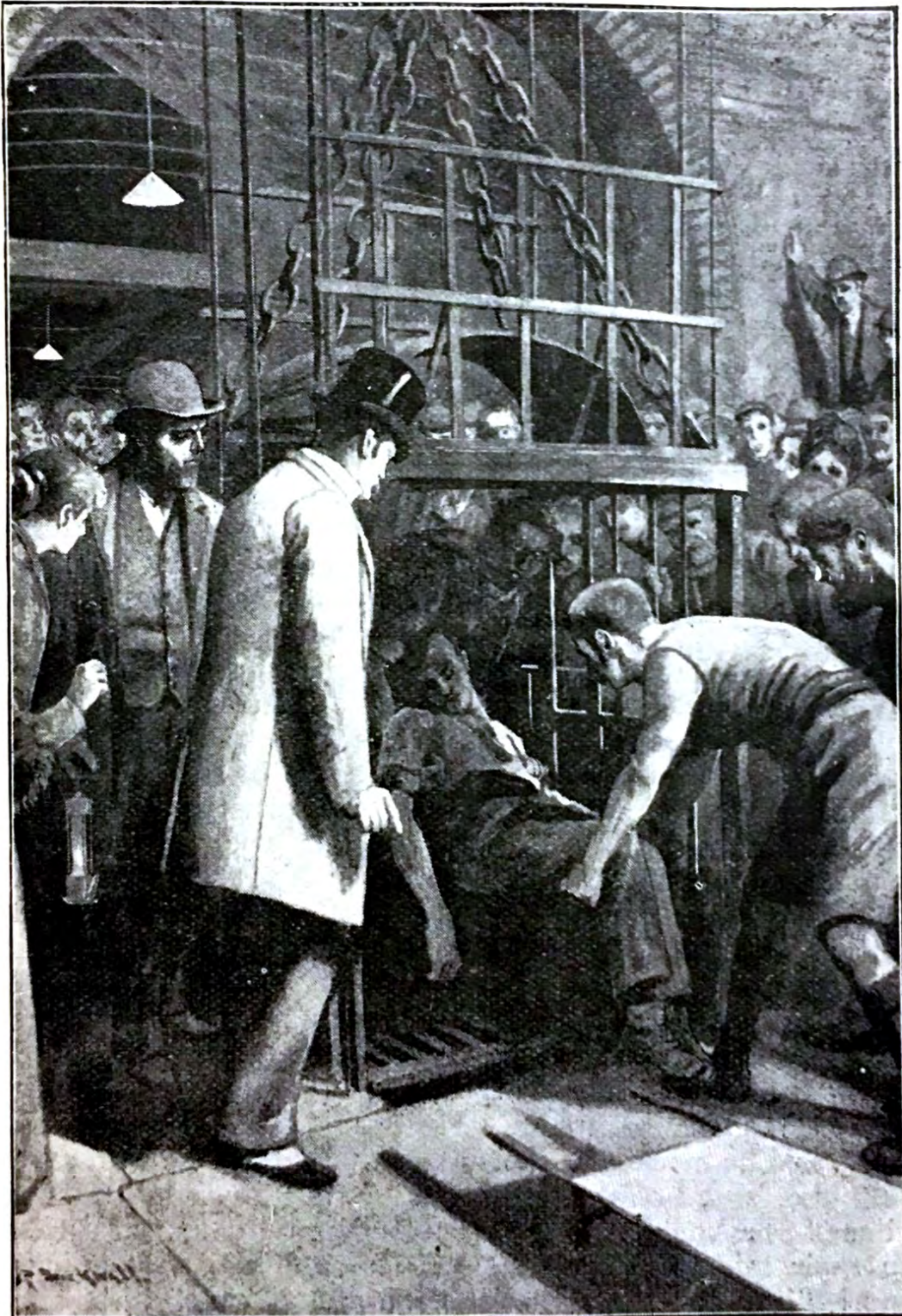
An unsaved millionaire cannot be happy when contemplating the thought that at death he must leave all his treasures and pleasures behind him. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out" (1 Tim. 6. 7). Nor can it afford him joy when pondering the fact that "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). He knows he must meet God and give an account to Him for the deeds done in the body. He knows that heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, and he is not prepared. He has only lived for time and has neglected eternal matters. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3), and he has never experienced such a change.

