

Gospel gleanings.

A

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The Collision

It was a beautiful, bright, clear day in 1893, as we sailed from Beyrout to Tripoli, with sunshine enough to make every heart happy and glad. Soon, everyone settled down to his station, and quietness reigned on this memorable Thursday afternoon, the sailors' half-holiday. At this time, throughout the navy, you will find in sea-going ships, the ordinary work suspended, and the ship's company employing themselves in various ways for their own personal comfort. All was calm and peaceful until about 3.30 p.m., when it was evident something unusual had happened. It soon became apparent that a collision had occurred, and that H.M.S. "Camperdown" had rammed H.M.S. "Victoria": they were the two Flagships.

It would be impossible to describe one's feelings at that time; one's principal thought being, that should the "Victoria" founder, how many of her crew were trusting in our Lord Jesus, the all-sufficient Saviour, for salvation? His grace alone could sustain them at such a moment, even under such trying and distressing circumstances; and another thought was, how little use one had made of the time and talent God had given to tell out the glad tidings of His grace to dear shipmates.

It was not long, only ten minutes, before the whole of the "Victoria's" ship's company, some 800 souls, were launched into the sea; those above

board struggling for life, and trusting to self, friend, boat, or spar. Those under hatches were helpless, as it was not possible to extricate themselves—the vessel having gone down head foremost. They, poor fellows, could only cry to the “Helper of the helpless,” and one longed to know whether, at the last moment, any of them did cry to Him who “bore the cross, and redeemed our souls, by tasting death, the death deserved by us.” When face to face with death, it is no use trusting to good works or ordinances; the merits of the precious blood of Christ being the only passport into heaven. God’s over-abounding grace is sufficient to save the vilest and the worst. This is magnificent grace; it is God’s delight to bless the sinner who believingly looks to Christ to save him. Have you, who read this narrative, looked to Christ to save *YOU*? Every moment is precious! This may be your last opportunity, as it was for some 360 souls who perished on this occasion without warning. Make haste! “Escape for thy life,” as time is short. Do be warned, dear friend outside of Christ, while you have health, and are out of danger. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” What can the Son of God do more to save a lost sinner than He has done? Think of Him taking the guilty one’s place—your place and mine—and suffering all the horrors of Calvary for you and for me. “What,” you say, “for me?” It was for me. Was not I the guilty

one before God? A rebel indeed, and a sinner by nature. Yet

“ Love moved Him to die,
On this I rely;
The Saviour, He loved me,
I cannot tell why!
But this I can tell,
He loved me so well,
As to lay down His life,
To redeem me from hell!”
“ Hallelujah! What a Saviour-!”

The following came under the writer's notice in connection with this appalling disaster :

The boatswain was saved through the life-buoy. How beautifully this illustrates the Lord Jesus Christ as the *only* means of salvation—something outside one's self to trust to.

A seaman, who had given up *trying to save himself*, was sinking, when he came in contact with a broken spar, which pushed him up to the surface, and by this means was saved. Here is another illustration of a sinner in a perishing, helpless condition, and God bringing him means of salvation in which he trusts.

An officer was saved through the kindness of a seaman who allowed him to share an oar when almost exhausted.

Here again, God provides the means of salvation through a friend, and is not Christ the sinner's Friend? Is He your Friend and Saviour?

Most were saved by boats; but all needed some thing, some means, outside themselves; and surely

you cannot fail to see God's rich provision for the perishing soul in Christ, the Lamb of His own providing.

Many again were *lost* because of the shortness of the warning, others through not taking their only opportunity of rescue; some through accident, and many in trying to save themselves; whilst others could find *no way of escape*. One, a personal acquaintance, to whom a rope was thrown, missed it and sank.

These incidents remind us of many who are still away from God: careless, heedless, forgetful of the One who came to seek and to save that which was lost, not willing that any should perish, and gave Himself a ransom for all. Then be wise enough, dear friend, and, just as you are, look to the Saviour who is able and willing to save to the uttermost—right on to the end—those who come unto God by Him. Why do you not come, and come now?

C. H. Cocks



The Right Way.

(Proverbs xiv. 12; xvi. 25.)

God declares twice in this wonderful book, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

It is one of those signboards and caution notices that He, in His tender pity, has placed for us

along the highways of life, to direct us in the right road, and to stop us on the wrong.

In ordinary travelling, how implicitly we trust the signpost! How obediently both the tramp and the motorist will instantly follow its directions, never hesitating to give up their own ideas directly they read its notice. They are not ashamed to own that they are strangers in the district, and to be guided by the word of one who knows; but in the journey of life how slow we are to show a similar wisdom. Each of us travels the road for the first, and only, time; and yet the usual idea in each mind is, "I know the way; I don't need any advice on the subject!" There are hundreds of people who are hoping to reach heaven when the journey is over, yet deliberately refuse to be guided there by the only One who knows the way, or the country.

Still, in His loving kindness God leaves us His "signposts,"—disregarded and refused as they are—and, in His great mercy, compels some travellers to stop and read.

So let us glance at this very important one again. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man." Now that is most certainly neither the road of the drunkard, gambler, criminal or immoral man; for few imagine any of those to be the right road through life. Neither public opinion, nor the man himself, would for one moment affirm that he was treading "a way that seemeth right."

If these are not the roads on which God has placed this particular signpost, what is? Does not a life which consists of an industrious perseverance in duties, a righteously deserved success, accompanied by a due amount of benevolence and kindness, with a careful abstinence from prominent vices, appeal to most judges as a way of life that seemeth right? May I ask my reader if this life would not satisfy his ideas for himself or his neighbours? But God has declared: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways" (Isa. lv. 8); and seeing that man's ideas signify little, and that God's judgment and decision is all important, how serious it is to find such a plain direction placed on this road, trodden and approved by hundreds of men—"The end thereof is the ways of death!"

We often hear the expression, "He'll come to a bad end," applied to the worthless, idle or profligate; but here we see those whom God warns as to their end, are of quite a different class altogether. "Well, if leading a good life and doing the best I know only ends in death, whatever is a man to do better?" you say.

Have you heard the beautiful answer that the Lord Jesus Christ gave to those who asked Him, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" He told them the marvellous truth: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent."

Yes, dear reader, there has been one Man upon this earth whose life satisfied God's righteous demands—One who kept every jot and tittle of His holy law—One, of whom He could say, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Jesus of Nazareth lived a life of spotless righteousness before God; and could, had he so wished, have ascended, at any moment, to the highest heavens; and even there the judgment would have been, "I find no fault in this Man." And that is what God demands—absolute perfection! Nothing short of that will merit His favour. Are you able to render this?

Cease then entirely from your paltry attempts and turn your eyes to Him, in whom He is well pleased.

Perhaps you question, "How can this be done?" Can a man's good deeds count for another? Can one live for others?" You may be well assured that all God does, however merciful or gracious, is founded on absolute righteousness. Jesus lived for God. He *died* for sinners. His spotless, holy life would not have saved one soul from hell. The law says, "This do and *thou* shalt live." And He Himself exclaimed, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth *alone*; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." It was his absolute holiness that made Him a fitting Victim for God's altar; and—O marvellous grace!—He willingly offered Him-

self as such, and there He bore the wrath, the curse, that you and I so justly merited. The wages of sin is death: it was due to us; but He received the full, awful payment, and because of that, He is righteously able to give the gift of life.

Dear reader, if you are still upon the old road, turn your back upon it at once, and look off unto Jesus—He is *the* Way—and then, and then only, will you be able to say, with great peace and joy, “Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.” N. S. Wynell



Little Nellie's Trust.

The room was very crowded where Nellie's father stood with his little girl in his arms. *How* he loved that little one, his only child! There was something particularly tender in the love of this strong man for his delicate little daughter, and often when he looked at her a shade of sadness would come over his face. Why was this? Ah! little Nelly was blind, those blue eyes had never seen the father whom she loved so well; but in spite of this affliction she was happy in her home surrounded by those who cared for and protected her. This evening he had taken her to a gathering where all the people were strangers to her. As they stood there a lady came up to father and

child, who were somewhat apart from the rest, and holding out her hands she took Nellie in her arms. The child did not seem frightened, and said nothing when she found herself there, but her father said, "You don't know who has got you now, Nellie!" She lifted up her pretty face, and answered, "No, Father, *I* don't know, but *you* know."

What beautiful trust this child had in her father! It would be well for us if we could trust in the same way.

Like Nellie, we too are blind, and we know not what this new year may prove, in whose "arms," as it were, we find ourselves. But a Father's eye is watching, a Father's heart is conscious of all that surrounds us. Do we know that heart, and seek to be under the guidance of that Eye, or are we in the distant land of rebellion, of famine, and of self will, like the younger son of old, only seeking the Father's "goods" with no heart for the Father Himself?

Solemn thought; to begin a new, unknown year at enmity with God! Regardless of His will, unconscious of His love; alone in a far off land—spending, spending, ever spending that which His bounty has provided—but without a thought for Him! Yet His eye is upon such an one; His heart is yearning even for you, if you answer this description; pause, consider and, like the prodigal of old, may you come to yourself, and discover where you

are, and what you are! Then shall you say, "I will arise and go to my Father,"—to find all that the Son of His love made known in Luke xv. awaits you: a Father's kiss of forgiveness; a Father's arms of love; a Father's provision of the best robe—even Christ Himself, the righteousness of God—a Father's feast of communion over the fatted calf He has prepared; a Father's shoes to tread a Father's home; a Father's ring of eternal love! Such a Father! Such a welcome! And all told out by the Only Begotten Son who dwelt in His bosom! Well He knew the secrets found there! And "as many as received Him, to them gave He power (right, or privilege) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 13, 14); "for ye are all the children of God *by faith in Christ Jesus*" (Gal. iii. 26). "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, *Abba Father*" (Gal. iv. 6).



Amen and Alleluia.

Some thoughts associated with these two words have recalled an incident which is, we believe, singularly fitted to illustrate more than one of them, and that in a beautiful way. Before recording the

incident, however, let us call to mind what these words are. We find them both in the Hebrew scriptures. First, as to "Amen," which means "Truth," "Faithfulness," perhaps we can select no more instructive example than its occurrence in Isa. lxv. 16, where the Lord is Himself called ELOAH AMEN, "The God of Truth." The word occurs reduplicated at the end of each of the first three of the five books of Psalms, viz.—Ps. xli. 13, lxxii. 19; lxxxix. 52: each of which closes with the words, "Amen and Amen." This word "Amen" is of very frequent recurrence in the Greek of the New Testament, having been adopted from the Hebrew. How graciously do we find the Lord Jesus (who is Himself the Truth, Jno. xiv. 6) prefixing this word "Amen" (for that it is which is translated "Verily") to the declarations of his love, as in Jno. v. 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." What threefold assurance is here! He who is the Truth declares "Truly, truly, I say unto you." Yes, blessed Lord! here is a threefold cord (*cf.* Eccl. iv. 12) wherewith Thou has drawn multitudes of sinners from death to life, from self and sin and Satan, to Thyself, the mighty Saviour. The praise scene in Rev. xix. introduces our two words in a blessed juxtaposition in verse 4, which reads: "And the four and twenty elders and the

four beasts fell down and worshipped God that sat on the throne, saying, Amen; Alleluia."

The incident we referred to is the following. It is connected with the history of the Lord's work in China. In that vast empire, although all the inhabitants employ the same written characters yet the pronunciation which the men of separate provinces attach to them is so widely different, that they are in many cases as complete strangers in speech as would be an Englishman and a Frenchman. It happened, some time ago, that on the deck of one of the coasting steamers in the China Sea were two Christians, one from one of the Northern provinces of China, the other from one of the southern. From observation it appeared to one of them that the other was, like himself, a believer in the Lord Jesus, and he addressed him with the enquiry, "Are you a Christian?" But the difficulties attaching to the strangeness of their dialects prevented the attempt at conversation being understood. The enquirer then said, "A-men"; and the other immediately replied, "Alleluia!" Thus by means of these two Hebrew words, "Truth" and "Praise ye the Lord," were these subjects of the true "Celestial Empire" enabled to have fellowship in each other's joys. May those who have tasted the same streams of grace be enabled so to walk and to seek each other's "good to edification," that they may more constantly, not only utter the words, but realise the power of "Amen, Alleluia."

T. Jenner

Conversion of
Mrs. Fremont

A Good Catholic or a Lost Sinner?

Brought up in a convent, Mrs. —— was a devout and sincere Roman Catholic. She regularly attended mass, and was diligent in carrying out her religious duties, and prided herself upon being “a good Catholic.”

She had a lodger, who had been with her for several years, and who repeatedly urged her to go with her to some special services held in the hall where she herself was in the habit of going. But Mrs. —— refused. The hall was only a stone’s throw from her church, and what would Father J—— say if he saw her? Besides, she did not like mission halls and meeting rooms. Still her lodger persisted in her request, and at last, “just for once,” Mrs. —— agreed to accompany her. She looked fearfully around as she approached the hall, lest Father J—— should be in sight; but once inside, she forgot all about him. It was a plain, simple Gospel service; but she got quite indignant as the preacher fixed his eyes on her, though she was sitting near the back of the building, and told her she was a lost, guilty sinner, unfit for the presence of God, and unless cleansed from her sins by the blood of Jesus, would spend eternity in the lake of fire.

“Why does he speak so to *me*?” she asked herself; “I am a good Catholic, and he speaks as if I were a bad woman.” And she moved uneasily on her

chair, seeking to hide from the preacher's sight, behind the person sitting in front of her. But the preacher moved, too; and still his eyes were fixed on her, as he went on to tell of God's love to sinners, in spite of their sins; and His provision of a Saviour, who has completed the work of redemption, who has declared "It is finished"; and who now, risen again and at God's right hand,

"Waits to be gracious, to pardon and heal,
All who their guilt and their wretchedness feel."

That it was all addressed personally *to her*, and not to the others present, she was quite assured; and at the close of the service she indignantly went to the preacher, and asked him why he had thus singled her out,—she was "a good Catholic, not a bad woman!"

He courteously replied he knew nothing at all about her, and had not spoken to her more than to the rest.

"But you looked straight at me the whole time."

Again he assured her it was not so, but that what he had said was the truth of God about her, in spite of being "a good Catholic"; and he proceeded to show her by the word of God that a sinner is justified by faith in Christ, and in His blood, and not by works, and religious observances at all.

She had never intended to enter the place again, but somehow she could not keep away; and the truth dawned on her at last that in God's sight

she was not "good" at all, but a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, exposed to His wrath, and unable to help herself. Yet "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, *while we were yet sinners*, Christ died for us." "For when we were yet without strength, in due time, Christ died for the ungodly"; and she gave up trusting to her good works, her religious duties, her prayers, her masses, to rest alone in Him and the redemption He has accomplished. But was it really *for her*? Could she be *quite certain* that *her* sins had been laid by God Himself on His Christ, when He was made an offering for sin on Calvary? Was He really *her Substitute*? Had He died and risen again *for her*? . . . She was alone. Her household duties lay before her, but her husband was at business, and all was quiet; she fell on her knees in her bedroom. "Lord," she exclaimed, "show me from Thine own word whether I really am one of Thy redeemed."

There was no apparition,—no vision,—no excitement; but clear and distinct in her own heart the words came, "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in the day that I make up my jewels" (Malachi iii, 17). It was enough,—God's own message to her soul. Joy and peace followed, and the settled consciousness in the power of the Holy Spirit, that she was His, redeemed by blood, and saved for eternity.

Years have passed since then: she has had her trials and difficulties; but her words

in a recent letter to the writer are, "The blessed Lord says, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end,' so it is impossible to be anything but happy when you can realize that."

May such be the experience of each dear reader, for Christ's name sake!

T



God's Testimony, Received or Rejected

A person who is, in fact, in every way trustworthy, asserts that he has witnessed a certain transaction. I immediately exclaim, "I cannot believe a word he says." Now this may be quite true; and yet I may be altogether culpable for my incapacity. I may have hearkened to false reports of this person,—I may have suffered my mind to be prejudiced against him,—I may have got such thoughts of him, and such feelings towards him, that, as a simple matter of fact, I am incapable of believing a word he says. But does all this exonerate me if he be really a credible witness, and if, in this particular instance his testimony be true? No; nor does it shield me from the consequences of my unbelief, supposing that my life depends in some way upon the reception of his testimony. I am incapable of receiving it, and yet I am responsible for rejecting it. I am responsible for the state of heart which incapacitates me for receiving it. Now, this is precisely our natural state as it re-

spects God. The fact, largely and uniformly taught in Scripture, is that Satan has poisoned all the springs of thought and feeling in our nature, and we have so hearkened to his lying representations of the character of God, that by nature we do not believe a word He says. His word goes with us for nothing. We prefer believing Satan's lie to receiving the truth of God. Can it be any excuse for giving God the lie, to urge that we have such injurious, unworthy thoughts of Him, that we can do nothing else? No, this is not our excuse, but our condemnation. "*This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.*"

What is the consequence of all this? Why, plainly that by nature we are *lost*. This is what the word of God declares; and that our only resource is, not any capacity in ourselves of any kind, but the power of God to quicken those who are dead in trespasses and sins. It is by the word that He does this; and the way in which He does it is leading us by the word to believe on Jesus. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

The Son of Man came in full grace, not requiring what man owed to God, but proclaiming and manifesting the riches of God's love to man. He mixed with people of all classes, eating and drinking with them, whether they were Pharisees

or publicans. This was too wide, and left no place for any of those distinctions on which men pride themselves, and they said, "Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." But while such was the general rejection of the One whom God sent, there were some who received His word; and of them He says, "But wisdom is justified of her children." How does our blessed Lord account for the difference between them and the mass? Is it that by dint of greater industry, or as the reward of greater faithfulness, they had become acquainted with the truth? No, He turns to His Father, and says, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." It was not that the wise and prudent had *discovered* who Jesus was; *the Father had revealed Him*, and that to *babes*,—to those most ignorant and incapable.

