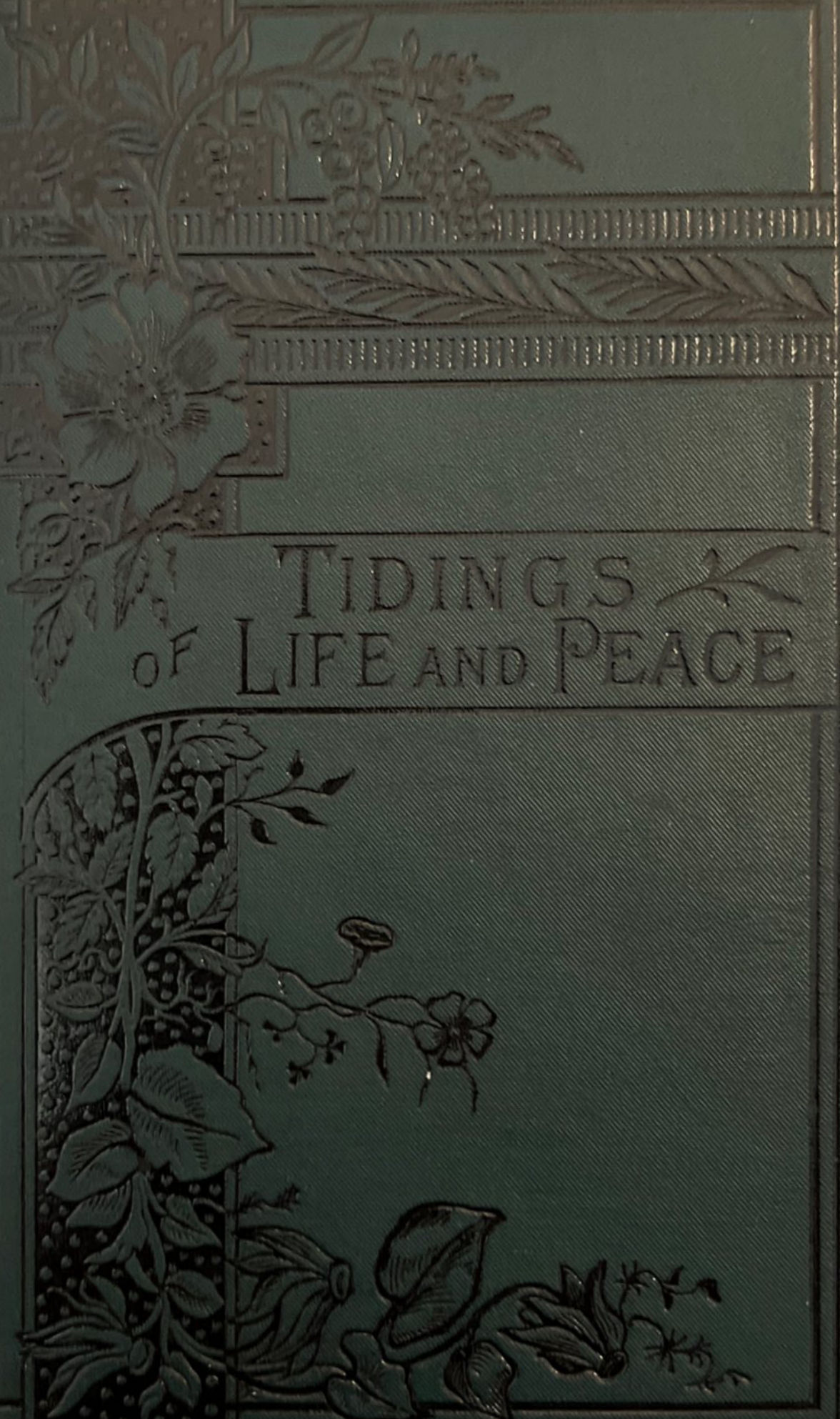


TIDINGS
OF
LIFE
AND
PEACE



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EDITED BY GEO. C.

“WE DECLARE UNTO YOU GLAD TIDINGS.”—*Acts* xiii. 32.

A. S. ROUSE,
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TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



“THIS YEAR!” “THY DAY!”

“Thus saith the Lord . . . THIS YEAR thou shalt die.”

JEREMIAH xxviii. 16.

“If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this THY DAY, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.”—LUKE xix. 42.

A CERTAIN traveller, while passing through a vast forest, missed his track. Nightfall was coming on apace, and it became necessary that he should halt till morning before proceeding. How he could best protect himself from the ferocious beasts that infested that wild forest, was the all-absorbing question. He knew they would be prowling abroad during the hours of darkness in search of their prey. He had heard that these night-wanderers were afraid of the light, so he at once began to prepare for kindling a large fire. Dry leaves and dead branches were carefully collected, and now for a light. Alas! he found he had only three matches in his possession. The first which he struck proved to be a bad one, and failed to ignite. The second ignited, but a waft of wind soon blew it out. Now came his *last match*. Oh, how carefully he handled it! Kneeling down close to the dry leaves, he noted the direction of the wind, and jealously sheltered his match from it. How his heart beat with excitement! Would *this* fail?

or would it succeed? Everything depended on it. Whether he should spend the lonely night in darkness, exposed to the ferocity of beasts of prey, or rest quietly in the light, protected from them, depended entirely on this his LAST MATCH! He struck it, the leaves ignited, the dry twigs caught the flame, and he spent the night in tolerable comfort.

Dear reader, let this be a voice to thee as the year 1895 dawns upon thee. Solemnly consider—May not this year, to use our figure, prove to be thy “LAST MATCH”? There is a God whose claims thou hast shamefully neglected, whose love thou hast coldly spurned, and in the thoughts of that God there is a brief period of time known as “*thy day*.” The things which belong to thy peace must be attended to in this “*thy day*” or *never*. Miss God’s present call and you may be left in the dark for eternity. We cannot with certainty say that “this year thou shalt die,” but we can say, “This day is ‘*thy day*.’” Oh, harden thy heart no longer! Trust in the risen Saviour. Rest on God’s thoughts of His precious blood. Submit to His holy authority, and you will be able to go on your way rejoicing. GEO. C.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

HOW *is it that with good desires I am still so unhappy, so unsettled about my acceptance with God?*

This question is a sadly common one. Indeed so many are to be found in this state that it is more than probable that some reader of *Tidings of Life and Peace* will say, This is *my case*.

Should this be so, we would warmly advise you to read the following extract carefully through with prayer. When you have finished it, take the trouble to read it through again, more carefully still.

It may encourage you to know that the writer of the extract once passed through similar experiences to your own, his exercises at one time being so deep as to shatter his bodily health, and well-nigh cripple him for life. *Grace* it was that brought him triumphantly through them, and the same grace enabled him to minister delivering grace and truth to hundreds if not thousands of others.

This being the case, we consider that his utterances are well worthy of your earnest consideration. Mark them carefully, therefore, and may God abundantly bless them to you.—EDITOR.

“If we look at the simple fact of what grace is, it has no limits, no bounds. Be we what we may (and we cannot be worse than we are), in spite of all that, what God is towards us is LOVE. *Neither our joy nor our peace is dependent on what we are to God, but on what He is to us, and this is grace.*

“Grace *supposes* all the sin and evil that is in us, and is the blessed revelation, that through Jesus, *all this sin and evil has been put away.* A single sin is more horrible to God than a thousand sins—nay, than all the sins in the world are to us; and yet, with the fullest consciousness of what *we* are, all that God is pleased to be towards us is LOVE.

“In Rom. vii. the state described is that of a person quickened, but whose whole set of reason-

ings centre in *himself* he stops short of *grace*, of the simple fact, that whatever be his state, let him be as bad as he may, GOD IS LOVE, and only love towards him. Instead of looking at God, it is all 'I,' 'I,' 'I.' Faith looks at God, as He has revealed Himself in Grace Let me ask you, '*Am I—or is my state the object of faith?*' *No.* Faith never makes what is in *my heart* its object, *but God's revelation of Himself in grace*

"Grace has reference to what GOD is, and not to what we are, except indeed that the very greatness of our sins does but magnify the extent of the '*Grace of God.*' At the same time we must remember that the object and necessary effect of grace is to bring our souls into communion with God—to sanctify us, by bringing the soul to know God, and to love Him; therefore the knowledge of grace is the true source of sanctification.

"The triumph of grace is seen in this, that *when man's enmity cast out Jesus from the earth, God's love brought in salvation by that very act*—came in to atone for the sin of those who had rejected Him. In view of the fullest development of man's sin, faith sees the fullest development of God's grace. . . . I have got away from grace if I have the slightest doubt or hesitation about God's love. I shall then be saying, '*I am unhappy because I am not what I should like to be:*' that is not the question. The real question is, *whether God is what we should like Him to be, whether Jesus is all we could wish.* If the consciousness of what we are—of what we find in ourselves, has any other effect than, while it humbles us, to increase our adoration of what God is, we are off the ground of pure

grace. . . . Is there distress and distrust in your mind? See if it be not because you are still saying 'I,' 'I,' and losing sight of God's grace.

"It is better to be thinking of what God is than of what we are. This looking at ourselves at the bottom is really pride, a want of the thorough consciousness that we are *good for nothing*. Till we see this we never look quite away from self to God. . . . In looking to Christ, it is our privilege to forget ourselves. *True humility does not so much consist in thinking badly of ourselves, as in not thinking of ourselves at all. I am too bad to be worth thinking about.* What I want is to forget myself and to look to God, who is indeed worth all my thoughts. Is there need of being humbled about ourselves? We may be quite sure that will do it.

"Beloved, if we can say as in Rom. vii., 'In me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no *good thing*,' we have thought quite long enough about ourselves; let us then think about Him who thought about us, with thoughts of good and not of evil, long before we had thought of ourselves at all. Let us see what His thoughts of grace about us are, and take up the words of faith, 'If God be for us, who can be against us'?"

J. N. D.

ETERNITY, WHERE?

"SO seems the life of man, O king," burst forth
 S an aged Ealdorman, "as a sparrow's flight through the hall when you are sitting at meat in winter-tide, with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the icy rain-storm without. The sparrow flies in at one door and tarries for a

moment in the light and heat of the hearth fire, and then flying forth from the other vanishes into the wintry darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight, but what is before it, what after it, we know not. If this new teaching tells us aught certainly of these, let us follow it."

More than 1200 years ago these words were spoken by one of Northumbria's council, which had before it for deliberation the new faith, which their king (Eadwine) had adopted.

The passionate and eloquent words of the old man speak of one to whom ignorance on such a subject of overwhelming importance was unbearable. Earnestly he was groping for light.

Unknown reader, you are in no such difficulty. The word of God throws its light around these subjects, and speaks in no uncertain language as to our future.

But your knowledge thus gained brings with it a tremendous responsibility.

You are travelling to an eternal destiny, either to glory or to shame—to bliss or to woe. You are journeying—and the most sceptical cannot deny it—to the grave, and at what a rate! Morning, noon, or night you never cease from that journey. Eloquently and tersely Job tells us, "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope."

So with man. As the poet expresses it, our hearts—

". . . though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Beyond the grave, God has told us the future of the godless as well as that of the believer. Be not like the celebrated infidel, who said

eternity was like a vast cavern. He shouted into its startling depths, only to hear the echo of his own voice. How profoundly unsatisfactory!

But God hath spoken. He has lifted up the impenetrable curtain between time and eternity. He distinctly tells us what death means, and what comes after death. Death is the WAGES of sin, and hurries us reluctantly through the narrow portals of the grave to God's judgment bar. "It is appointed unto men once to die, *but after this* THE JUDGMENT" (Hebrews ix. 27); and then the lake of fire, spite of man's perverted sophistry and reasoning.

Say, unknown friend, are you not more than mad to treat these things lightly, and pass on unconcerned? Learn a lesson from the old pagan, who yearned for enlightenment on these very subjects.

At the best your indifference is but short-lived. Once in eternity—and you must be there before many years at the most—all your carelessness will have vanished, and you will be deeply concerned, only to find out your concern will avail you nothing, but must give place to an endless, hopeless despair, for—

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

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation."

Yes; despite the indifference and carelessness of these vaunted days of intelligence, despite the increasing infidelity of the masses, the solemn picture of a lost eternity, painted by the hand of God Himself, still stands out in all its awfulness on the pages of Scripture, to warn sinners of the awful demerit of sin and its consequences.

It is a well-known story. Not a letter is altered to suit the ideas of the age. Truth is eternal. Sin and its everlasting punishment are eternal correlatives. The wit of man *may* divorce them in vain theory; in fact, never.

The rich man dies, is buried, and in hell lifts up his eyes, being in torments. So runs the parable. Plain, simple words, needing neither ornament nor excuse, bringing the truth home to our consciences. Easy-going indifference this side of the grave is exchanged for vain regrets and torment the other side. Plenty of thirst in hell, but no water. The living waters of God's grace are flowing far and wide to needy sinners to-day. Oh, stoop, and drink, and live!

The beggar lies in Abraham's bosom in bliss and repose. The great gulf is fixed. The eternity of both is sealed.

Ah! hope is a stranger in eternity. It is not in heaven, for there all hopes are sweetly realized, and everyone is satisfied beyond all thought. It is not in hell, for there hope is dismissed by a sickening despair.

"Five minutes in hell is a swift and sure cure for infidelity," so said a sceptic on his death-bed.

Oh, reader, wake up ere the awful roar of eternity's storm drives an undying terror into your breast! Let me earnestly press upon you the question which heads this article, "ETERNITY, *where?*"

But it were sorry work to warn, if there did not exist a way of escape. God Himself has taken in hand the settlement of the question of sin. From His own bosom He sent His blessed Son, who, at untold cost to Himself, has finished the work which was given Him to do.

God can now in perfect righteousness and with infinite delight offer *you* a salvation worthy of Himself. Only God Himself knows the eternal demerit of sin, and only God Himself knows the wondrous perfection of the work upon the cross which has satisfied Him for ever. The One who finished the work now sits upon the throne of God, and from the glory, salvation and blessing flow to wretched, guilty man.

Oh, sinner, look up with the eye of faith to the glory, and trust that blessed Saviour, and learn in Him God's wondrous thoughts of blessing toward you! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," are the words of Scripture to you. Then the question, "Eternity, where?" will bring before you thoughts of gladness, and joy, and glory.

A. J. P.

THE SHIP'S LOG.

MOST ocean-going steamers carry what is called a log. This is a simple contrivance to register the distance travelled. It consists of a long line with a heavy weight at one end, and an ingenious indicator at the other. When the weight is put into the water it revolves, and, twisting the line along its whole length, produces corresponding revolutions on the wheels of the indicator. There are so many revolutions to a mile.

Whether the passengers are sleeping or wakeful, whether the weather be calm or stormy, the speed slow or fast, the distance is indicated, and duly entered on the ship's books. Moreover, the wheels of the log are so constructed as to cause a

little "click" every quarter of a mile. This is a gentle reminder that the vessel is *going on*.

This illustrates to me a man's passage through this world to eternity. Whether in his waking moments, or when asleep, he is so much nearer eternity each hour. Whether his life leave behind it a long, silvery track like the steamer leaves in a calm, or whether it be as soon forgotten and obliterated as that same track is in a storm, he is passing on to eternity. Whether the speed be fast or slow, the distance is each day silently recorded in the books of God.

Silently did I say? Well, there is a little "click" given now and then by conscience, and a little reminder here and there from the word of God. Alas! how many pay no heed. Blessed the man who considers where he is, and where he is going.

Where art thou, reader? Do you say, "I am somewhere on the ocean, but I am sure I could not say how I stand with God. I don't know where I am"? Listen. Every clear day at noon the captain of the steamer stands, and with his instruments calculates his exact position by the sun. Wonderful is the skill of man, that when there is no earthly landmark he is yet able to find his latitude and longitude by that heavenly object in its noonday splendour. So you can find your whereabouts on the ocean of time by a glance at Christ in glory. Say, is He *your* Saviour, *your* Lord? Do you love Him and trust Him? What think you of Christ? Do you rest your soul for its eternal blessing on His finished, atoning work? If not, you are *lost* now; and, continuing in that state, are *lost for ever*.

Where art thou going, reader? Do not say that it is impossible for men to know. Never was captain so mad as to say, when he left port, that he knew not where he was taking his ship. You *can* know. I will not say, "Are you bound for heaven or hell?" though you may have an answer to that question. But I ask, "Do you obey Christ?" He is the "Author of eternal salvation unto all them that *obey* Him" (Heb. v. 9), —to no others. Do not say that you are on the Lord's side if you do not obey and follow Him. You will not get south by steering north. "He that is not *with* me is against me," said Jesus. If you have not put yourself into His hands for time and for eternity, you are running on to the rocks. False lights are alluring you, wreckers are on the watch, the jagged rocks of judgment bespeak your doom. *You will spend eternity in hell!*

But if, through grace, Christ is your Captain, never was vessel lost of which He had charge. "Of them which Thou gavest Me have I lost *none*." (John xviii. 9.) "They shall *never* perish." (John x. 28.) He is the way to the haven of desire, the heaven of holy delights. He will pilot you safely there. And if even here He makes the Father's love so sweet to us, what will it be when we reach *home*—the Father's house?

Do you ask, "What of my sins?" The *blood* of Christ cleanseth from all sin (1 John i. 7), whilst the present *glory* of Christ assures the trusting soul of present, and perfect, and permanent acceptance. "As He is, so are we in this world." (1 John iv. 17.)

If my reader be still undecided, and consequently unsaved, let me remind you once

more that all your journey through life is being registered by the God in heaven above; and even if you silence the voice of conscience, and heed not the word of God now, you will yet find yourself one day face to face with opened books—*God's solemn record of your life.* (See Rev. xx.) Each misspent day, each idle word, each moment either of pleasure or of religion *without Christ*, is going down in the reckoning. How will you meet it *then* without the blood?

W. H. W.

WHERE ARE YOU LOOKING?

“**I**NSTEAD of looking to Christ alone, I've been looking inside to try and find some good feelings there.” These words were uttered by a lady who for years had been a prey to all kinds of doubts and fears as to her soul's salvation, until, as she told me, she had, in despair, given up all thoughts of ever being saved at all. A day or two afterwards I met her, and she exclaimed, “I see now there's no good in me, but there's nothing *but* good in my Saviour! Thank you so much for pointing me to Him.”

This woman's experience is repeated in the case of thousands—they are looking inside for some inward change, trying to find some spark of goodness in themselves, some happy feeling, or pious experience, that they may rest upon it, and thereby get assurance that they are really saved.

Is this your present state, my reader? What a mistake you are making! God says, “There is none righteous, no, not one.” This is very emphatic and sweeping, and yet you are still

seeking to find goodness in yourself, proving plainly not only that you have a very good opinion of yourself, but also that you disbelieve God's word, and thus make Him a liar. The apostle Paul said, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing." If a man like Paul had to confess such a thing, surely you are not better than he, and the sooner you give up the fruitless search for goodness in yourself, and make the same confession, the better it will be for you; for only then you will be able to obey that gracious, far-reaching invitation, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Then you will find that He who bids you "come" and "look" is the One who finished redemption's work at Calvary for a sinner like you, and that His precious blood was spilt to make you clean. He was also raised again for your justification, and now He is made the righteousness of God unto all who believe. Look then no longer in the wrong direction, but find in Him salvation, and then His place of favour before the Father is yours, His acceptance your own. Thus will His joy be fulfilled in you. J. T. M.

WHERE ART THOU ?

A MAN'S conduct in the sight of God is truly a serious matter, since the day is fixed for bringing every secret thing to light, and every wicked work to judgment. But it is by no means the only grave feature of his case. "*Where art thou?*" was the first sentence that fell from the lips of God upon the ear of fallen man. And "*Where art thou?*" is a truly momentous question still.

Many think it is *only* a question of outward behaviour, and that if by comparison with others they can, with self-satisfaction, put a balance of merit to their own account, they will therefore in the end be worthy of a place in heaven. As though God had thrown open the chance of heaven to mere human competition, and had allowed man to be his own umpire as to whether he merited it or not; as though He had never said, "By grace are ye saved through faith not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8, 9.)

Now the fact is that there are *two* positions that man in this world can occupy. He may stand on the ground of his own history and supposed personal merits, and face the searching scrutiny of the day of judgment, or he may, through grace, renounce that ground as hopeless—as it surely is (Psalm cxliii. 2)—flee for refuge to Jesus, and, standing on the merits of One who bore the judgment for him, may know on the authority of God's word that he is for ever beyond the reach of that judgment.

Take a simple illustration by way of suggesting the truth of these two positions.

In the extensive slate quarries near Bangor they have a fixed time for the blasting of the rocks. The writer happened to be walking through these quarries about this particular hour, when suddenly he was called upon by one of the workmen to halt. "Don't you understand what the ringing of that large bell means?" he enquired. Upon the writer acknowledging his ignorance, he added, "Then come here, and I will show you," and thereupon took me to the ledge of a rock where no harm could happen to us, and from whence we

could see all that was going on below. "If you look across there," he said, "in the direction from whence the sound of the bell is heard, you will see that a large flag is hoisted on a high pole. This is the double signal that the fuses are about to be lighted and the blasting to commence." "But what is the sound of the trumpet that I hear?" "Oh, that is for those who are too far down to hear the bell, or see the flag."

Soon I saw that the warning had not been given in vain. Hundreds of men and boys could now be seen hastening to the caverns or clefts in the rock, or to other places of shelter, to hide themselves. One man seemed later than the rest, but he cleverly let himself down by means of a hanging rope, evidently placed there for the purpose, and then *ran* toward the place of refuge; and well for him that he did run, for he had only just reached the refuge when the first explosion was heard. And then crash, crash, crash, startled the ear from every side, now to the right, now above, now from unseen depths beneath, then a chorus of explosions together, till the mountain-sides echoed and re-echoed with their terrible thunder, and I felt that the workman who had arrested my steps had been a real friend to me, and deserved my heartiest thanks.

"But how is it," I said to my friend, "that when God warns sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and offers them a perfect shelter, that they heed it not, while not a single workman, young or old, in these Penryn slate quarries but took warning and fled for safety as soon as they heard or saw the signal?" To this the man had no satisfactory answer. What a tale it tells of man's hardened unbelief.

Are *you* still exposed, my reader, or have you fled for refuge? God has given assurance of an appointed day of judgment by raising His beloved Son from among the dead, and placing Him at His own right hand in glory. From thence comes the warning, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven: whose voice then shook the earth: but now He hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." (Heb. xii. 25, 26.) And not only so, but God's "trumpet" of gospel testimony is still sounding here below. You have "obeyed" that gospel and fled to Christ, or you have "refused." Which? You stand as a child of Adam on your own merit, or, believing that judgment must be the lot of all who are found out of Christ, you have fled for refuge to Him who went into the place of judgment for you, and who gives to all who believe a place of security in Himself, beyond the reach of judgment, and beyond it for ever.

To go back to our figure. The best man in the Penryn slate quarries if not sheltered was in danger; while the worst man sheltered was safe.

Reader, where art thou? You cannot say you have never been warned, and the year 1895 may be your last year of gospel opportunity. How will you make use of it? Where will you be found at its close?

"Haste, haste, haste,
 Delay not from death to flee.
 Oh, wherefore the moments in madness waste
 While Jesus is calling thee!"

GEO. C,

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



“TRUE OR FALSE—WHICH?”

SOME little time ago two bank tellers were talking together as to whether a shilling in the hand of one of them was good or bad.

After careful examination, feeling, weighing, testing with acid, both were alike uncertain. It certainly, if bad, was a first-rate imitation, and no doubt had passed through many a transaction as if as good as the best. Two shillings lay together; same colour, size, Queen's head, milling—all so similar. A final test was now proposed, a final judgment—the fire. An office poker was heated red-hot, the questioned coin was brought near, when, lo! it fled like water. *It was false!* The real one stood the test unscathed.

Reader, are you real or false—which?

Now you may to all appearance be real—1st, Baptized in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; 2nd, Confirmed; 3rd, Belonging to one of the many Christian denominations; 4th, Teaching a Sunday-school class; 5th, Partaker of the Lord's Supper; 6th, Active in religious services; 7th, At peace with yourself—and yet you have never found your true place as a guilty sinner, utterly lost by nature, helpless as well as sinful; and have

never come to the feet of that blessed Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and save *lost sinners*.

This is a day of wide profession, which sooner or later will be tested. Oh, how the fire of God's judgment will bring all out! The wood, hay, and stubble will be burned up; but the gold, silver, precious stones remain.

Do you ask, as you read this little paper, "How can I be real, and know that I am real?" Listen! Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and *cometh not* into judgment, but *hath passed* out of death into life." (John v. 24, R.V.) How wonderful! Surely God's love is great! "Herein was the love of God manifested in our case, that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, *not* that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 9. R.V.)