There is only one way of being happy, and that is by becoming a child of God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. God's blessed Word shows us that the truly happy are those who are saved by grace. "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord" (Deut. 33. 29). Those who know God as their Father, Christ as their Saviour, and heaven as their home, are the only ones that have a right to be happy. "Yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord" (Psa. 144. 15). We would urge and entreat the unsaved reader to cease trying to obtain lasting happiness by drinking at the world's brackish waters. Your soul's thirst can never be quenched at such streams. None but Christ can so satisfy. He not only saves but *satisfies* the deepest longings of the heart.

"Blessed [happy] is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance" (Psalm 89. 15). Receive the glad tidings of great joy regarding Christ and the work He accomplished, and you will be among the happy people of Psalm 32. 1: "Blessed [happy] is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered," and as you think of the future you will say with the Psalmist: "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Ps. 16). A.M.

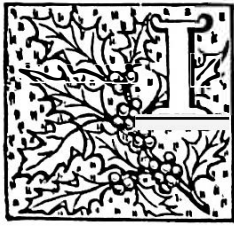
SOWING TO REAP.

TWO STRIKING CONFIRMATIONS OF THE ETERNAL TRUTH, THAT
"WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH, THAT
SHALL HE ALSO REAP."



"HE WAS OVERTAKEN BY A FEARFUL ACCIDENT."

SOWING TO REAP.



It is the decree of Almighty God, which is as unchangeable as the eternal throne, that: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Galatians 6. 7, 8). We see this unbending principle demonstrated in everyday life, we observe it in our fellows, and we know it in our practical experience. It is not a question of whether we sow or refrain from sowing, for *we are all sowing*. "No man liveth to himself," our words, our actions, our mode of life influence our fellows, either for good or ill, and will surely yield an abundant harvest, both now and hereafter. "God is not mocked," for even in this wondrous day of grace He manifests His displeasure, and sometimes suffers immediate judgment to overtake the transgressor, as the following solemn incidents show.

It was club day in a certain English village, on which occasion the villagers made a general holiday. A Christian lady endeavouring to serve Christ was busy scattering broadcast the good seed in the form of Gospel booklets and tracts, to those who, on such occasions, thronged the village in quest of pleasure. Amongst others who received one was the village doctor, who was a man without the fear of God before his eyes, who openly scoffed at the things of God. After receiving it his first impulse was to tear it to atoms and cast it to the wind; but on second thought he placed it in his pocket, deciding to take it to the club that evening, thinking it would amuse some of the members. Night came; and the doctor was in his accustomed place at the club, revelling in sin, and ridiculing with his ungodly associates the tract and its contents. What did he care if the tract was entitled, "The Value of a Soul"? The god of this world had blinded his eyes, and sin had hardened his heart to such an extent that its fleeting pleasures were all that he lived for. Vain man! how little he realised that his life had almost flickered away, as he sneered and laughed at the contents of that tract, forgetting that the all-seeing eye of God was upon him. He drank, he revelled in his folly, and he mocked at the statements of the One who gave him life, and breath, and being. We draw the veil of silence over such a scene of man's depravity as witnessed in their midnight carousal; for he and his companions gloried in their shame. When morning dawned as the sun shed its golden rays across the serene country, adding

Sowing to Reap.

additional beauty to the lovely landscape, a labouring man was wending his way to his daily toil, and turning a bend in the road, he noticed a pony and gig standing without a driver. Upon further examination he saw to his horror that by the pony's side was the lifeless form of a man, and that man was none other than the profligate mocker of the night before, the club doctor. Inquiries were instituted, and it transpired that he had left the club at an early hour intoxicated; and it was supposed that on his way home he leaned forward and fell over the shafts, thus breaking his neck and causing instant death. What an awful experience! Called from a drunken stupor to the miseries of a lost world. Never again would he mock God, for there is no infidelity in hell.