It was not that the proof was lacking, in any wise, of the glory of Jesus as the Son of God. His works made manifest who He was. But what use are light and colour to a man who is utterly blind? There was the total want of capacity on man's part to appreciate the evidence which was presented to him. "No man knoweth who the Son is, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, *and he to whom the Son will reveal Him.*"

Is there, however, a poor broken-hearted sinner, conscious of his helplessness and utter ruin, and feeling that he can neither enlighten nor save himself? Does the eye of such an one rest on these words, and is he asking, Can I hope to be one of those to whom the Son will reveal the Father? Let him hear the voice of Jesus. "All things are delivered unto me of the Father," we hear Him say. It belongs to Him to reveal the Father to whomsoever He will. And who are they to whom He will reveal the Father? "Come unto Me," are His blessed words, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." May some poor burdened sinner receive this gift of perfect rest,—rest in the Father's bosom,—while listening to those words of grace and consolation from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake! *From Present Testimony Vol. II. Page 326*

Reminiscences.

The sovereignty of God is one of the greatest and most blessed truths of the Bible; and looking back over the past and reviewing the way God extended His mercy to one so unworthy, makes one exclaim,

"How good is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
 His love is as great as His power,
 And knows neither measure nor end!"

He saves the most unlikely, as we have often heard; and one can say with another of olden times,

“I am not worthy of the least of Thy mercies” (Gen. xxxii. 10).

Looking back forty-eight years, a little boy was at school. Prayers were read every night from a printed card, while some fifty boys in the dormitory knelt beside their cots. On this occasion most were whispering to each other, some treating the matter indifferently, and some irreverently; few only paying attention to what was being read. This lad, however, heard God's name mentioned and that God was asked to bless all present for Jesus' sake. In the middle of the night this same boy had a vision of a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and thought he saw someone at the top of the ladder calling him. He awoke, and saying “it was only a dream,” fell to sleep again. Once more he saw the ladder, and thinking of Jacob's dream, felt certain that God was calling him. He thereupon got up, and following the injunction of Matthew vi. 6, prayed to God in secret, and was rewarded openly. Did he do anything to bring about his conversion? Absolutely nothing! Did he raise a little finger to save himself? No! “Ah, but,” someone would say, “he was not saved!” That someone would be quite right in making such a statement; for this lad, although having the conscious knowledge that God had called him and given him new thoughts of Himself, new desires, new aspirations, could not say he was saved, he had never confessed Jesus as Lord. Time went on, and

he tried to walk in a right path in his own strength, and hence much failure followed.

Presently school days were ended, and the Navy entered, where many temptations assailed him, yet the One who had called him and blessed him, had said "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and was true to His promise.

Being anxious to get to sea, this lad found himself in a small storeship proceeding to the West Coast of Africa, and was not long in discovering that the Navigator was religious; for the first convenient Sunday he held a service on board in the evening. He can never forget this first service at sea; and the first hymn sung,—

" Oh! to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet;
A broken and empty vessel,
For the Master's use made meet,"

encouraged him greatly to confess the Lord, but "the fear of man which bringeth a snare" was before him, and he did not confess Christ at this time.

Again, one of the Quartermasters, evidently a believer, held a Gospel service on the Forecastle one evening; this lad offered to help him, and was particularly struck with one of the hymns he gave out,—

" Free from the law, Oh, happy condition!
Jesus has bled, and there is remission!
Cursed by the law, and bruised by the fall,
Christ hath redeemed us, once for all."
(Gal. iii. 13.)

This puzzled him; must he not still try to keep the

ten commandments? Did he not say the Litany at the church service, and constantly repeat, "Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners?" What did it mean to be "free from the law?" and because "Jesus hath bled there is remission?" He could not understand it; but did not like to appear to be ignorant, so would not ask the Quartermaster. He wanted to work for God, as most enthusiastic young men do, without really knowing God's salvation; and bargained to teach the Kroomen (West Coast of Africa Negroes) hymns, if they taught him "Kroo." They got on very well together; and it was astonishing how they learnt to sing in English:

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.

Although he taught it to these dear men of colour, he did not understand the meaning of it himself. But, he must say here, praise the Lord! now he knows that when Jesus said, "It is finished" on that shameful cross, everything was fully done to God's glory, and for man's eternal salvation. All God's righteous claims were met by the holy, spotless, Son of God, "who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." Well may we sing,—

It is finished, yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need:
Tell me, is it not?"

Dear reader, have you come to the only

Saviour? Be encouraged by His own words, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and *him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out*" (John vi. 37).

C. H. Cocke

(To be continued, D V.)



The King's Visit.

Some time ago, His Majesty King George V. was paying a visit to a large Government Office, and all the staff were invited to go to the first floor, at 11 o'clock, to see him. One of the clerks was asked afterwards if she had been down, and her reply was:

"Oh no, I have not time. I am so busy with my work. I saw him from the window in the distance."

So busy with her work there was no time for the Sovereign himself, for whom she was supposed to be doing it! So occupied with it, she had no heart for him! A distant view was enough for her disloyal heart.

"I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh" (Numbers xxiv. 17). So said Balaam, the false prophet, when compelled to utter the words God put in his mouth, and proclaim the rising of the Star out of Jacob. Christ is coming; "behold He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him" (Rev. 1. 7),—*yours*, dear reader, among the rest. But will you see Him *nigh* or at

a distance? It may be you are His professed servant; but is it the service, or the One you serve, that holds your heart's allegiance?

If “*now*, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, *are made nigh* by the blood of Christ” (Eph. ii. 13), when He comes for His own, you shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord, and as the effect of that glad meeting, “when we shall see Him we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is” (1 John iii. 2); “and so shall we ever be with the Lord” (1 Thess. iv. 17).

Yes, with Him, “when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe” (2 Thess. i. 7-10).

“Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.” (Matt. xxv. 6.) W. D. Tucker



Saviour, thou sum and substance,
 Alpha, Omega, End,
 Circumference and Centre
 Whereto God's ways all tend;
 Lord of the whole creation,
 Its one desire art Thou!
 Thou haste Thy promised coming,
 That all to Thee may bow.

W. Y. Erbery

*From Life of R.
Baxter, and his Call to
the Unconverted*

The Man-Catcher.

One dark night, in the year 1643, a stranger called at a large, but lonely house in Warwickshire, to enquire his way, having missed it in the dark. The owner of the house, a magistrate, thinking it unsafe for any respectable person to be out alone at night (it was the time of the Civil War), invited him in; a kindness readily and gratefully accepted. The traveller soon showed himself a man of extensive information, and the magistrate wondering who he could be, at length pointedly asked his occupation.

With a smile, he replied, "Sir, I am a man-catcher!"

"A man-catcher! then you are the very person I want! I am a justice of the peace for this district, and have to apprehend a man called Dick Baxter, who is to preach at a conventicle near here to-morrow morning. If you will go with me, we shall soon get him!"

The traveller agreed; and early the next day, they started together. A "conventicle" was the name then given to any religious service not held in a church, and the laws were stringent against those holding or attending such.

When the magistrate and his assistant reached the building, they found the expected preacher had not arrived; and the justice, wishing to use the opportunity to urge loyalty and good conduct

on those whom he supposed assembled for a seditious purpose, asked his companion to address them, for he felt sure he was quite equal to such a task.

“But if they have been expecting a religious meeting, they will not appreciate a political one, was the reply, “though if you will begin with a prayer, I will try.”

“I would, but I have not my prayer book with me. You pray, for I am sure you can.”

And the man-catcher prayed. Then he began to speak. It was not an address such as the magistrate was accustomed to hear; and though we cannot give the reader his exact words then, those on another occasion may be of interest.

“It is life, and not death, that is the first part of our message to you; our commission is to offer salvation, certain salvation, a speedy, glorious everlasting salvation, to everyone of you; to the poorest beggar as well as to the greatest lord; to the worst of you, even to the drunkards, swearers, worldlings, thieves, yea, to the despisers and reproachers of the holy way of salvation. We are commanded by our Lord and Master to offer you a pardon for all that is past, if you will now at last return and live; we are commanded to beseech and entreat you to accept the offer and return; to tell you what preparation is made by Christ for you; what mercy stays for you; what patience waiteth on you; what thoughts of kindness God hath to-

wards you ; and how happy, how certainly and unspeakably happy, you may be if you will. We have indeed, also, a message of wrath and death ; yea, of a two-fold wrath and death ; but neither of these is our principal message : we must tell you of the wrath that is on you already, but this is to show you the need of mercy, and provoke you to esteem the grace of the Redeemer.

“ I do here in the name of the Lord of life proclaim to you all that hear me this day, to the worst of you, to the greatest, to the oldest sinner, that you may have mercy and salvation if you will but turn. But then, as you love your souls, remember what turning it is the Scripture speaks of. It is not to mend the old house, but to pull down all, and build anew on Christ the rock and sure foundation.

“ In II. Cor. v. 17-21 you have the very sum of our commission. “ 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.”

“ So Mark xvi. 15, 16. “ Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned.”

“ And Luke xxiv. 46, 47, ‘ Thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third

day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations.'

"And Acts xiii. 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.'

"Here you may safely trust your souls; for the love of God is the fountain of this offer,—John iii. 16. And the blood of the Son of God hath purchased it; the faithfulness and truth of God is engaged to make the promise sure; and the Spirit doth open the heart to entertain it."

Such was the commission of this "man-catcher," held by the authority of the Son of the living God, who once said to a Galilean fisherman, "From henceforth thou shalt catch men." And as he spoke of the love of Christ, those cords of love were thrown around one present, and the Father drew a lost sinner to the feet of His Son. Tears were freely coursing down the magistrate's face as he heard the strange words of grace; and when the simple service closed, and the one whom he had engaged to assist in apprehending the preacher turned to him, saying, "Sir, I am Dick Baxter, and entirely at your service," the proud persecutor was overcome, and from that day threw in his lot with the despised people of God.

Reader, have you been "apprehended of Christ Jesus?" His commission still holds good,

and once more, by these lines, He entreats *you* "to be reconciled to Him."



REMINISCENCES (Continued).

The ship in which the writer was serving soon reached St. Paul de Loanda going south; and here we were ordered to embark the great African explorer, Mr. H. M. Stanley (as he then was) and his followers. He had just completed his second expedition across Central Africa, and many of those who began the journey from the east side to the west, had succumbed to fever and other causes; not one Englishman save Mr. Stanley got through. The writer was privileged to have conversation with this brave man, who owned his deliverance of God; and subsequently confessed the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. No doubt the life and conduct of that servant of God, Dr. Livingstone, made a marked impression on Mr. Stanley; and none of us know what effect our life and conduct have. Reaching the Cape of Good Hope, the writer was invited to a Bible reading at Simon's Town, and was struck with the simplicity of the meeting, and remarks made on the portion before us. This increased a longing to know more about the truth. I felt like a babe needing milk, and so I was, proving the truth of I. Peter ii. 2, "as new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye

may grow thereby," though ignorant of this scripture at the time.

Proceeding to the Island of Zanzibar, on the East Coast, we disembarked our passengers after a most interesting time (historically).

Returning to Simon's Town, as Christmas day approached, through the kind thought of our Commander, we put into a little place named Mossal Bay early that day, to give an opportunity to those who desired, to attend the morning service. I, for one, was delighted; and when the hymn, "Christians awake, salute the happy morn," was sung, it seemed to me like heaven itself. To think of God's greatest gift to a poor sinner like me, filled my soul; and I desired to praise Him with my whole heart: hence it was a time of joy. May I ask my reader here: Have you ever thanked God with your whole heart for His unspeakable gift? Is there any gift to equal it? Did not "God so love the world, that He gave His *only begotten Son*, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life?" (John iii. 16.) And up to now, although you have many times been convicted in your own conscience that you are a sinner, and convinced that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, you have never yet thanked God for His unspeakable gift! Whom did He come into the world to save? My dear friend, do not lose a moment:—

To-day the Saviour calls;
 Ye wanderers, come.
 O ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?

After Christmas we were brought back to Simon's Town. Malaria had overtaken me, and after several months in hospital, I was brought back to England in much weakness. On looking back one sees God's hand in all this, and as we often repeat:

“He is too wise to err;
 Too good to be unkind.”

After only a few weeks' rest, I was again at sea and proceeding to Malta. On reaching this island one at once thought of the Apostle Paul and the account of the shipwreck as recorded in Acts xxvii, “When they had escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita” (Malta) Acts xxviii. 1.

There is something most encouraging in this narrative of the apostle's journey to Rome; and it has been a source of strength to many young Christians. The apostle was ever *the Lord's* prisoner; and the Lord not only took care of His servant, but enabled him to exhort the ship's company “to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship.” “For I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.”

One was anxious to visit the spot, now named St. Paul's Bay, where the vessel struck, and thought of the preserving care of our God there, over His tried and honoured servant. What hospitality was shown him; what courtesy! By the

power given him to heal the father of Publius, the chief man of the island, from fever, God would be made known; and "when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed,"

All these things of interest further increased the desire on the writer's part to know the truth of God and to confess His name. Presently we moved to the Island of Cyprus and this gave increased interest in view of Acts xiii, where we read that Barnabas and Saul "preached the word of God," and the deputy of the country desired to hear it: and, praise God! he believed the testimony of the gospel, "being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord."

C. H. Cook

(To be continued.)

Christ's Two Appearings.

Is Christ coming again? He is. His word declares it,—“If I go . . . I will come again” (John xiv. 3). Do you believe it? Many do; many do not: but “shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect?” He will be true to His word whether men believe it or not.

Why is Christ coming? When is He coming? How is He coming? All these are questions that find their complete answer in the word of God, but they are not what we would at this moment bring before the reader, interesting and important

as they are. But we ask you solemnly, in the presence of God, *How has Christ's first coming affected you?* As you stand in relation to His first coming, so will you be found in relation to His second coming.

No one denies that Christ has come;—at least, that He whom Christians call “Christ”—“a Man called Jesus,”—“Jesus of Nazareth,” once lived and died; or that He was crucified under Pontius Pilate.

How has that fact affected *you*? A little Babe, born in the land of Palestine, nineteen hundred years ago, the reputed Son of a carpenter:—what has that to do with YOU?

Who was that Babe? On your answer to that question depends your condition of existence through all eternity. As surely as God breathed into Adam the breath of life, and he became a living soul, so surely, as his offspring, you have an immortal soul, and a spirit, which at the dissolution of soul and body, which we call DEATH, shall return to the God who gave it (Eccles. xii. 7). And the condition of that soul, which shall exist as long as the God who breathed it, depends on your relation to the Babe of Bethlehem!

Who was that Babe? What is *your* heart's answer? “What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?”

“And lo, the heavens were opened unto Him,
. . . and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is

My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 16, 17). The Galilean fisherman echoed the words, when he answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!" (Matt. xvi. 16.)

"Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona";—and blessed is the reader if the same Spirit-taught confession is his,—"for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven" (v. 17).

The Babe of Bethlehem is the Mighty God! "Thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting" (Micah v. 2). "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father (or Father of eternity), the Prince of Peace" (Isaiah ix. 6). "They shall call His name Emmanuel: which being interpreted is, God with us" (Matt. i. 23; Isaiah vii. 14). "Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. i. 21).

Yes, Christ has come! Why did He come? "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (I. Tim. i. 15). "Now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. ix. 26).

When He came into the world, He said, "A body hast thou prepared Me," "lo, I come to do Thy will, O God" (Heb. x. 5, 9). "By the which will we are sanctified, through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all"; for "this Man, after He had offered *one sacrifice for sins*, for ever sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool. For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 10-14). Yes, dear reader, "as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment; so Christ also was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation" (Heb. ix. 27, 28).

He came once to take up the question of *sin* (not social reform) and settle it. He has done so, to God's glory, and the salvation of every sinner that trusts Him. On the cross He made atonement for sin; He tasted death, He bore the judgment; and "by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39). "Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified" (I. Cor. vi. 11), cleansed from sin, and set apart to God, perfectly, and for ever. Yes, delivered from the *guilt* of sin, and from the *power* of sin;—not yet from its *presence*, either in or around.

Christ is coming again, but not to take up the question of sin again. *It is settled.* He will make

manifest the full effect of His work on Calvary when He lets Himself be seen again. Those now sanctified will be removed for ever from the presence of sin, for when we shall see Him we shall be like Him," conformed to the likeness of His body of glory: those still His enemies shall be made His footstool, trampled under the victorious feet of Him who once hung on Calvary,—whose grace they have spurned, whose salvation they have rejected, whose blood they have trampled under foot.

Then shall He cast out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and righteousness, not sin, shall reign over this redeemed creation, till He shall deliver up the kingdom. Then a new heaven and a new earth wherein righteousness shall dwell, will be the eternal evidence of the perfection of the work He accomplished on Calvary's cross. "All things" will be reconciled,—*not all persons*. Some, through grace, are reconciled *now* (Col. i. 21); is the reader among them? If still at enmity, beware: "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with eternal destruction (ruin, not annihilation) from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of His power, when He shall come to be glorified in His Saints and to be admired in all them that believe."

H. C. G. G. G.

*Paper sent
by Mr. Hoekstra
among other to M.S.S.*

“ How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds !”