Learn from this simple illustration that outward profession, however correct, will not save the soul, will not blot out your sins, will not procure eternal life. No; it may pass in this world for a while, but it will vanish, as the bad shilling, in God's presence. Learn also that faith in the precious Lord, now in glory—faith in His precious blood shed for the remission of sins—alone can stand. We are saved, "not by works done in righteousness, which we did ourselves, but according to His mercy He saved us." (Titus iii. 5, R.V.) What joy! what rest! what peace! to have at last found out the truth as to what one really is in the sight of God—a sinner, and helpless; to

learn God's love, Christ's finished work, and by the gift of the Holy Spirit to be brought into an entirely new place—"in Christ Jesus"—where there is no condemnation, no judgment. May this be yours!

I. C. P.

MOST MISERABLE OR MOST HAPPY.

IN the cathedral at Worcester there is an ancient slab, bearing as its inscription the solitary, yet eloquent, word "MISERRIMUS"; *i.e., most miserable*. This is all that is recorded of the dead lying beneath. Down in the Catacombs of Rome—those vast underground chambers of the dead, where the early Christians endeavoured to hide from their fierce persecutors—engraven on a stone embedded in the tufa wall, stands this beautiful word "FELICISSIMUS"; *i.e., most happy*.

What a contrast between these two persons whose voices thus reach us from among the dead!

The one, from the very midst of the solemn pomp of human religion leaves only a sorrowful wail as an echo behind it—"most miserable!" Why? Because the deceased was setting out like a pilotless vessel on a dark and unknown sea; without hope, because *without Christ*. (Eph. ii. 12.)

The Christian, in spite of the most cruel sufferings, leaves a testimony that rings through succeeding years like a shout of joy—"most happy!" Why? Because he was trusting in the Lord Jesus; because in departing he knew he was going to be *with Christ*, which is far better; because he had learned to reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us (Rom.

viii. 18). He could leave the clay tabernacle in sure and steadfast hope, because of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from among the dead. (1 Peter i. 3.) Thank God His power and grace have swept away the mists of Romish superstition from this land as a whole, and the clear light of the gospel of His grace has been shed broadly upon us. But darkness of another order is now besetting us. Although few in these days believe that the intercession of saints and priests can obtain release from the penalty of sin, how many there are that refuse to believe that the precious blood of Christ can alone purge away their sins!

It is impossible to think lightly of sin—that evil principle of lawlessness, of forgetting God and doing one's own will which, from Eden onwards, has accounted for the awful moral depths into which man has fallen in his departure from God—when we realize in ever so little a measure what it cost the blessed Saviour before He could put it away for ever from before God's sight, and say, "*It is finished!*"

How could we think lightly of our sins, when nothing but the blood of the Son of God could avail to wash them away? In the depths of His immeasurable love He could go down beneath our load of guilt and, being made sin for us, bear the judgment of God in our stead, putting it away for ever by the sacrifice of Himself. (Heb. ix. 26.)

We know that God is perfectly satisfied and glorified by this work, for He has raised Him from the dead, and seated Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places (Eph. i. 20); and all the light of His glory shines in His face. (2 Cor. iv. 6.) There is therefore everything to make the one who by faith fixes his eye upon that glory

perfectly happy, while without that blessed Saviour every soul of man must be eternally miserable. "There is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.)

Listen to Him as He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) He is able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by Him. (Heb. vii. 25.)

If my reader were to be laid in his tomb this week, one of those Latin inscriptions could be truthfully engraven upon it. *Miserrimus* or *Felicissimus*—which? L. J. M.

THE TWO CONGREGATIONS.

THERE will be but two congregations in eternity, and in one or other of these, my reader, you will have your place. God will dwell with the one, and those who compose it will necessarily be fit for His holy presence; the other, shut out from God, and only fit for the presence of the devil, will with him have to find their "everlasting habitations" in the darkness of hellish despair. It is a mistake to think that heaven is merely a place for *men* to be happy in. It is a place for *God's* happiness, and nothing to mar His joy will ever enter there. Sin enter there? Impossible. Fallen human nature? Never, never. *God* must be allowed to judge of who are accounted suitable for His own holy company, and woe betide the man who dares dispute the point with Him. He has taken the utmost pains to show us what those requirements are, and moreover at His own personal cost He

has met those very requirements by His crucified and risen Son. And now, even to use the language of Old Testament Scripture, "the man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the *congregation of the dead.*" (Prov. xxi. 16.) The ungodly shall not stand in the *congregation of the righteous.* (Psalm i. 5.)

Let me tell you of two men who left one of these congregations to join the other, in hope that if you are still in the "congregation of the dead" you may change places this very hour.

We will let Scripture speak for itself. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts." (Heb. xi. 4.) Sin had come into the world, and death by sin, and man born naturally was under its power and judgment. By nature, therefore, Abel belonged to the "congregation of the dead," and had no title whatever to the "congregation of the righteous." But God did not leave him in this hopeless position. He devised means whereby those banished from Him might be blessed with Him; and moreover He let the sons of Adam into His gracious secret. In what way this was done we are not told, unless it was by covering Adam and Eve with the skin of the animal, an act which plainly declared that they could only stand before Him in that which involved the death of another. But whatever was the means of the revelation, Abel's faith accepted the gracious provision revealed. He took his place before God on the ground of the death and acceptability of the slain lamb, and God pronounced him *righteous.* Not righteous because of any personal merits as a natural man, but because of the excellency and

acceptability of the offering which he brought—“God testifying of his *gifts*.” If Abel therefore entered the congregation of the righteous it was all because of the grace of God and the excellency of the sacrifice. God had brought him there, and therefore God and the Lamb must have the full praise of it eternally.

Turn now to a sadder picture. (Matt. xxii.) We read there of one who was found at the wedding feast without the wedding garment. The feast was worthy of Him who in honour of His Son had provided it, and the fitness for the feast must be of the same character also. This man lacked the required fitness, and therefore, silenced and sorrowful, he had to hear the solemn sentence, “Take him away.” Unfit for the presence of the righteous King, he is bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness; where there was “weeping and gnashing of teeth.” Did not his guilty silence prove that he knew that the One who had spread the feast had provided the fitness also? Yet, like Cain, he dared to stand before God in a fancied fitness of his own devising. He wandered “out of the way of understanding.” He followed in “the way of Cain”; and, like him, therefore, must “*remain* in the congregation of the dead.”

Reader, where are you? If you would leave the “congregation of the dead” you must accept the death of Christ as your only way out. If you would be found in “the congregation of the righteous” when the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and when God shall dwell with them, you must find your fitness in the acceptability of a risen Christ.

Thus, whether in your deliverance from the

one or your entrance into the other, *Christ alone* must be honoured, and hence the beauty and importance of that opening sentence in the parable, "A certain King" made a marriage feast for HIS SON. Be sure of your "congregation." In the words of another, may you be able to say—

"I stand upon His merits
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Emmanuel's land."

GEO. C.

"OH, THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME *YET!*"

TWO colliers worked together for about six months as mates in a coal-pit in the county of Durham. One of them had believed in the Lord Jesus Christ to the salvation of his priceless soul, while the other, though not outwardly immoral, was evidently unsaved, "having no hope, and without God in the world."

The first named told me personally that, as nearly as he could remember, not a day had passed during their time together without his pressing his mate, who was much younger than himself, to flee from the wrath to come, and to take refuge in the finished work of Christ the Saviour of sinners, and that the reply was almost invariably, with a feigned smile—"Oh, there's plenty of time *yet!*"

One day when they were at work they heard a rumbling noise in the pit, which turned out to be some runaway waggons approaching at great speed. There was not a moment to be lost in getting clear. Both made an effort to get out of the way, and the one who had confessed Christ as his Saviour succeeded in reaching a secure

place; but, solemn to say, the other poor fellow got his head crushed between the trucks and the pit-props, which instantaneously launched him from time into eternity, and, worse than all, we fear he was totally unprepared, notwithstanding that he had at least received some hundred and fifty kindly warnings from his faithful mate!

How forcibly this solemn incident reminds us of such well-known portions of God’s word as, “He, that being *often reprovèd* hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that *without remedy*.” (Proverbs xxix. 1.) “They hearkened not unto me, nor inclined their ear, but hardened their neck: they did worse than their fathers.” (Jer. vii. 26.) Dear unsaved reader, you may not say it in so many words, but we ask, Is the present language of your heart, “Oh, there’s plenty of time *yet*”? How many times *you*, like that poor young collier, may have been solemnly warned and lovingly entreated is only known to God; but remember that the living, eternal word of God tells you that, “Because there is wrath, *beware* lest He take *thee* away with His stroke: then *a great ransom cannot deliver thee*.” (Job xxxvi. 18.)

God’s Spirit will not always strive with men. Don’t you see, friend, there comes a time when God the Holy Ghost ceases His strivings. If, in this day of grace, He should be once more striving with *you*, we beg you not to smile it off as that young collier did, lest you smile it off once too often. But if in His word God solemnly warns, not less does He graciously encourage. “I... will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh... but whoso hearkeneth unto Me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.” (Proverbs i. 26–33.) We therefore do beseech

you most earnestly not to trifle any longer with the all-important question of your soul's eternal destiny. If you are halting between two opinions we ask, What comfort will the thing that makes you halt afford you in your dying hour, or in the day of judgment, or in the lake of unquenchable fire? "Simply *nothing*" is the only true reply! That young man was quite wrong who said, "Oh, there's plenty of time *yet!*" God says, "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." Satan, your soul's enemy, would doubtless suggest that "there's plenty of time *yet*"; but God, your best Friend, says, *NOW!* "*To-day* if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." God never tells us *to-morrow* will do. If He did so, and you died unsaved to-day, you might for ever blame Him for your damnation.

Oh, flee to Christ at once! His work alone can satisfy your conscience. His love alone can satisfy your heart. May it never again be yours to say, "Oh, there's plenty of time *yet!*"

"Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.
Room, room, still room!
Oh, enter, enter *NOW!*"

J. N.

"OUR DAYS."

READER, a word with you as to your **PRESENT** and **FUTURE**. Whether classed among poor or rich, young or old, weak or strong, religious or otherwise, you are hastening onward with lightning speed, and it is because *you* think and care so little about it that we feel constrained to raise

the cry in your ear and say, “*Whither*, WHITHER bound?”

We read in Scripture, “All *our days* are passed away . . . we spend *our years* as a passing thought.” (Ps. xc. 9. New Translation.)

“The days of *our years* are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.” (Ps. xc. 10.)

Job testifies, “My days are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.” (Job vii. 6.) David said, “Thou hast made my days as an handbreadth.” (Ps. xxxix. 5.) What could more plainly express the character of this present life? Again we read, “For what is *your life*? It is even a *vapour*, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” (James iv. 14.)

Look at it, dear reader, for *God* has said it concerning YOU.

Your life is “a vapour.”

“Passing away.”

“Swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.”

“A passing thought.”

“Soon cut off.”

“A handbreadth.”

Wilt thou risk thy priceless soul for a handbreadth of enjoyment of the baubles of time? *Awake*, AWAKE to the fact that one more breath and you may be hurled into the torments of an unending hell. There will be *nothing* fleeting, nothing changing there—“Where their worm *dieth not*, and the *fire* is *not* quenched.” If you draw your last breath as a Christ-rejecter, where HE is you can never come.

Endless delights are to be found in Christ Jesus the Lord. In His presence is fulness of joy, at

His right hand are pleasures for EVERMORE—no passing away there, no cutting off there, but life EVERLASTING. The passing vapour cannot describe this life. A better and an *enduring* substance will take the place of the shadows of time.

By the *cross* of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, His *burial*, His *resurrection*, His *ascension*, by the certainty of His coming *again*, we beseech, we earnestly entreat you to awake from your death-like slumber, and to say with the Psalmist, "So teach us to number *our days*, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Then Christ (the once dying, but now living, loving Saviour) will give THEE light.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." *Believe* on Him and your sins shall be exchanged for salvation, your shadows for substance. HE maketh us to sing for joy and to "be glad *all OUR DAYS*." (Psalm xc. 14.)

"*Life* is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 't is offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'T is the gift of God sent free,
Take salvation—
Take it now and happy be."

A. N.

THE LAMB OF GOD AND THE LOVE OF GOD.

"**H**APPY, *satisfied, contented with the Lamb of God.*" Such were the words told out in distinct and decided tones by a solitary man. He was apparently absorbed with his subject; for nothing diverted him from it, and again, and again

rang out the striking words, "Happy, satisfied, contented with the Lamb of God."

The passers-by—for the man was in one of the large business thoroughfares in the city of Birmingham—appeared to be unaffected by his earnest persistency in telling them the secret of his own happiness, satisfaction, and contentment. Yet on he went notwithstanding. Just then a young woman, coming out from one of the adjoining shops, said, "With the love of God." In her case there was a response produced. A cord in the heart was touched which found expression in the no less lovely words, "With the love of God."

Now what say you, gentle reader, to this twofold testimony? Is your happiness—present and prospective, in time and for eternity—derived from this peerless, excellent Person, "the Lamb of God," from this most transcendently blessed reality, "the love of God"? Remember it was *when we were sinners* that the love of God provided the Lamb of God as the great atoning sacrifice for sin. (John i. 29.) Was not this, on God's part, love indeed towards us? And is not His Lamb—His all-gracious, all-sufficient, provision (Gen. xxii. 8)—enough for us? Surely it is, answers faith. Abraham found it enough; for he rested in it as God's provision accepted by God for him. (Gen. xxii. 13.) John the Baptist found it sufficient, as he testified to those who heard him, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29); while John the apostle saw in the Lamb of God a worthy object for all heaven's worship. (Rev. v.)

We would, dear reader, in bringing this incident before you, urge upon you to prove for

yourself the all-sufficiency of the Lamb of God, by receiving Him in the excellency of His person, and by believing in the efficacy of His atoning sacrifice. Then will you be able to say, "I am happy in the love of God, and satisfied with the Lamb of God."

W. R. C.

PRESENT PROFIT—ETERNAL LOSS.

A.D. 1893 will be remembered by many as the year of the World's Fair of Chicago. The great American exhibition during its run was the gathering-point of multitudes; the worldly and the gay from all parts thronged there. Its collections boasted much that was grand; all that man's pride and ingenuity could suggest was carried out, and that on a most magnificent scale, and in the end pronounced a complete success.

The close of the Exhibition was announced as taking place in November, and the event of so much importance was looked forward to with greatest interest. The mayor of the city was to perform the closing ceremony.

When the day arrived, a large representative crowd assembled to witness the crowning event. Mayor Harrison was to speak. What will he say? He has, by his brilliant efforts, piloted the great scheme through every difficulty, and this is his testimony at the close: "I believe I shall live to see the day when Chicago will be the biggest city in America. *I don't count the past, I have taken a new lease of life, and I intend to live more than half a century, and at the end of that half century London will be trembling lest Chicago should surpass her!*"

Surely nothing but godless pride and impious presumption could have suggested such words. A heart overcharged by worldly ambition thinks only of itself—*God* is left out and forgotten; but none can keep alive his own soul. Little did the speaker think of what was so soon to follow his boastful claim to another half century of life! In ten short hours he falls DEAD by an assassin's hand! Within one short day his soul has left the scene of its pride and GONE—gone to its account! Truly "in that very day his thoughts perish." Men might praise and all the earth join in the applause, but what is it all worth in the moment of *death*?

And death *will* come for THEE also, my un-saved reader. Its icy touch will blanch thy cheek, paralyze thy every sense, and cause the flash and glitter of the world to fade for ever. "THY SOUL" will be required of thee. You will have to meet God. Every setting sun brings you nearer the solemn moment, a day older and a day worse too; every hour sees you deeper in your iniquity, further from Him. The darkness of death cannot hide you from God. "Though they dig into hell, thence shall Mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down. . . . I will search and take them out . . . though they be hid from My sight in the bottom of the sea." (See Amos ix. 2-4.)

Soon thy miserable life will have run its course, and thy soul pass to a still more miserable ETERNITY.

Is PLEASURE-SEEKING your object? Ah, friend, in how many instances during the past year has the hollow laugh of the pleasure-seeker given way to the sad wail of death, and *your* end will come. What an awful blank will follow!

POSITION is the aim of many. But if my reader had the highest of earthly positions, only the cold grave would await his lifeless clay.

MONEY is the cry of myriads. Every day they pursue the cankering idol, forgetting how soon death may snatch them away, and earthly gain only prove to have been eternal loss !

FASHION ! Its votaries are many, but they are never satisfied, or why the constant change ? Ah, my reader, death will soon scatter the spangles and golden clasps, and leave but a winding-sheet for your once bedecked body.

FRIENDS ! Remember that seeming friends are often really foes, and that even real friends must one day fail you ; they cannot help you in death's dark moment. You must soon pass the frontier of ETERNITY all alone. Even as you read this your heart is already beating "funeral marches to the grave." Awake then, or you will lose your soul for ever ! "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?"

"The redemption of their soul is precious," says God. He alone knew the price, and He alone could provide the ransom. He gave His only Son. Christ has died, has given Himself ; His blood has flowed, and God is now free to bring unworthy slaves of Satan into the circle of a Father's love, fit to be there, because cleansed, blood-purchased, SAVED ! "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from ALL SIN." (1 John i. 7.)

C. M.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



THE CAPTIVE AND HIS KEEPER.

IF nothing had been said in the Scriptures about “judgment to come,” there would be less cause for surprise at what persons sometimes say as to having “a short life, and a merry one”; and if *death* were going to terminate a man’s existence, you could more easily understand why he should say in the heat of passion, “I wish I was dead and buried, so as to be out of the way.”

God has not left us in the dark, however, as to the unseen future, but assures us in His word, “We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body.” (2 Cor. v. 10.)

It is evident, therefore, that every child of Adam will have to stand there in that day. The things done here will be brought to light there. Mark, it is not said, “We *may* have to appear,” but “we *must* appear.” “We must *all* appear.” Saved and unsaved, all must stand there. Not all at the same time, it is true, nor in a similar condition; the former will be there in a condition suitable to the One that saved them by His grace, and redeemed them by His

blood, and whose likeness they will bear at the time.

The wicked will appear at a later date, and in a lost condition, to receive their final sentence from the lips of Him who sits upon the throne, from whose face the earth and the heaven will flee away. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.)

"What's the use of living?" exclaimed an aged man, who, to all appearance, had just attempted to throw himself into the river from off the bridge. There he stood, with two men holding him by his arms, and reproving him for his folly. "The father of lies" had, no doubt, suggested the idea to the old man's mind, and the exclamation, "What's the use of living?" might be traced to the same source.

"Why did he not say, 'What's the use of *dying*?' said a person to himself who was standing close by at the time. "If he thinks there is nothing worth living for, what is the use of dying? To die in that condition would increase his misery without ending his existence, and would place him beyond the reach of mercy for ever. 'As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him.'" (Amos v. 19.)

The person referred to stepped forward, took hold of the man's hand, and said, "What a bad master yours is; my Saviour and Lord would not have served you thus, and even now He would not cast you out if you came to Him. When Satan has cast you off and ruined you, the Saviour may be heard saying, 'Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest.'" The old man was evidently impressed, and picking up his old jacket which

he had thrown on the ground, he put it on and walked away.

The Philippian jailor, of whom we read in Acts xvi., when Paul cried out, "Do thyself no harm," was as near to perdition as the point of his drawn sword was to the skin of his flesh. He had been brought to the very brink of despair, and God turned it into a place of deepest blessing, for as soon as he touched the sceptre of grace with the finger of faith, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, his sorrow was turned into joy. "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living." (Job xxxiii. 29, 30.)

"Oh, what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord !

Well may His name by His saints be adored,
He has redeemed them from hell by His blood,
Saved them for ever, and brought them to God."

The power of God in connection with the preaching of His word was strikingly illustrated by the "great earthquake" which was used to awaken the Gentile jailor. "The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars. . . . The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness." (Psalm xxix. 5, 8.) The person referred to is also styled "the keeper of the prison" (Acts xvi. 27), and we may be sure he was one of the most hard-hearted men that ever lived, by the way he treated his prisoners. (v. 24.) The position he held, and the spirit he manifested, showed how faithfully he represented the one to whom he was himself in bondage at the time. The jailor was one of Satan's captives when the earthquake shook the prison. "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger

than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils." (Luke xi. 21, 22.) "The strong man" evidently refers to Satan, and "the stronger than he" to the Lord Jesus Christ—

"Who on His cross triumphant broke
The powers of death and hell."

The jail was shaken first, and the jailor afterwards; and some have ventured to say that even

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

How much there is to remind us of the ways and workings of the enemy of souls, in connection with the keeper of the prison at Philippi. When the prison was shaken, the shackles fell from off the prisoners, the prison doors were all thrown open, and the keeper awoke in a bewildered state, "supposing that the prisoners had fled." No doubt at the time he was thinking of his character as well as of his prisoners. How could he have kept his character as "a keeper," if he had lost his captives? Thoughts, we may imagine, would then fill his mind similar to those which led our aged friend to exclaim, "What's the use of living?"

We need not wonder, then, that Satan should have kept us so closely, and watched us so constantly when we were captives to sin and strangers to God.

The keeper was re-assured, however, when the apostle said, "Do thyself no harm: for we are all here." (v. 28.) The only prisoner that made his escape at the time of the earthquake was the keeper himself, and the one that lost a captive was Satan. Satan's loss became the Saviour's

gain; and the one that had been the prey of the former was now the prize of the latter.

“Saved for glory, wondrous story,
Saved through Jesus’ precious blood.”

Happy man, and equally happy are all those that have Christ as their Saviour and Keeper. It was this that accounted for the confidence which the apostle Paul expressed in the following words: “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” (2 Tim. i. 12.) In this confidence he could say, “For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” (Phil. i. 21.)

H. H.

PARDON AND PEACE PROCLAIMED.

A WOMAN called one day upon the late Dr. Chalmers in great distress. “Oh, Doctor,” she exclaimed, “what must I do to get peace?” “Do?” replied he. “Nothing!” “Nothing?” exclaimed the disappointed inquirer. “Nothing! Is that all the comfort you have for me?” “Yes, that’s all,” said the doctor. “You have nothing to *do*, but you have *something to receive*. It’s all done. Christ has done it. He has bought pardon and peace for you, and you have just to receive it.” “I see it. I see it,” replied the woman joyfully, and left in peace.

Weary, working, burdened soul, whoever, whatever, wherever thou art, however much bowed down with a sense of guilt and sin, “We declare unto you glad tidings.” (Acts xiii. 32.) Christ, God’s beloved Son, has done all that is needed for pardon and peace. I direct thee to

Him where He is, and shouldst thou find Him, like another thou wilt say, "He shall never hear the last of it." She would praise Him as long as she had any being.

Oh, reader, I never could forget Him, though I lived a hundred years on earth, and certainly I shall never forget Him in heaven. He will be my everlasting theme in glory. "*Unto Him* that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." (Rev. i. 5.)

"Nothing to pay? No, thanks be to God,
The matter is settled, the price was the blood,
The blood of the victim, a ransom divine—
Believe it, poor sinner, and peace shall be thine."

The writer well remembers in his early years, when the town crier entered the country village, how all turned out in eagerness to catch the news, and I have often thought as the apostle entered Antioch for the first time how eagerly the people would listen to his message as he exclaimed, "Men and brethren . . . and *whosoever* among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent. . . . Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through *this man* (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses. Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets: behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and *perish*: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." (Acts xiii. 26-41.) *Five great points* he brought before *them*, which *we* shall do well to seriously consider.

First, What shall be said of those to whom

these words were addressed? Was it not evident that

THE GREATEST POSSIBLE PRIVILEGE

was conferred upon them? Men and brethren, Jew and Greek, whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this SALVATION sent; yea, even "unto the ends of the earth" (v. 47), to every inhabitant of the globe the joyful tidings is to be carried.

"From Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand"

the message of present pardon is to be proclaimed.

Be you Jew or Gentile, bond or free, "To you is the word of this salvation sent."

Secondly, you have presented to you in "*this Man*"—The Man Christ Jesus—

THE GREATEST POSSIBLE PERSON.

Nothing stirs the soul so much as the presence of a person whom we love and have confidence in. We are told that the secret of many a mighty victory has been the sight of some faithful leader fearlessly standing in face of the foe. His presence, loved and esteemed, has been worth more than battalions. So a right apprehension of Christ where He is, a proper understanding of who He is, of what He has done and is doing, has its own peculiar effect in the soul of a believer. To see Him at the right hand of God, to see there a real man, very God, yet very man, with all power in heaven and earth put into His hands—power to forgive sins, and to bless eternally—is to commence a new era in our spiritual history. (Mark ii. 10.)

The prophet Jonah was a sign to the Ninevites (Luke xi. 30), and they repented at the preaching

of Jonas, from the greatest to the least. The people believed God, and proclaimed a fast. But a greater than Jonah is now preached, is now preaching—a dead, risen, and glorified Man. How shall you escape if you turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven. (Heb. xii. 25.) Will you not heed Him, and hearken to His preaching?