Four miners were card-playing one Lord's Day in a frequented gambling place by the roadside in Northumberland. They mingled with their conversation the most awful blasphemy. After a time they left their game and adjourned to an adjoining inn. Whilst there one of them called upon the attendant to supply him with a "quart of the lake of fire." Alas for him! his impious words, and these blasphemous demands were not only heard by the occupants of the tap-room, but they also reached the ears of Almighty God, who sometimes metes out immediate judgment against evildoers. Not many hours afterwards this profane mocker returned to his usual post at the pit, and whilst there was overtaken by a fearful accident, which resulted in him being so injured that the physicians who were summoned could neither afford him relief or prolong his life. These were the words he uttered from the bitterness of his soul's anguish as he passed into eternity: "I am already suffering the pains of hell upon earth."

It is fools who mock at sin, who blaspheme God's holy name, and who speak flippantly of such terrible realities as judgment and hell. It is fools who, with unclean lips, mingle with their oaths, and take in vain the name of God. It is fools who sow and expect not to reap a harvest.

The above and many other such solemn warnings, which fill the columns of our newspapers, teach us that man led on by Satan may raise his puny arm in rebellion against God, only to find that it falls palsied to his side. He may haughtily toss his head in defiance of God, but he will sooner or later bow it with shame, as he learns to his

Sowing to Reap.

eternal loss that God is Master of the situation. These constantly recurring sins, manifest the natural pride, sinfulness, and rebellion of the human heart, which bespeak an awful downfall for myriads of Adam's race. For whilst it is true that "because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil," yet God will sooner or later punish sin, and cause His rebellious enemies to feel the ire of His unsparing judgment. For it is scriptural teaching that—

"As a tree falls, so shall it lie;
As a man lives, so shall he die;
As a man dies, so shall he be;
Throughout the ages of eternity."

O mocker, beware! lest "God laughs at your calamity, and mocks when your fear cometh" (Prov. i. 26).

Pause as we ask in love to your soul, What are you sowing? Are you sowing to the flesh? Are you fulfilling the lusts of the flesh? Are you living in sin? Are you leaving eternity out of your calculations? Are you forgetting God? If so, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and yours will be a terrible reaping. The day of reckoning is sure to come, when all who have sown to the flesh will reap corruption. Those who have sown their wild oats will reap a hundred fold. Those who have sown to the wind will reap the whirlwind. Those who have served Satan, and sinned against light and love, will receive the wages of sin—death. For God will bring every sin to the light, and every unsaved sinner into judgment.

We repeat what we have already stated, that profanity, impurity, drunkenness, and self-righteousness, are sins for which the unsaved must suffer both here and hereafter, but the *sin of sins*, the climax of man's guilt, is the wilful rejection of Christ. The Lord Jesus Christ, who loved sinners, who came to save sinners, who died for sinners, in tenderest love is even now calling sinners to Himself to receive salvation, a salvation which He, on Calvary's dark cross died to procure. Therefore, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). As we close, we would solemnly, earnestly, and lovingly ask each reader to review in the light of eternity their lives, and ask themselves in God's holy presence the vitally important question,

"WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?"

A. G.

“GOD SAYS I SHALL NOT PERISH.”

A FEW years ago, a Christian known to the writer, was preaching the gospel in a country house in the county of Lanark. In the course of his address he endeavoured to show that all had sinned, and therefore ALL deserved to die eternally. “The soul that sinneth it shall die” (Ezek. 18. 20); that, if any



“ALL AT ONCE THE TRUTH BURST INTO HER SOUL.”

one was saved it could not possibly be because he was better than others: for in God's sight “there is no difference”; for “all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3. 23). He then began to unfold the story of God's love to the world, and showed how that Christ had died in the room and stead of sinners, and that on this ground whosoever believed—

"God says I shall not perish."