It was my privilege to be at the bedside of two aged Christians, who to all appearance, were very near their eternal home. They were upwards of eighty years of age; they had seen the jubilee of a wedded life; for as many years they had walked together to hear the word of God preached, and both, for nearly the same number of years had been children of God through faith in Christ Jesus. But, like many more, they did not enjoy the sweet relationship of God as their Father; so when questioned as to this real joy, they both looked up sadly, while the husband replied, “ I hope so ”; and the dear old wife broke in with, “ Ah yes, we shall know all about it when we get up there !”

“ Yes, that is perfectly and most blessedly true; but God would have you, His children, enjoy the reality of that eternal relationship now, just where you are.”

“ But you don't mean to tell us we can enjoy that great blessing while in these poor bodies? That must surely be when we get up there.”

“ Well now, come; just let us see what the Lord says about this.”

And we read John v. 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.”

“ Now, Mr. and Mrs. D——, tell me what you think of that? You have heard what the Lord has said to you by His word; do you believe it?”

“ Oh yes, I believe all the Lord says.”

“ Well then, you have got everlasting life! Mark those three words, “ and IS PASSED.” Tell me, is not that for you now, whilst you are there on that bed?”

“ There now,” said the husband to the wife, “ I never saw it like that before!”

“ Neither did I,” said the wife, “ but how beautiful it is!”

On a subsequent visit we read, “ Beloved, now are we the sons (children) of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is ” (I. John iii. 2). The present and the future so beautifully brought out in that blessed word was real comfort to them; joy filled their hearts beyond a doubt; gladness beamed in each countenance, and the Lord in His great love kept all doubts and fears from them, as the following will clearly show.

On Christmas morning I was called in to assist in removing the dear husband from the side of his wife, as the end was evidently near. This moving well nigh exhausted his remaining strength, and it was an hour before he revived again. Then the question was put, “ Can you hear, Mr. D——?” He squeezed my hand and smiled. We sang very softly in his ear,

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear;
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

The hymn was sung right through, and never shall I forget how, while we were singing the last verse,—

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And triumph in Thy blessed name
 Which quells the power of death.

He gradually moved his arms from under the clothes, and lifting up his hands, he distinctly, though feebly uttered, "Praise, praise the Lord!"

His dear wife longed to see him once more, so we carried her to his bed-side. She spoke to him, but no answer; the friends in the room spoke to him still no answer. We asked the dear wife to listen, for I believed the Lord would yet give him a word of comfort to those about him. Again the question was put, "Can you hear?" A sweet smile stole over his face in reply.

"Is the Lord precious to you now?"

All could distinctly hear the feeble answer, "Yes! Yes!"

"You know now you are going to be for ever with the Lord?"

His dear wife heard clearly his last words on earth, "Yes; praise! praise!" and with a calm, sweet smile he fell asleep through Jesus.

The dear partner of his life followed just one month after. During this time she was in the full enjoyment of Christ in her the hope of glory, often

remarking, "I am now enjoying what I should have known fifty years ago; what a blessed comfort it is now while I am waiting to go home!"

The morning of the day she died she was very bright and happy in the prospect before her, but in the afternoon knew no one. Taking her hand in mine, I sang softly, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"

Her head turned in a listening attitude. I said, "You find that Name very precious to you, now you are about to cross the stream." "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" She turned her head as before and shortly after, her happy spirit was "absent from the body, and present with the Lord!" What a sweet charm there is in the name of Jesus! Do you know the reality of it, dear reader? If not, let me ask you to read very carefully John iii. 16, 17, 18 and 19. Will you "love darkness rather than light?" If so, instead of falling asleep through Jesus, as the above aged ones did, yours will be an eternal banishment from Him and the presence of His glory. How awful to be shut out from Him to spend an endless eternity in the lake of fire! May the Lord write this deeply on your heart.

E. A.

*Sir E. D. to
Lancelotti*

The Dying Baronet.

Propped up with pillows, an aged baronet sat in his bed writing a letter. Ninety years had en-

feebled his frame, but his mind was clear and vigorous, and he was still able to attend to his correspondence. It was to a relative of the present writer he was addressing this letter; and having finished the business which called for it, he added these words:—"You will have seen by the papers that I have entered my tenth decade, and I cannot expect to be here much longer; but what is that to me? *I have everlasting life!*"

Shortly afterwards his long life here closed, and he entered into the unclouded enjoyment of the eternal life he had possessed for many a long year. Can the reader say as he did, "*I have everlasting life?*" Was it presumptuous on his part so to say? It may be you deem it was, and that you yourself would never dare to be guilty of the like. And presumption indeed—fearful blasphemous presumption, it would be for a sinner so to speak, were it not that God Himself, by the lips of the Lord Jesus Christ, has said,—"*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 (judgment), but is passed from death unto life*" (John v. 24); and again, "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me HATH everlasting life*" (John vi. 47); and yet again, "*I GIVE unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand,*" John x. 28.

The very purpose of the Gospel of John being

written was "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might *have life* through His name" (ch. xx. 31); while the same Apostle adds, of his first epistle, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that you may KNOW *that ye HAVE eternal life*" (I. John v. 13).

Is it presumption to believe *God*? Is it not rather deadly presumption to dare to disbelieve Him? "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" (I. John v. 10, 11).

Long years before, when quite a young man, the baronet had rested on the word of God; he had found Him the refuge of his guilty conscience, and the rest of a wearied heart; and it had been his to pen the following verses—among many others—which it may be are addressed to some whose eyes shall rest on these lines. If so, may his blessed experience be yours!

Ye desolate children of sorrow!

As fleet as the bloom of May,

Your dreams of a brighter morrow,

Your hopes, have they passed away?

The chill breath of time, does it wither

The bough where ye build your nest?

Ah, come then, ye mourners, come hither,

I'll tell you of endless rest.

I'll tell you of Him who hath spoken

Sweet peace to my weary heart,

And healed it, though withered and broken,

With love's all-availing art.

It was He, 'twas the Lord of glory,
 Who died on the cursed tree,
 On Calvary, stricken and gory,
 A suffering Lamb for me.

Alone on the desolate mountains,
 With tangled and sullied fleece,
 I wandered afar from the fountains
 Of holiness, life and peace;
 Till He o'er the hills, like a shepherd
 In quest of His stray one, passed,
 And saved from the lion and leopard
 The life of my soul at last.

Ye who dwell like a trembling sparrow
 Alone on a leafless bough,
 From the point of the archer's arrow
 Defenceless, unsheltered now,
 Fly, fly to the Saviour! Come hither
 From sorrow, from fear and strife,
 To a branch that will never wither;—
 Come, dwell in the Tree of life!

SIR E. DENNY.



Reminiscences (Continued).

After leaving Cyprus, we were privileged to convey an Indian Regiment of soldiers to Bombay, via the Suez Canal and Red Sea. Being anxious to work for the Lord, the question came to one's mind whether these coloured men would be offended if they were offered a tract? Choosing my opportunity, after waiting upon the Lord for grace and strength, one Lord's day afternoon, when all was quiet and these dear men were lying about everywhere on their grass mats, I very cautiously moved among them, and offered a tract. To my great surprise, I found more than one confessed Christ

as their Saviour. This was joy indeed; and only shows that God has His own everywhere, even among Buddhists. They were, however, very careful not to make any public confession before their fellow soldiers; and were more after the manner of secret disciples. However, we can praise the Lord for bringing even such idolators to Himself.

We were not long before we reached the Suez Canal, and were safely piloted through that interesting spot into the Red Sea. What thoughts arose on reaching this historic sea! The history of the children of Israel came uppermost to one's mind; and as I sat on the Knight-heads of the Forecastle, when the vessel crossed the exact spot, as is supposed, where God's ancient people passed over dry-shod, I could only wonder at God's mighty power in causing these very waters to divide, and make a road for His people. This was a divine road, dear reader, and only for those who put their trust in the Lord Jehovah. He was with them and for them, their great Deliverer. They walked by faith, and so pressed forward until safe on the other side. Then they sang the song of salvation, the song of triumph. Every time that it is our privilege to sing,

Thine arm has safely brought us
 A way no more expected,
 Than when Thy sheep passed through the deep,
 By crystal walls protected.
 We sing Thine arm unshortened,
 Brought through each sore temptation;
 With heart and voice in Thee rejoice,
 Thou God of our salvation.

reminds the writer of this wonderful event. But, dear friend, are you like the Egyptians who thought they could reach the other side in safety by their own efforts? If such is your thought, beware! It will only end in disaster. Judgment is bound to overtake you, and yours will be endless remorse for trusting to your own resources to get to heaven, when God in His infinite mercy has provided the one and only way.

Jesus declares He is "*the way, the truth, and the life*; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

It was extremely hot on the occasion of which I am writing, being the month of August; and some on board succumbed, though most were spared to pass through the Straits of Babel-Mandeb, commonly called by sailors "Hell's gates," on account of the intense heat experienced when passing through this narrow passage into the Indian Ocean. On consulting an ancient map I find the name known by the sailors was stated on it; and surely it ought to come as a warning to everyone who despises God's way. For like the ship, such an one is moving slowly but surely towards the gates of hell, to be engulfed in the lake of fire for eternity!

Christmas, 1879, found the writer in Port Royal Hospital, Jamaica, not expected to live long; but God had purposes towards him of which he knew not and he was spared through His mercy to see England again. After a time in hospital at

home he once more was pronounced fit, and served in a ship at Rockferry (Liverpool). Here one could only assist the chaplain, and did what one could to read the Scriptures, always longing and thirsting for truth, but never able to find anyone to help. Up to this time I had not publicly confessed Christ as my personal Saviour. Like most church people I believed that having been christened and confirmed, if I endured to the end, I should be saved. How surprised I was, when in my next ship, I was asked by one, "Do you know you've got eternal life?"

I said, "I hope so!"

"But you do not *know* you've got it? Did not our Lord Jesus say, 'I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish?' Are you a believer in Him?"

"Yes!"

"Then you are one of His sheep."

"Yes!"

"Then you have eternal life, for Jesus has given it you; and you can never be lost."

I could have jumped for joy. This was a revelation which brought real blessing to my soul, and joy to my heart; and from that day to this I have never doubted that I have eternal life as a present possession. Have you that assurance? If not, why not? Can you doubt such words uttered by our Lord Jesus Himself and recorded in John x, 27-30. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know

them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand. My Father which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and My Father are one." Here is a double security for you. Those who believe are safely kept by the omnipotent hand of the Lord Jesus Christ.

(To be continued.)

C. H. Coker

The Breastplate,

The breastplate was an oblong, two spans long, turned over, making a square; a span every way. That in itself is very suggestive.

Speaking of the glory of the Lord Jesus, He hath "meted out heaven with the span"; the vast universe is in His hand, He binds the winds with His fists. That tells of His mighty hand, and we listen to Him saying to us, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." I rather think what follows is to make security doubly sure; "My Father which gave them Me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." But we must not forget, "I and My Father are one." The Lord as a divine Person is co-equal, co-eternal, co-essential with the Father. The hand of the Good Shepherd, spoken of in John x., is the hand of Omnipotence, and so is the

Father's hand. It is blessed to realise we are so secure! None can ever pluck us out of His hand, not "any man" simply, but none,—no demon, not Satan. We may assure our hearts of our blessed security.

From "The Book of Redemption."



His Glory I Shall See.

My Saviour for my sins atoned
 When on the cross He died;
 But He is risen from the dead,—
 By God now glorified.
 And, blessed hope! I know that soon
 He'll come again for me,
 That where He is, I too may be,
 Whose glory I shall see.

My Saviour who is glorified,
 And on His Father's throne,
 In majesty will soon appear
 To manifest His own.
 And then shall every nation give
 To Him all praise and prayer;
 And in that day of royal display
 His glory I shall share.

For ever and for evermore,—
 What sweetness in that word!
 For ever to behold Him shine,
 For ever with the Lord!
 To praise and to adore Him still
 Through all eternity!
 JESUS, 'tis He who died for me,
 Whose glory I shall see.

J. Evans

The Confirmation Candidate.

On an October day, in the year 1851, a young girl sat alone in her bedroom, in the north of London. On the table before her lay her Bible, together with some papers, and pen and ink; for she was answering the questions given her by the clergyman at the class for candidates for confirmation, of which she was one.

The child and grandchild of true and earnest Christians, she had been religiously brought up; and it had been her custom as a little girl to spend Sunday afternoon with her sister, committing to memory large portions of the word of God. Now she had left school, and was entering on home duties, she made it her habit to read seven chapters of the Bible every day, as well as spend a considerable time in prayer and religious duty: so she thought, and others thought, too, that she was a very good girl.

It happened, however, that the aged clergyman, whose church she attended, and who was preparing her for the rite of Confirmation, to which she was looking forward with seriousness and devotion, was taken ill; and his place in the class had been filled by one of the curates,—a man known for long in the neighbourhood as “holy Mr. D——.” It was he who had handed her the questions; but as she unfolded the paper and read the first one, she was staggered.

“Have you any reason to believe you are a child of God?”

She had expected a question addressed to her intellect,—something that would appeal to her intimate head-knowledge of the written word of God; but this was addressed to her heart and her conscience. *“Have YOU any reason to believe YOU are a child of God?”*

The room was very still, she became intensely solemn; and the eyes of her mind turned inwardly, and searched up and down within her to find an answer to the question. *“Have you any reason to believe you are a child of God?”*

“I read seven chapters a day.” But Conscience replied, *“That will not do.”*

Again and again she sought within her for something to rest on,—some inward evidence that she was born of God; but in spite of having been christened as an infant, in spite of having been so religiously brought up, she found within her no answer to the searching query; and sorrowfully, but conscientiously she took up her pen, and wrote, *“No!”*

“Then what are you?” It was the voice of the Holy Spirit convicting her of sin.

And on her knees she sobbed out, *“I am nothing but a poor, lost, miserable sinner.”*

“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

“As many as received Him, to them gave He

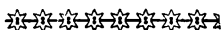
power (right or privilege) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born . . . of God." John i. 12.

"That will do; He came to save sinners, that is what I am, but I do believe in Him, I do receive Him as my Saviour."

She again dipped her pen in the ink, and crossing out the word "No," she wrote,

"Yes, John i. 12."

Seventy years afterwards, as she told the story, she added, "And there I have been ever since." Reader, have *you* any reason to believe *you* are a child of God? T.



“We have . . . forgiveness.”

The gospel not only tells men they need forgiveness, but it tells them they have it. Any Christian can say he has it who knows and believes the Gospel. "But how can you say that?" you ask. Does not God say so? Perhaps you are not caring for it! It is terrible if you are not,—terrible that God should give His Son, and you not care about it! This is worse than breaking the law, for the blood was shed to wash away that sin. Now when atonement has been made, and is rejected or treated with indifference, what can be done? For "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin."

By the Gospel we announce the forgiveness of your sins, and a perfect righteousness wrought out for you. Have you got it? Do you think God has given His Son to atone for our sins, and to work out this righteousness, and we not need it? If you need it, have you got it? Nay, do you know you want it? Have you even been in the presence of God? Have your eyes ever been opened to see your nakedness in the presence of God? The blind man does not know his state. When God has clothed a man, he is not naked. God clothed Adam with skins. When a man has put on Christ, surely it may be said, "By grace are ye saved." Christ has wrought out a righteousness in which we can be in the presence of God, and in which He can Himself sit on the throne of God. He has clothed me with divine righteousness as well as given me forgiveness, and He preaches peace. I know, when clothed, I have perfect peace. After this there is the full and blessed result in glory. What Christ is entitled to we get. He has a title to everything, and I have a portion with Him in all that he has. The work which has earned the glory for Him as Son of Man gives it to me. When He comes, we shall come with Him in the glory. There is the "inheritance"; but, what is better, we are to be with Him who is the universal Heir. He has finished the work for salvation. For whom? For me; for every believer.

The gospel reveals the answer of God to my soul, that what I want I have in Christ, forgiveness, righteousness, life, peace, glory. My sins are borne away already, and my title to glory is just as perfect as when I get there. "We have redemption through His blood."

Now, have you got salvation? If your eyes are open, you will want it; have you got it? God does not deceive you. He does not say you are saved, if you are not. The craving after it is not the answer to it. If He has given the craving, He will complete the work; but it is not the answer. If you say, How can I tell? you have not submitted to the righteousness of God; you are going about to establish your own righteousness by the fruits of grace you want to find in yourself, and so to get a proof of your standing before God. But will fruits of grace give you forgiveness or righteousness? They are not the blood of Christ; they are not Christ. How can they cleanse from sin? God delights in the fruits of grace, but they cannot put away sin. It is the work of Christ on the cross which alone does that. God has set Him at His own right hand; and when I believe it, I see how God has loved me. May you be in yourself so broken down, that you may find One, who never breaks down!

Grace reigns through righteousness, and will produce all manner of fruits through our Lord Jesus Christ.

*J. A. J. "Lost or Saved"
Evangelist Vol 2. Page 269*

Reminiscences (continued).

Soon after this an officer one day walked into my presence, and without hesitation asked, "Are you a believer in our Lord Jesus Christ?" I coloured from head to foot, but answered that I was; and this led to conversation about the one and only Saviour, our Lord Jesus. It always brings cheer to one's heart when able to speak of the One who loved us and gave Himself for us; and often one has found that many young believers hang back because they have never been brought to confess Jesus, personally and definitely, as their Lord. It may be the case with one who reads this narrative. One would therefore impress the Lord's own word upon you:—

"Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. x. 32). The Lord was soon to put me to the test. We had reached Hong Kong, China, on this occasion; and on our arrival were invited to the house of one of the missionaries by some Christians who were stationed there, serving in H.M.S. "Victor Emanuel." Two of us accepted the invitation: and not long after our arrival at the house, when they were about to begin a meeting, one of the missionaries came to me and said, "I suppose you will speak a few words to us presently?" I was completely taken by surprise and said, "Not me, miss! I have

never spoken in my life, but my brother will, who has come with me." I felt downright ashamed of myself, for in my heart I had denied the Lord, being afraid to confess Him before men as my Saviour. This was the turning point. The Lord had to bring me all those hundreds of miles to make me learn the lesson of confession; and on returning on board the ship, feeling most unhappy, I got on my knees and acknowledged my transgression. I earnestly prayed the Lord that the next time He gave me an opportunity of speaking a few words for Him, He would give me grace to do so. It was not long before the opportunity came, and I was permitted to tell of the One who died to save a poor sinner like me.