A message of forgiveness, full and free, is proclaimed, and this assuredly is

THE GREATEST POSSIBLE PROCLAMATION.

Her Majesty, the Queen of England, in the fiftieth year of her reign issued a royal proclamation of pardon to every deserter in her realm, whether from the army or navy. Such a grand, gracious offer was admired by all, civilian and soldier alike, and was, no doubt, warmly welcomed by those who had long wished to return. But never was there a greater or more glorious proclamation than the one we specially speak of now. Not only was it procured by the Saviour's blood, not only did it proceed from the very heart of God, but it is proclaimed to every creature under heaven. Have *you* heard it? Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. O ye who *have* heard, I ask, *have you believed* that there is proclaimed in your ears

THE GREATEST POSSIBLE PARDON?

“Through this Man is preached unto you *the forgiveness of sins.*” “ALL sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men.” Oh, what a theme—an everlasting, irreversible pardon, and all “through this Man.” Will you have it? Some people say after a quarrel, “Well, I can forgive him.” They

shake hands, and then remark, "But I can never forget it." It is not so here. He forgets as well as forgives. "Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." (Heb. x. 17.) Oh, you who repeat Sunday after Sunday, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," have you availed yourself of it? Can you say now, this moment, as you read these lines, that you believe on Jesus, and that, trusting Him, you are forgiven. If not, then no longer say with your lips, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," but take your place with those to whom the apostle writes, "Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." (1 John ii. 12.) "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." (Eph. i. 7.) Oh, do not treat such an offer of grace with contempt any longer. All has been done and you have only to receive this offer of pardon and go in peace. But refuse it, and there is an awfully solemn warning to contemplate, for our text speaks of

THE GREATEST POSSIBLE PUNISHMENT.

"Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish." *Perish*—oh, what a word, yet solemnly pronounced in God's Holy Word, of those who reject such an offer of pardon. Shallow thoughts of sin and of the Saviour may give some to have shallow thoughts of eternal punishment. The despairing cry of Cain was, "My punishment is greater than I can bear" (Gen. iv. 13); yet his punishment for time is not to be compared to that of the damned for eternity." (Luke xvi., Rev. xx.)

Dear reader, if thou wouldst have *pardon* as to the past, if thou wouldst have *peace* to begin with, grace to go on with, and glory to end

turn to the Lord Jesus Christ at once, for be assured

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

“Behold, now is the accepted time; behold,
now is the day of salvation.” W. N.

“HELP! HELP!! HELP!!!”

“HELP! help!! help!!!” was the cry that pierced the air one dark November night, when London was clothed in a dense, black fog, that made it impossible to see a yard before you. My occupation found me aboard H.M.S. *B*—lying in the Victoria Docks, London, which was being fitted out for Her Majesty’s Service. The hour arrived for us to leave our work and return home. This was by no means an easy task, for between our work and home were many unguarded jetties, quays, and open spaces, which seemed like so many death-traps laid for our feet.

The men, as they left the ship, grouped themselves together, going hand in hand, and carefully measuring every step. Some had torches, some lanterns, some candles, and indeed every precaution was taken to avoid falling into the water. As we could not see our danger, every step was taken in fear.

This describes the spiritual condition of many in the present day, who are blindly groping their way through the dark, dense fog of conflicting human thoughts; while many others, though any step may land them on the shores of eternal

judgment, still go on, heedless of their imminent danger, rebelling against the God that loves and desires to bless them. We warn you, dear friend, of danger ahead; nay, more, *God* warns you. Listen to His word, “Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.” If the earth opened her mouth like a great sepulchre, and received into her charnel-house Korah and his company, who rebelled against the Lord, how much more shall the mouth of hell be enlarged for those who turn away from the winning and loving voice of Jesus, who, in sweetest tones, calls the guilty and the lost to come to Him for pardon and peace? Yet with cold indifference they pass on, deceived by self-conceit and pride. Are you thus lightly treating salvation, supposing it will be all right some day? Shrewd and far-seeing as to the affairs of this life, you may know well how to strike a good bargain in business. But beware lest, if called away unexpectedly, the best that God could say to you would be those solemn words in Luke xii. 20, “Thou fool.”

While we were thus feeling our way the cry above referred to was heard. Every one was thrilled, but the fog made it very difficult to render assistance. Each was afraid to move lest he likewise should fall into the water. Still poor Jim shrieked out for help. One man, who had brought a long stick off the vessel with which to feel his way, got down upon his hands and knees, and crawled to the place where the cry came from. Reaching the end of the jetty, he held out the stick to his drowning companion, who seized it with iron grip, and was then held above water until ropes were procured. When these were

brought Jim was pulled out, and saved from his alarming situation.

Dear unsaved reader, I earnestly appeal to you. The eternal destiny of your precious soul hangs upon the acceptance or rejection of Christ as your Saviour. Are you aware of your danger, and still foolishly trifling with your precious soul, still refusing to come to Christ? How perilous is your position! At any moment your brief share in the drama of life may terminate, the curtain drop on your little day of privilege here, and your hapless soul be ushered into the bitter woe of an endless night. How awful! But perhaps you are really in distress as to your state before God? Be assured, then, that there is a Saviour for you. As drowning Jim took hold of the proffered help, and was thereby saved, so may you take hold by faith of a living, loving, personal Saviour. He waits to save you. God has exalted Him to be a Prince and a Saviour. (Acts v. 31.)

Jim spoke to me the next day of his narrow escape. He told me how his past life came before him, how he trembled at the thought of meeting God. I spoke of this as being a warning from God, and entreated him to heed the voice and come to Christ. But no, stopping his ears, he chose to go on in his sins!

Perhaps you may say, "I am not going to be drowned." Perhaps not. But, friend, you are nevertheless in danger, a danger that calls forth exceeding earnestness, the danger of eternally perishing. The everlasting arms of Jesus are stretched out in love across the dark ocean of your guilt. He still waits to take hold of you. Let but that cry, "Help! help!" travel from

your heart to His ears, "*Lord, save me, I perish,*" and save you He surely will. By no other way can you possibly be saved, it must be by Christ alone. A stainless life could never give you admission into the glory of God, nor could it remove a sinful nature. But if you are willing, if your sins are an intolerable burden, if you are conscious in the presence of God of your lost condition, then, blessed be His name, He can and will receive you. Luke xv. 2 says, "This man receiveth sinners." His death has met all the claims of God in righteousness, thereby proving God to be just. It has also righteously cleared the way for God to come out to justify and bless unworthy sinners, and declared that "God is love."

Not only to pardon and to save you from hell did Jesus die, but through His resurrection God can justify you freely by His grace. Come then, dear unsaved friend, with thy burden of sin and guilt, and rest thy troubled soul on Himself. "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

J. H. L.

HOME, NEVER!

"**N**EVER *reach home!* But I have important business. Certain matters urgently demand my presence there without delay." No one questions it. But you may never reach home, and the business may have to be settled without you, or not settled at all.

"**N**EVER *reach home!* But loved ones are expecting me, and what would they say if they never saw me alive again? How deep would be

their distress!" That may be true also. But they may never more hear your footfall, or listen to your voice.

What! does even the *mention* of it startle you? Consider well, then, what the solemn reality itself would be. HOME, NEVER!

Now don't throw this warning away, and TRY TO FORGET IT. That will not improve matters. Besides, we have something important to say to you on this subject.

There is another "home," and if the earthly one be never reached again, that other home *may* be.

A servant of Christ telegraphed to a fellow-labourer, "Home to-morrow." That very night the train in which he travelled was smashed, and took fire, and this servant of Christ truly reached home on the morrow — the heavenly home. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." For him instead of *home never*, it was HOME FOR EVER.

Two worldly young ladies had been spending a holiday amid the gaieties of Paris. Their luggage was packed up, and labelled ready for starting home. But they changed their minds, and "one night more in Paris" was their ultimate decision. "Let us see the play at the *Theatre Comique* just once more." To the play they went. But that night the playhouse took fire, and next morning they were found suffocated, with many others, in the refreshment-room attached to the theatre. They never reached home! But who can say that they did not reach hell?

Men may substitute many a place for home in this world; but in the next it will be *home or hell!*

Without Christ you will *never* reach home. God's word for that.

“YE SHALL DIE IN YOUR SINS:

whither I go, ye cannot come.” (John viii. 21.)

Would you know the blessed Saviour here, and have the sure prospect of His bright presence there? Then come to Him as a guilty, lost one NOW. He has died for sinners, and since His ascension to the right hand of God a blessed report has been brought down from heaven by the Holy Ghost. Here it is, “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” (1 Tim. i. 15.) Take your place before Him as a *sinner*.

Your good deeds can no more commend you to the Saviour of sinners than a costly ball-dress of the latest fashion would commend a vagrant for a night's lodging in a workhouse. The workhouse is provided for needy paupers; the Saviour died for needy sinners. No other way of salvation can be found than trusting to Christ's work, and no surer way of damnation than trusting to your own.

Those who trust the Saviour's precious blood can sing—

“This world's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over past;
*We shall reach home at last;
Heaven is our home.*”

For all the rest it will be HOME, NEVER!
HELL FOR EVER! What are *your* prospects,
my reader?

GEO. C.

JANUARY, 1895.

IF thou art here
 Another year,
 May it to thee
 The brightest be
 Of all that thou hast known,
 In keeping close to His blest side,
 Once pierced, when He on Calvary died
 To make thee all His own.

If it's the *last*,
 What could surpass
 The joy to thee,
 That thou shalt see
 Thy Master's glorious face?
 Till then, may tongue, and foot, and hand,
 Be wholly under His command
 To spread abroad His grace.

A. M.

B.

GLEANINGS

“THERE is only one evidence of hearing the word of God rightly; that evidence is the *fruit* it produces.”

“There is no firm standing ground between a belief in the eternity of hell and downright infidelity.”

“*It had been good for that man if he had not been born.*” (Matt. xxvi. 24.) This would not be true if there was such a thing as universal salvation.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



ETERNITY.

FACTS are stubborn things. Here are three. *You* may die at any moment. You will rise from the grave. You will live to all eternity. (Heb. ix. 27; 2 Cor. iv. 18.)

WHERE?

God dwells in eternity—the high and lofty One, whose name is *Holy*. (Isaiah lvii. 15.) You will have to meet Him. You may shut your eyes to it; you may seek to banish it from your mind; you may drown the awful thought in pleasure and sin: the fact remains, **YOU HAVE TO MEET GOD**. The dead, small and great, will stand before Him. (Rev. xx. 12.) When the heavens and earth have fled away, and every possible shelter is gone, the unconverted sinner will stand before the light of His holy presence at the Great White Throne. (Rev. xx. 11, 12.) And every man shall be judged according to his works. How will *you* meet Him?

When the day of grace, the judgment of the nations, the kingdom of Christ in manifest glory are over, when the heavens shall have passed away with a great noise, the elements have melted with fervent heat, the earth and the works therein have been burned up, the sea has

disappeared, death and hades have been cast into the lake of fire, and the whole present state of things have been dissolved, *you, unsaved one*, will stand naked in your sins before Him.

When all the folly and vanity of a Christless world shall have ceased, when all the giddy parties of pleasure—the theatre, the concert, the race-course—are no more, the pomp, and glory, and tinsel, and folly, and fashion all done away, the vain profession of Christianity with its form of godliness a thing of the past, then, *Christless soul*, you who laughed, and sang, and danced, and played, and ate, and drank in forgetfulness of the Man of sorrows, you who lived for yourself, for wealth or honour in this world, you, raised by divine power, shall give an account of *the deeds done in the body*. (2 Cor. v. 10, 11.)

Oh! the awful solemnity of that meeting between
 GOD and YOU!

The living God and the lost sinner!

A stranger to Christ, to grace and salvation; an unconverted sinner in your sins, the very least of which would determine your case, with your mouth stopped, and bound hand and foot, you shall be cast from the light of His holy presence into the blackness of darkness for eternity! (Matt. xxii. 13; Jude 10–16.)

“*Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.*” (Rev. xx. 15.) Satan’s portion will be yours also. (Matt. xxv. 41.) “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”

Eternity! *eternity!* ETERNITY!

Where, where, sinner, will *you* spend it? Born into this world in sin, a sinner all your days,

receiving the wages of sin at the close of your life of vanity here, when the grave yields its prey, *you*, standing in all your sins before God, shall hear His irrevocable sentence:

BANISHMENT *in the lake of* FIRE FOR ETERNITY.

But stay! Hear while 'tis called to-day! Hear now, ere it be too late! Another hour, and it may be too late for ever. Hear now the calling of grace. God is not willing that *any* should perish. (2 Peter iii. 9.) Then, infatuated sinner, why should you do so? He is love as well as light. Love, perfect and unsearchable, has provided a Saviour for you. Dare you despise Him? Can you refuse Him? Judgment, eternal judgment warns you. Love, unparalleled love challenges you. A God of judgment arrests your conscience. A God of love woos your heart. Was there ever love like His? "God so loved the world, that *He gave His only-begotten Son.*" Death and abandonment must be yours or His. In love unsearchable, and mercy without compare, Christ suffered that abandonment and died. Enough! "*It is finished!*" (John xix. 30.) "*Whosoever* believeth." Note it well, whosoever believeth. Are you a believer? It must mean *you*; it does mean *you*; yes, whether you have been careless, indifferent, moral, religious, wicked, infidel, or blasphemous. Again we read it: "*Who-soever*"—everyone that believeth in Him SHALL RECEIVE REMISSION OF SINS, and SHALL HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE. (Acts x. 43; John iii. 16.)

Without it, you will spend eternity in hell; with it, in heaven. Without it, in the lake of fire; with it, in the glory of God. Without it, with Satan and his angels; with it, with the

Father and the Son. Without it, in the blackness of darkness for eternity; with it, in the eternal glory of the presence of Him who is light and love.

Which is it to be?

The blood of Christ to purge your conscience, *Christ Himself* for your heart, and life, and walk *Christ* as your joy, your all *for eternity*; or self, sin, the world, death, judgment, and *eternal woe*?

Which?

E. H. C.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD'S JUDGMENT, AND THE GREATNESS OF HIS SALVATION.

GEN. viii. 20-22, ix. 1-7; ROM. iv. 24, 25, v. 1-5.

YOU cannot ponder on the history of the flood, without two things coming plainly before you—one the terrible nature of the judgment on man, and the other the greatness of God's salvation; not merely safety, but His salvation, and the greatness of it. Noah and his house were saved; as we read, "Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him . . . went forth out of the ark." (vv. 18, 19.) All were safe. But was that all? No. Noah was not content that he and all his were safe; he wanted to know his present relation with God; so we read, "And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord . . . and offered burnt offerings . . . And the Lord smelled a sweet savour . . . And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. And the fear of you . . . shall be upon every beast . . . into your hand are they delivered." Many are

satisfied with being safe, but they do not know the greatness of God's salvation, or how God feels about them.

Now we get two marks of God's salvation in type in the case of Noah. He was set up here in God's favour, and in power; he was brought to the greatness of God's salvation. If your heart is true you seek to know what God's thought of you is, and for this you must know Christ, not only as having died for you, but as risen. This we get set forth in the burnt offering, which figuratively is Christ glorified. The One who went down into death glorified God there, and "was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father." In the sin offering the carcase was burnt outside the camp, but in the burnt offering all went up to God.

In the case of Noah we see not only the inexorable nature of the judgment from which he and his house were saved, but besides this, Noah's desire to know his present relation with God. It is most important for *you* to know not merely that you are safe, but how the blessed God, whom you offended by your sin, feels towards you. Noah, on the ground of his burnt offering, is assured of God's favour. He is set up in divine favour, and power was to be in his hand, as we read in chapter ix. 1, 2. It is a figure, but it is typical of the wonderful grace of God to man.

Now in Romans we get righteousness imputed, "If we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." If a man is raised from the dead it proves that death is overcome. We can have no justification, no sense of it, until we see a man risen out of

death. If you have not apprehended Christ as the sin-offering you do not know shelter from judgment. You may say "I believe that Christ died." Well that is right so far: but I ask you "Do you believe that He is risen?" The Man who died is the One who has gone to the right hand of God. God has now a Man to His pleasure, and it is on the ground of this Man that God can be "just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." He "was delivered for our offences," that is the sin-offering, but, He "was raised again for our justification," that is the burnt offering. When you are justified, then you are in favour, and in power.

Until you see that Man raised from the dead and gone up to God, you do not know the terms on which you stand with God. Now mark! "Being justified" you are in the favour of God. "By whom we have also access by faith into this favour in which we stand;" and you are in power, for you have received the Spirit. You see the One who bore the judgment raised—gone up to God. The more His death affects you, the more you desire to see Him alive from the dead. The more your heart rests on the One who died for you, the more you want to see Him raised from the dead. If you believe that He is raised from the dead you receive the Holy Ghost. It is important to connect the Holy Ghost with the gospel, because He is the witness and proof to us that we have believed in Christ. "In whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." In Romans v. we get the Holy Ghost on God's part, to shed abroad His love in our hearts. This is His first action in us. The first thing you have to see is God's own Son bearing the inexorable judgment of God on the cross, and the next that not only is all

cleared away but you receive the Holy Ghost, the great power by which God makes known to you His heart about you.

The one great impression in your heart is, that God *loves you!* How is it made known to you? "By the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." The greatest power tells of the greatest grace. *I* cannot convey to you the greatness and blessedness of it, but God by the Holy Ghost conveys to your heart how He feels about you.

In the gospel you learn, that not only has the judgment been removed for you, but that the One who removed it so glorified God in doing it, that He is risen out of death, and on this Man your eye rests.

"If thou . . . shalt believe in thine heart that God had raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." When you believe in Him risen you receive the Spirit . . . "The Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive." (John vii. 39.) It is perfectly marvellous the blessing in which a believer is placed. The more I look at grace the more marvellous it is to me. The measure of His grace is His love. He is always considering for your benefit even to the very hairs of your head. How differently you would walk about the world if you were in the sense of this; you would not seek for the favour of man, you would be restful in the favour of *God*; and you would walk here in new power, the love of God shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost.

Once you get a glimmer as to God's feeling about you—that He has unbounded love towards you, love which is always active for your benefit—you are lost in wonder, love and praise. J. B. S.

THE DEAD MARCH.

THE guard's whistle had sounded and the train had just commenced to move, when a young woman rushed through the gate to the platform of the railway station at G——.

Seizing the handle of a carriage door she managed, with some difficulty, to scramble inside.

Three men were seated in the compartment, one of whom remarked to the girl that "she had run it rather fine," to which she replied that "she didn't care, as long as she caught the train."

"I've been waiting two hours and a half for this train," said a quiet-looking man who sat next the window: "I just missed the last one. I had the pleasure of seeing it rush past me as I entered the station." "It's always best to be in time," sagely remarked an old gentleman who sat opposite the last speaker.

"I shouldn't have waited here all this time," the other man continued, "if it hadn't been for a circumstance which happened this afternoon. I only live at H——, and many a time I've walked the distance; but as I left the station to-day, intending to go afoot, I met a funeral. They were playing the Dead March; and the strange thing was that when I left home this morning the first thing I met was a funeral procession, and they too were playing the Dead March. I didn't like the look of it, so I changed my mind and came back to the station."

"Don't you think it was a voice to you?" said the remaining occupant of the carriage, a middle-aged man. "Yes, I do, and that was why I didn't feel disposed to walk home to-day."

“Then you are afraid of death, are you?”

“Who isn't, I should like to know?”

“I happen to know numbers of people who have no need to fear either death or that which comes after it—the judgment. I have no wish to boast, but I can honestly say that for the past sixteen years I have had no fear of death at all. The reason is simple. It was then, sixteen years ago, that I came in contact with the Saviour, who assured me that He Himself had borne my judgment in His own person on the cross of Calvary. Therefore instead of death being a terror to me, it would only be the messenger to summon me from a scene of death and desolation into the peace and sunshine of the Father's house. But you may well be afraid of death, my friend, if you are still a stranger to Jesus. What you have seen to-day is only another proof that sin, with its accompanying train of evils, is still in the world. God has been speaking to you to-day; do not slight the warning.”

“Your words remind me,” said the other, visibly affected, “of a young brother of my own who died when he was about nineteen years of age. He was perfectly calm and happy in the prospect of going to the Saviour. Ah,” he said with a sigh, “I shall not soon forget *that*. And I have been seeing another brother of mine to-day who is dying. What a world it is.”

“True! But why remain in doubt and uncertainty as to yourself? If God has spoken to you by means of the ‘Dead March’ played over two bodies in one day, it is for your blessing. What a mercy He has not left you alone to perish in your sins. Plainly enough death is around us on every hand. Who knows which of us may be

summoned next? Two days ago I saw the lifeless body of the one over whom the 'Dead March' was played this afternoon, being carried home in an ambulance cart. He was called suddenly into eternity through an accident in the shaft of a coal-mine. While you have your health and faculties, my friend, decide for Christ. There is only one way of salvation. Listen: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' (John xiv. 6.) Nothing less than personal contact with the Son of God can dispel the fear of death and judgment, and fit you for the presence of a holy God."

Reader, how is it with you? You may be highly esteemed amongst men, but remember you have to do with God. (Rom. xiv. 12.) Your outward conduct may be blameless; but have you learned that your "heart is deceitful above all things, and *desperately wicked*"? (Jer. xvii. 9.) Not only have you committed sins without number in thought, word and deed; but you have a nature that can do *nothing else*. Were you to write down a list of all the vile deeds that have stained the earth from Adam downwards, you might well shudder as you surveyed the dreadful catalogue. But I must still press it home upon you, dear unsaved reader, that you carry within your bosom a nature that is capable of producing the very worst. An awful picture indeed, but nevertheless true. Better far that you should face it honestly *now*, than for ever bewail your folly in the regions of the lost.

The world may heap its wealth, honours and favours upon you. Well-earned laurels may wreath your brow. You may reach the highest pinnacle of earthly glory, and your sun set in

meridian splendour; but what will it all avail you when you stand before that GREAT WHITE THRONE? (Rev. xx. 11.) And stand there you must, my reader, unless, as a guilty, confessed sinner, you sue for mercy on the ground of sovereign grace. Blessed fact, this is God's day of grace, the accepted time, the year of jubilee, the day of salvation. But God is LIGHT as well as LOVE, and the light of God's word, in the power of the Holy Ghost, lays bare the sinner's condition to himself, only that a fitting sphere may be found for the love to express itself in all its fulness. Fear not, dear friend, to accept the whole truth as to your lost condition. The more you see the depth of your ruin, the better able will you be to take in the wonderful thoughts and purposes of God in the gospel. Did it ever occur to you that, ere the tidings of salvation could reach your ear, and gladden your heart, the holy Son of God must be "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted"? (Isa. liii. 4.) That He Himself must needs go down under the raging billows of God's holy wrath against sin? (Psalm xxii.) If blessing was to be brought to a sinful race, a daysman must be found—one who could place one hand on the throne of God, and the other on the head of a guilty sinner, and bring them together. Angels were incompetent for the mighty task; neither could one be found amongst earth's mighty men; for God's sweeping, solemn verdict had gone forth, "All have sinned." (Rom. iii. 23.)

But listen. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." (John iii. 16). That which justice demanded, infinite love provided. Listen again. "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." (Heb. x. 9.) It is the Father and the Son in full

communion respecting the work of redemption. Anxious reader, no need for doubts or misgivings, the Daysman has been found. "There is . . . one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. ii. 5.)

And the word comes home to you this very moment from the heart of the blessed God Himself: "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM." (Job xxxiii. 24.) God is now free to let the river of His grace flow out to a world of guilty sinners. Dear unsaved reader, go in for the blessing NOW, while God is dispensing it so freely. (Rev. xxii. 17.)

The dark clouds of judgment are lowering over this death-doomed, Christ-refusing world.

The One who fathomed the terrible depths of Calvary is now seated on the throne of God, "a Prince and A SAVIOUR." (Acts v. 31.)

G. F. E.

IN A CROWD, ALONE WITH GOD.

HAVE you ever gone to and fro over London Bridge, amidst the ceaseless current of human life?

If so, probably you have sometimes thought of the countless mass of immortal souls who pass and repass each other, intent on business or pleasure.

Some years ago, a student on his way to the old Grammar School, Southwark, was one of the moving throng.

After diligently preparing his lessons for his tutor, he started for school, and anyone looking at that youth would have seen merely an orderly,

well-conducted boy, quietly crossing the Thames. Could they, however, have penetrated beneath the surface, they would have found a depth of anguish underneath that quiet exterior. One question was ever uppermost—one problem that he had not yet been able to solve—and day by day his anxiety deepened; for as yet he had not found the answer to the great and all important question, “How can I have peace with God?”

One morning, whilst crossing the bridge, a voice, the voice of the Holy Spirit, sounded in his ears, and he listened as these words were brought home to him in mighty, living power: “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”

His anxiety was at an end, the problem was solved. There was the spiritual touch, Christ was reached and the sinner was made perfectly whole.