"simply believed"—on the Lord Jesus Christ was "saved" (Acts 16. 31), and had "everlasting life" (John 5. 24).

An opportunity for conversation was afforded at the close of the meeting. A woman, who had listened with intense earnestness, remained. What she had just heard was something altogether new to her. She had always believed that she had something "to do" *before* God would save her: and she had again and again "tried" to be a Christian, but somehow or other could never "manage" it. Turning to the preacher, she said, "I do not believe all you said." "Indeed! What part do you not believe?" "I do not believe that salvation can be had by simply believing on Jesus. We must do something before we can be saved." "Tell me," said the gentleman, "what *can you do* to obtain salvation?" She hesitated for a little, and feeling perplexed at the question, replied, "I can do nothing." Seeing her position, he pointed her to the scriptures: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way: and *and the Lord hath laid on Him* the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). "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 3. 16).

She was asked, "Do you believe God loves *you*?" "Yes, I do." "Do you believe Christ died *for you*?" "Yes, I believe that also." "Well, then, God says, whosoever believeth on Him should not perish." "Believeth on Whom?" "On Jesus." "Believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ should not perish: is that true?" All at once the truth burst into her soul, she perceived God's way of salvation, and in an ecstasy of joy she cried out, "I see it! God loves me! Christ has died for me! I am saved! GOD SAYS I SHALL NOT PERISH!"

Perhaps, like this woman, you are under the impression that you have something meritorious "to do" in order to obtain salvation. You have "tried hard" to give up your sins, but you find you are just as bad as ever. Perhaps you have been endeavouring to "feel sorry" for your past conduct, but your cold, hard heart won't break. Cease all such efforts, and learn with joy that Christ is willing to save you *as you are*.

Do *you* believe on Him? "Yes," you reply, "with all my heart I do." Then listen. "Whosoever believeth SHALL NOT PERISH," for he "HATH everlasting life." "He that BELIEVETH NOT God hath made Him a liar" (1 John 5. 10, 11). "He that BELIEVETH on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36). Oh, believe Him, and enter into life and liberty. A. M.

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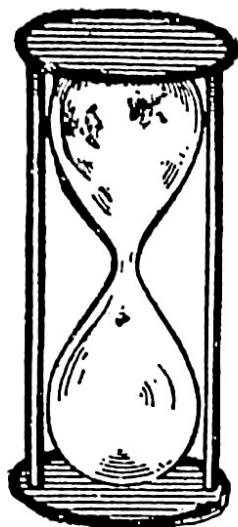
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These 30 Years have also been a period of rapid and revolutionary changes in many things theological and ecclesiastical—changes which have at first been hailed with delight, but as their power was experienced, and their import realized, they have been gradually relegated to the spheres of their origin, to finally find their place—in oblivion.

These 30 Years have, mid the ever-extending Athenian craze for "some new thing" (Acts 17. 21), and the ever-deepening peril of these last "perilous times" (2 Tim. 3. 1) been glorious years of Gospel triumphs in many parts, till we are safe in asserting that

"Never before in the world's history were there so many 'born again' people on earth,"

demonstrating that "The Gospel of Christ" is still "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth" (Rom. 1 16). This Gospel has been honestly, interestingly, and persistently set forth in *The Herald of Salvation* month by month during these 30 Years. This Gospel will (D.V.) form our one theme during 1909. Hence we confidently invite your co-operation in making known *The Herald* to Christian Workers, District Visitors, Evangelists, Preachers, Sunday-School Teachers, and *all* lovers of "the Old, Old Story."

N.B.

The Editor tenders his grateful thanks to all who have sent in articles, suggested incidents, recommended to friends, or in any way been "fellow-helpers to the truth," by assisting in the production or distribution of the *Herald of Salvation*.

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EDITED BY ALEX. MARSHALL, Author of "God's Way of Salvation."

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