Ten years and more had now elapsed since my conversion, and I was fired with more zeal for His service. I did all in my power to assist the chaplain in his services, and arranged a Bible class once a week in the hope of learning more of the truth. I often think of these readings, as they were held in the condenser flat, over tanks of hot water, with large candles for light. It was very hot indeed, and meant you were there in flannels with the perspiration pouring off you, yet for the love of the truth it was borne happily and with patience. Then I was accused of going about the ship telling people they were not good enough for "Holy Communion." Neither were they unless they had really and truly believed in our Lord

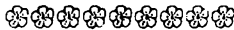
Jesus Christ: for the Lord's Supper, I learnt, was instituted as a feast of memorial for His followers only, and no one else. How could they remember Him whom they knew not? If my reader should be yet a stranger to Him, may I first warn you, and then entreat you to believe in the one only Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, "who gave Himself a ransom for all"; and then as a believer in Him, it will give you joy unspeakable to remember Him in the breaking of bread and "show forth His death till He come."

We were privileged on one occasion to convey H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh from Plymouth to Malta, and an incident occurred one Sunday morning during church service, which may be of interest. The sea was like a mill pond, calm and quiet; and being so fine, the portholes were opened on the middle deck where the service was conducted. Every officer and man was on his best behaviour in the presence of Royalty. We were singing a well-known hymn (your servant at the organ), and in the middle a sea came in the portholes and swamped the majority of those present. All eyes were now on His Royal Highness to see what he would do, all in readiness to obey the smallest order; but with royal dignity and reverence the Duke never moved until the hymn was finished, and the service brought to a close. I record this incident as it has come to mind again and again, when irreverence is observed in the

presence of our Lord. Whatever may happen, the Lord is in the midst of those gathered to His Name; and until the service is finished, we should keep our places, with our eyes upon Him, in reverence and godly fear.

(To be continued.)

C. H. Cooks



Are You Insured?

I have something most important to press upon your attention; may I ask you, *Is your soul insured?* Have you peace with God? Have you believed the Gospel? The Gospel believed, both insures and assures the soul of present salvation and eternal life. You have no premium to pay to get insured here: it is not by doing, giving, or suffering, that you can be saved, but through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Will you not see to it, then, that your soul is safe for eternity, freed from the guilt and consequences of sin through the atonement of Christ Jesus our Lord?

How unreasonably men act! Some years ago, I went alongside a vessel at Percy Main ballast quay, on the Tyne, and making fast my boat, climbed on board. The captain was pacing the quarterdeck, smoking his pipe. I soon recognised him, and he me, as having met before; and after

congratulating him on his safe arrival once more in the Tyne, I ventured to inquire if he yet had peace with God. Smiling at the question he honestly said, "That has scarcely cost me a thought yet." Looking along the ship's deck, I turned to him, and asked if his ship was insured.

"Insured!" he said, in amazement at the question, "What do you take me to be? This vessel is partly my own, and it is my all, all that my wife and family have to depend on, and do you really think that I would be such a fool as to knock about on these dangerous coasts uninsured?"

"Well, captain, all right; so far, so good; nevertheless, how is it that you, who would not venture this vessel across Shields' Bar without having her fully insured, will after all, risk your immortal soul at sea in this vessel, in all weathers, uninsured? If she goes to the bottom, and you in her, through your wisdom for this world, your family will get something for the ship; but through your egregious folly in reference to the next world, in not insuring your soul, you will get nothing for it; it will be lost eternally."

As I said to him, I say now to you, see that you be found in Christ, renounce your sin and your righteousness together, and rely on what Jesus did and suffered as all your salvation; and through faith in His finished work, you will be wisely, fully, and safely insured for eternity. D.B.

Thoughts Suggested by a Mountain Torrent, at Pontresina, Switzerland

Foaming, dashing, surging, rushing
O'er the rocks along,
Madly roars the mountain torrent
In its wayward song.

Leaping over every barrier
With tempestuous bound,
Pausing, thinking, stopping never,—
Whirling round and round.

Caring nothing for the future,
In its reckless flight;
Giddy, murmuring, restless ever:—
What a solemn sight!

Fitting type of ruined sinners,
Blinded by the fall;
Wildly rushing to destruction,—
Heeding not God's call.

First by Eden's flowing river
Sin did man engulf;
Luring him, by tortuous currents,
Down to hell's dark gulf.

Thus 'tis still with Satan's victims,
Drifting down life's stream;
Careless, Godless, Christless, hopeless;—
Living in a dream.

Never more so than at present,
Man, by Satan led,
In his ceaseless thirst for pleasure
Liveth, yet is dead.

Steeped in torrents of temptation,
Loving not the day,
See the guilty sons of darkness;—
All have gone astray.

In the whirlpool of excitement,
Time for God they've none;
Till within an ocean darkness,
Sin's sad course is run.

Then alas! in endless sorrow,
Far from Love and Light,
Spend they, in the pit of torment,
One eternal night.

Yet, amid the ceaseless changes
Of time's fleeting day,
Hear we still the voice of Mercy,
And for men can pray,

Knowing well the One who liveth
On the Father's throne,
Whose rich grace o'er sin aboundeth,—
Who the work hath done.

Calvary's Cross for ever speaketh
Of the Lamb who died.
You poor soul, may lose your burden
At the Saviour's side.

Trust Him then at once, and never
Shall your heart repine;
Nothing you from Christ can sever,
Linked by cords divine.

He can pluck you from the whirlpool;—
He can save your soul;
He can bring you safe to glory,—
Christ shall be your goal!

S. T.

What a Contrast!

A liner was crossing the Atlantic, with hundreds of souls on board, among them a small party of eight missionaries. Choosing a favourable opportunity, when about halfway over, these servants of God moved quietly among the passengers, distributing gospel tracts. Most received them graciously, but there was one who was the leader of a band of pronounced infidels. He took the tract offered him, and then defiantly tore it to pieces before the eyes of the donor. Not satisfied with this, he stealthily collected all he could get from the other passengers, and destroyed them also, boasting of it as the evening drew on.

The night passed; morning broke, and the day wore peacefully away. Suddenly, about 2 p.m., the stern of the vessel was enveloped in a sheet of flame! A bucket of tar had been accidentally upset and ignited; those responsible to act in the emergency lost their heads, and in a short space of time the flames were spreading with fearful rapidity. The captain (a foreigner) rushing bare-headed on deck, exclaimed, "We are lost!" and threw himself overboard, an example followed by hundreds of the panic stricken ones whom he thus left to their fate. One of the few Christians on board, and of the still smaller company eventually saved, thus describes the scene:—

"I saw that boldest and most heaven-defying infidel perish. He was bold as a lion when there

was no danger near; but when God spoke the following day, he trembled at the alarm, and was scarcely able to move. I saw him go overboard. He threw out his arms as he lay upon his back on the wave, his eyes seemed as if they would start from their sockets; and as he was sinking, the last I saw of him was that he clenched his hands, wringing them in agony as he left the earth for,—*oh, for what?*

“ But allow me briefly to relate another scene. At the time of the alarm, my travelling companion and myself were conversing in the cabin, and found our means of escape through the skylight. When we reached the deck he was exhausted; and while I was trying to find out some means of safety, I left him speaking words of comfort to those who so much needed it. When I found all hope for the vessel gone, I returned to him with a lifebuoy for each of us. As I approached, a woman came to him in the greatest agony, exclaiming, ‘What can I do?’

“ He replied, ‘Trust in the Saviour; He is merciful and kind, He will hear you.’

“ ‘Oh, I cannot pray,’ she answered.

“ Then he said, ‘I will pray for you.’

“ He did so, and then left her and came to me. We bid each other farewell, and stood conversing during the few moments that remained for us on the wreck. We delivered farewell messages, each to the other, so that, if either were saved, our dear

ones would know they were not forgotten. As he looked round at the hastening flames, and then at a distant vessel, he said, 'If it is God's will, we will be saved; we may be, but I think not. He knows what is best. Brother, my only hope is in the Saviour. How precious He is! Tell my friends, if you are saved, that I die happy.'

"At that moment the flames burst from the porthole beneath our feet. 'We must soon go,' he said, 'farewell; in a few moments and we will meet in heaven.' As we had before agreed, we leaped into the ocean at the same time. That leap parted us. He has gone to higher service, but left me here to plod on in this vale of tears a little longer.

"What a contrast between our little band of Christians, and those who knew not the preciousness of having Jesus as their best Friend! We were sustained in that hour by our Saviour's presence. We did not fear death, though it met us in a fearful shape. We thought not of the merciless ocean beneath, but of God and heaven overhead. The calmness that reigned in our little circle is another instance of the reality of the Christian's hope, and the certainty that it will not fail when needed."

"What a contrast!" We may indeed echo the words. What a contrast between those who stepped on board that vessel as she left her moorings, though to outward sight perhaps much alike,

—what a contrast in the eyes of Him who searches the heart! The bold blasphemer in his open defiance, the careless neglecter of God and His salvation, and the humble believer who, having taken the place of a guilty sinner, had turned with confidence to the work of redemption wrought by Christ on Calvary's cross. The one "condemned already"; the other "justified from all things." The one a "child of wrath"; the other, "accepted in the Beloved."

What a contrast in that hour of peril and of death: the one "without God, and without hope"; the other, possessing Christ, and "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God!"

What a contrast as they passed,—ah, where?

And what a contrast, when the sea gives up her dead, and those Christ rejecters rise from her dark depths, soul and body re-united, to stand before the Great White Throne on which He sits whose salvation they have refused, whose grace they have slighted,—what a contrast between them, judged according to their works, and those who shall sit with Him on that throne, radiant in His own glory, and shining in His likeness for ever! Reader, which shall be your lot? Death may not come to you as suddenly or in as hideous a form as to those on that doomed vessel, but "it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." Pass from this scene *you must*, you know not *when*: therefore BE READY. The

precious blood of Christ has been shed,—shed for sinners; and it cleanseth from all sin. The work of redemption is finished: the Saviour who died has been raised by the glory of the Father; He is living in the power of an endless life,—living as the proof that all is accomplished, and justice satisfied; living to give eternal life to all who will accept it. Oh, be wise,—be warned in time. Eternity is near; “Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?” Yet, “how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?”

Three Great Commissions.

Luke IV. 18, 19; Mark XVI. 15, 16; Acts XXVI. 16—18.

There was One in Luke iv. Who came to the place where He had been brought up, and there gave forth a wonderful message from Isaiah lxi. He went to the synagogue as His custom was on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. Let us consider Him, the Creator of the universe; the Sustainer of every bit of creature life in existence (as He is to-day); the Eternal Word, “from everlasting to everlasting God”; yet there in that synagogue gazed at by mortal eyes! What infinite grace for God’s Fellow to leave the scenes of heavenly glory, and having become manifest in flesh, to stand up for to *read*! He might have *spoken*, for

Notes &
Address by
Mr. Lonsdale

He was the Word Himself; but He honours the written word as His vehicle, and He turns to the book of Isaiah, and He reads (ch lxi. 1), "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me." Why? Why is all heaven thus in exercise? To what purpose is it? Something more important to the world than anything else; something heaven is concentrated upon. "TO PREACH THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR." Think of it! Heaven is concerned over a message, and sends the eternal Son of God to deliver it; and the first words of the message are, "*The gospel to the poor.*" The greatest message ever uttered in heaven or earth! "He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted." What a journey to take, from the eternal glory to that despised town in Galilee! "To preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." Are you among that number,—a broken-hearted captive, bound with the fetters of sin and Satan? Or are you one of those over whose eyes the devil has put a covering, so that they cannot see themselves, or the Lord Jesus in all His glory?

The blessed Lord closed the book; and thank God He did not read further on! The next words are, "The day of vengeance of our God." God *must* punish sin; He would not be God if He did not, but He loves the sinner. Think of the One on yon cross,—the same holy, blessed Person who spoke here in the synagogue. Because He was going to

that cross, He could preach the gospel to the poor. He has been to the cross, and suffered instead of the sinner; and because He has borne the punishment, He is able to bind up the broken-hearted, and all the love and grace He has may be yours.

The next commission we have is in Mark xvi. The Lord had been into death, and was now going into glory. Before He goes, He gives this message: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned." (vv 15, 16). How solemn!

Now in Acts xxvi. we read that Paul, before King Agrippa, tells how he had seen a light above the brightness of the sun, and from that light had come a Voice speaking to him, and saying, "I am Jesus." Jesus,—the One who was upon the cross, dying for sins; the One who is now on the throne of God. "I have appeared to thee," said this One from the glory, "to make thee a minister and a witness both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee, delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me" (vv 16-18). "I send thee"; another great commission given to man. Oh, it is the same great, grand,

glorious gospel! The apostle had been brought through infinite grace to Christ, and he is sent forth with the message. That message comes to you: it has come to me: it is for every unsaved soul. Whoever or wherever you are, that message comes right home to your soul now. Remember what the Lord said in Mark xvi. 16. It is for you who have the message at your heart's door. "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." If you accept it, you are saved, and can thank God for it. But the message is still for you, "He that believeth not,"—make no mistake,—“ shall be damned.”

QUARTUS.



Reminiscences (continued).

Many cruises were made in this vessel, and one noticed among soldiers, as well as sailors, several who witnessed to the person and work of Christ. Some were out and out soldiers of Jesus Christ, and boldly told out the gospel of His grace. The upper deck would often ring with the sound of gospel hymns; and who can tell what God may be pleased to use to bring sinners to Himself? His ways are marvellous, past finding out.

A change of ship brought me into home waters, and as it was a Gunnery Training Establishment there was little time for any Christian fellowship. Yet I found some used to assemble in the dinner hour, and talk about the Lord. This was cheering,

but not so satisfying as reading the Scriptures; and I was still longing after truth.

At last a Navy Mission opened up near by, and I felt led to join it. The missionary was very glad of help both in the gospel services, and the Sunday School, where some of the roughest boys I ever met were taught. I had a class of eight boys, who were a trial of faith and patience; but God gave grace to bear with them.

During this time I made the acquaintance of a Christian officer on board the same ship, and asked him if he could address the Sunday School on the Anniversary? He said he could not, but would bring someone else, who accordingly came, and addressed them from, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. x. 13). The incident has never left me. There was such a certain ring in the address; and the Lord Jesus Christ was so presented, that one carried away a sweeter savour of Christ than known before.

I found the speaker and others met together in Plymouth to read the word of God, and was invited to join them. My first impressions at the reading meeting made my heart all aglow. This was what I had been wanting, and I was soon asking questions. The epistle to the Romans, towards the end, was being considered; and much light was thrown from God's word, with ever increasing thoughts of His sovereignty, and the establishment in the faith of those whom He has saved.

Soon we were reading the Epistle to the Hebrews one week, and the Revelation the alternate week. From the Hebrews I learnt the superiority of Christ over all that was presented of Him in type, shadow, figure, or offering in the Old Testament; that the word "eternal," is a key word, and that through the blood of Jesus we have boldness to enter into the Holiest of all (heaven itself) as purged worshippers, for "by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14). Is not this good? Are you enjoying this blessed privilege, may I ask? If not, why not? God has given us this word,—Hebrews x.,—which is sufficient for faith; and He wants all His blood-bought ones to enjoy it.

The Revelation was a locked book to me up to this time; but I learned from chapter 1, verse 19, that the book is divided into three parts, and if each is kept in its proper sphere it greatly helps in understanding it.

First, "the things which thou hast seen,"—chapter 1,—a vision of the glorified Son of man; second, "the things which *are*," chap. ii. and iii., the Judge-Priest walking among the seven churches; third, "the things which must be hereafter," or "after these,"—chap. iv. and onwards; so this concluding portion of God's word became a continual feast, helping me to understand the purposes of God at the time of the end.

But I also learnt the truth of the "One Body."

(Ephs: iv. 4), and that those I was reading with were gathered together on the first day of the week to remember the Lord and announce His death (1 Cor. xi. 26; x. 17). So one Lord's day morning found me there, and thoroughly enjoying the quiet waiting in His presence. But when the bread was broken, and passed from one to another, and I was passed over,—it was awful! Yet I went again and again, for I felt they must have a reason for it. At last one morning, Luke xxii. 15 was read, —“ With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer,” and the thought flashed into my mind, “ I, too, desire to eat the bread and drink the wine in memory of my Lord: perhaps they are waiting for me to express that desire.” It was so, and I was soon with them, gathered to His name alone. Oh, that was a most blessed day for me!

C. H. Cook

(To be continued.)

Another Word on Insurance.

An “ All In Policy.”

Reader, are you “ insured ”? It is a sweet truth, you may be! The writer of these lines can stand and think of all the occurrences called accidents, and know that against the worst of them

he is insured. Is it so with you, or would some sad catastrophe to-day find you the miserable rejector of Jesus Christ, and as such for ever lost?

And now a word on this insurance.

It meets every case and covers all. *All* are sinners, Christ "gave Himself a ransom for *all*." (1 Tim. ii. 6.) You are a sinner; Christ died for you, and bore judgment, punishment, and death, that whosoever believeth on Him might have eternal life.

There is nothing to pay.