The surging crowd moved on, unconscious of the the wonderful fact that a soul had passed out of death into life; but our student, with elastic step, and a heart welling over with joy, went on his way rejoicing. Henceforth his one desire was to make known to others the grace of God to the perishing, and to speak of those wonderful words that had brought such peace and joy to his soul.

His life was spent in proclaiming the riches of God's grace, and the value of the Saviour's precious blood. He was a witness that neither time, nor place, could prevent the salvation of God reaching a perishing soul, and we cannot wonder that his soul burst forth in praise, as he thus wrote:—

“ ‘Tis finished ! saints and men be glad !
The debt, the mighty debt, is paid,
And God *Himself* hath paid it.”

And then he added :—

“Saviour
 Thou couldst stoop with men to dwell,
 Incarnate God ! Immanuel !
 And then for men wert crucified.
 Heights, depths to reach, to finite mind denied !
 O, Cherubim, to *you* ‘tis mystery ;
 O, Seraphim, *ye* cannot love *like me*,
 For whom the Prince of love, despised, rejected, died !
 And lives again !
 To guide my steps, and guard my head,
 And help, and hope, and peace, and power afford,
 Yea ! even as my need shall be.”

How solemn to some, how cheering to others, is the intense individuality of God’s dealing with a soul. Solemn for one who desires not the knowledge of God, for, one day, he must have to say to God, alone with God, naked before God, everything exposed. On the other hand how cheering for the anxious, troubled soul to learn that he is not merely one of a vast throng, but that his individual needs and necessities are all known to God ; that that God, whose word brought a world into existence, is the same God, who, by a word from His lips, speaks peace to a troubled soul.

H. N.

“TOO PROUD TO OWN IT.”

DURING the construction of a railway several winters ago, a long spell of very severe weather threw out of work the navvies employed in making the line. Some of these, especially those with families, had to be assisted by people able and willing to do so. Twenty of these brave and valuable workmen lived in a row of cottages not far from the residence of a Christian man,

who, early one morning, put a large paper in his dining-room window, which read as follows :

*“Notice to needy navvies in C—— Lane.
Coffee, and bread, and cheese supplied to
you free at 4.0 p.m. to-day.”*

On the same morning a messenger was sent round to all these men’s houses to announce the fact. They all got to hear of it, and nineteen out of the twenty believed and accepted the invitation, thus owning their need, and partaking of as much as they required ; but the twentieth navy refused the offer. When he heard that the others had enjoyed what was provided he was much disappointed, and we were told on good authority, that, although as much in need as any of them, he was “too proud to own it!”

One rarely hears of a person in conscious need refusing what will benefit the body, but, strange as it seems, it is no uncommon thing for perishing souls to refuse the gracious Saviour, notwithstanding that He died and rose again to save them from eternal judgment, to satisfy them with Himself in eternal glory. Such is the blindness of man and the pride of his heart. He does not like grace, because it touches his pride and makes nothing of him. How truly has God said “the heart is *deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.*”

Eternity, dear reader, is straight before you. Soon for certain (and who knows how soon ?) you will be called into that endless scene. Know you not that your priceless soul must exist for ever. Stop, we pray you ; ponder it, and don’t let Satan deceive you any longer. God’s message to you *to-day*, dear unsatisfied one, is concerning “the Bread of God,” which came down from

heaven. "*I* am the bread of life," He said, "he that cometh to *Me* shall never hunger; and he that believeth on *Me* shall never thirst. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto *you*, He that believeth on *Me* hath everlasting life." (John vi.)

Let what those nineteen navvies did as to their *bodies* characterize you as to your *soul*, and do not let the twentieth navy be an illustration of *your* case. God's time is NOW. Let not your opportunity escape, lest in the lake of fire you hunger and thirst for ever.

It is said of the prodigal son of Luke xv. that he took his journey into a far country, turning his back upon his father, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. He spent all, a mighty famine arose, and he began to be in want. But, coming to himself, he said, "I perish with hunger...I have sinned...and am no more worthy." Then he arose and came to his father. "But when he was yet a *great way* off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. . . . said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let *us* eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was *lost, and is found*. And they began to be merry."

Souls know nothing of the sweetness of the love of the Father's heart until they taste it.

Dear prodigal, if such you be, may you *now* know your soul-need, and not be "*too proud to own it*." Receive the blessed Saviour of needy sinners, and your thrice happy portion will be to be with Him and like Him in the Father's house of plenty for ever and ever.

J. N.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



LINTEL AND DOOR POSTS.

HEAR, O Israel, “*When I see the blood, I will pass over you.*” Pay the most profound and earnest attention to this statement, for a mistake must prove fatal.

“Ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it in the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side posts with the blood that is in the bason; and none of you shall go out at the door of his house until the morning. For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when He seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you.” The blood of the slain lamb is to be transferred, by a bunch of hyssop, from the bason to the lintel and side posts of the houses in which ye dwell. Words cannot be plainer.

Observe, everything depends on the *sprinkling of the blood* on the outside of the houses. With the lamb itself many things must be done. For instance, it must be kept up from the tenth till the fourteenth day; it must be without blemish; it must be slain; its flesh must be roasted; bitter

herbs and unleavened bread are to be used in the eating of the lamb, and those who eat must do so in haste, with girded loins, shod feet, and staff in hand. All these observances are connected with the feast of the passover; but be persuaded, O Israel, that the only security against the stroke of the destroyer is the blood being sprinkled on the door.

He who fails in this primary condition seals his own doom. Now, my reader, let us apply this in a manner not altogether imaginary. Conceive an Israelite, after hearing these plain statements, adopting such a plan as this: He selects a lamb from his flock, fair and unblemished. He admits that there must be less evil in the lamb than there is in himself, and owns its greater virtue. He brings the lamb to his house, and attends to it carefully. He does not slay it, however, nor sprinkle its blood on the door. Shall he escape? Another goes a step further. He pays all the attention of the first to the welfare of the lamb, and on the fateful night he ties the lamb to the door post. But a living lamb tied to the post is not the same as the slain lamb whose blood is sprinkled thereon. The perfection of the lamb need not be questioned; but the condition is sprinkled blood, and not living perfection. And shall he escape?

A third goes a step further still. He adds to all that his predecessors have done this important act—he slays the lamb.

“Ah!” you may say, “that is right.”

Well, having slain the lamb, he lays it in front of his door, and congratulates himself on the idea that the destroyer will see the slain lamb outside the door, and will accept its death for the

household. But the word was, "When He seeth the blood UPON the lintel" and door posts.

Death *outside* is not the same as the blood *upon* the house. Far from it. Sprinkled (that is, appropriated) blood is the condition. Then shall he escape?

Again, a fourth does all that the others have done, and adds this—he eats the roasted flesh inside his house. The lamb was unblemished; it was slain; its flesh was roasted and eaten; yet, withal, the blood thereof was not sprinkled on the door. His ritual was faultless, his ceremonial observances were very correct; yet, Cain like, the one lack was painfully evident: Where was the blood? Shall he escape?

Do you discover, in any of these supposed cases, a picture of your own, my reader? Admiration of the living lamb is beautiful, but that could not deliver. Admission of the necessity of the death of the lamb is correct, but that could not save. Adoption by faith (for the hyssop typifies faith) of the blood of the once living Lamb, who was here in lowly grace and perfect goodness, who died on the cross, suffering the Just for the unjust, but who is now risen and glorified—the appropriation of His atoning blood as that which can cleanse you from your own personal guilt; that, and that alone, averts from you the stroke of the Destroyer. Do you plead that precious Blood alone? Yes, *alone*? If so, thank God, you are safe.

Notice He says, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." The one thing that God looks for, in view of this solemn passing over of His judgment, is the blood.

Other observances become the sheltered one

(and these he will certainly have grace to acknowledge), but *his perfect security is in the sprinkled blood as seen by the eye of God.* It is the blood of His Son! And His word declares that that blood cleanseth from *all sin!*

Alas for all who deny or set aside that blood for some plan of their own. They shall learn their folly. Alas, too, for those who tread it under foot, and count it a common thing! Observe, it was not to be sprinkled *on the doorstep*, where it would have been thus trodden under foot, but only on the lintel and posts.

Dear reader, attach all saving value to "the precious blood of Christ."
J. W. S.

THE INFIDEL'S LAST CRY.

SOME years ago, at one of the Durham pit villages, lived W——, an avowed infidel.

At the village in question—like, alas! too many more—there was a great deal of gambling, drunkenness, and open disavowal of everything godlike and moral. Amongst the class which favoured this state of things W—— took a foremost place. At the period of which I write, a few of the Lord's servants, fired with zeal for the service of their Master, used to take a stand in the open air and proclaim the tidings of salvation to the villagers.

These Christians were made an especial butt for W——'s taunts and scoffing. Nothing pleased him better than when any of them injudiciously paid heed to his remarks. He gladly hailed every opportunity for argument, and when fairly foiled by the Word would burst into language so foul

and blasphemous that few possessed of any self-respect cared to hear. Left thus in possession of the field, as he termed it, he would air his infidel notions in the hearing of a crowd almost as careless and indifferent as himself, declaiming against the existence of a Deity, and avowing his utter disbelief in a hereafter.

Often had he been pleaded with regarding his soul's interests; but words and warnings seemed to fall alike unheeded. One day, shortly before the shift in which he worked had finished their turn for the day, he had again been spoken to about the fallacy of his ideas, but with the same result as usual. The pleadings of man seemed to be ineffectual; but another voice spoke that afternoon. Poor W——'s disregard could be brooked no longer. On the brink of eternity a confession was forced from him which infidel bravado had hitherto kept back. As the cage conveying part of the workers was being raised to bank, a despairing cry of "Lord have mercy on me!" broke on startled ears. An occupant of the cage was suddenly missing, and at the bottom of the shaft was found the lifeless body of poor W——.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." (Psalm xiv. 1.) But "the great God that formed all things both rewardeth the fool, and rewardeth transgressors. (Prov. xxvi. 10.) Reader, what are your thoughts about God? You may not take such a decided stand as poor W——; but let me tell you, that if you are still out of Christ the same fearful looking for of judgment is your position. Those lips of yours may not have parted for the denial of a divine Being, but (if unsaved) the hollow mockery of your profession gives

practically the same answer to the voice of God which speaks directly to your soul. You are refusing grace. Be warned by the end of this poor Christless miner, and let not the pleadings of mercy longer fall unheeded on your ears. God speaks to you now in love. He points you to His Son as a Saviour. This is the day of His *gracious* dealing. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," while yet His world-wide "Come" is being sounded. The day of His *visitation* may be nearer than you imagine, and from the dreamy sense of fancied security you will be rudely awakened to find that as you have sowed in time so you will have to reap throughout eternity. Be warned. God speaks once, yea twice, but He will not be mocked, and "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." A. M.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.

YOU may consider yourself, dear reader, an entire stranger to the one who addresses you through this paper, but it so happens that he knows three things about you. **THREE UNDENIABLE FACTS!** To throw this paper down would only prove that you were afraid of facing them; but the facts themselves would still remain.

Indeed you can no more get rid of them than a bird could fly away from its own wings.

You have—

A GOD TO MEET.

A HISTORY TO ACCOUNT FOR.

AN ETERNITY TO SPEND.

But stay; this is not all we have to say. It is our privilege to tell you that the God you so much dread to meet in coming judgment is prepared to meet you in present blessing.

If you come to Him through Christ, He will wipe out every stain from your guilty history, and make you as fit for the highest glory as you are now fit for the lowest hell.

His precious Son has died; the cleansing blood has been shed; and in spite of your sinful past your soul may yet be saved. Oh, what a Saviour Jesus is! If you only knew Him, the thought of meeting Him would no longer be your darkest dread, but would become your brightest hope.

This may be yours, not because you have any merit, but all on the ground of pure grace. I ask: Does it not suit your case? For surely you have nought to plead but God's own love and your exceeding need.

Accept then this all-gracious Saviour, and when you have accepted Him

“ Let everybody see it
That Christ hath set you free;
And if it set them longing,
Say ‘ Jesus died for thee.’ ”

GEO. C.

THE REASON I'M SURE I'M SAVED.

YOU asked me in your last letter, how I could be sure that I was saved for ever; to which I would now reply, it is simply because “I believe God.” (Acts xxvii. 25.) I believe every word that God has spoken, both as regards my own ruin and death by nature and the truth concerning the gospel of the glory of Christ.

Through faith I understand (see Heb. xi. 2) that Christ Jesus came into the world to seek, no less than to save, just such as I am. Now just as a hungry man is certain as to when his wants are satisfied, so do I know, beyond a doubt, on the authority of the word of God who cannot lie (Titus i. 2), that Christ Jesus settled the entire question of my guilt at the time when He, in obedience to the Father's commandment (see John x. 18), appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

Nor did He die in vain; for now I can well afford to have nothing, to be nothing, to be careful for nothing, apart from Christ up there alive again from the dead, and sitting in all the calmness of conscious victory over all His and all our foes, at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

The being occupied with Christ up there is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xiv. 17); that is, the righteousness, peace, and joy which He assures me of, simply by pointing me away from self up to Christ as my all.

The being occupied with a living, loving Lord up there, is the life of faith in the strictest sense of the word; it is also an everflowing stream of happiness, and the only power of holiness.

Resurrection is everything to the believer; for as a Christian he has no existence before God but in a risen Christ.

It is by the resurrection of Christ that we see how perfectly God is satisfied with the price paid for our redemption. Again I say resurrection is everything to the believer, and may be seen to be such when it is remembered that sin was the master of us all by nature, his wages being death. Now if sin, as master, had paid us, it

would have consigned us to eternal death ; and so the blessed Son of the Father came and received the wages for us, because He alone had the power to take His life again. Without the exercise of this power we might have been pardoned, but never should have had the existence before God that we now possess in the person of a risen and glorified Christ. He is the Head of that "new creation" of which all believers form a part.

C. G. E.

KEPT AS WELL AS SAVED.

"Kept by the power of God through faith."—1 PETER i. 5.

IN a sermon by one of the greatest of the old Welsh preachers, Christmas Evans, the above text is graphically illustrated. He pictures the evil spirit spreading his wings and flying through the air, when on one of the wild Welsh moors he espied a young lad, in the bloom of his strength, sitting on the box of his cart driving to the quarries. "There he is," said Satan ; "his veins are full of blood, his bones are full of marrow ; I will cast my sparks into his bosom and set all his passions on fire. I will lead him on, and he shall rob his master and lose his place, and find another and rob again, and do worse, and he shall go on from worse to worse, and then his soul shall sink, never to rise again, into the pit of fire !"

But just as the devil was about to dart a fiery temptation into the heart of the youth, the dismayed evil one heard him sing :

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights."

The fiery dragon fled away, because the youth was "kept by the power of God."

"But I saw him pass on," said the preacher, "hovering like a vulture in the air, and casting about for a place where he might nestle his black wings, when he came to a lovely valley. The hills rose round it, it was a beautiful spot, watered by a lovely stream, and there beneath the eaves of a little cottage he saw a girl of some eighteen years of age, a flower among the flowers. She was knitting or sewing at the cottage door. Said Satan, 'She will do for me; I will whisper the evil thought into her heart, and she shall turn it over and over, again and again, until she learns to love it, and then the evil thought shall be an evil deed, and then she shall be obliged to leave the village, and go to the great town, and she shall live a life of evil, all astray from the paths of my Almighty enemy. Oh, I will make her mine! and by-and-by I will cast her over the precipice, and she shall sink into the furnace of divine wrath!' So he hastened to approach to dart the thought into the mind of the maiden; but while he was approaching all the hills and crags seemed to break out into singing, as her sweet voice rose high and clear, chanting out the words :

" ' My God, I am Thine ;
 What a rapture divine !
 What a blessing to know that my Saviour is mine !
 In the heavenly Lamb
 Thrice happy I am,
 And my soul it doth dance at the sound of His name. '

"Here again the dragon fled away, for the maiden was 'kept by the power of God.' So he passed from the valley among the hills, but with hot rage. 'I *will* have a place to dwell in,' he said. 'I will somehow leap over the fences and hedges

of the purpose and covenant of the grace of God. I do not seem to have succeeded with the young to-day; I will try the old, and all in good time for me.' For he saw an old woman; she too was sitting at the door of her cot, and spinning there on her wheel. 'Ah!' said Satan, 'It will be good to lay hold of her grey hairs, and make her taste of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.' And he descended on the eaves of her cottage; but as he approached near he heard the trembling, quavering voice of the old woman murmuring to herself lowly, 'For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.' And the words hurt the evil one, as well as disappointed him. And he fled away, for the old saint was 'kept by the power of God.' And now," said the preacher, "it was night, and he passed through another Welsh village, the white houses gleaming out in the pure moonlight on the sloping hillside. And there was the cottage, and in the upper room was a faint light trembling, 'And,' said the devil, 'there is old Williams slowly, surely wasting away.' The evil spirit entered the room; there was the old man lying on the poor bed; his hands and fingers were thin and wasted, his eyes closed, the long silvery hair falling over the pillow. . . . But as Satan himself moved before the bed to dart a doubt into the mind of the old man, the patriarch rose, stretched forth his hands, and pinned his enemy to the wall as he exclaimed, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a

table before me in the presence of mine enemies :
 Thou anointest my head with oil . . . cup runneth
 over . . . goodness and mercy . . . all the days of
 my life . . . house of the Lord for ever !' The old
 man sank back ; it was all over, 'kept' to the last
 'by the power of God' ; faith rested on the
 written word, and Satan was once more van-
 quished and driven from the field." F. H.

MAKE HASTE.

YES, MAKE HASTE. Thy days are num-
 bered, and their end is near. Death is on
 every side, and the coming of the Lord draweth
 nigh. Dark clouds overhang us, the signs of the
 times are multiplying ; therefore MAKE HASTE.
 Evil abounds, error spreads, the world's snares
 are thickening, Satan rages, danger besets us ;
 therefore MAKE HASTE. Thou canst not count
 upon another year, another day, another moment ;
 therefore MAKE HASTE. The gate stands open, the
 new and living way lies before thee, the access is
 unhindered ; therefore MAKE HASTE. Accept God's
 favour, and then thou mayest smile at days of
 darkness ; then thou mayest rejoice as each
 hastening year brings the glory nearer.

But with sin unforgiven, with eternal life un-
 secured, with eternity all at hazards, with wrath
 still gathering for the final outburst, how canst
 thou calmly face each new day or year ? How
 canst thou join in the world's mirth, sing the
 world's songs, plunge into its business, and link
 thyself to its fortunes ? Thou art immortal, but
 that immortality shall be an endless curse unless
 thou art found "in Christ." H. B.

TWENTY MINUTES TO DIE.

SHOULD *you* be ready in *twenty* minutes to DIE? And, moreover, if, after a desperate effort to escape a watery grave, that very short space of time were reduced to *a few seconds*, would you be prepared to face death, and to *meet God* without a misgiving, without a shadow of doubt? Such was the lot of some three hundred and seventy-four poor souls on the morning of January 31st, on the Norddeutscher Lloyd's S.S. *Elbe*, as aroused from their sleep at about half-past five in the morning by the shock of a collision and the sound of rushing feet on the deck above, they sprang from their berths and made their way above as speedily as they might—there to find that one of the most terrible dangers had befallen them which can happen to a ship at sea. An unknown craft had run into them in the darkness, and had left a terrible gap in the steamer's side, through which the sea was fast pouring in. We forbear entering further into the heart-sickening details, which must be fresh in the minds of many of our readers, save to say that most in that seething crowd must have had hopes of rescue until within a few seconds of the vessel's sinking—of rescue by means which have before proved successful in thousands of similar cases, and by which some twenty persons did escape on this sad occasion.

How it was with those three hundred and seventy-four precious souls we are not permitted to know, as they sank beneath the ice-cold waters of the North Sea on that bitter winter's morning. But how would it be with *your* soul, if called

suddenly to yield it up? is the question which I am now permitted to ask, and which I would earnestly press on your *immediate* consideration.

Nor is the fact that you have to die—"It is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. ix. 27)—all, or the most solemn aspect of your case, if you are unsaved. As you hold this little magazine in your hand, with, it may be, the warm blood running freely through your veins, and the bloom of health and youth on your cheek, DEATH, as the judgment of God on sin, rests upon you. For "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." (Rom. v. 12.) Listen to the solemn, terrible words! It is GOD that speaks them. "DEATH passed upon," or spread out over, "ALL men." Just as the sea spreads over and covers the whole of its bed, so has death, as God's judgment on sin, spread out over you, over all of Adam's sinful race. By one man, Adam, "sin entered into the world, and death by sin."

Let me take you back to the account of it in God's word. God had commanded the man whom He had set in the garden of Eden, "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for *in the day* that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely *die*." (Gen. ii. 17.) The serpent (Satan) entered the garden and said, "Ye shall not surely die." (Chapter iii. 4.) Our first parents ate, "and the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked." (ver. 7.) The first thing they did on receiving the consciousness of this was the first thing that every child of theirs has done since, when aroused to the same. They tried to conceal their true condition by

efforts of their own. ("They sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons." ver. 7.) This may have satisfied *their* sense of what was right, but *they knew it would not do for God*. It would not conceal their condition from Him, for when they heard His voice they "hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God." No, that covering would not suit Him, so "unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." Clearly these must have been obtained by the death of victims. (Compare Lev. vii. 8.) Skins do not grow on fig, or any other, trees. Connect with this act on God's part what He had said as to the seed of the woman, "It shall bruise thy (the serpent's) head, and thou shalt bruise his heel" (Gen. iii. 15), and you will see that God had His remedy ready.

How perfectly has this wonderful announcement been carried out in God's own Son, not Himself chargeable with sin, becoming the Seed of the woman, taking part of flesh and blood, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (Heb. ii. 14, 15.) Not only has He "by Himself purged our sins" (Heb. i. 3), but He has endured *death* as the judgment of God upon sin, and by His resurrection made the way into *life*—a life eternal, a life beyond death and judgment—for all that believe in Him. "Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and incorruptibility to light through the gospel." (2 Tim. i. 10, N.T.) So that although it is clear that "if One died for all, then were *all dead*" (2 Cor. v. 14), yet there are "they which live."

(v. 15.) There are those which believe on the Son and have everlasting life. (John iii. 36.) Those which believe on the Father which sent Him have everlasting life, shall not come into condemnation, but are passed *out of death* into life. (John v. 24.) Is it so with you, my reader? Or are you of those of whom the solemn word is written, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God *abideth* on him"? (John iii. 36.) If so, may God open your eyes to your awful condition, and the imminent peril of your never-dying soul.

W. G. B.

PRESENT FITNESS FOR HEAVEN.

IF anyone ask, "What are you building on? What are you resting on for your eternal salvation?" we can answer, "The value *God* puts upon the work of His beloved Son." What a sure, solid foundation for our souls! I was only lately saying to some Christians, "It is a great thing to see that you and I are as fit for heaven now as we ever shall be through all eternity." At first they could not see it, and did not quite believe it. They could not endorse that statement. I then asked the question, "What makes us fit to dwell with Christ in glory?" They said, "Why, of course, the work of Christ." But will the work of Christ be of any more value in God's sight, when we are in glory, than it is to-day? Not one atom. Therefore, if we are believers, the blessed truth is this, that on the ground of that work we are as fit for the glory now as we ever shall be when we are actually in it, although then free from the presence of sin, and with a glorified body like Christ's.

R. F. K.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



TWO BLIND MEN ON GLASGOW GREEN.

TO be physically blind is serious enough, but to be spiritually blind, and withal ignorant of it, is deplorable indeed.

Near the centre of the great city of Glasgow is a large vacant space of ground known as "Glasgow Green," where public discussions are held almost daily upon various subjects—infidelity and Christianity among the number. It is usual for each speaker, on his honour, to be limited to five minutes, and when one has finished he is followed by the person who next holds up his hand in the audience.

Several summers ago, at one of these meetings, a great concourse of people had assembled to hear the arguments on this side, and on that. An infidel speaker having completed his term, a hand was observed raised in the middle of the crowd, which turned out to be that of a blind man, who was assisted on to the hustings. His short address occupied less than the usual time, and was, as nearly as memory serves, as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I am a blind man. I have heard all that our infidel friend has just said, and I pity him from my very heart!

“Do you suppose that I, a blind man, am going to believe that there are beautiful green fields, and trees of pretty foliage, and lovely coloured flowers all around me?”

“But, gentlemen, does my blindness alter the fact that they are there? *No! not* in any wise, for I *do indeed* believe they *are* there, to be enjoyed by those who have their eyesight; and if I were not blind, I should enjoy them as those do who can see them. Our infidel friend is as spiritually blind as I am naturally blind. He may think he can see, but I say I pity him! I once was as he still is, but by the grace of God I had my eyes opened to enjoy heavenly things. Oh that our friend enjoyed what his blind unbelief deprives him of! But does his blindness make those divine things unreal? No, not in the least; they exist all the same for those whose eyes are opened to see them.”

The clapping that followed the infidel's speech had been considerable, but the Christian's address made it impossible for any other caviller to come forward that day. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. . . . *But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.*” (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10, 14.)

Reader, we will not beat about the bush, but ask you direct, “Have *you* discovered your blindness and got your eyes opened to eternal things? In short, have you, as a needy one,

believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, to the eternal salvation of your priceless soul?" Several examples for our encouragement are given in God's Word, but we will only refer to one or two people who had their eyes opened by the same blessed Person. When blind Bartimæus, sitting helpless at Jericho's road-side, heard that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, he was marked by, at least, six things, namely:—

He knew he was blind, and he owned it.

He was in earnest, and cried for mercy.

He could not be silenced by others.

He had faith that Jesus could cure him.

He received his sight.

He followed Jesus.

Friend, can you say that these things have ever morally characterized you? If so, a bright prospect is yours. You may truly sing,

“ Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.”

When Saul of Tarsus, spiritually blind, was on the road to Damascus with an inward determination to sweep Christianity from the earth, Jesus stopped him, made him physically blind for three days, and convinced him of how spiritually blind he really was. When he got his spiritual eyesight, and was turned round, Jesus made him a messenger to others for the following purposes:—

To open their eyes.

To turn them from darkness to light.

To turn them from Satan to God.
 So that they might receive remission of sins,
 And an inheritance among those who are
 sanctified, by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Reader, we press it—Have these things yet
 formed part of *your* soul's history?

If so, thank God for it, for you can truly
 say:—

“ Lord, we can see, by faith in Thee,
 A prospect bright unfailing ;
 Where God shall shine, in light divine,
 In glory never failing—
 A home above, of peace and love,
 Close to Thy holy person ;
 Thy saints shall there see glory fair,
 And shine as *Thy reflection.*”

If not, oh do be wise in this day of grace!
 Beware lest you are found, at last, a neglecter
 of these heavenly realities—lest, like that rich
 man who died and lifted up his eyes in
 torments, you remain in BLINDNESS here, and
 endure the blackness of darkness for ever!

J. N.

A SHORT LINE AND AN ENDLESS CIRCLE.

FELLOW - traveller to eternity, our journey
 here on earth is like a short straight line.
 From point to point, from start to finish, how
 quickly run! “ We bring our years to an end as
 a tale that is told.” (Ps. xc. 9. R.V.) And when
 the short straight line of time is ended the circle
 of eternity is reached.

Traveller along this course of time, along this
 short parenthesis between the circle of the
 past eternity and the circle of the future eternity,

let me challenge you, Where will you spend your *Eternity*?

“How wilt *thou* do in the swelling of Jordan?”
(Jer. xii. 5.)

Will it be with you as it was with a certain rich man, who “died, and was buried; and *in hell* he lift up his eyes, being *in torments*”? or will it be with you as it was with the dying thief to whom Jesus said, “Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be *with Me in Paradise*”?

What a contrast! This one in Paradise with Jesus; that one in hell in torments! This one's circle of eternity with the redeemed in glory; that one's with the lost in the lake of fire!

Why this difference? Each had lived without God, but one was *converted*, the other not. The fear of God entered into the thief's heart; there was repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Concerning the thief these blessed words are recorded, “And he said unto Jesus,” “And Jesus said unto him.” In these words we find the secret of his eternal blessing, “And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.”

Has there ever been this intercourse between thy soul and Jesus? Hast thou confided thine eternal welfare into His sure keeping? Canst thou look up into His blessed face and say, “Lord Jesus, my Saviour, my Shepherd, my Lord”? If not, listen now to His invitation, “Come.” (Luke xiv.) Like the prodigal say, “I will arise and go.” “And he arose, and came.” (Luke xv.) Be warned by the rich man's word from hell,

lest thou "also come into this place of torment."
(Luke xvi.)

"O flee, guilty sinner,
To Christ the only Saviour,
Or you must stand your trial
On that great day."

Put thy trust now in Jesus. "Look unto Me,"
He says, "and be ye saved; come unto Me, and
I will give you rest." Taste His grace to-day,
and share His glory for ever.

"My title's undeniable,
'Tis Jesus and His blood,
His Word must be reliable.
For He's the Son of God.

"And now upon the throne on high
He sits, my risen Lord,
God's satisfied, and so am I,
Who rest upon His Word."

T. G.

YOUR OWN SOUL.

"GIVE me an insurance ticket for five hundred
pounds," said a clergyman to an official at
the booking office of a Midland station.

As there appeared to be some difficulty at
that station in issuing the ticket for the amount
named, he was reluctantly obliged to accept one
for a smaller sum, which he paid a few pence for,
and placed most carefully in his pocket book, no
doubt congratulating himself on his prudence in
thus availing himself of a cheap and easy way
of providing for his family in case he should be
killed on the journey.

It may be, my reader, that you have often done
the same, and laid yourself back in the carriage
rather comforted by the thought that the in-
surance ticket in your pocket entitled your wife

or children to a sum of money in the event of your death.

Let me ask, Have you ever realized the fact, that long before they could receive the money, *your soul* would have passed into another scene; into a world where gold, silver, or insurance tickets are never mentioned. The inhabitants of heaven are too rich to value them, and the inhabitants of hell are too miserable to care in the least about them.

How carefully an insurance ticket for a single journey is put up, lest the owner should lose it, and yet it might be lost, and found again; but what about *your soul*? If you lose it *once* it will be lost for ever. You will never find it, yea! though you should spend eternity in the search. *Your soul* is of more value than all that the universe contains, and when the world and every thing in it shall have passed into oblivion, *your own soul* will be spending eternity, either with Christ in glory, or with the lost in hell.

Oh, my reader, tell me if you can, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose *his own soul*? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37.)

If the Lord has saved you, you can rejoice in His salvation. An insurance ticket only avails for a single journey, but the Lord, having wrought out "*eternal* redemption," gives unto us *eternal* life, and soon we shall be in possession of our *eternal* inheritance, "Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever." (Eccles. iii. 14.)

If you are unsaved, you know it, and God knows it too. Perhaps you say, "I am a member of a church or chapel, and my name is in the class book." That may do for man's eye, but not

for God's. He does not look down to see whose names are there. He sees you as you are in His sight—an unforgiven, unwashed, and guilty sinner.

Oh! may God, in the riches of His grace, give you to realize your true condition before Him, and then to listen to His precious words, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah i. 18.)

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Though thy sins be red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow."

C. R.

"THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH."

THREE women, unknown to each other, came into contact for a few seconds on one of the crowded bridges which span the Thames.

One was poor. She toiled wearily along beneath the burden of earthly care and sorrow. Her lot was not a highly-favoured one. Very few of the rays from that sun which men call "worldly prosperity" brightened her path; she was one of that numerous class known as "the London poor," whose condition seems inseparable from want and suffering. But it was not the pinch of poverty, nor the struggle for daily bread, that caused her steps to drag so wearily. A far deeper sorrow pressed on her spirit. She had learned what it was to know herself a sinner, but as yet she knew not the Saviour of sinners.

Heedlessly the hurrying crowd passed to and fro, intent on business or pleasure, careless of want or woe. Not so the Lord of life and glory, as from His seat at the Father's right hand, He gazed upon that moving throng, and knew who it was in it that really wanted to “touch” Him.

Coming from the opposite direction to that in which the poor woman was going, were two women, whose hearts (like the disciples on the journey to Emmaus) were evidently full of their blessed Lord and Master, and they spoke of Him “by the way.” Just at the very moment they were passing the poor woman, one of them was quoting some precious portion of God's word. They passed on, and were soon lost amidst the bustling throng.

Not so their words—unconsciously, and unknown to them, that text of scripture fell, like healing balm, on the troubled heart of the poor woman. It was the voice of the Lord Jesus from glory imparting peace, life, light, and joy. The entrance of the word had, indeed, given light.

Her heart was filled with thanksgiving and praise. Her burden was gone. Her fears had fled. With a joyful heart and an elastic step she went on her way rejoicing.

When I last saw her, some long time afterwards, her heart was still full of praise to Him whom she now knew, not only as the “Saviour” of the sinner, but also as the gracious “Preserver” of those who have believed.

May the Lord, beloved fellow-believer, so keep us walking with Himself—talking of Himself, that the incorruptible seed of the Word may be wafted by the Holy Ghost into the hearts of perishing sinners. We know that we have been

redeemed from our "vain conversation," not by corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the "precious blood of Christ," in order that out of a good conversation we may shew forth the excellencies of Him who has called us "out of darkness into His marvellous light." H. N.

A YOUNG MAN WHO "CAME TO HIMSELF."

EARLY in the month of November, 1894, a man employed in business was passing along one of the thoroughfares of the town, where his calling is, when he was accosted by a young man with the inquiry, "Can you tell me the way to the Free Library?" "Yes," replied Mr. T., "but you are going in the wrong direction; I am going that way, and will put you right." As they walked along the young man explained "that he wanted to see the papers, as he was in search of a situation." His companion inquired as to his parents, and found that he had recently left home and given up his situation, because he wished to be free. His new-found friend assured him, "no blessing could follow such a course." "Young man," he said, "return to your home. God's Word says, 'Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.' 'Honour thy father and thy mother.'" Again he urged him to return to his home, assuring him that "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap."

They parted. The young man went to the Free Library, but much impressed with what had been said to him. The desire to find a situation was gone, and home, home, found an echoing response

in his heart. He went upstairs into the Museum, and there, for the first time in his life, he found himself alone with God! And what was the effect of this? Something far, far deeper than any experience he could have in pursuing his purposed prodigal course. Oh, yes! There in the silence of that room—no other human being near—he saw himself a sinner in the sight of a holy God. A deep conviction of sin and sense of misery came over him, and he felt how far away he had departed from God. Then came the cry of the prodigal from his lips—I will arise and go to my Father, and say unto Him, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee. And what followed? God revealed Christ to him as the Saviour he needed, and there and then he believed on Him to the saving of his soul.

Do you suppose, dear reader, that the subject of this narrative was an unsteady, reckless young man, and indifferent to the things of God? Oh, no! His outward conduct had been thoroughly correct up to the day he left his home. He belonged to a denomination, attended a Bible-class, and was familiar with scripture; but when he found himself alone with God, there was the discovery of what he was within, what his own heart was, and what every human heart is—"Deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." (Jer. xvii. 9.) "For from *within*, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, . . . pride, foolishness," and these are named by the Lord in a category of outwardly baser sins.

The sense of unfitness for God brought this young man, like the prodigal in Luke xv., "to himself," and God by His Spirit revealed Christ to him. Now, he will tarry no longer in this place.

He will return at once to the station, and go home. As he walked thither a simple desire went up from his heart to the Lord, that he might once again see the kind friend who had given him such good advice. After waiting awhile for the train, to his great delight he saw him walk into the station. Hastily he told him of the great change God had wrought, and asked his address to write to him, saying he was now returning to his home again.

The following extracts from two of his letters will give the reader the account of his conversion in his own words, and show how really he was brought to God:—"I arrived safely home . . . You cannot imagine how grateful I was that, instead of spurning me, my mother was glad that I had returned to the home which she knew I never ought to have left. I think, now, it was only the devil that could have suggested to me such a fearful, ruinous course to pursue, in order that he might drag me down for ever. But enough of the gloomy side. After the surprise of my return home was over, I told my father and mother what a good thing it had been for me in the end, and how, through your instrumentality, it had led to my thorough conversion; then they desired me to write and thank you for your disinterested kindness. Thank God, I am now a saved sinner, trusting only in Jesus and His atoning work for complete salvation; more than that, I feel that nothing else but a conviction of sin led me, in the quiet of the Museum upstairs, to make a stand and cry out in my misery, 'I will arise and go to my Father, &c.' Directly I left the place I realized that a divine change had come over me, and I felt as if Jesus were filling me to the utmost, until

I could hardly contain myself. I seemed as if I loved everybody I met in the street, and felt an interest in them. Yes, this was the first fruit of the Spirit—the first fruit of conversion—love. Then came the next, joy; oh, the happiness I had! I exclaimed aloud, 'I believe I am saved; yes, I am sure I am. This is the happiest day of my life.' This sudden outburst of joy, after it had done its work, gradually subsided into a calm and quiet peace in my soul. This was the third fruit of the Spirit. I had had love and joy, and now came peace and satisfaction You can do what you like with this letter; it may serve to point a moral."

Letter No. 2. "I knew you would not think I had been exaggerating in writing so much on that happy subject (for it *was* a happy one to me). I did not tell you half how grateful I was to God after being brought face to face with the light. I see now where I might have been, had not God stopped me in my mad career. I felt, in the words of scripture, that my tongue was now unloosed, and that I could speak plainly. Well, dear friend, I think, in all confidence, that, up to the present moment of time, I have been enabled, by God's grace, to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made me free. The Spirit within me has taken of the things of Christ and shewn them unto me.

"My late master has promised to take me on again, if the one he has does not suit him. But now there is no need, because God has found me another situation in a wholesale business; I feel it is the work the Lord intends me to do for the present, and He will give me strength and purpose to do it. I know now the secret of true

success in life, which is to seek first 'the kingdom of God and His righteousness.' I knew God would provide a situation for me.

"Last Sunday I went to the class, and when the time came for me to make a remark on the lesson, instead of doing so (having asked permission) I got up and turned to the class, and told them that during the past week I had found the Saviour. I did not tell them particulars, but I told them how I realized for the first time that I had sinned against God. I have been three years at the class, but this was the first time I had spoken. I told them they never could find satisfaction in the world, but if they possessed Christ *He* would make new men of them. Afterwards I thanked God for giving me courage to stand up for Jesus."

Beloved reader, if you have never come to yourself, and found out how far by nature, as a child of Adam, you are from God, may you, too, find yourself alone in God's presence, and there get a divine sense of what sin is in God's sight, and what His exceeding grace is in having provided a Ransom.

L. L.

"*GOD IS SATISFIED, AND SO AM I.*"

WHEN Mr. S——, of S——, in the West of Ireland, was converted, he lost no time in telling his acquaintances of the blessing he had received. Among these was a neighbour of his, a man of wealth, with an income of something like £2000 a year. This rich man had, however, neither ear nor heart for the things of eternity. He was fond of hunting, kept a pack of hounds, and lived entirely for this world. But time runs

on and eternity approaches, whether men like it or not. Several years had flown away, when one day Mr. S—— received a telegram from his rich neighbour, who was staying at an hotel in Dublin, requesting an immediate interview. He went, and found him propped up in bed.

"I am dying," he said, "and I'm afraid of meeting God."

Mr. S—— turned to the thirty-third chapter of Job, and read aloud. When he came to the 19th verse the anxious man interrupted him.

"Stop!" cried he. "You seem to get anything you like out of that Book, but don't try to make me believe that *that's* in it."

Nor would he believe it until he had seen it with his own eyes. The verse runs thus: "He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain." Mr. S—— went on: "If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to shew unto man his uprightness: then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." He showed him that God had Himself found a "Ransom," that at the Cross God had been both satisfied and glorified in the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and the message went home in power.

The next time he went to see him, he joyfully saluted him with these words: "It's all right. God is satisfied, and God is glorified; *God* is satisfied, and so am *I*."

The wife of the dying man told Mr. S—— that after his first visit her husband had tossed about restlessly till past midnight, when he exclaimed, "I see it. God is satisfied, and God is glorified; *God* is satisfied, and so am *I*."

Reader, have *you* yet really faced death, as the judgment of God on what you are as a sinner? Have you seen in a risen and glorified Christ a righteous answer to all God's claims against you, a perfect expression of God's love toward you? It is with *Christ* God would have you satisfied, not with yourself. The enemy of your soul cares little what you are satisfied with, if it is something short of Christ. When he can no longer succeed in satisfying you with empty worldly entertainments, he will set you to find satisfaction in your spiritual attainments, and either puff you up with the vain conceit that you have attained a satisfactory measure of moral worth, or crush you with despair because you have not. But the blessed Spirit of God turns you away from self altogether. As another has said, When you can say, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing," you have looked at yourself quite long enough. There is nothing to satisfy you in yourself. All, all is found in Christ, and this the Spirit would teach you.

"He does not make my soul to say,
 'Thank God, I feel so good';
 But turns the eye another way,
 To Jesus and the blood."

It is the blessed person, the finished work, the precious blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, that God is satisfied with. Can you say with the dying man, "God is satisfied, and God is glorified; GOD IS SATISFIED, AND SO AM I"? Are you so convinced of your own unworthiness, and so assured of the preciousness and worth of the Lord Jesus, that you rejoice in the privilege of being allowed of God to drop the one, and delight your heart in the blessed name of the Other? GEO. C.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



THE OLD HEIRLOOM OF OUR FAMILY OR, MY SWORD TESTED.

HEB. iv. 12 ; EPH. vi. 17 ; GEN. iii. 24.

THERE is an old family weapon of yours, which perhaps you have never yet tested, my reader. Let me draw your attention to it.

A man entered the railway carriage and sat down opposite to me. He was entirely occupied with a sword which he carried, and, without considering the strangeness of the action, he drew it from its sheath, and breathing on it again and again he vigorously rubbed the blade near the hilt, in order apparently the more easily to examine certain marks thereon. The examination appeared to be satisfactory to him, for replacing it carefully in its sheath he laid it on the rack above his head and looked fixedly at me.

We were quite alone in the carriage, and my Bible was lying open on my knee. His eyes turned to it, and I was struck with the look of intense but saddened interest with which he regarded the book. The book seemed to speak to him of the past. I could not help interpreting his look. It seemed to say, "I would gladly give you £100, yes, all I possess, if you could prove

satisfactorily to me that that book is the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God."

I glanced up at the sword lying quietly in its sheath on the rack above his head. Might I not say the same respecting that? Might I not also say, "I doubt if that weapon is a sword; I will give £100 to you if you can prove it to me"?

What utter folly! Is there any reason why I should remain one moment in doubt? Would not my friend, pitying my absurd remark, say, "Try it on *yourself*, that is the best way to test it. If the trial does not convince you, what can I say that will?"

"What is its history," do you ask? "That is quite beside the mark. But since you ask it, I may say that the sword above my head has been handed down from generation to generation as a precious heirloom in our family. There is many a private mark deeply indented on its blade, each of which carries a distinct history of its own respecting some member of the family, respecting some of our old encounters with its enemies. This of itself would be enough to convince me of its reliability. But there is more. My father, his father, my great-grandfather, and all the long line of our ancestors, never (so far as I know) entertained any doubt of what it was they possessed in it, because each one of them *used* it, and thus tested it for himself. It has come but this moment into *my* hands, and now I am about to follow their example."

"*Well and simply put.*" Do you not agree with me, my reader? I shall apply the figure to your own case, however, assuming that you do not believe the Bible to be the Word of God, the "sword of the Spirit."

Have you ever applied this sword to yourself? Do you *want* to know if it is a sword, or not? This is the way to test it—one that *you* can easily apply.

For you do not need to know the *history* of the Bible, as modern folly asserts. You do not need to know the peculiar *metal* of which the sword was made, and from what mine it came; nor would it help you to understand its nature if you knew *all* who assisted in the making of it! *Who* arranged the canon of Scripture, and *when*, is about as useful for *you* to know, as it would be if you knew by whom the various atoms of the steel blade were welded together! If then, with the guise of a friend, that comes to you which says, "I AM THE CHURCH, and I can tell you what is canonical and what is not" (that is, "I can tell you how the sword was put together"), you will give your informant your own impression of the value of such information, with the sword before you, and life or death dependent upon its use! Then do not fail to *use* the sword. Remember, it is the "old heirloom of the family." Yes, it is a good old trusty sword, used by many a one of the family of Adam (that is, by *your* family) before you, and *never failing one of them*.

The fact that you have a family sword shows that you also have a family enemy. Alas! yes, and one who will some day use this very sword against you if you fail to use it now against yourself. If you would avail yourself of the salvation which the word of God proclaims to the believer, you must accept the sentence of condemnation which it pronounces upon the sinner. In order to *live* before God, you must *die*. It is the work of the sword to begin with

you thus. *And only thus you escape from your enemy.* Have you the desire to escape from him, and to enter into life? There is only this one way. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." (Rom. viii. 1.)

H. F. A.

JUST READY FOR THE MESSAGE.

A SERVANT of Christ—now gone to be with Him—was once about to preach the gospel in a very large building; and in order to form some judgment of its capaciousness, he visited it alone in the middle of the day. Believing the place to be empty, he raised his voice and uttered with all the force of which he was capable the words, "*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,*" and then left. Unknown to him, and hidden behind a statue, a poor labouring man was spending his dinner-hour. At that particular moment he was on his knees, praying and beseeching God to forgive even so great a sinner as he. Suddenly there rang in his ears a voice as it seemed from heaven, bearing this marvellous message, "*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*" (1 Tim. i. 15.) Astonished and overwhelmed, but perfectly satisfied, he there and then simply accepted the message, and rose from his knees with a joyful heart, resting by faith on Him whose grace led Him to come into the world to save sinners such as he felt himself to be.

In the beginning of the Lord's ministry we find Him publicly announcing the gracious character of His mission—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, He hath sent

me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.” (Luke iv. 18, 19.) And it is still the *poor*, the *broken-hearted*, the *captive*, the *blind*, and the *bruised* that find the grace and love of Jesus indispensable. His preaching falls on their ears with power and sweetness, for their hearts are ready to accept with thankfulness the needed blessing which He only can give.

But the “acceptable year” is drawing swiftly to its close. Heaven will soon be filled with a company of *saved sinners*. (Rev. v. 9.) No one who has not accepted this glorious salvation, who has not been cleansed by that precious blood, can ever hope to enter heaven. The self-righteous, the self-satisfied, or self-enlightened, who are content to go through this world without Christ, must go out of it without Him. But the faithful saying is still being sounded forth, that “*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*”

L. J. M.

“ANOTHER TEN YEARS.”

AND so saying he pulled up the window of the railway carriage and took his seat. We were alone. He was a man of some seventy years, hale, kindly, and intelligent. A friend of his of similar age had been seeing him off at the station, and had conversed with him on sundry matters, until the final words of their intercourse were uttered.

“I was at this station when the line was opened.”

“So was I,” said his friend.

Then followed a brief pause, as the speakers were, no doubt, struck by the suggestion their words conveyed. That line had been opened some fifty years before! Half a century had, therefore, elapsed between the two points of time—a long period indeed! nearly twice the length of a generation!

Then said my fellow-traveller, before pulling up the window, “*Another ten years,*” and added no more.

His meaning, as I took it, was that he could not expect to live more than these ten years. He had lived his threescore and ten; now another decade would bring him to the farthest allotted limit.

What his thoughts may have been as he threw himself on the cushioned seat I cannot say. Doubtless they must have been serious; for one cannot realize the near approach of the end without reflections of a solemnizing kind.

“*Another ten years!*”

“*And what then?*” I took the liberty of asking.

“Ah,” he replied, with the fullest urbanity, “no one can tell that.”

Alas, alas, I thought, here is another of that enormous company who live in the blaze of Christianity, who possess the unspeakable privilege of an open Bible, and a full and clear gospel, and who yet grope in an ignorance which is at once dispelled whenever the truth of that blessed gospel is believed. How effectually does the god of this world blind the minds of them that believe not. (See 2 Cor. iv. 4.)

No one can tell. Well, now, these were sad words to fall from the lips of one who was,

confessedly, so near the end of his stay here. No one can tell, and therefore, poor fellow, *he* could not. To be within ten years of eternity, and yet not to know whether it would be spent in sorrow or in joy, in misery or in bliss, in hell or in heaven, with Satan or with God! Is not such ignorance of such a thing madness and criminal neglect? It is, oh, it is!

We had a long conversation on this subject, but which I need not detail. But what I wish to do is to assure *you*, dear reader, whether you may be old or young, whether you may have seventy years before you or only ten, that the Bible furnishes the most positive certainty as to the possibility of being ready, and of knowing that you are ready; and, moreover, that there are thousands around, not all enthusiasts or fanatics, who know and enjoy the blessed fact that they are ready, who can supply a solid and satisfactory reason to every one that asks them for the hope that is in them.

They are believers.

Don't turn away, saying, "Oh, that is neither here nor there; it is quite optional, and a matter of no great consequence whether a man believes or not." Believe me, friend, that faith, even if I cannot explain it to you, is a thing of vital moment.

A state of disbelief is a state of distance from, and disobedience to, God. The soul in that condition is "lost."

Faith, on the other hand, is not the mere acceptance of certain doctrines and practices, which may be right or wrong; but, whilst believing the truth, it places the soul at peace with God, and leads it into the enjoyment of all He

has revealed. Thus "Abraham believed God, and it was reckoned to him as righteousness." (Rom. iv. 3.) And he was called "the friend of God."