Christ has paid all, not in corruptible things as silver and gold, but by His own blood, a price so sufficient and complete that nothing further can be demanded, and nothing more is required than acceptance on your part.

The policy is indisputable.

"God is not a man that He should lie," "God hath said and shall He not do it?" and God hath declared that he that believeth on the Son "is passed from death unto life," and "*shall not* come into condemnation," and nothing can alter by any possibility that decree. Heaven and earth may pass away, but when all shall have passed and become changed, the insured sinner will remain yet the proof that "God is unchangeable," and that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come could separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus. (Rom. viii. 38, 39.)

S. Rice

the Mariners

Andrew The Sailor.

Andrew M—— had heard of a new building, where one who took an extraordinary interest in sailors preached the gospel to them; his curiosity was excited, and he resolved to go and see and hear the person whose conduct appeared to him inexplicable: he did so, and such was the impression made upon his mind by the blessing of God, that until he was laid aside by sickness, no congregation assembled there of which Andrew M—— did not form a part. At first he supposed that to knock off drinking and swearing was all that was required of him; but he soon felt outward reformation was not enough, and turning as a lost sinner to Christ, he found redemption in Him, the forgiveness of all his sins, and began to “follow after holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.”

Then sickness suddenly attacked him, and for many weeks he lay on a bed of pain.

“I am astonished,” he said to a friend one morning, “to find myself here. Surely there is no end to the mercy of God! How is it I was not cut off in my sins? Many a time the shots have passed so near me as to draw water from my eyes; I have been even knocked down by them, but never was hurt, except a scratch or two. I fell twice from the rigging, and twice down the fore-hatch, and I have been overboard in gales of wind;—once in the Bay of Biscay I was nearly gone, and once off Bermuda; and still I am alive! Oh, if I had gone any

of those times, I should have gone to hell! But now, glory be to God, I am going to heaven!"

"It is a blessed thing to make a good land when the voyage of life is drawing towards its close, Andrew," said his friend.

"Oh, it is! it is! it is the looming of the hills of glory that cheers my soul; and it matters not now how rough the voyage has been since I have got into a good roadstead, and the port is right under my lee."

"Oh," he said another day, "I am sure they will never tire of praising God in heaven, for even such a poor feeble creature as I, who cannot raise my head off this pillow, nor turn a limb, am not tired of praising Him all night, and I say then I'll praise Him all day."

"The pirates hove in sight this morning," he once said with a smile, "but I spied the black flag and the marrow bones; one of them ranged alongside, but I poured a broadside into him, and he sheered off again. 'You are a horrible sinner,' said he, but I stopped his mouth quickly. 'I know that,' said I.

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"

"Oh, what should I do if it were not for the witness of the Spirit?"

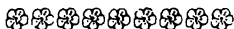
The last time his friend saw him he was very feeble. On being asked if he was happy, he said, "I have never been anything else since I have

known the Lord! I mean to cross the bar all standing, and fire a royal salute as I run in;—my last breath on earth and my first in glory shall praise Him. I can only think of one thing now,—oh, the greatness of His love! I am persuaded there is nothing greater or more surprising in heaven.

“ There is nothing will ever astonish me more, than that He should bring such a sinner as I to see Him as He is. You will be praising Him still in that blessed little place, and some may think that my lips are silent in the dust, but your Andrew will be praising Him louder than you all. God bless you. God bless you.”

He died on the 14th of June, and his end was indeed triumphant. In the former course of his life he had been exceedingly dissolute and much addicted to drinking. The most serious accidents he had met with were the consequences of intoxication. How astonishing was the change that the grace of God effected! And the grace that saved him is ready and willing to save each reader of these lines. May it be so, for Christ's sake.

W. G. R.



The Means God Devised.

“ For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again: neither doth God respect any person: yet

doth he devise means, that His banished be not expelled from Him " (2 Sam. xiv. 14).

In this Scripture we have something which should prove a balm of healing to any soul that has seen itself in the sight of God as a lost sinner; for the words spoken by the wise woman of Tekoah, although a feigned mourner, are true in every respect. They show our condition, our helplessness; and, blessed be God! they also show the heart of God in His love to us meeting us in that condition.

The occasion was the sin of Absalom in murdering his brother Amnon, and then fleeing to Geshur, where he stayed for three years. Joab, noticing that king David's heart yearned for his son, employed the wise woman of Tekoah to go unto the king as a mourner, and plead with him as if it were her own son; but when the king gave his judgment, she told him that he was the faulty one, because he had not brought his own son home again. David, therefore, told Joab to go and bring Absalom; but alas! he did not act righteously, and soon had to suffer for it, because he brought his son home at the expense of the righteousness of his throne; and in 2 Sam. xv. we find that Absalom had revolted against his father, and had captured the hearts of the people, so that David had to flee for his life, and become an exile. But where the incident shows failure, we find that the grace which it portrays shows absolute perfection, for God has indeed devised means that sinners be not

expelled from Him, and means which are to the praise of the glory of His grace, because of the righteous basis upon which He acts.

“For we must needs die.” What a condition that such a “needs be” should be attached to it! Yet such is true of every man and woman born into this scene;—and why? Because we are sinners in the sight of God. Have you ever read the words of Rom. v. 12. “As by one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin: and so death passed upon all men; for that all have sinned?” “For the wages of sin is death,” Rom. vi. 23. Again James says, “Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death” (James i. 15). But there is something which accompanies the death, and that is judgment (Heb. ix. 27). How solemn, dear reader, would be your lot if you were to go into judgment in your sins!—Just read Rev. xx. 11-21, and see there the terrible-ness of that judgment.

“And are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.” Such an expression shows the utter helplessness of every sinner to restore his own soul, or do anything for his salvation. If man is to be saved he must go outside himself, and the only One to whom he can go is the Lord Jesus Christ, for it was “when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly” (Rom. v. 6). He was made sin for us; and when suffering as the Sin-bearer we

hear his words by the Psalmist; "I am poured out like water" (Psa. xxii. 14); and in that Blessed One who suffered on Calvary's Cross, we see the means that God has devised that His banished be not expelled from Him. What a grand theme to reflect upon, that for sinners, who "must needs die," who are under the sentence of death, who are helpless as regards their condition, and can do nothing for their salvation, who are the "banished" ones, a plan and work was devised in the heart of God that they should not be expelled from Him!

Dear reader, if you are an unsaved sinner there is comfort in this for you. Know that the God against whom you have sinned has done a work on your behalf to the satisfaction of His own righteous claims as regards your sin, and is beseeching you to accept that work for your own soul's salvation and comfort. God does not desire that you should be banished from His Presence, but brought home to Himself, and you can be brought to Him in the Person of "Jesus Christ whom God hath set forth, a mercy seat through faith in His blood, . . . that He might be Just and the Justifier of him that *believeth* in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 25, 26). Your belief in the Lord Jesus Christ is the only part you have to do in the "means devised" that you "be not expelled."

H. Balbock

(Notes of address)

Reminiscences (continued.)

Leaving England in H.M.S. —, 12th January, 1892, for the Mediterranean Station, one's purpose was to tell out the glad tidings of God's grace, not only to shipmates, but whenever God was pleased to open the way. It was not long before an opportunity presented itself, when the Christian men on board gathered together to sing the praise of Him who died. This, however, was immediately stopped; but it only brought us on our faces before Him,

“Who sits as Sovereign on the Throne
And ruleth all things well.”

When the next Lord's Day came round, we both sang and spoke to many about their soul's salvation; the results, if not made manifest here, will be revealed in eternity.

The Lord was before us and opened the carpenter's cabin, where we could read his word in the evening. It was a small space, but, although we were sometimes tossed to and fro like drunken men, the Lord's presence was felt, and fellowship much enjoyed. Looking back, one sees the happy faces, some crouched on the bench, others on the washstand, writing table, camp stools, etc. Sweet drinks from the brook (His word) refreshed our souls and encourage us to continue. Precious it was to feel that we were in the hollow of His hand (Isa. xl. 12). What a place of safety! The writer

was specially cared for by God, our loving Father, in that his sleeping berth was looked after by a brother who delighted to have a parting word under the lamp, and never forgot to welcome one with a message of love on one's eyes being open in the morning. It was such a blessed time; the sorrow caused by leaving home, family, and friends was without pain, as the felt presence of our gracious Lord gave constant joy.

Malta reached all was bustle and confusion preparing to commission the ship I was to join; and our first concern, after settling down, was to find a suitable place for meetings. This was difficult, as the ship was so constructed that every available space appeared to be occupied. I had prayed much before leaving England that the Lord would send me to a ship not carrying a chaplain; and as He had answered my request, I felt sure the way for gospel testimony in this ship would be opened up. Waiting upon the Lord for some days we at last came upon a suitable spot. Again seeking the Lord's guidance we cautiously approached those in authority for the use of this room, and finally got the captain's approval. The news soon spread around the ship (carrying 310) that on the coming Lord's day the gospel of the grace of God would be preached in the "Whitehead Torpedo Room"; and the man who looked after the room had everything ready for us in time for the meeting. How we did praise God for His goodness! Personal

invitations were given, and we were much on our faces before the Lord that He would save our shipmates.

A few weeks passed, and when the ship reached Alexandria (Egypt), notice boards were hung up round the ship inviting men to come to the meeting. Lord's day, 20th March, 1892, will never be forgotten. The Lord specially gave the word that evening (John iii. 14, 15), and two shipmates were convicted of sin; one promised to trust Christ before leaving the meeting, and the other was so wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, that he went on deck, and fell down before a gun, and cried to God for mercy.

The Lord heard and answered, so that the following day he was going round the ship telling "how great things the Lord had done for him."

This cheered and encouraged us, and the following week the Lord added another,—a wandering sheep who was brought back by the Good Shepherd. Meetings were now instituted, and regularly maintained, for prayer, reading and gospel preaching. Books and tracts were distributed in the messes, and the sick ones specially cared for.

"The Acts of the Apostles" was the portion we decided to read, and we were much edified and blessed, pondering over its sacred pages, week by week, for two and a half years. This was the means of building up and strengthening the young converts, and encouraging the older ones.

To God be all the praise for His preserving care!

Summer approaching we now ventured, in the Lord's name, to sing on the upper deck, and our shipmates were attracted and drew near.

"The first Adam and the last Adam" was brought before them in, we felt sure, the power of the Holy Spirit, making not a few tremble on obtaining a fresh view of themselves in their Adam-standing, and what they might be by believing in the last Adam (the Second Man) the Lord from heaven. The following day (I think it was) while we were assembled between the funnel-casing, talking of the Lord, a shipmate drew near, and the following question was put to him:—"Do you know your sins are forgiven?" He answered, "Yes! I do now"; and when further questioned, confessed, that the thought of Christ dying such a death on the cross haunted him, and that Jesus died *for him* was made plain; that he felt sure that Christ was crucified on account of *his* sins; and "because he cried to Him for forgiveness they were forgiven; and now he was happy, trusting in Jesus."

Truly one can say that God's ways are wonderful, and past finding out, for this man was a Roman Catholic, and had had a very rough time of it.

His beaming face and gruff voice are before me now, whilst writing. What joy of soul he had in seeing the Lord Jesus as his only Mediator! He was constantly singing:—

"At the Cross, at the Cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight.
And now I am happy all the day."

C. H. Cook

Justification.

Justification, in its scriptural sense, not only means to be pardoned, but also to be freed from sin, or proved not guilty, so that we stand before God in Christ as though we had never sinned.

There are varied phases of this blessed truth presented to us in the word of God, but all harmonizing, and making one perfect whole. In Romans iii. we get three aspects of the one justification, viz., by *grace*, by *blood*, by *faith*. The *grace of God* is the *origin* of justification; hence "Salvation is of the Lord." The wondrous thought was begotten in God's heart of love. "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." The *ground work* of justification is the *blood* of Jesus, who bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and for ever put them away. "Being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him." For God hath made Christ, who knew no sin, to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. *Faith receives* what the sovereign grace of God has provided,—what the priceless blood of Christ has eternally secured, complete justification. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1); hence grace put us, through faith, on God's basis, the blood shed on the cross; and thus "grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," There is also a

twofold aspect of the manifestation of this one justification;—first, Godward; secondly, manward. Christ “was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification,” and has gone up by His own blood to appear in the presence of God for us, and we are accepted in Him, the Beloved. The apprehension of this truth is the power, by the Holy Spirit, of all practical devotedness to God. But while Christ in resurrection is the answer to God and to conscience of the complete justification of every true believer, the testimony to the world is a holy life. The epistle of James expressly enforces this truth that we are justified before men by good works. If then you are justified before God, you are solemnly responsible to live it out before men; and in measure as you realize your standing in Christ, so your love to His blessed Person will grow, and become more intense and ardent; and then, intuitively, because you love Him, you will try to please Him, and shrink from doing anything that would offend His eye or grieve His heart. “If ye love Me, keep My commandments.” *W. Carter*

Whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified them He also glorified. (Romans viii. 29, 30.)

*Anecdote
related by Mr. Sumner
of Southfield Wells*

The Cleansed Carpenter.

The village carpenter was in a good way of business, but, alas! stricken with illness, which rendered him perfectly helpless, though in full possession of his mental faculties. He was thus able to superintend his business, though obliged to employ others to do the work. A Christian, well known to the writer, often had occasion to call on him in the way of business, and he described him as "the dirtiest man he had ever seen." He had the habit of chewing tobacco, and being unable to use his hands, got himself into a most offensive and repulsive state. For years he lay thus; and then, through an alteration in the Christian's employment, he ceased to visit him.

Five years passed before the visitor, finding himself again in the neighbourhood, called to enquire for his old acquaintance. The door was opened by the man's wife, who at once shouted up the stairs, "Here is Mr. S—— come to see you!" "Let him come up!" was the instant reply, and in a few moments the Christian was again by the carpenter's side, but what a change! The room, the bed, everything was spotlessly clean, and so was the man's person. He had given up his filthy habit, and was a credit to his wife's care and cleanliness.

Very glad to see his visitor after so long an absence, he enquired about old business acquaintances, and then the conversation turned to that

subject always uppermost in the thoughts and heart of Mr. S——.

“ When you used to call and see me, in your conversation and in the books you left me, you always made much of Christ; now I don't approve of all He did,” said the carpenter.

“ Yes, I did; and I hope I always shall make much of Christ,” was the reply, “ and whether you approve of what He did or not, makes no matter; GOD APPROVED of ALL *He did*; He said, ‘ This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.’ ”

“ Oh, I believe in God,” responded the carpenter, “ but I don't agree with all Christ did when He was on the earth.”

“ If you believe in God, you believe in Christ; and if you believe in Christ, you believe in God, for He has said, ‘ He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.’ ‘ I and My Father are One.’ ‘ I do ALWAYS those things that *please Him*.’ ‘ For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son; that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him.’ ”

“ No, I don't approve of all He did,” persisted the invalid; and then he proceeded to speak of some of the acts of the blessed Lord Jesus, God manifest in flesh, when here on earth, which in his short-sighted folly he could not reconcile with his own puny thoughts. Ah, God's ways were far above

out of his sight; and, wretched man that he was, lying there in utter helplessness, he dared to call in question the ways of Him who could make the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the dead live!

Terribly grieved, the visitor left, to adore more than ever the infinite grace that had opened his own eyes to see in that One still despised and rejected of men, "the Fairest among ten thousand," the altogether Lovely One, the Great God, and His Saviour, Jesus Christ. And earnestly he prayed that the poor man might yet be brought to bow in the day of grace at His feet, and own Him Lord, before whom every knee shall bow in the day of judgment!

Years again passed, and once more business called him to the village, and again he knocked at the carpenter's door. "How is your husband? Can I see him?" he asked. "Yes, I think so," said the wife. "But he says words passed between you the last time you met, and he fears he upset you, as you have not been for so long."

"Assure him he did not upset me at all, and I have nothing but kind feelings towards him."

So in a very short time he was ushered into the bedroom. But behold another transformation, this time greater than the change which had startled him before. Then, it was the *outside*—only skin deep—the result of soap and water; now it was *inside*, the work of the Holy Spirit in the

heart, applying the blood and the water that flowed from the riven side of the Saviour he had formerly despised and rejected,—the blood to cleanse from the guilt of sin; the water,—the word of God,—to cleanse morally that once alienated heart, and implant a new nature, born of God.

It was a face radiant with the peace of God, and full of glory, that was turned towards the visitor, as he entered the room, to be greeted with the words:—

“ ’Tis done, the great transaction’s done!
 I am my Lord’s, and He is mine!
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the Voice divine.
 Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away!”

And what the grace of God and the blood of Jesus did for that poor carpenter, it is able to do for you, dear reader. You probably would be outraged by being classed with him as he was when my friend first met him; but unless you have been washed from your sins, you are inwardly as foul as he was outwardly. What are your thoughts of the Christ of God? As a man “thinketh in his heart, so is he.” And the Searcher of the heart has declared what comes out of it,—see Mark vii. 21-23; while He also has decreed they that do such things “shall not inherit the kingdom of God” (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10). Yet what are His very next words? Listen! “Such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.”

May such be the experience of every reader,
for Christ's sake!

T.



Oh! that I knew that I was saved!

Knocking at the door of a room one afternoon, the above words were my first greeting. I shall never forget the deep impression formed on my mind as I saw, seated in her chair, an old lady, 90 years of age, with hands clasped together and lifted upward, and her whole soul in the words thus expressed. During her long life she had at different times felt uneasy as she thought of eternity, although it was not apparent to others; but now, oh! she was *so* old! She had lost almost all her friends and relatives, and she felt the harvest of her years was past, that the summer of her life was gone, and *she was not saved*. Daily, nightly, hourly it was her great, her one concern. What a conviction we had that only God Himself could satisfy her awakened conscience; that the Person, the work of Christ, the Spirit's testimony as to the precious shed blood of the Great Redeemer, alone could give her peace!

Two years passed: the plain and simple statements of Scripture were read and quoted; "*Messages From God*" and "*Gospel Gleanings*" were regularly placed in her eager hands, and as eagerly devoured; their contents bringing gleams of hope, and while sweeping away her false refuge, making plain to her God's salvation. Then the

end came. The writer was not present when she passed away, but was told that her last audible prayer made a great impression on all who heard: the doubts, the fears, the clouds had vanished, and *she was saved*.

Dear reader, is there anything that we can say that will produce in your heart that same earnest longing? Think of the shortness, the uncertainty of life, and will you not say, "Oh, that I knew that I was *saved*?" Think of the glorious and eternal blessing of the redeemed, who shall walk with Him in white, and will you not say, "Oh! that I *knew* that I was saved?" Think of the judgment that will, must, and shall overtake all those who have not found a refuge in Christ, and will you not say, "Oh! that *I* knew that *I* was saved?"

W. E. Cocking



Reminiscences (continued).

The evening of the 13th May, 1892, will be remembered. Gathered between the funnel casing we began singing praises to God, and in a little while quite a large number of shipmates had drawn near to listen. It was smoking time too, and quiet, so that officers and men of various ranks and ratings were close enough to hear.

"A ruler once came to Jesus by night," was being sung, when we were led to speak to our unsaved shipmates, on the completion of the hymn. "The

new birth" (Jno. iii.) was pressed upon them, and the Holy Spirit's power was indeed manifest, compelling us, just where we were, on the upper deck, and in the presence of such a company, to get down on our knees, and implore God to save our ship-mates.

A prayer meeting with shot and shell all around us was novel to everyone; but **THE LORD WAS IN THE MIDST**, and brought an unsaved man to his knees, crying:—

"Lord forgive me! Lord forgive me!"

It was the most blessed time ever experienced by the writer. Under the canopy of heaven, and surrounded by the enemies of God, perfect silence reigned, whilst the Holy Spirit was convincing men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.

The Spirit's influence went around the ship, and many a man has since confessed that, on that night, he felt his need of a Saviour.

"O the glory of the grace,
Shining in the Saviour's face,
Telling sinners from above,
God is light, and God is love!"

We were at Malta when a brother from the Berks came on board; and being the evening for "Prayer and praise" we were soon assembled; not, however, in the Whitehead torpedo room, but in the boatswain's flat; as some of the "Whiteheads" were under repair.

If boatswain's tanks, log-reels, small arms magazines, torpedo and electrical stores, could

speak, they would be able to tell a joyful story. Praise indeed, and thankfulness to our God and Father was offered up, not only that evening, but on many, in the same corner. Once again there was joy in heaven and joy on earth, for a wandering sheep had returned to trust the Good Shepherd who had given His life for him, and,

" We'll sing of the Shepherd that died,
 That died for the sake of the flock;
 HIS love to the utmost was tried,
 But firmly endured as a rock.
 When blood from a victim must flow,
 THIS Shepherd by pity was led
 To stand between us and the foe,
 And WILLINGLY die in our stead."

I cannot pass on without saying what a precious little corner of the torpedo room flat this was to many of the Lord's children; how often, some at least, visited this place to have a word with the Master, or to read and meditate on the Scriptures under the solitary lamp. One brother, especially, can praise the Lord for revealing His truth and bringing great joy to his soul: and often was he heard repeating:—

" In the secret of His presence,
 How my soul delights to hide;
 Oh, how precious are the lessons
 Which I learn at Jesu's side!"

Would that his example was more closely followed by all who love the Lord; for it is in His presence we get fulness of joy, even now.

That same night two brethren were led to the

topgallant forecastle, and although late, we lingered, sitting and talking of the many blessings which the Lord had been pouring upon us. It was not long before we observed a shipmate come up and join himself to the sentry who paced the deck, in faithful service to his Queen and country. Somehow, one can't remember how, a third person joined and paced the deck too, and by looking to the Lord, who never fails to give wisdom at these times, our friend, a private in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, opened his heart and confessed that he had come up there to enquire the way to heaven.

His mother's last request when she was dying had been—"Robert meet me in heaven!" Down before the topgallant forecastle bitts we got, and asked God to show this anxious, needy soul the way to heaven; and, praise the Lord! after waiting some considerable time,

"JESUS THE WAY" (Jno. xiv. 6)

was made clear to him; when we very reluctantly retired, exceedingly happy and full of praise for God's goodness and mercy to our shipmate.

The ship was soon aware of "Bob's" conversion, for our friend the sentry was an eyewitness and blazed abroad the news that "Bob" had joined the party." His messmates especially began to persecute, Satan showing himself in a variety of ways, always the case where the Lord is blessing.

C. H. Cook

(To be continued D.V.)

The Serpent of Brass.

Numbers xxi, John iii.

We remember the story of the children of Israel; what is recorded of them here (verse 5) is that *they spake against God*. Oh, how the human heart shows itself against God! They say, "Our soul loatheth this light bread." What did they loathe? The manna, the bread come down from heaven, which God had given them. And what did they want? The food this world supplied, the food of Egypt. The human heart is aching to get satisfaction from this world, the bread and the water the world can give. Oh, the folly of it! Look around, and see how the world is seeking its delight in things that perish; but what satisfaction, joy, or rest do they find? No; rest and joy do not belong to a sin-stained earth. This is the place where hearts are being broken, not satisfied. This is a famine stricken scene. All around it is strewn with people hoping for that the world can never give. They loathe the "light bread,"—they do not desire God's gift. Men are turning their backs on the Antitype of the manna, the Living Bread come down to satisfy the hearts of men. Men do not desire their Bread from heaven, but it is He alone who can satisfy your souls. "And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people" (verse 6). No doubt these were the fiery flying serpents, whose bite causes great thirst, characteristic of him who is the "old serpent," and who, coming in the form of

a serpent, tempted Eve in the garden of Eden. The fire and the thirst are characteristic of this serpent, and his bite, too. Oh, think of the scene of judgment, when the impenitent who turn their backs on God, and die thus,—think of the fire and the thirst portrayed in Luke xvi,—and endured by them for ever! But God warns us of it in pure grace, that we may flee from the coming wrath.

As we go up and down our streets, we do not pass many days without seeing someone taken to yon cemetery. What would be your position if death came to you to-night? *You know what your future would be.* Is it possible for one to know they are lost, and that Christ is ready to save, and yet be indifferent?

What does God say to Moses? Something the law could not provide, He Himself provides for these serpent-bitten people, as in His grace He has provided for you and me. For if “the Son of man *must* be lifted up,” “God so loved the world that He *gave* His only begotten Son.” There was a necessity that Jesus should die; but God’s love rose, and was magnified by that necessity, and He gave His only begotten Son. “And Moses made a serpent of brass” (verse 9). What is brass? A metal produced by passing through great heat. So we have here in type something of the bitter anguish of that Blessed One on the cross. Oh, the anguish of his soul. The holy, harmless, undefiled and pure One, in whom was no iniquity, who knew no sin, yet made sin.

Oh, His anguish on that cross, when He exclaimed, "My God, My God, why has Thou forsaken Me?" Why? Because He was bearing sins; because He took your place and mine, and all the wrath of God against sin was poured out on that Blessed One whom He had sent; and that sent One glorified the One who sent Him by dying, bleeding for you and me. He came in His grace down to the depths where there was no standing,—the wrath of God was breaking on that spotless, holy Victim, when there for you and me.

Yes, it was "a serpent of brass," and put "on a pole." "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

Was it of avail? Yes, "every one that is bitten, *when he looketh upon it*, SHALL LIVE." But without that look there was no blessing for the serpent-bitten Israelite. They had to *look*, and however much under the power of the serpent's bite they might be, as surely as they looked at that serpent of brass, they were changed into full health. They never had such health as after they looked, because then they had the life God gave them by faith. When we believe the Lord Jesus on that cross was bleeding in our stead, no matter how broken or bruised sin has made us, as soon as we look to Christ, we have such life as never before, because we have Christ as our Life. He says, "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand."

QUARTUS.

Told by Bro.
Barrett

A White Black Man.

We were sitting round the tea-table, a party of Christian friends, speaking of the Saviour who loved us enough to give Himself for us, and of some of His ways with us, since we had first known and believed His love; when one of our number,—an elderly man who had spent several years in India,—while telling of experiences there, made this remark:—

“And I saw a strange sight there,—a white black man!”

“What do you mean?” we all queried.

“You know in India rain only falls during the ‘monsoon’ season, and in the year 1877, when I was in India, the monsoon failed, and there was terrible famine, many natives and cattle dying from starvation. During the dry season, in ordinary years, the cattle have to be taken where there are deep rooted trees, and where water can be found, and you may see the shepherds searching for and leading their flocks to such spots,—as in Psalm xxiii.

“That year it was almost impossible to find any pasture, and as I was travelling in South India, my attention was attracted to a shepherd who was searching for water for his flock. He was a native, and by birth black, or very dark, and yet he was practically white! I thought it very strange, and then found he was a *leper*! Debarred from all

human society, he lived all alone on the plains, with no company but that of his cattle; and, as he, in common with the other natives, wore scarcely any clothing, I saw that from head to foot he was covered with that fell disease. I have since thought what a picture of the condition of a sinner!"

As we listened to our friend's statement, there came before the writer's mind the words of Elisha to Gehazi, -- the man who had dared to make monetary gain to himself out of the grace of God, which had been showed to the Syrian general, -- "The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence *a leper as white as snow*" (2 Kings v. 27). Oh, how solemn! The prophet's servant, entrusted with his staff (Ch. iv. 29), the witness of his miracles, and able to recount them (Ch. viii. 4), yet for ever the subject of divine judgment, stricken with that most loathsome disease, because he had made merchandise of the grace of God.

Naaman the Syrian might be prepared to pay thousands of pounds sterling for a cure: he must learn that *God* alone can cure a leper, and that *God gives,--He does not sell*. He must come, as every sinner must come empty handed to the God of all grace; he must hear from Elisha's lips the divine message; and as a naked, loathsome leper must dip himself seven times in the Jordan, "and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little

child, and he was clean" (Ch. v. 14). But nothing must he pay for such a blessing. Yet Gehazi would make it an occasion to fill his own pockets: what folly!

And yet another Scripture came to mind, as our aged friend told of the Indian shepherd.

In the stringent laws laid down by God through Moses respecting leprosy, in Leviticus xiii., these strange words appear. Ponder them, dear reader. "And if a leprosy break out abroad in the skin, and the leprosy cover all the skin of him that hath the plague from his head even to his feet, wheresoever the priest looketh: then the priest shall consider; and behold, if the leprosy have covered all his flesh, he shall pronounce him clean that hath the plague: it is all turned white: he is clean." Strange verdict! Nothing could be worse! From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot,—all one loathsome white scab,—not one sound spot,—not even a little finger unaffected: bad, utterly and entirely bad;—the disease all out:—and pronounced on divine authority, CLEAN! No human board of sanitation framed this law, dear reader; the God who alone had power to heal the leper, alone could have thought such a thought, and this is His verdict:—utterly a leper, entirely covered, —such an one, *clean*! Reader, are you a sinner, lost, ruined, guilty, good for nothing, and hell deserving? Then turn your eyes to Calvary, and see there the holy, sinless, perfect Son of God,

made sin, and bearing in His holy body the sins of all who trust Him: hear His cry, It is finished! Go to Joseph's new tomb, and behold it empty! Raise your eyes to heaven, and behold on the Throne of the Majesty on high the One who once hung on the cross! "Through this Man is preached unto *you* the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all who believe *ARE justified from ALL things*" (Acts xiii 38, 39). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on *Him that justifieth the ungodly*, his faith is counted for righteousness," (Romans iv. 5) "being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness . . . that He might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Romans iii. 24-26). "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them **SHALL** have mercy" (Prov. xxviii, 13).



The Leper.

In the end of the first and beginning of the second chapters of Mark's gospel we find two incidents which set forth two phases of the sinner's condition; the leper showing his corruption, the palsied man, his helplessness. Let us look at the leper. We may draw a word picture of a home in the east,—of a happy family, with father and

mother, sons and daughters. Possibly one day, the father, the breadwinner, complains of pain, and a sore place begins to appear. Can it be leprosy? He goes to the priest to get his verdict. He is full of alternate hope and fear, for the priest's verdict is final. And the priest, after carrying out the instructions given in the law of Moses, pronounces one word, unclean!

There was the verdict. He was a leper, suffering from that dread disease for which no cure has ever been found; and as a leper he must leave his home, and with his clothes rent, live by himself, or with fellow lepers, crying "Unclean! unclean!" for so was he regarded by the law.

This is put before us to show what the sinner is. The verdict has gone out that all the world is guilty before God (Rom. iii. 19). Man cannot find a cure for sin. He has tried, age after age; but still the human heart remains unaltered.

This leper had become worse and worse, until he was "full of leprosy" (Luke v. 12), and then he heard of One moving up and down in Galilee, "doing cures," the Christ of God: he *heard of Him*, and he *came to Him*. Oh, think of it! There is the Lord, the Christ of God, and the poor leper kneeling at the feet of His Maker. What does he say? "If Thou wilt Thou *canst* make me clean!"

There are some sinners who do not get as far as this, for they doubt His power. This leper does not doubt His ability or power (and that is wonder-

ful, since none other than GOD could cure him); he doubts His *willingness*. "Jesus moved with *compassion*." God manifest in flesh, who is from everlasting to everlasting, was not at that moment occupied with the angelic hosts, or the mighty universe; He was occupied with a poor leper! Oh, if you are a sinner, take the place of the poor leper at His feet, and He again will be "moved with compassion!"

"Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth His hand, and *touched* him." Such a thing was never known before. To touch a leper was to contract defilement and disease, and bring oneself down to his horrible condition; but JESUS touched him, and remained clean. And He is ready to touch you, and say as He did to the leper, "I will; be thou clean!"

What a change! Clean on the authority of the word of the Living God, whose very verdict before had pronounced him unclean!

But he was to go to the priest and offer for his cleansing those things which Moses commanded; and if we turn to Leviticus xiv., we find what they were, and also a wonderful type of the way you and I, as sinners, can be cleansed.

He must take two birds, one of which was killed in an earthen vessel over running water; and the other, dipped in its blood, was then let go.

In the bird that was killed we see a type of our blessed Lord, the holy, spotless One, who in the

body prepared for Him, went to the cross, and there suffered, as none other could ever suffer, the righteous wrath of God against sin. He was then the forsaken One; but He cried, "It is finished!" and bowed His head and died. "And one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." That is the blood which cleanses from all sin.

But there was a second bird. Our blessed Lord not only laid down His life, but took it again, and is sitting now at the right hand of God. God has received Him into heaven, a proof that the work is done, and He is now just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Then He pronounces "clean" every sinner who confides in His finished work: it is the sick one, the weak one, the guilty one He wants, for He came "not to call the righteous but *sinner*s." Are you one?

QUARTUS.

Reminiscences (continued).

We were singing on the break of the fore-castle, seated on the wash-deck locker,—a favourite place of ours,—when an opposition party assembled beneath us on the ladder. We sang "Beulah Land," and they mocked it by a parody. We then lifted up our hearts in silent prayer to God to convict them of their folly, and to silence them; and to

our surprise and shame, as we were not expecting the answer so soon, one of them was convicted on the spot, and on going aft met me (it was then half-past ten at night) and confessed his wrongdoing.

He said when "Beulah land" was being sung, it brought back his boyhood days, and the happy times at the Sunday School; he remembered singing that very hymn, with other children, and he could not go to bed before he had said how sorry he was, and he "hoped we would forgive him."

"It is God's forgiveness you want, B——," I said, "and we had better get down on our knees where we are" (before the cook's tub). Down we got, and God's forgiveness was sought for this poor self-convicted sinner. But, alas! not a word of repentance *towards God* came from him; only thanks to man. Eternity will reveal, if it is not known on earth, whether there was repentance and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ in this dear shipmate. The cook's tub became a favourite place of gathering for the Christians, where the A.B.C. of the Bible was many times repeated, and God's word read and explained to mutual edification.

It was July when we sailed into Gibraltar Bay, and it was not long before we found out

"The Home on the Hill,"

and although strangers, we seemed to feel quite at home there and freely talked of the many blessings

received from the hands of our Master and Lord; and I think I am safe in saying that

“ Every day for Christ”

characterised that home. Nothing secular was then permitted within the building: even in the Refreshment Bar the hallowed influence of the Saviour's presence was felt and enjoyed by those who loved Him. In addition to a Bible reading every evening, the gospel of the glory and grace of God was continuously preached, and many sinners were saved through believing. We found no hangers-on there, or loungers; the morally good young man, as well as the open sinner, was equally made to feel his wretched state before God; and either accepted Christ as an all-sufficient soul-satisfying Saviour, or rejected Him at his peril. Many said to me, “ How then are men of the world got in? What inducements are held out?” The GREAT LOVE OF GOD, and the power of the HOLY GHOST were the inducements; (what greater magnet can there possibly be?) and, as a result, the fame of Jesus was taken away from this “ House on the Rock” by every fleeting regiment, and every passing ship, and spread abroad, not only “ up the Straits,” but to many a far-off land.