And what about ourselves? "He that heareth my word," said the Lord Jesus, "and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) Clear and precious statement! "We know that we have passed from death unto life." (1 John iii. 14.) "We know that if our earthly house . . . were dissolved, we have a building of God . . . eternal in the heavens." (2 Cor. v. 1.) A *knowledge* made good in the believing soul by the Spirit of God.

Now, as I said, this is the very life of thousands around, and yet multitudes affirm that *no one can tell*.

Whence their blindness? Alas! their day of disillusion is speedily coming, and in a way little expected by them. "They received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (2 Thess. ii. 10-12.) What a rude and rough awaking lies ahead of such wilful ignorance and such persistent unbelief on that coming day!

The fact is, dear reader, our Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of the Father, has become a Man, has died for others, bearing the judgment of sin; has been raised again, and has gone back to heaven, having in death made full expiation and cleared the way, so that God can, in perfect justice, deliver from death and the fear of it,

from sin and its judgment, all and any who accept the substitution of the Saviour. Hence, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.) Then, just in proportion as the believing soul lives in faithfulness to the Lord, and in the sense of His unbounded love, is his prospect kept bright and cloudless.

Thus Paul could say, "To depart and to be with Christ is far better." If Christ is the attraction by which your heart is governed here, then all these questions become divinely plain and simple.

J. W. S.

PRESENT-DAY REJECTION OF CHRIST.

IT is a deeply-affecting thought to the Christian's heart, that Jesus is not here. But he knows that every day of His absence means blessing for souls in this poor world through Him.

* * * * *

Christianity has been largely adopted as a religious profession, but for the most part in name only, not in vital power. Even the infidel is forced to admit his connection with this profession every time he writes his *Christian* name, and the date of the year. The general (though decreasing) observance of the Lord's-day, and the presence of so many religious "places of worship" is a witness to its acceptance.

But the world's character remains unaltered since the beginning of the Christian era. There is to-day no more room for Christ than when He came here nineteen centuries ago. Do you

question this statement? Do you think that if you had been present at Jerusalem you would not have done as the priests, and Cæsar's men, and the Jewish rabble did?

Do not deceive yourself. Your heart is as deceptive as theirs, your nature is not different from that of Judas or Pilate or the people.

Judas gave up Jesus to make money.

Pilate gave up Jesus that he might carry popular favour.

The people gave up Jesus because they dared not go against their priests.

* * * * *

Said a man to me in Lincolnshire (when I spoke to him about the salvation of his soul, and gave him a gospel book), "Does it bring any grist to the mill?"

Said a professor of Christianity to a friend of mine when starting business in G——, "If you want to get on, you join the ——," naming one of the largest denominations in the town.

* * * * *

Scrutinize your own position. I do not deny that you are a Christian in name. But does it not go pretty near the mark when I say that large numbers of people, and perhaps yourself amongst them, simply profess allegiance to Christ in order to make money? What is this but Judas over again? He *put off* Christ for thirty pieces of silver; you *put on* Christ for your thirty pieces of silver. Where's the difference? Only this, it produced irreligion in his case; it produces religion in yours, but without heart for Christ, and without any blessing for your soul.

You are joined to the church. Well, what of that? Simon the sorcerer (Acts viii.) was just as religious as you are, and thought to make gain of it too. But whether he ultimately escaped damnation or not I could never make out. Certain it is that up to the time he met the apostle Peter he was not right in the sight of God. He was in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. It is possible to be most religious, and yet most guilty.

Saul of Tarsus "profited in the Jews' religion above many his equals." (Gal. i.) Yet there was murder in his heart towards Jesus. Depend upon it, your religion has led you astray, if it has not broken you to pieces at the thought of your sins, if it has not led to your whole-hearted trust in, and your confession of, the blessed Redeemer; and I may add also, if it has not given you knowledge of your present and eternal acceptance before God. Nothing short of all this does the gospel bring.

It is not in your power to put Jesus to death. *You* cannot cover His face with your spittle. *You* cannot put a thorny crown on His brow, or smite Him with a reed, or buffet Him with your hands. *You* cannot take His life. Once the world *had* a chance to do it, *and did it*.

But *your* heart declares itself in other ways, though to the same purpose. They set Him at nought in their day, and you blame them. You set Him at nought in your day, and excuse yourself. I do not think much of either the honesty or consistency of this.

It is not within your reach to murder Jesus. You are safe in saying you could not do such a thing. But there is one thing which seriously

concerns you, and it is this: What have you done with His present claims over you? Have you bowed to His gospel?

I have come across many people who, having time and opportunity at disposal, have coolly chosen a concert rather than a gospel meeting. I have seen many who in leisure moments have preferred a novel to the Word of God or some holy book.

You think there is no harm in it. You do not see why this is wrong. You perhaps think that both God and His claims are only to be entertained or thought of on Sundays, for an hour or two at longest, and *then* only if you are in a "place of worship." Well, if the man next door argues that the sky is black, and the grass is red, and that no one can see through glass, it only shews to every one that *can* see that he is blind. You are satisfied that your course is right, and that you are doing no harm, when you coolly set aside the rights of God and the claims of Christ for your wretched, selfish pleasures. It proves nothing to those whose eyes have been opened, but that your heart is with the world, and your mind enmity against God.

Perhaps you have forgotten that Jesus is not dead. He has died, but He is not dead. Your glory of God holds to-day the Man whom the grave held once. You do not like to consider, do you, that you are responsible to bow to, and to live only for Christ? You do not like to remember that God will recall all your wasted years, and hold you accountable for your misuse of them?

You would fain keep an easy conscience about all this, though meantime your last chance of

obtaining mercy is drawing near with fearful speed. Is it nothing to you that the enmity of your heart is manifesting itself in almost the only way it can do so in these days, that is, by your putting off your surrender to Christ?

You intend to be saved some day, you tell us, but at present you live on in unbelief, and consequently in sin. Do you think this is nothing to God? Or do you think that God is such a one as yourself, ready to wink at a few sins now, if only you get to heaven at last? Hear then His words—

“THESE THINGS HAST THOU DONE, AND I KEPT SILENCE; THOU THOUGHTEST THAT I WAS ALTOGETHER SUCH AN ONE AS THYSELF: BUT I WILL REPROVE THEE, AND SET THEM IN ORDER BEFORE THINE EYES.

“Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.”
(Psalm l. 21, 22.)

* * * * *

Again, I beg of you, do not deceive yourself. You can be beguiled into hell by your folly, but no power in earth or hell can ever bewitch you out of it. Be serious. Be earnest. Seek God with a broken heart. And if the mercy of God perchance lead you to see how you have ruined yourself by your present-day rejection of Christ, and you become humbled before Him, hearken to His message for such—

“Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” (Isaiah i. 18.)

“The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” (1 John i. 7.)

W. H. W.

"GOD IS NOT MOCKED."

THE facts are these. Two months ago three men were sitting drinking in a public-house in the town in which I live. Two of them began to bet about who would live the longer, and deposited a stake of a sovereign with the third, who was to hold it for the survivor. They jeered and laughed about death and scoffed at eternal realities.

Within seven weeks after, that is a week ago, each of the three was screwed down in his coffin, and buried in a drunkard's grave.

One was a comedian. His listeners may have applauded his vulgar buffoonery and forgotten all about it, but his low, coarse jests and ribald songs will meet him in eternity. The reckoning day *must* come.

The three were confirmed drunkards. "Be not deceived," says God. Drunkards shall not inherit the Kingdom of God. Each time the cup was put by trembling hands to besotted lips God marked it. He marked the reeling brain, the bleared eye, the trembling hand, the raging thirst which could not be quenched.

But, oh! the thirst of hell, how awful! "Be not deceived: *God is not mocked*; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. vi. 7.) Sins must meet with their desert, be they the sins of the drunkard, or of the respectable, amiable member of society.

This incident was told me to-day by one who had been a boon companion of one of these men, one once bound hand and foot by Satan, by the cankered chains of drink. The devil had well-

nigh ruined him body and soul, and had persuaded him to plunge into the very abyss of hell by the way of suicide, but God held him back.

Now he goes about preaching the gospel, with the fulness of gratitude to God of one to whom much is forgiven. It is so like God. “There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty: and when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, ‘I suppose that he to whom he forgave most.’ And He said unto him, ‘Thou hast rightly judged.’”

Yes; God delights in justifying the ungodly, in forgiving the five hundred pence debtors. It is the triumph of His grace to pick up the vilest of the vile.

It is related of Whitfield, the great preacher, that two ladies took him to task for shouting out in his preaching, “God delights to save the devil’s castaways.”

Whilst these well-meaning ladies were trying to correct the great preacher, a knock came to the door, and an enquiry was made for Mr. Whitfield.

The warm-hearted evangelist found a poor, sinful woman off the London streets, worn out in body, and sick of sin at heart. With quivering lip and tearful eye she anxiously enquired if it were true what she had heard him say, that God received the devil’s castaways.

The preacher and the penitent knelt down side by side, and heaven’s courts that day rang with shouts of joy that another brand had been plucked from the burning.

Is it not wonderful that the very centre of heaven—God's heart—is moved to infinite joy by the news of returning sinners? Though untold thousands have tasted His love and His welcome, still as truly as ever the Father runs to meet the prodigal sinner, throws His arms of everlasting love around sin-worn shoulders, covers the tear-stained cheek of the broken-hearted penitent with kisses of divine and eternal forgiveness, cuts short the broken, trembling confession of sin and unworthiness by His commands to His servants to bring forth the best robe, the ring, the sandals, and to kill the fatted calf. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost hasten to make merry over the returning prodigal. Such is the heart of God as told out so inimitably by Jesus! Gracious words fell from His lips, till men wondered at them. Let it be blazoned across the sky that **GOD JUSTIFIES THE UNGODLY!**

But remember, hardened sinner, "God is not mocked." *Death*, that seizes as its prey forty millions every year, that digs the cemeteries, that dogs the footsteps of high, low, rich, and poor, is an evidence of that. *Hell*, that yawns wide to receive the impenitent, the despisers of God's love, the neglecters of Christ's work, is an evidence of that. "God is not mocked." Be wise. Hasten to confess thy guilt, hasten to confess Jesus as thy Lord. There is no time to be lost, and no safety out of Christ.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

A. J. P.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



“THE WAY OF PEACE.”

SUBSTANCE OF A LETTER TO AN ANXIOUS ONE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter has duly reached me, and I embrace the first opportunity to reply to it, sincerely hoping the Lord may graciously use it to your finding the rest and peace for which you seek.

It is of the utmost importance to be clear upon everything that touches the soul's salvation.

To be deceived upon a point so important would land you in eternal ruin.

It is a great mercy that you have been made sensible of the peril your soul is in whilst yet unsaved.

I can easily understand any one being greatly distressed whose eyes have been opened in any way to the terribleness of his or her danger.

The fact is, to confess yourself unsaved—as you do—is to confess yourself exposed to the righteous wrath of a holy God. I trust, dear friend, this is how you look at yourself, and that you are ready to own that an eternal hell is your rich and just desert.

Now, as to the question of “Peace with God,” I may say that, before peace could be *possessed* by any one, it must be *procured* and *proclaimed*.

The work of peace is not a work that is done *in* us at all. Peace is the result of a work done *For us by Christ upon the cross*; and that peace possesses my soul, when by faith I see the glorious results of that finished work for God on my behalf.

It is of the greatest possible importance to be clear upon this point.

There are very many who are looking in the wrong direction to find peace. They are taken up with their religious efforts, changed experiences, and happy feelings: they fancy that these things are a proof that they are at peace, and losing them they think they have lost their peace.

Scripture says, in contrast, "*The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.*" (Isa. xxxii. 17.)

Righteousness is the only solid foundation for tranquil, changeless peace with God.

Righteousness demands that sin shall have its penalty. "That being so," you may say, "I fail to see how the *effect of righteousness* can be quietness, assurance, and peace."

I think I hear you say, "Why, it is this righteousness that fills me with fear and trouble instead of *assurance and peace*, because my conscience charges me with *sins innumerable*; and if sin *must* have its penalty, how am I to *escape* the judgment of God? I surely want *mercy*, not righteousness!"

Ah, blessed news! God has Himself found a way of *showing mercy, without giving up one atom of His righteousness.*

The cross of Christ is the place where "Mercy and truth are met together; and righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Psalm lxxxv. 10.)

There is no such possibility as your enjoying *peace with God* until you see that every claim, every question, that could possibly be raised by God with you, has been *already raised*, and *perfectly and for ever settled* by Christ upon the cross; so that now, instead of consigning you in justice to an eternal hell, God can in righteousness receive you to *everlasting glory*.

Oh, the wonders of redeeming love!

“How wondrous the story! the claims of the throne
Have been met by the blood which for guilt did atone;
 The judgment of sin has been borne by the Son,
 Who glorified God in the work He has done.”

Let me use an old-fashioned illustration. Suppose you owed some person a heavy debt. Now the only *righteous* way of setting your mind at rest about it would be to get that debt *cleared off* by a full and complete payment.

Trying to feel as happy as someone *that* does not owe a farthing would not pay the debt, or to get some one with sufficient personal influence with your creditor to *beg you off*, would be all very unsatisfactory work both to creditor and debtor, because the claims of justice in respect of the debt have not been met.

However kindly your creditor might feel towards you at the time, he might one day change his mind, when he discovers that his business is in such a condition as not to justify him forgiving the debt. He might then say “I am very sorry that I find I really *cannot afford to excuse the debt*, therefore I must press you for the payment. You see, *We must be just before we are generous*.” Thus your mind would be held in constant suspense.

If you were absolutely unable to meet your

creditor's claim, then *clearing off the debt* by payment *in full* would, as far as you were concerned, be altogether out of the question, and nothing could save you from financial ruin.

To express your sorrowful regret to your creditor for having ever become indebted to him would be becoming of you, but *that* would not pay the debt.

To make good resolutions for the future would not meet the debt of the past.

Nothing would satisfy your creditors, or set your mind at rest, but a *full payment of all claims*. Righteousness demands it, and conscience acknowledges it.

To apply the illustration: God cannot afford to give up His character as a "*just God*," and ignore His own righteous claims by winking at your sins.

God has only one way of dealing with sin, and that is in unsparing judgment.

The claims of God's righteousness must be met, or there is no heaven for the sinner.

"How, then," it may be asked, "can He possibly be a *just God*, and *yet a Saviour*? Surely, if justice is executed, nothing can save the sinner."

David got his eyes open to this state of things when he cried, "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" (Ps. cxxx. 3.) "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." (Psalm cxliii. 2.)

In view of this, the heart may well cry, "Who, then, can be saved?"

Eternal glory be to His ever-blessed name! It was left to the heart of God to devise means for

grace to reign through righteousness (Rom. v. 21), or, in other words, for righteousness to have all its demands met, and yet the saving grace of God to reach the guilty sinner. “*His arm brought salvation* unto Him; and *His righteousness*, it sustained Him.” (Is. lix. 16,) *God* has found a righteous channel by which the river of His grace, bearing on its broad breast salvation to the guilty, might reach a ruined world.

God has provided “*Himself* a lamb.” What His righteousness demanded His love provided.

The principle of this comes up to us through the ages in type, and symbol, and shadow.

If in His inflexible *righteousness* He said “I will execute judgment” (Ex. xii. 12), in His boundless love He said “When I see the blood I will pass over you.” (v. 13.)

Again in the stream of blood from Jewish altars *Righteousness* is saying, “*It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul,*” and yet *love* adds, “*And I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls.*” (Lev. xvii. 11.)

With clarion note it is proclaimed in type, and shadow, and symbol, “Without shedding of blood is no remission.” (Heb. ix. 22.)

“God could not pass the sinner by,
His sin demands that he must die;
But *in the Cross* of Christ we see
How God can save, yet righteous be.

“The sin is on the Saviour laid,
'Tis in His blood sin's debt is paid;
Stern justice can demand no more,
And mercy can dispense her store.”

Thus it was to meet every claim of justice and holiness against the sinner that Jesus died.

He, ever blessed be His name—on the cross

charged Himself with all our guilt and sin, and God dealt with Him accordingly.

“He 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.) “Christ also hath once *suffered for sins*, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.” (1 Peter iii. 18.)

There was not a single stroke of divine judgment that you and I deserved, that Jesus did not get when “He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities.” There was *no abatement* of God’s righteous claims when Jesus endured “the *chastisement of our peace*” so that faith might be able joyfully to say, “*With His stripes we ARE healed.*” (Isa. liii. 5.)

If there was one in the wide universe that God would have been more likely to have *spared* than another it was “Jesus, His whole soul’s delight”: and yet it is written He “SPARED NOT *His own Son* but delivered Him up for us all.” (Rom. viii. 32.)

No, dear friend, as He—God’s lamb, the bearer of sin—hung there in the darkness of those three awful and memorable hours—betrayed by one—denied by another, and abandoned by all—in the hour of His deepest need He confessed Himself to be forsaken of God. (Psalm xxii. 1.) The righteous reason of this forsaking He Himself gives in verse 3 of that psalm. “Thou art holy.” (See Hab. i. 13.)

In love unfathomable, and sorrow beyond telling, He endured and exhausted the whole judgment of God against sin, and, with loud triumphant shout, declared before angels, devils, and men, “*It is finished!*” All glory to His blessed name for ever!

Thanks be to God, this is not the end of the story; for the work that righteousness and holi-

ness made *absolutely necessary*, has been shewn by His resurrection to have been *absolutely sufficient*. He who was *delivered for our offences* has been *raised* again for our *justification*—clearance. That is, the *righteousness that delivered Him up*, is the righteousness that has raised Him again. This is proof beyond dispute, that what He has done for God on the sinner’s behalf, has not only met with satisfaction, but has cast a halo of glory about every attribute of His person. (See John xiii. 31, 32.) So that, now,

“The sinner who believes is free,
Can say, ‘The Saviour died for me’ ;
Can point to *the atoning blood*,
And say, ‘*This made my peace with God.*’”

To return to the illustration—if some friend, who out of compassion for you, had charged himself with your debt, is *now free* from any further charge, then *you*, on whose behalf it was paid, *are also free from all further charge*.

If our adorable Substitute is now *free in resurrection—and He is*,—then the sinner who *believes* in Him is free too. In other words the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is justified—*i.e.* cleared from all charge of sin—*freely* by His grace *through the redemption* that is in Christ Jesus. (Rom. iii. 24.)

To see *Him sat down* on the right hand of the Majesty (Heb. i. 3) is to know

“*There remaineth no more to be done*,
Christ once in the end of the world hath appeared
And *completed* the work He begun.”

To see *Him crowned with glory and honour* (Heb. ii. 9), is to know that that work has been completed in such a way as to both glorify God (John xiii. 32) and clear the sinner. So that

now God's righteousness can only be expressed by raising the One who did the work to the highest place in the glory.

Now the joyful tidings comes pealing down from that throne of glory. "*Be it known unto you . . . by Him all that believe are justified from all things.*" (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

" Believe, and God's salvation sure
Is free to every one ;
In *manifested righteousness*
He honours thus His Son."

Now, dear friend, I trust you will see from all this that that which was righteously necessary to make your peace with God has been *already accomplished* by Christ on the cross, and now God is *proclaiming* pardon, justification and peace to the vilest sinner. (Acts x. 43 ; xiii. 38, 39.)

To charge the believer, whose trust is in the Lord Jesus, is to call in question the work which He accomplished on his behalf. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" (Rom. viii. 33) is God's challenge to the universe, respecting those whom *He has justified*.

The moment, dear friend; you are able to put your heart's confidence in that all-worthy Saviour, and to say honestly from the depths of your

" Lord Jesus, I do trust thee ;
Trust without a doubt,"

soul—that moment you are viewed by God as before Him in all the value of Christ's atoning sacrifice.

May the Lord give you to see that your peace with God does not depend upon your estimate of the value of that work, but that it rests upon this fact, that *God has found eternal satisfaction*, and

has been infinitely glorified in the work that Christ has finished on your behalf.

Peace will possess your soul the moment you rest in simple faith upon the finished work of Christ. Then you will be able to say—

“Sweetest rest and peace have filled me,
Sweeter praise than tongue can tell ;
God is satisfied with Jesus,
I am satisfied as well.

“Conscience now no more condemns me ;
For His own most precious blood,
Once for all has washed and cleansed me—
Cleansed me in the eyes of God.”

That this, my dear friend, may be your happy portion, is the earnest desire and prayer of,

Yours very sincerely,

ART. C.

INFINITE.

INFINITE *wisdom* is found alone in God. He is the infinite God, the source of all wisdom, and has displayed it in all His ways. It shines out in myriad forms in creation. Yet, wondrous as all this is, it is of an entirely different order to the *infinite wisdom* that shines in His great scheme for the eternal redemption of a lost and guilty race. All is eclipsed by wisdom's masterpiece, God's eternal purpose in Christ.

Infinite love has been manifested by God in the death of His Son. The object of His love was this poor world, steeped in sin and iniquity, and full of hatred and enmity against Him. If it were a question of desert, long ago had judgment swept the whole human race into the lake of fire. But judgment is His strange work. God is love,

and love must have an object. This poor world of sinners drew it out. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son. Was there ever love to equal that? Impossible! It is incomparable, perfect, *infinite*!

Infinite sorrow casts its shadow around the cross of Christ. What sorrow is like unto His, as He, the Son of the Blessed, offered Himself as the Lamb of God's providing, a sacrifice for sin on Calvary. God is light, and sin must be judged, and there Jesus drank sorrow's deepest cup to the last dregs. Made sin, His bosom was bared to the awful stroke of Divine justice, our due; He bore the judgment of God. Who can fathom the infinite sorrow of that heart, as the awful cry passed from His blessed lips, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" How blessed for us to hear Him add, "It is finished," ere He bowed His head in death.

Infinite satisfaction was found by God in His own Son, in a scene where all dishonoured Him, and in His finished work, whereby God was glorified and sin's judgment borne. In righteousness He raised Him from the dead and exalted Him, thereby giving an open witness before angels and men of His delight in Him who stooped so low, and humbled Himself to suffer the shameful death of the cross. *God is glorified in Him* (John xiii. 31), and the glorified Man, Jesus, the Lord, seated triumphant at His right hand, is an abiding testimony to all of His *infinite satisfaction* in Him and in His work.

Infinite grace flows now in consequence, full and free from the very glory where Christ is seated, bringing a present and eternal salvation for all. (1 Titus ii. 11.) Through righteousness

grace reigns triumphant, abounds where sin abounded, meets guilty lost ones under the judgment of God and saves them for ever. The glad message of God's *infinite grace* meets us in the very depths of our need. The moment we bow before Him in self-judgment, and believe on the Name of His Son, the precious blood blots out all our sins. God in justice justifies, and reconciles us to Himself through His finished work, and we stand in *infinite grace* in Christ for ever.

Infinite glory awaits us in His presence on high. The salvation of God with eternal glory is ours in Christ (2 Tim. ii. 10). Into that glory He has Himself already entered. He went there to prepare a place for us. Grace and glory are yoked together. All who receive God's grace can rejoice in hope of God's glory (Rom. v. 2), and the glory, as the grace, is infinite. A place with Jesus in the Father's house, in the eternal glory of God, is ours. Who can fathom the heights and depths, and lengths and breadths of that *infinite glory*, the blessed portion of *all who believe on His Name!*

Infinite judgment is the only alternative for all who refuse to bow to God, and who neglect the great salvation His grace has brought. For the glory of His own holy Name, He must have an eternal witness against sin. Nothing can cleanse the sinner, and make him fit for the glory of God, but the precious blood of Christ. Without it, judgment already rests upon him, and *infinite judgment* awaits him in the eternal future. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.)

Reader, can *you* say from the heart, "*Christ is mine*"?

E. H. C.

GROPING IN THE DARK—REJOICING
IN THE LIGHT.

“WHO,” says Voltaire, “can, without horror, consider the whole world as the empire of destruction. It abounds with wonders, it also abounds with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is without pity pursued and torn to pieces through the earth, and air, and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together. He loves life, yet he knows he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative: other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers; in cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay; in cheating and being cheated; in robbing and being robbed; in serving that he might command; and in repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcasses than men.

“I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself; and I WISH I HAD NEVER BEEN BORN.”

* * * *

Now let us hear the language of the excellent Hallyburton, who died, as he lived, full of confidence in God:

“I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had; and shall praise

Him for ever and ever. Oh, the thoughts of an incarnate Deity are sweet and ravishing! Oh, how I wonder at myself that I do not love Him more, and that I do not admire Him more. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in the view of death itself. What a mercy that having the use of my reason I can declare His goodness to my soul. I bless His name that I have found Him, and I die rejoicing in Him. OH, BLESSED BE GOD THAT EVER I WAS BORN!"

Extracted.

SATAN'S LIE EXPOSED—GOD'S LOVE
EXPRESSED.