I often speak of the superintendent of this Home—dear Captain Armstrong—and tell of his conversion. It may not be amiss to repeat it now. He was one of the most godly and consistent officers I ever came in contact with, unflagging in holy

zeal, with a great love for souls, and desirous of being spent for Christ. He had served in one of Her Majesty's foot regiments, and had been invited by some Christian officers to a prayer meeting they were desirous of holding in the room of one of their number. He thanked the officer for the invitation, but said he had never attended such a meeting. Being a really good man, kind and philanthropic, with means at his disposal, he thought he was a Christian in one sense; though he knew there was a difference between a real Christian and merely a professing one. The invitation aroused his curiosity. He could not imagine what officers could pray about, as he felt he could not be a true Christian in the army! He left his room and proceeded to where the prayer meeting was held, and listened. He actually found them praying to God for his own conversion. He thought this strange indeed, for though he was a member of the Church of England, he did not understand what conversion meant. However he felt most miserable over it; and, reasoning that he could never be a Christian in the army, applied for retirement. This was granted, and he soon set to work to help on the cause of Christianity, as he thought, by his means, and consistent living, attending church services, etc., but found no peace for his soul. God was, however, working in him, and a little book entitled "The Blood of Jesus" was sent him; by reading this his thoughts were turned away from what

he could do, to the perfect work the Lord Jesus Christ had finished on his behalf. Good resolutions, good works, reformation, all had failed; but peace through the blood of Jesus was his by believing the gospel. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done; but according to His mercy He saved us."

Thus He saved dear Captain Armstrong, and made him a power for good at Gibraltar.

He can save you! Will you not trust Him, too?

C. M. Cook

(To be continued D.V.)



The Way of the Gospel

"Christ once suffered" ("once" was enough) "for sins, just for unjust, that he might bring us to God" (1 Peter iii. 18). He was Man; but was He not God? He was the Son; and He is risen. There is the glorious proof that He triumphed. Indeed, He could not fail. How could God fail? And was He not the only-begotten Son of God? If we believe the Scripture, we ought not to question it. Fear and failure are natural to fallen man. He is a sinner, and he therefore dreads God's judgment. But He does not ask you to trust yourselves. He tells you to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. He knows too well that you do not love Him. He bids you to believe in His love manifested in Christ, and in dying as a propitiation

for you. Do not say you are too bad ; indeed, you are as bad as can be, and far worse than you think. Take honestly the place of being "lost"; and this will end all your talk about badness. Yet for the lost He came and died.

There is no question of our character at all. Sovereign grace rises above every sin and iniquity. Let the soul take the place of being nothing but a sinner ; and therefore leave it to God to show nothing but his love. What He does is not merely that He gives me the life to feel what is due to God, and what becomes His child, but also the propitiation which meets and clears away all my sins. And remember, if not all sins, none ; if any, all. Such is the way of the gospel in which God settles the matter ; and this is what every believer is called to rest in.

O dear reader, are you resting thus in Christ? He that came as Man, yet bringing life eternal, by that very gift of life makes you feel your sins, but also believe that He is the propitiation for them. Under the Jewish system there were constant sacrifices, and repeated sin-offerings ; but now in the gospel, since the Son offered up Himself, there is remission of sins and no longer a sacrifice for sin (Hebrews x. 18). For by one offering He hath perfected for ever (or in perpetuity, which is stronger still) the sanctified. By "sanctified" is meant those that are set apart to God, not by law now, but by Christ's blood.

W.K.

Whosoever.

Some forty years ago a young man, William W. stood, on a Lord's Day evening, at the Quay Corner, Torquay, listening to the preaching of the precious gospel of God's grace to sinners; and, through the rich mercy of God, was convinced of his need of a Saviour. Several times before this wonderful evening, he had listened to the proclamation of the good news from a far country; and, blessed be God, there had come into his heart an intense longing to know his sins forgiven, and to have peace with God. This had been made known to the writer by a young Christian, much interested in his spiritual welfare, who introduced us after the meeting. In reply to my inquiry as to whether he was saved, with trembling lips he answered, "No, I am not."

"You would like to be, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I would."

"Then let me read to you from God's holy word"; and, turning to Romans iii. 22, 23, I repeated those very solemn words, "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

"Do you admit this?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, and in a voice filled with sadness added, "*I myself have sinned* and come short of God's glory."

Thereupon, how gladly could I tell him, "I

have good news for you, for 'Christ Jesus came into the world *to save sinners*' (I. Timothy i. 15). 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' " (John iii. 16). I sought also to assure him that as "God so loved *the world*," and he, William W. formed part of it;—and that as "whosoever" meant him, or me or anybody who truly believed on the Lord Jesus,—he must surely be included. I remember putting the truth before him in this way; and after doing so the second time, he stood still in the street and grasping my hand with a grip that I even now seem to feel, with tears running down his cheeks and voice broken with emotion, he cried out, "I do believe that Jesus died for me."

Does the reader of this narrative of a sinful young man's conversion to God, through faith alone in the Lord Jesus Christ, realize in any degree the awfulness of being "without Christ, having no hope, and without God in the world?" If so, let me entreat you to respond to the gracious and royal invitation uttered by none less than the Son of God Himself,—"**Come unto ME**, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I **WILL** give you rest" (Matthew xi. 28). Turn where you will, or do what you may in this world, your heart will be but an aching void without Him; and then when brief time is ended, yours will be a lost eternity, "as it is appointed unto men once to die, *but after*

this the judgment" (Hebrews ix. 27); for He has said, "I am *the way, the truth and the life: no man* cometh unto the Father, *but by ME.*" (John xiv. 6). "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Hebrew ii. 3.)

H. C. Meddicks



"You Can't Refuse Me, Sir."

During a recent visit to the town of H——, the following incident was related to the writer, by a Christian who resides there; and in the hope that the Lord may use it for blessing, he gives the substance of it, without entering into details.

It was the custom of the two Members who represent the place in the House of Commons to distribute annually, through their Parliamentary agent, a quantity of gifts among the widows and poor families who live in their constituency. On one occasion notice was given that *whoever* applied at a certain place on such a day should receive a ticket for coals, and at the appointed time, numerous applicants made their appearance. Among them was a person named L——, and from some cause or other the distributor of the tickets refused to give him one. Referring at once to the notice, he made some pertinent remarks on the word "whoever," and concluded by saying, "You can't refuse me, sir." The objector was silenced, and gave the man what he wanted. There is nothing

so difficult for awakened sinners to realise as “the kindness and love of God,” and this simple narrative is placed before such to illustrate that which most closely and deeply concerns themselves. You dear reader, whatever may be your social state, are, if still without Christ, as regards your spiritual condition, “poor and needy,” and as such, and *because* you are such, you are the objects of a charity compared with which that of these members of Parliament is as nothing. It was a small thing for them to spend a few pounds in dispensing their gifts; but such was the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich. This wondrous truth is proclaimed to distressed and wretched sinners by the gospel; through boundless mercy it has reached your ears, and yet you are as far from peace and happiness as ever. Now how is this? Because you are under the power of your own ideas and feelings, and as long as this is the case, you will judge of God by the thought of what you *deserve* from His hands, and thus overlook the tender compassion which He has for you, and which He has manifested in sending “His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him.”

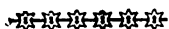
When the poor person was refused a ticket, his plea was “whoever applied”; and does not the scripture say, “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be

lifted up; that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 14-16).

Take then the place of being "poor and needy"; put in your claim for the divine bounty, and prove for yourself that "whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed" (Rom. x. 33).

(Extracted.)

from Good News.



Resisting The Holy Ghost.

God is sending out His wonderful message of mercy; and, as a friend, as one who is sure of going to heaven, as one who knows the truth of what he is saying, let me ask you what is the attitude of your heart to that message? The message, straight from the lips of the Son of God Himself is this,—“God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John iii. 16).

If you have a desire to be saved, the Holy Spirit is here to give effect to that word, and make you a child of God. Anyone who has an exercised heart and conscience about their sins, has that exercise brought to them by the power of the Holy Ghost. Take care you do not resist it. If you do

not bow down and own yourself a lost sinner, and accept what God is offering you in His blessed Son, you are resisting the Holy Ghost. How many times have men and women been under the sound of the glad tidings, and treated it lightly, or listened out of mere formality. Oh, do not treat it like that! It may be that decision, ere you lay this paper down, means an eternity of woe, or an eternity of blessing. What is it to be? When Stephen, the protomartyr, was before the Council, answering the charge of blasphemy against the temple and the law, he replied with a short epitome of God's dealings with His people from the time the God of glory appeared to Abraham, showing how the patriarchs would not accept God's message through Joseph, and on account of their envy sold him as a slave. He was despised by his brethren. Then he went on to Moses, another great servant of the Lord, informed by the Lord he should be the people's deliverer from Egypt. But he was refused. And afterwards Stephen says, "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?" Not only Joseph and Moses. The history of the human heart has always been to despise and reject the one who brings a message of grace and blessing from God.

"They have slain them that showed before the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers." How solemn!

He came, blessed be His name! "to give His life a ransom," but that does not alter the responsibility of man for condemning Him, for putting the crown of thorns on His head, for mocking Him, for nailing Him to the cross, for thrusting the spear into His side.

The Holy Spirit was speaking in Stephen when he thus charged them, and they refused the testimony of the Holy Ghost, and gnashed on Stephen with their teeth. Have you ever thought of the close alliance there is between the human heart there, resisting the Holy Ghost, and the human heart in hell? "*There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth*" (Luke xiii. 28). The rich man in hell could ask for a drop of water, but he would not own himself a sinner. Man never acknowledges himself a sinner in hell. The only time he does so is now, in this life, and that by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Dear reader, have you done so? Have you taken your place as a guilty sinner, hitherto a rejector of Christ, and resisting the Holy Spirit? Oh, own your guilt; bow to the Spirit's testimony, and believe God's message of boundless grace, uttered by the lips and shown in the gift of His Son, and prove that "through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."

Reminiscences (continued)

On Friday, July 8th, we were invited to accompany some military brethren to the waterfalls via Algeciras; and, looking to Him who arranges all our affairs, we sent word that seventeen Christians from the ship would go, D.V. Already difficulties had been experienced in obtaining leave for so many; and now there was not sufficient boat accommodation. Could we get a boat? The Lord was immediately sought; and afterwards our Commanding Officer, much to our surprise, willingly gave—not a small boat, as we expected, but—one large enough to hold thirty! We “thanked God and took courage”; and, at the time appointed some forty-five or more were towed by a steamboat from the Ragged Staff to the Spanish main. There were two military officers with us; and we had not gone far before our conversation turned to things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ; what we were, and what we have in Him, and hymns were sung to the praise and glory of Him

Who doeth all things well!

Reaching Algeciras we were conveyed to the Falls. Here some rambled, but many rested in the shade and read the word until 3 o'clock, when one of the most blessed open-air services ever experienced by the writer was held, as under the canopy of heaven the scriptures were opened.

The portion given us was from the 4th chapter of Luke's gospel; and the gracious words of our

blessed Lord were dwelt on, and expounded. How His grace was magnified in our eyes,—as it went out to that poor widow of Sarepta (an outsider) (v. 26); and His love to Naaman, the leper, a Syrian (v. 27); both being blessed by the omnipotent hand of Jehovah. Many words of exhortation and comfort were spoken; and one's heart warms up at the thought of that memorable afternoon when we were drinking in the words of life, and exalting the worthy and precious name of Jesus.

My dear, unsaved reader, what joy and blessing you are missing by not knowing such a Saviour as Jesus our Lord; and I would repeat to you a verse of a hymn we frequently sing, with the hope you may delay no longer, but come to Him as you are:—

Come, then poor sinner, no longer delay,
Come to the Saviour; come, now, while you may;
So shall your peace be eternally sure,
So shall your happiness ever endure!

On returning to the Home at Gibraltar, we poured out our hearts with grateful thanks for the Lord's goodness to us.

The following Lord's day whilst speaking in the open-air at the Alamada, one of our shipmates was attracted, and after listening for some time was invited to come and hear the gospel of the grace of God, where, praise the Lord! he confessed Christ as his Saviour, and went on his way rejoicing. We were much blessed on this occasion of our stay at Gibraltar; and were soon privileged

to return for another season of refreshment, when we met the captain and some of the crew of a Mexican Corvette. We were cheered to find them at the meetings listening to the gospel, and the Lord graciously opened the way for a gospel service on board this ship, for the Mexican sailors. Some time elapsed before any ventured into the cabin; and we were about to begin the service in English, when several came in. It so happened (the Lord's arrangement, of course!) that a Spanish officer, a Christian, was on board, who was able to interpret; thus many of these dear fellows heard the gospel concerning God's Son, and we trust are now rejoicing in a risen and glorified Saviour, through faith in Him.

A trip to the North African ports enabled us to see a little of the Lord's work among the French and Mohammedans. One thing we are sure of, that the gospel has not lost its ancient power.

At Salonika (how different to the Thessalonica of the beloved Apostle Paul's day!) a missionary to the Jews on one occasion opened his house for a meeting; where another of our shipmates got blessed in his soul, seeing, he said, so clearly, that *he had eternal life and could never perish.*

Have you too come to Him, my reader, and proved the truth of Matthew xi. 28-30?

If not, may you come now, and you will not be disappointed.

(To be continued, D.V.) *C. H. Crooks*

Sin.

There is a very wide difference between reformation of character and conversion to God. Reformation of character will necessarily follow conversion to God; but for a soul to "believe and turn to the Lord" is something far more deep than outward reformation of character: it brings us to Him with whom we have to do, before whom all is open and naked.

To human thought sin is an act; in divine judgment it is a principle. And this discovery is so appalling, that transgressions appear thrown into the shade by the discovery of what sin really is,—a settled principle of insubjection to God;—a desire to do what God has forbidden, because He has forbidden it; a reluctance to do what God has commanded, because He has commanded it. Yes,—we have a will contrary to the good, perfect and acceptable will of God; and this is very experimentally known after we are made willing, by the grace of God, to come to Christ; so that to do the will of God is more or less connected with denying self.

"Whose *sin is covered.*" Who would not faint under the struggle, if it were not so? God Himself has covered sin up, out of His own sight. This is what we need. How man tries to cover the evil of his heart from his fellow man; yet even human sagacity can often pierce through the hollow covering. And man himself is not satisfied with it;

witness his round of religious duties to try to cover it. But it is the atonement of Christ which covers sin before God. It is God Himself who has set forth Christ as a propitiation through faith in His blood. Here, when we discover sin, we can yet meet God, not in anger, but in mercy; for the sin which we have discovered is covered up before Him. I do not believe that there can be settled peace in the soul till, taught of the Spirit, it finds the emphatic meaning of such texts as these: "Our old man is crucified with Him" (Rom. vi. 6); "God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh" (Rom. viii 3); God "hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21). The mighty moral necessity of the Son of God becoming the substitute of the sinner, alone meets the case of the conscience alive to what sin is. And I have admired the wisdom of divine teaching, as well as the infinite grace, that it is after showing sin in the shape of transgression, sin in connection with death, sin as dwelling in us, the announcement follows,— "There is therefore NOW NO *condemnation* to them which are in Christ Jesus." The moment Christ is regarded as the object held out by God Himself to faith, "No condemnation" is the answer.

From Present Testimony

*From Life of
Mrs. Wm. W.*
The Officer's Bride.

Soon after my marriage I was at a ball; I was then a bride, receiving much attention, and my pride was gratified. I had married the man I loved, and who loved me in return. I had everything my heart could desire,—not a wish was ungratified. I was at the very zenith of my happiness.

On returning from the ball, I took a hasty review of the evening I had passed, as I lay sleepless upon my pillow. The glitter, the music, the dance, the excitement, the attention, the pleasure, all passed before me. But oh, I felt a want I could not describe. I sighed and whispered to myself, "Is *this* all?" I felt at that moment that if this was all the happiness the world could bestow, then there was a lack I knew not how to supply, a void I could not fill. I had reached the very summit of earthly bliss, and found it to fall short of what my heart craved, and my soul required. From this time I grew less inclined to mingle with the gay world, and sought in solitude what I had never found in the brilliant and crowded walks of life. I thought there must be a state where real happiness was to be found. In this condition of mind I continued for years, trying to keep the law and to walk so as to please God, but again and again my best resolutions were broken. I would not for the world have breathed a hint that I was unhappy to the dearest friend; and I sought peace of mind

in domestic enjoyment. I was encircled by my children, possessed a husband who anticipated my fondest wish, and my heart could sigh for nothing of earthly bliss which I did not possess; still I was *unhappy*. I was a *sinner*, and this secret conviction beclouded every prospect: my weary soul was thirsting for what it had not, and yet I could not answer myself, or say what that one thing was

A change of residence was pleasant to me. We were near the chapel of —; I went, and heard *for the first time in my life*, the precious GOSPEL OF PEACE. This was what I had wanted to know for many years, that Jesus Christ had come into the world to save poor sinners. I was a sinner, and wanted to be saved. Oh, how eagerly I listened, and drank in every word! I had been in vain trying to work out my salvation, but my work always fell short, and left me as poor and miserable as ever. Now the hope was held out to me that I might be saved by the work of Another, the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. I repaired to my Bible, and searched it, again and again. “By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God,” was a passage that arrested my attention. I found that in the Epistle of James we are justified by works, and my heart sank within me. I had no works, and could do none pleasing and acceptable to God. In the Epistles of Paul I read that we are justified by faith. There seemed a contradic-

tion, and my anxious mind could find no rest.

One night, watching alone by a sick child, I took my Bible and searched the Scriptures. The question how a sinner could be justified, pressed heavily on my mind. If I could be saved by faith in Another, then I felt there was hope for me; but if there was anything for me to do towards meriting this salvation, I saw I must be forever lost. I read first one epistle and then another, when the words were brought to my mind, "Ask, and ye shall receive." I reasoned, Who is it that says this? It is God. Can God lie? It is impossible. I will ask. I fell upon my knees and pleaded the promise asking Him *how* such a wretched sinner as I could be saved,—a helpless sinner that could do nothing.

In an instant light broke in upon my soul. Jesus stood before me, and spoke those blessed words,—“I am thy salvation!” I hailed the glad tidings; Jesus was with me; He had Himself spoken; I had seen the Lord, had heard His voice; my soul was saved; my burden was gone; my spirit was free, and my heart filled with joy unspeakable. I arose from my knees to adore, and praise, and bless His holy name.

Oh, what a night was that; never, never to be forgotten! I had seen Jesus. It was no vision of the bodily senses that I saw; but I had no more doubt that I was a redeemed and pardoned sinner, than I had of my own existence.

As soon as it was morning I informed my

husband what the Lord had done for me. He looked amazed at what I said, and feared I should lose my senses. I was grieved that he did not believe and could not understand; and urged him, by every argument I could employ, to seek for the same blessing, which I was sure the Lord would give him.

It has since been evident to me, that when the Holy Ghost gave me the promise to plead, He also gave me a measure of faith to credit God for its fulfilment; and in answering the prayer of simple faith, Christ came into my soul with a full and free salvation. I AM THY SALVATION! This was good news indeed, fresh from heaven. Christ was mine, heaven was mine; I had found what I had long sought. I had been in search of real happiness for years, and in one night I found it all in Jesus; all I wanted for time and eternity!

M. W.



Living Water

Our blessed Lord "left Judea, and departed again into Galilee. And he *must* needs go through Samaria." Why *must* He? Because He came to save sinners, and there was a sinner there (shall I say one of the worst type?) whom He was going to save.

He took a longer journey than that, right from the glory down to this sin-stained earth. His

pleasure was always with the children of men ; and the worse the sinner, the more miserable, the more dejected, the more vile, so much the more welcome to His rest, His peace, His joy ! But in order to give it, He must go to the cross, and endure such anguish as our poor human minds cannot estimate. " All Thy waves and Thy billows have passed over Me," he said ; the wrath of God broke in fury upon His head as He hung there, forsaken of God, the Holy Spotless One, yet the sin Bearer. What grace ! what love ! You may find rest in Him, for surely you cannot resist the love of such an One !

He knows all the secrets of your heart and mine. The inmost sigh of your weary being, every twinge of your conscience, every thought and desire is open before him ; " Come unto Me," He says, " and I will give you rest."

And here He was, bent on His errand to meet that one needy soul. Just think of it,—the Creator of the universe sitting weary upon that well, seeking a lost sinner ! It is just a picture of how He sought you and me. Has He found *you* ? He says, " He that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." On the authority of the word of God, I say He will receive you, no matter how bad you are, or how far sunk in iniquity you are, for He says, " Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Just think of it,—the Lord Himself sitting

weary, a stranger here, with no home, nowhere to lay His head. Then this poor woman comes up, an outcast, too, living in sin, and she draws near. What a wondrous sight,—the Saviour and the sinner meet! He in love is desiring to bless her; she does not know Him, she supposes He is a Jew.

He asks her for a drink of water. What! from an unclean woman? She is filled with wonder, and there is abundant cause for her to wonder. But she is to be more astonished yet, when she is alone with Him, alone in His presence, and He discloses her secrets. She learns more of herself, and also His love. May we seek to be alone with Him, for His arm is not shortened that it cannot save. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He knew the thirst of her soul. And there are hundreds of thirsty souls now with unsatisfied hearts, for everything outside Christ is useless to quench the thirst of the human heart. You may frequent cinemas, and theatres, and any other so-called pleasure, but Jesus says, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again"; and as you draw deeper and deeper from that well of pleasure, you will find there is nothing under the sun can satisfy your heart, save Jesus only. God grant you may know Him! Whosoever will may come; none are too bad, none are too full of sin. Oh, how wonderful! God's greatest gift comes right down to you, and God

delights to take up the devil's castaways.

And what is this living water of which the Lord speaks to this woman, when He says, "Who-soever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life?" God, the Holy Ghost, indwells the soul, and He gives such joy, such peace, such satisfaction, as rise above all our circumstances. It is often said, "We are the creatures of circumstances"; if that is true of you, then you don't know my Lord!

This poor woman had no husband; she was living in open sin,—a very unpleasant truth. But her secret thoughts must all come out in the presence of the Lord, if she is to get blessing. And He not only reveals her sin, but reveals to her that He is the Christ, the Son of God. What a revelation! She forgets everything, leaves her waterpot, and goes to her own neighbours who knew all her life. She says, "Come, see a Man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" It is, friends, the Saviour of sinners, the gift of God for you. What are you going to do,—take the water that satisfies, or go on living in sin?

QUARTUS.



Reminiscences (continued.)

AT ATHENS.

The very name at once carries one's thoughts to the 17th chapter of the Acts, where the great apostle of the Gentiles addressed the superstitious Athenians, and preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection. Standing on Mars' Hill amidst the ruins of the temples which were standing in the beloved apostle's day, one could imagine how he felt for their blindness and ignorance, and how he pressed home the truth of God; and then added "The times of this ignorance God closed his eyes to, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by *that* man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."

We found God had been blessing souls in this place through the preaching of the gospel. Evening after evening the house of a Mr. H. D. (whose wife was a Greek) was visited by students and others, anxious to hear the sweet story of the Cross, and to read God's word; and with joy we relate that many believed in the once despised and rejected, but now risen and glorified Son of Man. At first they would not believe that what was taught was recorded in their own (Greek) testament, showing clearly that their priests never teach the *whole* word of God, especially the Epistles.

How joyous they were to clasp the hands of English Christians, and we were equally cheered to hear their confession of Christ.

Unlike Englishmen, they had to *well* count the cost of confessing Christ, as it meant forfeiting houses, lands, position, parents, and employment in their own country; and sometimes banishment or torture.

One case came under the writer's notice. A young gentleman, on confessing Christ at home, was, through the priests, sent to a lunatic asylum for a short period, and then, because of his continuing to witness for the Lord Jesus in the asylum, was sent to a monastery at some considerable distance; his parents thinking by doing so, that he would soon forget that which had been sown in his heart by the Holy Spirit. Who can hinder the work of God? Is man master of Him who made him? After a time a letter was received from him which stated (it was read in my presence) that he was so happy, and still trusted in Jesus his Saviour, and that he was now preaching the gospel to about 400: and that nearly all in the monastery came to him for instruction in the word of God. We can surely add: Praise the Lord!

Another case I heard of at Smyrna, where a young Greek was cast out of home and tortured with hot irons by his own relatives, for confessing Christ to be *his* Saviour.

How different with us. We may be talked

about as fanatical, but are hardly ever molested, confess the Lord Jesus where we will.

My dear reader, don't be afraid to confess Christ. It will give you joy of heart as the word of God says, "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part He is evil spoken of, but on your part He is glorified" (I. Peter iv. 14).

This soul-saving work at Athens was not carried on, therefore, without persecution. Mr. D. had been brought before the magistrates more than once, and ordered to cease. He had been stopped visiting the courtyards of the prisons, where at one time he preached to the prisoners. They threatened to burn his house, and he himself was personally persecuted. One priest informed some students that they would sit on Mr. D, and one afternoon called on him for the purpose. The priest was invited to take a seat, and the purport of his visit requested, Mr. D. taking his Bible in his hand, and saying he was ready to answer any question that might be put to him. The priest questioned his teaching in many ways, and his right to teach the Scriptures, seeing he was not ordained. The Lord wonderfully helped His servant, and he was able to answer every question from the word of God, so that the priest was obliged to leave very much perplexed and vexed.

On meeting one of the students he was asked

whether he had "sat" on their teacher? He replied "How could I sit on a man who hurled *rocks* at me?" This again proves that the word of God is our only safeguard when combated by the enemy.

We were much refreshed and cheered by our visits to Athens, and learnt this hymn, which I pass on to you:—

Ten thousand thanks to Jesus,
 Whose life our ransom paid;
 Whose blood a full atonement
 For all the world has made;
 Let every heart adore Him!
 Let every creature sing,
 Ten thousand thanks to Jesus,
 The Saviour and the King.

Ten thousand thanks to Jesus,
 How gladly would we give
 Ten thousand lives to Jesus,
 Had we so long to live!
 Ten thousand tongues shall praise Him,
 Ten thousand songs ascend
 To Him, our blest Redeemer,
 To Him, our dearest Friend.

Ten thousand thanks to Jesus,
 For blessings every hour;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand
 For love's redeeming power;
 And when we hear His welcome
 Beyond the rolling sea,
 His love through endless ages,
 Our sweetest song shall be.

Ten thousand thanks, ten thousand thanks,
 We'll praise Him o'er and o'er;
 And for the life with Him to live,
 Ten thousand, *thousand*, more!

(To be continued, D.V.)

C. N. Carter

Happy Day! Happy Day!

Some years ago I was called up in the middle of the night to visit a young woman who was very ill, and suffering intense pain.

On arrival I found the room full of her friends; but I approached the sufferer, and asked her if she was saved? She said "Yes"; and after I had prayed solemnly (all in the room going on their knees), this young person, in the midst of fearful agony from a dislodged heart, said "Sing a hymn," mentioning one I did not know. However I began to sing:

O happy day that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its rapture all abroad.
 Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away!

And with a clear voice she sang a verse through, God having given her the power to rise above her sufferings for a few moments, ere she passed from this world into the presence of the Saviour who had washed her sins away, to praise Him for ever for His great love.

Dear Reader, how would it be with you if your time had come to pass away? You cannot tell when the call may come; you may not have a deathbed: many are suddenly hurried into eternity. Let me entreat you to come to Jesus now, just as you are, for He has said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

A. C. Wallace

Escape For Thy Life

On calling at a cottage near the borders of Dartmoor, and about midway between the village of Ilsington and the cragged rocks of Hay Tor, (the latter so prominent for many miles around), I was glad to find a dear woman very anxious about her soul.

So deeply concerned indeed was she, that when I told her I had called to ask her acceptance of a printed testimony concerning the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, she burst into tears.

The unseen working of the Holy Spirit of God in His matchless power, and yearning over lost souls, was clearly manifested in His gracious dealing with this poor undone thing; creating a soul-thirst for Christ, and, oh, how she drank in the "water of life," as I told her of "Jesus, the mighty to save." After promising to come in the evening to a meeting held quite near (where we preached the glad tidings of salvation to lost and perishing souls, for several nights), I left her, and waited earnestly in prayer to God that he would be pleased not only to bring her to the meeting, but that He would save her, and make her His child "through faith in Christ Jesus."

She was one of the first to arrive, and never shall I forget the graciousness of God my Father in working by His Spirit to the rich and eternal blessing of this needy, guilty one.

The scripture spoken from that night was the

escape of Lot from the wicked, condemned city of Sodom, as recorded in Genesis xix. Solemnly and seriously it was pointed out that this present evil world is lying under the judgment of a holy, sin-hating God, just as these cities were; that God in mercy has sent His Son "to seek and to save that which was lost"—He, who has indeed died in agony and blood upon Calvary's cross, "suffering for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," but who is alive again from the dead, and "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him"; and all in the meeting unsaved were urged to escape for their lives to Jesus, for "how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Suddenly the woman I had conversed with earlier in the day, called aloud, "God have mercy upon me. I am a great sinner." Almost needless to say, God *did* have mercy upon her. There and then she unreservedly trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as her own personal Saviour, and "passed from death unto life," and her heart was now filled with "joy and peace in believing." Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, He made good His own blessed promise, "whosoever shall call on the name of one Lord shall be saved" (Acts ii. 21).

The apostle writing by the Spirit of God could say, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus iii. 5). May the reader know what it is to have "repentance toward God, and faith toward

our Lord Jesus Christ," and thereby pass out from "death unto life," and "from the power of Satan unto God." How soon we know not, but that exalted and glorified One, who once *came in grace*, will come to this world again *in judgment*, for "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power" (II. Thess. i. 7-9).

Behold *now* is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of salvation (II. Cor. vi. 2).

ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

H.C. Maddicks



Life Beyond The Veil.

In Luke xvi. the Lord Jesus Christ tells us of two men in opposite stations of life: a rich man and a poor beggar. The rich man had great wealth; his purple clothing would denote high rank, and he "fared sumptuously every day." There is, in that short description, that which most men covet, wealth, social distinction, and good fare. But Divine Light is poured down here to tell us how God regards these things. Although accounted "rich," this man was actually very poor:

that which he had was slipping away from him, and would prove but a will-o'-the-wisp, an air ball, crushed in his hand as he grasped it. What man seeks so eagerly will prove his folly, if he seeks that alone. There is nothing in it to give him eternal peace and joy, or a way of escape from coming judgment.

The poor beggar was a perfect contrast, as he lay at the rich man's gate. But the rich man had no thought for him in his suffering body. "And the beggar died"; we do not even read that he was buried, for he seems one of the offscouring of the earth: but his spirit was carried by angels (who minister to the heirs of salvation) into Abraham's bosom.

"The rich man also died, and was buried." One seems to see the hearse, and the carriages, and the people following to the cemetery. But was that the end of that man? Rich in this world's goods, yet he had not known God; and while his body is buried, *he is in hell*. Do not make any mistake, friend: **THERE IS A HELL**. Every soul not washed in the precious blood of Christ will be judged. We are different to the animals. God breathed into our father Adam the breath of life; and we are accountable to Him as to what we do; and according to Eccles. xii. 7, "The dust shall return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." It is a solemn thing that when my life departs from my

body, my spirit goes back to God: and yours too. We are responsible creatures before God. The animal has a spirit, but he has never had breathed into him the breath of life. When he dies, his spirit goes too; but you and I have immortal souls, and must live for ever.

“*In hell,*” what was the rich man’s condition there? “*Being in torments.*” Such was the condition of the man who but a short time before was faring sumptuously; to whom men raised their hats, and gave respect. And in torments he looks up, and sees Abraham, and the beggar in his bosom, in a place of joy. As he sees him, he makes a petition, “Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.” *One drop of water!* But he was in a place where *mercy can never come*, a place where *prayer can never be answered*.

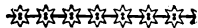
“And Abraham said, Son, remember.” What has he got here beside the torment and its sting? *A memory.* A sinner in hell with a memory, acute memory, recalling the days gone by, remembering how the Spirit of God has pleaded, and he refused; how he has resisted and slighted the One who died on the cross. People forget to-day: never in hell. Memory will be the sting of every sin that has been committed.

Besides all this, there is a great gulf *fixed.* If the Lord says it, He means it. “They that

would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence." There is no salvation after death, in spite of the damnable doctrines taught by men to-day. Who are they who dare deny the word of God? **THERE IS NO SALVATION AFTER DEATH.**

But there IS salvation NOW. In the history of that man in hell he never confesses himself to be a sinner. Have YOU acknowledged it? "If any say I have sinned . . . He will deliver his soul from going down to the pit" (Job xxxiii. 27, 28) for He has found a Ransom.

QUARTUS.



Reminiscences (continued).

Once again we are in the Levant and return to Malta to prepare for the summer's cruise, which this year would take us up the coast of Syria. The weather being quite warm, we were enabled to take our customary place on the topgallant fore-castle. Evening after evening you would observe, had you been there, a little circle talking of the Saviour's love, or His words, and singing praises to His name. His grace and mercy followed us, and the meetings in the Whitehead Torpedo Room were kept and sustained.

The Syrian coast afforded great attraction to Bible students, Mount Carmel, Ptolemais (Acre), Tyre, Sidon, Beyrout, Tripoli and Ruad (Arvad)

bringing to memory many precious subjects connected with our Lord Jesus, His prophets and servants. The 17th June brought us to Beyrout, and we were all anxious to step on shore, especially the Lord's children; so as soon as an opportunity arrived, a few of us were led to the British Syrian Schools, whence after giving us a loving welcome, we were conducted to the American Mission School, where the British Syrian children, in consort with the American Mission children, were gathered together every Lord's day for instruction in the word of God. The opportunity being given, a few simple gospel truths were brought before the children by their English friends, and interpreted; but at the close of the address it was found that out of 206 children then present, only about 20 did not understand English: and these were the very young ones. How happy they seemed, and with what joy did they listen to the glad tidings that

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

They sang, too, with merry hearts, and we prayed that everyone of them might be able to praise the Lord for personal salvation.

On leaving Beyrout for Tripoli that fearful disaster—the collision between H.M. ships “Camperdown” and “Victoria” occurred, of which an account has appeared in the “*Gospel Gleanings*”; and one can only again express the hope that many of the dear ones who were brought

so suddenly face to face with death, cried to the Lord to save them. It is astonishing how men and women put off the question of their soul's salvation, when life is so uncertain. How is it with my reader? Are you waiting for a more convenient season? It may never come. Suddenly you may be cut off with a stroke; and then, what then? You will be like the rich man in Hades who *being in torments*, lifted up his eyes and cried for the smallest mercy—a drop of water that could be held on the tip of Lazarus' finger to cool his tongue! And it could not be granted (Luke xvi. 23, 24). Let me plead with you to take the publican's place and use his cry, **GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER** (Luke xviii. 13), and the blessing will surely be yours.

We were now at Alexandria (Egypt) and the Lord opened the way to take some 70 or 80 of the worst characters of our ship to Fort Mex. Boats were lent, and we paid a visit to Lake Mareotis. The walk to and from the lake enabled the Lord's children to speak to individuals about their souls, and after tea, a gospel service was held in the open air, where the living, loving Saviour was once more introduced to our dear shipmates as the one and only source of blessing—the only satisfying portion that can meet the sinner's need. Some seed had fallen on good ground, for two of our shipmates, during that month confessed Christ as their Saviour. (To be continued, D.V.) *C. H. Cook*