EVE gave up God for an apple. She, virtually, thought the devil a much better friend to her than God, and took his word instead of God's. Satan is a liar from the beginning and at the cross the Lord Jesus Christ proved this. It cost the Lord His life to prove that God was good. Christ came to contradict the devil's lie, which man believed, and under which the whole world is lying. Grace and truth came by Christ, and, at all cost, were set up by Him on the cross. Man can do without God, and from the beginning the whole world has been a public lie against God. Who could unriddle it? Look at creation, how it groans under the bondage of corruption. Look at providence. How can I account for the goodness of God, when I see an infant writhing with pain? How can I reconcile the two things? The villain prospers, the good man suffers.

When I see Christ on the cross, I see what God

is. DEATH CAME ON MAN BY REASON OF SIN. But Christ takes my sin on His own sinless person, bows His head in death upon the cross, and thus sets aside that lie of Satan, "Ye shall not surely die." Thus was God's truth re-established here below in the work and the person of the Lord Jesus, and nowhere else. In Him I see *holiness, truth, and love*, no matter at what cost.

J. N. D.

TWO SOLILOQUIES.

THE SINNER'S.

I STAND upon the shore of Time. Before me lies Eternity, measureless, boundless, limitless. I gaze into its dismal depths, and my soul, shuddering, recoils within me.

I fear Eternity, for as I gaze, out of the darkness phantom forms of hideous shape appear and beckon grimly to me.

I dread Eternity, for as I listen, low sounds of weeping and despairing wailing reach me: cries from lost souls burdened with remorse and agony, souls ruined, lost beyond the help of God or man, souls left by God, their wails proclaim it. Oh, those cries! they strike upon my heart, they peal their awful tale into mine ears, prophetic of *my* doom when stepping out of Time I pass into Eternity!

Backwards I look; the world has left me, the joys of other days are fled, loved friends are gone, I shall behold them nevermore, I go to join lost men and devils, damned souls and guilty spirits.

My sins are speaking—sins against Light and Love divine. Oh Memory, dost thou still haunt

me? Oh, leave me, like the other things of Earth! Alas! I know thou wilt not leave me. Thou art to be my Torturer, following me into the Hereafter; dread legacy of Time.

Forward I look, that awful darkness is to me the wrath of God. Poor, naked, desolate, forlorn, and unforgiven, I stand, for ever lost. I have nowhere to flee. Heart fails. Hope dies. *Eternity is the dwelling-place of wrath*—GOD'S WRATH—and this is my abode. Oh, woe is me! I am to dwell for aye where God's wrath dwells, my cup with judgment filled; this my portion, the portion of my soul, the judgment of my sins, for evermore.

THE CHRISTIAN'S.

I stand upon the shore of Time.

Before me lies Eternity, measureless, limitless, boundless. I gaze into its radiant depths, and while I gaze, bright angel forms appear and beckon me to cross the narrow line that separates.

Eternity has no fear for me. As I listen, sweet strains of heavenly music reach me. I hear the singing of the saved, harmony divine, bursting from the hearts of blood-purged ones. Better than all, the Lord Jesus is ready to receive my spirit.

Visions of glory float before my raptured soul. I see a city shining with gold and gems, reflecting the Lamb's glory, the heavenly Paradise, with crystal river and tree of life, home of immortal joy. God's dwelling-place, home of the saved, *my* home.

Backwards I look. Farewell poor world, gladly I leave thee, thou hast no charm for me. My Saviour Jesus is not there. I haste to reach *Him*.

Forward I look. Earth's cares and tears are

buried in a past I leave for ever; Heaven's golden day is dawning Upon my opened eyes its beams are brightly breaking. Peace reigns within, a holy transport fills me. Before me lies God's rest. Into that rest *I* enter. I go to dwell with Him whose glory fills that scene, with Him who died that I might live, whose toil has won that rest for me. Oh! blest eternity, I welcome thee.

W. H. S.

ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED?

YOU are sure to be disappointed if you look for that in yourself which can only be found in Another; if you look for that in the law which can only be found in the gospel; if you look for that on earth which is only to be found in heaven.

It is IN CHRIST, and in the place where Christ is, that true joy and satisfaction are to be found. It is on the principle of *grace*, and *not* on the principle of *merit*, that this satisfaction can be reached. The law of God claimed a love *from* you that was worthy of Him who claimed it. The gospel of God brings the story of a love *to* you that is worthy of Him in whose heart it originates, and from whose bosom it springs. The blessing of the gospel flows *from* heaven, and will only have its full fruition *in* heaven.

Learn, then, what *God's* heart is; see that heart expressed in view of all your badness; turn to Him (Christ) who expressed it, and dark disappointment will give place to fullest satisfaction, deepest distress to sweetest praise.

“NOT I, BUT CHRIST”; NOT MERIT, BUT GRACE;
NOT EARTH, BUT HEAVEN. GEO. C.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



WHY DOES MAN HATE THE BIBLE ?

“THAT book” (said a caviller one day, speaking of the word of God) “is not fit to be read to my children.” Would it not have been better if he had paused a moment, and asked, “If all the truth of my *own* history had been written down, would it be fit to read to my children ?”

Why does man hate the Scriptures so much ? “It is a collection of *fables*,” he says. “But this cannot be the real reason, for if you accept this charge, Æsop and others have, before now, made a collection of fables, and he does not hate *them*.” “It is only a history,” he says, “and there are mistakes in it.” But even if this *were* true, why do not other histories get a share of his hatred ? “It has so many contradictions in it.” How glad he seems to be when he *thinks* he has found one. But it is easier to make the charge of a so-called contradiction, than to honestly point it out. But if he actually found a thousand (in reality he cannot find one), it would be no reason for these strong feelings of undisguised bitterness. He says the story of Jesus Christ is only a myth, that He never existed as He is spoken of in the Bible—that the Bible statements are not true. But people don’t get angry about *Grecian* mythology ; they don’t get madly excited over the stories of Jupiter or Hercules, because *they* are not true. Ah, no, all this cavilling lacks the clear ring of genuine honesty. The *true* reason must be sought

elsewhere. "Thy word is a . . . *light* unto my path," said David (Psa. cxix. 105.), and "men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For everyone that doeth evil *hateth the light*, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd" [*shown as they are*].—(John iii. 19, 20. New Trans.) This is the true secret.

A farmer in Lincolnshire said that he had not opened the Bible for nearly 20 years—that he *dare* not do it. Every page seemed to condemn him.

The word of God is as the eye of God upon the soul of man, and because he cannot bear it, he tries his utmost to set it aside and get rid of it.

A certain princess in one of the South African native tribes, though only a plain-featured, commonplace sort of creature, was greatly flattered by those who wished to please her, by being told she was not only the most lovely woman in her tribe, but that her face was the most beautiful on earth! About that time an English hand-glass was brought to her. She had never before seen any such thing in her life. On receiving the mirror, she went into her hut to take one good, long, delightful look at her own beauty. But when she held up the glass and saw her own face (anything but handsome), she was so greatly annoyed that she lifted her royal fist and dashed the glass to pieces, and then made a law that no looking-glass should ever again be brought into the tribe. Why this rage? It was not the material glass she quarrelled with, but with the unpalatable revelation it made of what *she* really was. But did breaking the mirror change a single feature? No. In this respect it left her as it found her.

Take another illustration. A rich China-man, who visited this country, took great

delight in a beautiful microscope which was shown him. Having purchased one for himself, he took it back to China with him. One day, he chanced to examine a tiny bit of his boiled dinner rice, when, to his horror, he discovered that there were actually tiny living creatures in it! Now it was part of his creed not to eat anything that had once had animal life. What was to be done now? He was not only particularly fond of his rice, but it was the staple of his daily food. He thought he only saw one way out of it. He would destroy the instrument that pointed out the distasteful fact, and accordingly dashed to pieces the offending microscope!

Now, foolish as these two heathens may appear in the light of ordinary civilised common sense, yet the course pursued by those who attack the Scripture, is quite as foolish. They talk as though *facts* could be altered as easily as *opinions* are changed. Alas, that man should thus deceive himself, and by madly flinging the friendly "lamp" from him, leave himself in such utter darkness.

Neither the negro-princess nor the Chinaman saw a way out of their inevitable difficulty. Whereas if the word of God exposes what *we* really are, if it leaves no question as to what our conduct really involves, it tells us of a righteous deliverance from both, in the death of Christ. If it exposes my moral ugliness, it shows me that there is a way of standing before God, clad in the comeliness of Another—the beauty of Christ. God Himself has devised this way, as it is written:—"Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (1 Cor. i. 30.) If it shows the character of what I have

been doing all my life; if it shows the ultimate result of so continuing, it tells, with equal plainness, of what Another has done, the Lord Jesus Christ, and that, through faith in His precious blood, I may get forgiveness of the past, and power for a new walk in the future.

The word of God holds out true happiness for every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ—"joy and peace in believing"; "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Tens of thousands have proved it through life, and tested its reality upon a dying pillow. What a treasure it is to the Christian!

Does infidelity hold out anything really worth having even in this world, or anything better when the journey of life is over, than "a leap in the dark?" It does not.

It is said that a Mr. Wilmot, an infidel, when dying, laid his thin trembling hand on the bible, and exclaimed solemnly, and with more than ordinary energy, "The only objection against this book is—A BAD LIFE."

Be it your wisdom, dear reader, to come to the Word of God with open bosom, and honestly face the truth. If it detect the evil in you, it will direct you as to how to get rid of it. If in its light you see yourself a sinner, the same light will give you to read that faithful saying, so "worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." If it make known that man in his natural state will not do for God, it will make equally plain that God has found Another Man in whom all His delight can centre, and that every believer stands accepted in that Man. May this blessing be yours. Take one step in the light now, and it will never be yours to take a "leap in the dark" at the end. GEO. C.

MADE WILLING, AND MADE WELCOME.

“THE next chapter (Luke xv.) opens with *publicans and sinners*, and *there* is communion of soul with Him as a *Saviour*. The moment the Lord got that object, He was at home. He passes on through all, till ‘publicans and sinners’ draw near to Him. He had entered and left the Pharisee’s house, and His spirit had not breathed a comfortable atmosphere; but when a poor sinner comes and looks at Him, that moment His whole heart gave itself out, and uttered itself in the three beautiful parables that follow. It is impossible to follow the spirit of Christ in this chapter without being comforted. Could I know Christ as I would know Him if He could find a home in *my* world? *No!* but He says, ‘If I can’t find a home *here*, do you come and find a home with *Me*. You have disappointed *Me*, but I will not disappoint *you*.’ As one said once, ‘In preaching the gospel, the Lord said, “Well, if *I* cannot trust *you*, *you* must trust *Me*.”’ It is another version of the same thought here, and these beautiful parables show one leading and commanding truth, that God’s world is made happy by sinners getting into it. Do you believe that you, as a sinner, are important to heaven? Whether you believe it or not, it is true. It is not *our* gain in the matter of salvation that is presented here, but God’s joy, and that only. He takes these homely figures that our thoughts may not be distracted, and that you may learn that you are lost; but you learn, too, the joy of God in recovering you. I do not believe a richer thought can enter the soul of man. I sit down in heaven, not as a recovered sinner only, but as one whose recovery has formed the

joy of heaven. Now you are at Christ's table, in Christ's world, and you see what kind of a place it is. As for the poor lost sheep, if left to itself it would only have wandered farther still; and as for the piece of money, it would have lain there to this hour, if the woman had not searched diligently till she found it.

"Now let us combine these two chapters. In the fourteenth you get the words, 'Compel them to come in,' and in the fifteenth you get the prodigal compelled. We were observing the missions of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost never gives me my title to glory, but He enables me to read it. If I could not read it, it would be no use to me. Now, I ask, *what* is this compulsion? It is not against your will, but you are *made* willing in the day of His power. Take, for instance, the prodigal. When he was brought to his last penny he began to be in want, *he came to himself*. This was the beginning of the compelling, when the poor prodigal opened his eyes to his condition. What did the Lord do to the heart of Lydia? He opened it, and her opened heart listened to what Paul spoke. The mighty compelling power showed itself here, when the poor prodigal looked round on his condition and said, 'What shall I do?' The Holy Ghost makes you willing when He makes you see your need, and that death and judgment are before you. He stirs you up by this, till He puts you on the road to God. One poor soul says, 'I had better begin to look out for Eternity,' another is terrified by the thought of death and judgment. He will take you in any way. The thing is to get your back on the land where once you lingered.

“The poor prodigal says, ‘I will arise; I have found out the end of my own doings; I will go to my Father.’ And back he goes and back he is welcomed!

“The story of the prodigal beautifully illustrates the *compelling* of the previous chapter. Zacchæus wished to see Jesus one morning, and up he got into a tree. That was the compelling of the Holy Ghost. Oh, what two chapters! Christ disappointed in *your* world, and you satiated in Christ’s world.”

J. G. B.

“NIGHT AND DAY” SERVICE.

THE Apostle Paul was never idle; if we look at him externally, he was always busy. It was not a few hours daily work with him. He could call the saints at Thessalonica to testify to this: “For ye remember, brethren, our labour and travail: for labouring *night* and *day*, because we would not be chargeable unto any of you, we preached unto you the gospel of God.” (1 Thess. 2-9.) His hands were busy making tents, working not merely for his own necessities, but that he might help others also. And he could say to the elders of Ephesus, “Ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.” (Acts xx. 34.) But there was more than the merely natural in all this. Christ lived in him, as he tells us in Galatians ii. 20, “I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me,” and while Paul’s fingers were busy with the twine and canvas, he, that new “I,” was in the closest fellowship with God. He could speak of himself as “*Night* and *day* praying

exceedingly." (1 Thess. iii. 10.) *Night and day* working, "*night and day* praying exceedingly;" and this, not for his own salvation, but from love to the souls of others; not for *self*, but for a known *Saviour*. May such service be ours!

"I would not work my soul to save—
That work my Lord has done,
But I would work like any slave
From love to God's dear Son."

"Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know,
Nought for sin could e'er atone
But Thy blood, and Thine alone."

C. R.

PEACE AND STORM.

THERE is the calm which follows the raging of the tempest, and the stillness which precedes the storm.

Perhaps, my reader, you are a stranger to soul trouble. The anxiety experienced by others is quite unknown to you. Yours, then, is the peace which precedes, and not that which follows the storm?

To make it plain. In the ancient city of Philippi there lived a rough, brutal man. He was a jailer, with heart as hard as the manacles which he fastened on the wrists of his prisoners.

One night he slept, and his slumbers were undisturbed by the voice of conscience. At midnight a mighty earthquake shook the prison to its foundation, and shook this drudge of the devil as well, shook him out of his fatal sleep to find himself in the tossing sea of soul-anxiety.

At once the devil was at the helm, and guided

his hapless bark to the very verge of a suicide's hell.

At that moment, when the powers of darkness were preparing to receive him, he was **SAVED**. Yes, saved for the glory, saved by the blood of God's dear Son!

In the midnight stillness his anxious cry was heard, "What must I do to be saved?" Quick as thought came back the answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house," and he believed and rejoiced.

Not an hour afterwards we find him peacefully sitting in the enjoyment of salvation, in company with the men who had been so cruelly beaten but the day before.

This was the peace that followed the storm; peace made by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; peace proclaimed by Him in resurrection; peace offered to every troubled soul through faith in Him.

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.)

Is this peace yours, beloved reader? If troubled, why not take it now? But if it is not yours, and you are not troubled about your sins and your soul's great danger, then only the peace which comes before the storm is yours; and we earnestly pray God that He will disturb you at once.

We read of virgins (Matt. xxv.). Apparently without even a dream of judgment, they slumbered. Then a cry was heard, which broke the silence of the night and disturbed their sleep.

Now they run hither and thither to find the oil and make preparation to meet the Bride-

groom; but it is too late. He comes, and they are shut out. Then *their* storm begins: "Lord, Lord, open unto us," is the bitter wail that is heard outside that closed door, but only bringing from within that hope-destroying word, "Depart; I know you not."

Reader, the Lord is coming. He may be here to-day. If He come and close the door, with you on the wrong side, the eternal tempest of divine wrath must be yours. Your distressing cry, as you supplicate for mercy, will then be heard. But that mercy, now so freely offered, will not be available then, and into the blackness of hell's raging storm your hopeless soul will pass. No Saviour *there* to say, "Peace, be still." It will be judgment there, and nothing *but* judgment—judgment for ever. Reader, flee now for shelter. He says, "Come." Then come now.

"The storm that bowed Thy blessed head
Is hushed for ever now;
And rest divine is ours instead,
While glory crowns Thy brow."

J. T. M.

ARE YOUR SINS FORGIVEN ?

AN important question for a poor sinner with an immortal soul, is it not? It is quite certain that we must all, at some time, have to do with God. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. iv. 13), and it is equally certain that God is a holy God, who cannot look upon sin. Therefore, if a poor sinner is to spend eternity with a holy God in Heaven, he must have his sins forgiven before he dies, or he will never have them forgiven at all—"In the place where the

tree falleth, there it shall be," said the wisest man that ever lived before Christ (Ecc. xi. 3), and as the sinner dies, either saved or lost, forgiven or unforgiven, so he will come up again, the saved to be with Him, his Saviour, for ever; the lost one to meet Him as Judge.

The forgiveness of your sins is a thing to be settled *before* you die, not after. The Romish Church may teach that there is a purgatory, and that by paying money for masses the soul may be got out of it, but no such doctrine is to be found in the Word of God, and though it may bring plenty of money to those who teach it, it is nothing short of blasphemy to say that your soul's salvation may be bought for money. The poor thief on the cross, who never did a good work, went straight to Paradise, to be with Christ there. One believing look at a crucified Saviour brought him what all the good works in the world could never have given him.

HOPING AND HAVING.

Perhaps, however, someone who reads this little paper may say, "I cannot say I have forgiveness of my sins now, but I hope to have it before I die." But do you not believe that He "gave Himself for your sins?" (Gal. i. 4.) Read those words again, and then ask yourself if it is possible that, as the Son of God has given Himself for your sins, the righteous God can ever bring your sins against you. Why it would be to deny the sufficiency of the work of His own beloved Son. Do you think that God does not estimate far more highly than you or I can the value of that precious blood. He says it "*cleanses from all sin.*" What does the cross of Christ

mean, if it does not mean the putting away of the sins of those who accept as their Saviour the One who then and there became the Sin-bearer; the sinless, spotless Son of God.

IS IT PRESUMPTUOUS TO BE SURE?

Perhaps some of my readers will say, "Is it not very presumptuous to be sure of the forgiveness of your sins before you die?" What, presumptuous to believe what *God* says? Surely, it is more presumptuous to doubt it. And do you really think that the God who gave His Son to die for poor lost sinners, would keep any true believer in ignorance of the blessings which belong to those who trust in that precious blood? If you owed a creditor a thousand pounds, and had not one penny to pay it with, what would you think of a friend who placed a thousand pounds to your credit in the bank, and did not tell you he had done so? You would think it a strange way of doing you a kindness, would you not? And do you think that *God* would keep from those who trust in the precious blood of His Son, the knowledge of the blessings which He confers on them? Surely not. He tells us in His Word all that belongs to them. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." (1 Cor. ii. 9.) Read also Acts x. 43; xiii. 38, 39.

Perhaps some of my readers will say, "I do believe that all my sins were forgiven *up to the time of my conversion*, or are forgiven *up to this day*, but

WHAT ABOUT MY FUTURE SINS ?”

I will answer that question by asking another. What is it that has put away sin? One thing, and one thing only, the death of Christ; the shedding of that precious blood at the Cross. “Without *shedding* of blood is *no remission*.” (Heb. ix. 22.) I ask you to note every word of that sentence. “Without *shedding* of blood.” Christ can never die again; that precious blood can never be shed again, and if you are a believer (I do not say one who professes to believe, but one who believes from the heart) your sins were all put away in God’s sight when Jesus died, or they never can be, for *Christ can never die again*.

Let me ask you another question. Were not *all* your sins future sins when Jesus died? Of course they were, for He died 1800 years and more before you were born; so that if He met the question of your sins at the Cross, He did so 1800 and more years ago. “Who His own self bare our sins *in His own body on the tree*.” (1 Peter ii. 24.) It would really seem as if believers thought it was their *faith* which put away their sins, instead of the precious blood of Christ. I am quite sure that faith in that precious blood brings us into the blessing, and makes it ours; but again, I say, the sins were in God’s sight dealt with in the Person of the Sin-bearer on the Cross at Calvary, and God has in grace and in righteousness put away the sins, that He may not put away the sinner that believes in His Son.

Perhaps you will say, “Does not the believer sin? and what is he to do if he does?” Alas we do sin, though there is no excuse for it, for God has given His Holy Spirit to those who believe (Eph. i. 13) that they may not sin; but such

is the wilfulness of these hearts of ours, that if we are not watchful and prayerful, we shall certainly sin, and grieve that blessed Spirit, in thought, word, or even, perhaps, deed. ("The thought of foolishness is sin." Prov. xxiv. 9.) What meets us if we do? If you will look at 1 John, ii. 1, you will see. He is writing there to believers, "My little children," he says, "these things write I unto you that ye sin not [that is, God does not expect you to sin]; and if any man sin, we have *an Advocate with the Father*, Jesus Christ the righteous." It does not say an advocate *with God*, though of course God is our Father if we are believers, but that even our failure cannot touch the relationship with God into which the death and resurrection of Christ have brought us; and Christ pleads with the Father for us, and shows as it were the blood on the mercy-seat (propitiation) as His title to plead. When He was on earth He told His disciples that they were, except Judas, "clean every whit" (John xiii. 10, 11), and He says this to Peter, who He knew was going to deny Him next day, but He had prayed for Peter that his *faith* might not fail when he failed himself; that is, that when he found out that he had a heart bad enough to deny the Master he really loved, he might not lose confidence in the love of that Master.

Perhaps some one will say "it is a very dangerous doctrine to say your sins are all gone, for then you may sin as much as you like, and go to Heaven after all." I shall not waste many words to answer this, for I am sure no true believer would say it; and God meets it in His Word, when the apostle says,

in Romans vi., "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound." No, dear friend, if you are a believer you will more and more learn how hateful sin is to God, and will more and more hate it yourself.

Perhaps some of my readers are obliged to answer the question at the head of this little paper, by saying 'No, my sins are not forgiven, and I know it.' I beseech you to think for a moment what that means; that you have all your sins upon you, and that at any moment you may be cut off in those sins. If you are there will be *no remedy*, mark that. If you have heard God's way of salvation and neglected it, and die neglecting it, there is no escape for you. "How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great salvation." (Heb. ii. 3.) That is a question God asks you in His Word, and you cannot answer it, for there is no escape for such. God gives you this present moment while you read this paper; the next may be too late, for you may have died in your sins, and there is no forgiveness after death. "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that *without remedy*." (Prov. xxix. 1.) A. P. G.

ENQUIRER'S CORNER.

SPEAKING OF CHRIST TO OTHERS.

"I sometimes feel I ought to speak to men far above my station in life, and worry myself very much because of my inability to do so. I am perplexed to know whether God means me to do so or not, and get into such a state that I am no use to anybody."

Mere *effort* to speak is worth but little. Indeed, we do not think God would *care* for

you to speak of His beloved Son under such circumstances. It is out of "the *abundance of the heart*" that the mouth speaketh, and, remember, as to speaking worthily of Christ, the heart has no abundance of its own.

It is only when the fulness of the love of God in Christ is flowing into it, that there is any power for an outflow. To use a figure, when water pressure is great it will find vent through the smallest aperture, and when the love of Christ is enjoyed by the soul it will, without the need of any "pump" of legal effort to produce it, be sure to creep out somehow.

You will generally be safe, dear friend, in speaking *when you can't help it*, and should you feel a reluctance at any time, don't go on "trying," nor yet keep fretting yourself because you can't get a word out, but examine yourself and your ways, as to what you are allowing that *hinders your enjoyment of the love of Christ*. Be sure of this, the whole secret is here. Salvation costs us nothing, but to walk through this world in the fulness of heavenly joy will cost us the surrender of many an idol. Enjoy His love, and all that that love *cannot* delight in will soon go for what it is worth. GEO. C.

N.B.—The Editor purposes devoting a little space in this magazine each month to the help of enquirers who are in exercise of soul. No names, or even initials, will be published. The question will be stated, or the substance of it, *when the Editor considers it to be for general profit, and only then*.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



SECRET DOUBTERS.

IN the matter of the knowledge of salvation, there are three great classes of religious doubters.

1. Those who think it *right* to be in uncertainty as to the future.

2. Those who believe it is *possible* to be sure, yet confess openly that they have no assurance.

3. Those who have serious doubts about their acceptance, though generally *supposed to have none*.

To the first class, that is, those who adopt *uncertainty* as part of their creed, we have little to say. That which God would make known to "every creature," they would fain seal up under the title of "unknowable." Wilful ignorance!

"Now for the Grand Secret," said a dying tradesman, in Lincolnshire, to his sorrowing family, as they stood round his bed. "Grand Secret!" when God has plainly said, "*Ye may know*." (1 John v. 13.) "Grand Secret!" when "BE IT KNOWN unto you" is heard ringing, in unmistakable distinctness, from the lips of an "ambassador" specially commissioned by the Lord of glory for this ministry! (Acts xiii. 38.)

Should such a doubter chance to read these pages, we would earnestly remind him that human opinions, when they contradict the word of God, are worse than nothing, and the end will surely prove it. Man is an important being in his

own estimation; but death has to be faced, and "in that very day his thoughts perish." Not so the truth of the gospel. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Between the next two classes there is one main difference. In the one case, the lack of the comfort of divine assurance is openly and unhesitatingly confessed. In the other, although the comfort is lacking, the lips are well-nigh sealed. Such souls seem to consider it hardly orthodox to say that *they* have a misgiving. Having once confessed that they are *sure* of salvation, what would their fellow-believers think if they now said otherwise! Besides, they once had some plain verses of Scripture pointed out to them as the ground of their assurance; and, like the limpet to the rock, for dear life they tenaciously hold on to them. For example, they have the "SHALL NOT come into condemnation," of John v. 24; the "ARE justified from all things," of Acts xiii. 39; the "HATH everlasting life," of John iii. 36; and we heartily thank God with them that they *have* such unfailing reserves to fall back upon. But, at the same time, there is a good deal of inward struggle, which, if it were expressed on the lip, would certainly not sound like having the "full assurance of faith." Such souls have almost to *argue* themselves into the propriety of continuing to confess that they are saved, for, in their honest judgment, there is most perplexing evidence to the contrary.

Now, the secret of all such inward restlessness lies in the lack of apprehension *by the soul* (whatever the *head* may know about it) that salvation is entirely on the ground of GRACE. In multitudes of cases, there is a secret clinging to the

thought of merit. Not natural merit, perhaps, but *merit* notwithstanding — merit produced in them by the Holy Spirit. If they could only discover in themselves such longed-for merit they would rest satisfied; not finding it, they are, at best, ill at ease. What they see in the Scriptures would make them quite sure, if it were not that some lack in themselves makes them doubt.

Now, such souls have not yet fully seen that the believer's goodness, even if he could reach the standard he aims at, could not *merit* God's blessing: on the other hand, that all his discovered and confessed badness could not *forfeit* it. There would be a limit to the abounding grace of "the God of all grace," if my badness were so great as to shut me out of blessing; and it would not be grace at all, if my goodness could bring me into it. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." (Rom. v. 20.) The apostle could say of himself, after speaking of his blasphemous, persecuting, overbearing, Christ-hating course, "But the grace of our Lord surpassingly overabounded." (1 Tim. i. 14, New Trans.)

If it was my badness that made Christ's death an absolute necessity, it was by the grace of God He tasted that death for me. (Heb. ii. 9.)

If, therefore, my badness has been the occasion for the expression of His grace through Christ, my badness cannot, at the same time, be the means of shutting me out of the blessing.

We would ask any secret doubter to consider, prayerfully, the two following questions:—

1st. Is *God* righteously satisfied with the giving up of the life of His own Son as a ransom?

2nd. Are *you* so satisfied with the work accom-

plished that you cannot help desiring as your Saviour the blessed One who accomplished it?

Again we ask, Is not GOD satisfied? Never mind your *own* feelings about it—they are but of small account at best. Is GOD satisfied? Has He not raised and glorified Jesus on that very ground? He has, blessed be God, He has! Read the assurance of this in the words which fell from the Lord's own lips: "*If God be glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Him in Himself, and shall straightway glorify Him.*" (John xiii. 32.)

All God's righteous requirements having been met, and, still more, His holy name glorified in the meeting of them (John xvii. 4), He is now, through the merit of Christ, free to gratify His own heart. He can bless the very chief of sinners, and bless him *righteously*. Grace reigns "*through righteousness.*" That is, the sinner can be *righteously* blessed through grace, because grace has found One who was equal to the work of becoming righteously answerable for his sins.

Looking at Christ's cross, and at His crowns of glory, we can say, *It is all of God's righteousness*; looking at ourselves, we can say, *It is all of His grace.*

When you first came to Christ, all that you had to bring was the heart-felt confession that you were such a sinner and that nothing but grace and mercy would do for you; and the *last* lesson, in this respect, is only the first lesson deepened. If you have, since then, made deeper discoveries of the evil within you naturally, it is only that you may have a better apprehension of the fact that the grace that met you at the beginning is the grace that keeps you to the end, and that to this grace you have owed, and will owe everything.

“By *grace* are ye saved.” (Eph. ii. 8.)

“We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the *riches of His grace*.” (Eph. i. 7.)

Nor has grace done with us when our souls are redeemed and our sins forgiven, for “in the ages to come” He will show “*the exceeding riches of His grace* in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.” (Eph. ii. 7.)

What boundless blessing is here ; all, all because of what HE is.

HIS GRACE.

THE RICHES OF HIS GRACE.

THE EXCEEDING RICHES OF HIS GRACE.

Can you not say, spite of all your unworthiness and all Satan’s subtilty, that *God* is so satisfied with Christ that He has crowned Him with glory and honour ; and *you* so need Him, that you could not do without Him ?

A glorified Saviour, and a heart that cannot do without Him, are arguments which utterly confound the foe, and drive him from the field without another word. May some troubled reader so learn to overcome.

GEO. C.

THE BEST—THE GREATEST.

“**W**HAT is the best thing the Lord ever did for you ?” asked a Christian of a little Irish boy eight years old.

“He *always* did the best for me in everything,” was the quick reply.

“Well, what was the greatest ?”

“He died for me.”

Reader, can you say the same ?

E. H. C.

“ONLY A MID-DAY MELTING.”

THE God with whom we have to do must, and will, have REALITY. When it is the question of the soul's salvation, nothing short of the “real thing” will suffice. Mere *profession* of religion may pass muster with men, but He who alone knows the *heart* requires true “repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.”

A short time ago we were forcibly reminded of the truth of this:—About noon one day, in the long-to-be-remembered severe month of February, 1895, we had a brief conversation with a man who was, with some difficulty, clearing away from a foot-path the trodden and frozen snow, which had been melted on the surface by the noon-day sun.

We asked him if he considered the softening a real “ground thaw?”

“No,” he said, “I think *it's only a mid-day melting*, and will freeze up again to-night!”

And so it did. We happened to know that about twelve months previously this same man had a severe illness, from which he was not expected to recover. His soul then seemed softened, and hopes were entertained of his getting saved.

Through mercy he recovered from the illness, but, alas! as is the case with many others, all his good resolutions and fair promises to God had, to use the figure, only proved to be *a mid-day melting*, and not a real *ground thaw*! All froze up again when health returned! During his illness he would listen to words about the love of

Jesus, and the importance of being saved, but when well again, those exercises vanished away like the morning cloud, and his ears seemed like the very ice he was breaking.

On the same day of this interview, we called at a shop, and raised a similar question with the shop-keeper, and oh! how different was his response, “Praise the Lord,” said he, “I was blessed, at a preaching, with a *ground thaw* at the age of fifteen, and although I have at times, since then, felt a bit cold, I have never frozen up, and, through God’s grace, never shall.”

Yes, it was the “real thing” with him; he had the root of the matter in him. Thank God, he will never perish, and he knows it. It was no mere “mid-day melting” with him! We have not much faith in death-bed repentances. We only know of one case of an eleventh-hour conversion mentioned in God’s Word, and that is the thief on the cross. Just *one* instance, that none need despair, but only one, that none may presume!

Our reader may not have been so near death’s door as some, but we wish to ask you lovingly, but *pointedly*, Have you ever yet experienced a real “ground thaw” in your soul, or have you only had “mid-day meltings,” to be frozen up before the next morning?

When the Lord Jesus was here, He said, “Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up: some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and *because they*

had no root, they withered away . . . But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear. . . . He that received the seed into *stony places*, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with *joy* receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while: for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended." (Matt. xiii.)

God in sovereign grace can, of course, use sickness, sorrow, or anything He chooses, to awaken and soften souls, but, mark, it is "The *goodness of God* leadeth thee to repentance," and do you not see, dear reader, that if such love as was shewn by Christ in all His suffering of wrath and judgment on the cross for unworthy sinners, does not lead you to the Saviour, nothing else can.

Note, too, that when *judgment* overtakes sinners it does *not* lead them to repentance, because in the book of Revelation, when the seals are opened, the trumpets blown, and the vials poured out in increased intensity, it is said, "Neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts . . . they . . . blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores, and *repented not* of their deeds." (chap. ix.-xvi.) Neither will there be true repentance towards God in hell. There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, but that will be in anger, and avail nothing. Then, dear unsaved one, may it please God in His mercy to show you your need of a true "*ground thaw*," which is only to be had in this sunny day of His love and grace. Remember that the awful, dark, eternal

night of freezing up will soon set in for all who may have only the "*mid-day melting!*" The human heart is so hard and deceitful, so desperately wicked, that even the flames of the lake of fire can never soften it for blessing. We beseech you to receive the Saviour, who in love endured so much to deliver such hardened sinners from such a hardening hell, so that they might have the full enjoyment of His own warm love, and dwell near His own blessed person in the Father's house, where "ground thaws" are not needed, and "soul frosts" can never come. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

"It passeth *telling!* that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget."

J. N.

THE CALL.

COME thou and follow Me, accept o'er thee My sway,¹
Own Me *thy Saviour-Jesus, Lord, life, way,*²
Henceforth disciple be, and taking up thy cross,³
Learn thou of Me, and count all else but loss.⁴

Wash in Siloam's pool, its heav'nly meaning see;⁵
Enter the lists, and *witness* here for Me;⁶
Not *Lord* nor *Saviour* only, look on Me *the Son!*⁷
Then *worship* at My feet, a ransomed one.⁸

¹ Mark i. 17.

² Romans x. 8, 9; John xiv. 6.

³ Luke xiv. 27.

⁴ Matt. xi. 28-30; Phil. iii. 7, 8.

⁵ John ix. 7; xi. 42; 1 John iv. 9, 10, 14.

⁶ John ix. 15, 17, 25, 30-33.

⁷ John ix. 35-37.

⁸ John ix. 38.

T. G

REST.

WE remember once standing at the corner of two of the main thoroughfares in the busy city of Chicago. Passing in quick succession were people of every age, rank, occupation, and nationality, busied with the affairs of the day.

As the crowd jostled one against another, in their hurry—this way and that—we were struck with the expression on almost every face. Scarcely did we notice one that seemed to be in the enjoyment of that blessed element—REST. As we thought for a moment on those words of our blessed Lord, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matthew xi. 28) we felt that in His infinite wisdom He was offering to earth’s weary ones, the greatest of all blessings. Yes, He who could read, not only the face, but the heart also, knew what was most needed there, and promised what alone could satisfy it. Is it not strange, then, that in man’s search for soul satisfaction, he will try everything under the sun, before he will come to Him who alone can meet his need. Instances abound, to show how mere earthly things utterly fail to satisfy the heart’s deepest longings.

I remember hearing of a man named Grimaldi. He was a great wit, and was making thousands laugh with his merriment. One day a weary, haggard-looking individual presented himself at a physician’s office. “Doctor,” he said, “I am miserable; I want you to examine me, and see what is wrong.” The doctor did so, but found him thoroughly sound. “There is nothing wrong with you,” he said. “All you want is to have

a good laugh; you want cheering up. Go and hear Grimaldi; he will do you all the good in the world." "Ah, doctor," said he, "don't play with me, I'm Grimaldi." Poor fellow, making the gay halls ring with merriment, and yet sick at heart himself. *Popularity will not give rest.*

Will wealth do it? Apparently not. I read an interview, not long ago, with George M. Pullman, of Pullman car fame. On being asked if wealth brought him rest and happiness, he said something like this: "When I was a poor man, I had three meals a day. That is all I care to eat now. I had a good suit of clothes then. That is all I can wear now. In those days, when I went to bed, directly my head touched the pillow I was asleep. Business anxieties won't let me rest now." *Wealth then, you see, fails to give rest.*

Perhaps if we had *power* it would satisfy? Yet the history of kings, emperors, and potentates in all ages, testify to the truth of that old proverb, "*Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.*"

We might go on with illustrations, if space permitted, but we would ask our readers to note carefully those weighty words in Ecclesiastes ii. 1-17. Here was a man who had every opportunity of trying to satisfy every human desire. He did try, and his verdict was that *all under the sun was vanity, and there was no profit in it.*

"Shall I never find anything to satisfy my heart in the world?" someone may ask. "Is there nothing in it that will give rest?" No, for God has declared that "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. *There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.*" (Isaiah lvii. 20, 21.)

But this is not all. It is sad enough to find hearts that are never satisfied in this life, but think, dear reader, of the prospect of *eternal restlessness*, for such will be the lot of the unsaved. There is no suffering greater than that of sleeplessness—night and day unable to get any rest for the worn body and weary mind. But think, reader, of the eternal tossings which may be yours, for in the lake of fire “they have no rest day nor night,” and this certainly *will* be your lot, if you die in your sins. How intensely solemn is the thought.

But if I am addressing a weary soul; one who has drunk deep at the fountains of earth’s pleasures, and has found them unable to satisfy; one in whose heart there is a longing for sweet, blessed rest; let me press upon such that wondrous promise of the Saviour—“*I will give you rest.*” Take each word separately and weigh it.

I. Who is it speaking? The One to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth, and who is abundantly able to do what He promises. You have tried everything else, and all has failed. He has never failed a soul that trusted Him.

WILL. A strong word that. Who can doubt His performance of it?

GIVE. Nothing to do to merit it. All of grace. A free gift purchased by His blood.

YOU. Not your neighbour, or friend, but *you*—weary, helpless, sinful soul—yes, even *you*.

REST. Not wealth, nor honour, nor power—No. These things will not satisfy even for time, and they must soon pass away; but present, eternal, unchangeable rest, founded on His unchangeable work, and the revelation He makes to you of the Father—

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

There was one weary sinner who tested and proved the worth of the Saviour's words. You can read the account in Luke vii. 36–50. Hear the words that He uttered as she fell at His feet, “Thy sins *are* forgiven”—“Thy faith *hath* saved thee”—“Go in peace”—a peace as enduring as the One who promised it. That was heavenly music to the poor woman's soul. But it is for *you* also. Will you not trust His Word *now*? Will you not enter into His peace *at once*, and be a sharer with the countless redeemed ones who, through His precious blood, have found rest unto their souls?

“‘Come unto Me!’ It is the Saviour's voice—
The Lord of life, who bids thy heart rejoice;
O weary heart, with heavy cares opprest,
‘Come unto Me,’ and ‘I will give you rest.’” H. G.

“NOTHING OF MY OWN TO GIVE.”

FAR from Old England in that vast country of Australia, I found myself one day, in 1895, having occasion to call on the wife of a tradesman in the town of K—; an observation which she made, led me to ask one or two questions; and by her replies, I had the happi-

ness of recognizing one who had obtained like precious faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Feeling much interested, I was induced to ask the means used by God in her conversion, and now share with the reader the simple facts as she related them, and thus add one more testimony to the long list of God's wondrous ways of speaking to man.

For several years after girlhood, she lived with her mother in a small country town. She shared her mother's work; she shared her creed also, which was that of the Church of Rome. One day, walking along the streets with some friends, the conversation turned on what are termed the "Easter dues" (money or other offerings, supposed to be propitiatory in character). She was asked what she purposed giving, and replied, "I have nothing to give, I have no money." "But," said one of her companions, "you can easily deny yourself a new dress, and use the price of it as an offering." "Ah!" she replied, "that would be mother's money, not mine. So you see I have nothing of my own to give; nothing that will avail for my own salvation."

Just then her eye fell on a crumpled and rather soiled piece of paper lying on the footway; and by one of those sudden impulses, easier acted upon than explained, she stooped down and picked it up; it had originally been part of a book, or leaflet, and there were in the fragment just these few words left.

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Like the shaft from the bow of a master archer, which goes direct to its mark, those simple words,

in the gracious power of the Spirit of God, went straight to the heart of that precious soul; to use her own words, “I knew from that hour that I had nothing I could give to God for my salvation.” In that brief moment the whole current of her thoughts was altered, and she knew for the first time in her life, that however great her need might be, she personally had nothing she could give to God.

Shortly after this she left home, and little by little, taught by that same blessed Teacher, she learned that though she had nothing to give, she had everything to receive, and soon knew what it was to rest in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Yes, beloved reader. God gives; He asks not of thee; for thou hast nought to give; and if thou hadst the wealth of a Rothschild ten times told, it never could avail to purchase thy salvation, or rest thy sin-sick soul. God points thee to His Son, and says, “I gave Him for thee, and through Him life, pardon, and peace may be thine.” God never asks the sinner to give. All that you have of your own is your guilt, your vileness, your wretchedness, and your unfitness for God’s holy presence. The giving is on His side; the receiving on yours. Listen to His word: “Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” (Matthew xi. 28.)

“And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And *whosoever* will, let him take the water of life *freely*.” (Rev. xxii. 17.)

God’s language is, “Come and take; come, and I will give.” Yes, beloved reader, on the ground of the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ

on Calvary's cross, when He laid down His life and gave His precious blood; when He bore all the holy wrath of God against sin; when He who knew no sin, was made sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him; when He bore our sins in His own body on the tree—on the ground of this work, by which He perfectly glorified God, and wrought out an eternal salvation for all who believe in His name—God can give and you may take. God can righteously pardon your sins (Romans iii. 26), bring you into relationship with Himself (Gal. iii. 26), deliver you from the power of darkness, and translate you into the kingdom of the Son of His love (Col. i. 13), give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified (Acts xxvi. 18), make you an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ (Romans viii. 17), and give you to know that you stand in all the favour of God (Romans v. 2), and are loved, even as His own Son is loved (John xvii. 23). “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.)

God *gave* His Son. Jesus is still saying “*Come.*” What are *you* doing?

Be honest and know that you are either a Christ-accepter, or a Christ-rejecter; either you have believed in God's Son, and have everlasting life, or else that you have not believed on the Son of God; and therefore have *the wrath of God abiding on you.* (John iii. 36.) Solemn and terrible position!

J. G.

WHEN the prodigal came home no one demanded from him. In the far country no man gave to him.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



MAN'S QUARREL WITH GOD'S TRUTH.

THE NIGHT OF JUDGMENT TOO LONG :
THE DAY OF GRACE TOO SHORT.

THERE are two classes of people at the present time, believing two deadly errors : one calls in question God's estimate of sin, and man's fall, by limiting his punishment to a certain period of time ; the other admits that sin and the fall deserve punishment, but in reality, denies man's responsibility to receive salvation in this life, and ventures to affirm that God is merciful, and will give another opportunity to be saved after death. The latter is backed up with a false interpretation of 1 Peter iii. 19, 20.

The first, asserting eternal punishment to be too long, has no idea of God's character, or man's relation to Him. God made man in His own image and likeness, and by His breath man became a living soul ; as such, he must exist for ever. Man sinned and fell ; thus all have sinned. Now the point is, where can one be found to estimate the extent of man's fall by sin ? Man is very clever, and has solved many important questions in this world, but here is one entirely outside his powers. Could the greatest intellect

sound its depth? Impossible; and if no one can measure the extent of man's fall, who dare try to estimate its due reward.

The God against whom man has sinned, has estimated its extent, and given His verdict. "Let God be true, and every man a liar." He tells us damnation in the lake of fire for ever and ever is its due. (Rev. xx. 15.) Over and over again the Lord repeats those awful words, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (Mar. ix. 44, 46, 48.) Do not be deceived by any denial, or paring away of this stern truth, lest you may die in a moment, and be damned for ever. What an awful, gloomy outlook would then be yours! Repent, before it is too late.

The second, alleging the day of grace to be too short, finds fault with God's government of the world, and His wonderful grace and mercy. Instead of bowing before Him in thankfulness, and receiving salvation in His time and way, they spend the life that belongs to God in pleasing themselves; they deny His claims through life, and dictate as to His conduct toward them afterwards. God has purchased salvation through the precious blood of Christ. An acceptable time is given to believe it, the day of grace. Death puts an end to all future hope, because the soul's state at death abides for eternity. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still." Further, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." (Heb. ix. 27.) Man's responsible life on earth ends, and there cannot be a ray of hope after death, nothing but judgment. The wicked dead will be raised in their sins, and be judged

for their works before the Great White Throne—the final Assize, held for the Judge of all the earth to pass final judgment upon all liars, idolaters, unbelievers, and such as have lived without God, and died in their sins. Righteous judgment will be dealt out to all; those not written in the Lamb's book of life will be cast into the lake of fire. (Rev. xx. 15.) Reader, be warned. Be not ensnared by this delusion of the devil. It is his old gospel, "time enough yet," leading poor deluded souls to hope for mercy beyond the boundary line which death draws. It is God who declares that after death is the judgment.

The passage of scripture in 1 Peter iii. 19, 20, refers to the Spirit of Christ in Noah when he preached to disobedient sinners before the flood, whose spirits are now in prison. Chapter i. 11 proves that the Spirit of Christ was in the prophets when they preached or prophesied. This is plain enough. Compare 1 Pet. i. 11 with Gen. vi. 3.

Oh, reader, time is short, life is uncertain; eternal issues hang on your choice. Your decision in time will determine your destiny for eternity—weal or woe, heavenly glory or the lake of fire. Settle this great question at once. Soon mercy's door will be for ever shut. Confess you are a lost sinner, and God's message is ready for you—"Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a Ransom." (Job xxxiii. 24.) The Lord Jesus gave Himself a Ransom for all. What a Ransom! He gave His life; He offered Himself without spot to God, died, and rose from the dead, so that God's love can now righteously reach you in the gospel of His grace.

If you receive it, everlasting life is yours ; if not, you will die in your sins, and be lost eternally, for you will be judged, according to the things found written in the book, and sent to the lake of fire for ever and ever. Which is it to be?

D. D.

FEAR AND FAVOUR.

FOR those who *fear the Lord*, there is a word of special encouragement in Psalm cxv. 13. We read, "He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great"—and that, surely, is no small comfort! "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich." To be under His smile is the highest conceivable favour! And this He graciously deigns to accord to those who *fear Him*. Notice, our passage does not allude to those who may be renowned in His service, who may have achieved great things for Him, or earned a martyr's crown in His cause. It does not draw attention to the notables in the history of faith, but simply to those who *fear Him*. Now, must these be, of necessity, great and famous men? If so, how few of us dare look for His blessing. But, thank God, our passage, whilst speaking of the great, places the small first. The small, who fear the Lord, do not fail of His favours. Yes, the small and obscure, the young and unknown, enjoy His smile as freely as the great. None are excluded. But what is the condition? Just that which lies at the beginning of our true knowledge—the first letter of divine wisdom—"the fear of the Lord."

A child should fear the Lord, and the children

who do so may count on His blessing. The small—and who can tell how small they need to be on whom His fear should rest? Samuel was small, yet he feared the Lord, and received from Him a revelation that was not granted to Eli. He was made wiser than that venerable priest! Timothy was small, but he, too, feared the Lord, following his mother's lovely example of faith and piety, and knew the scriptures, which made him wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. Thus the smile and blessing of the Lord rested on these two young men. Multitudes besides could swell the roll of grace, and declare how His favour shined upon them.

Crowds of great ones, too, could tell the same gracious story. Both small and great unite in the song. How important, then, is the fear of the Lord! It should be earnestly cultivated, and prayerfully sought.

Our hearts, like that of Pharaoh, are proud, and ever prone to say, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice?" We prefer our own way, and only His grace can break our will and displace it, practically, by His own.

What a contrast to the words of Pharaoh, do we find in the lowly utterance in Gethsemane. "Not my will, but Thine, be done." In our blessed Lord Jesus we find perfect submission to, and community of heart with, the Father's will, and although the accomplishment of that will involved death, and the judgment of the cross, yet it was carried out completely. Never was utterance more exquisite than that! How rich a savour ascended to the Father from the shades of that garden! There, in an agony of bloody sweat, was a Man (ever more than man) conscious

of all that lay before Him ere four-and-twenty hours had run their course, foreseeing the combined triumph of man and Satan, the maltreatment, the bodily torture, and, worse than all, the wrath of God against the sin He would bear—all this—and yet the will of the Father was His will.

But, now, in brightest glory, we see Jesus crowned; He reaps the blessing; He enjoys the fruit of all His sorrow here; and we look unto Him, “the Author and Finisher of faith who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the Throne of God.” (Heb. xii. 2.) Such is the result of His lowly, faithful, perfect path here below. He was the one Man who always did the will of God, and who always dwelt, therefore, in the sunshine of His fullest favour. His joy was ever full.

May we learn increasingly to walk in the fear of the Lord, so that we, too, may know more of that favour which is better than life. J. W. S.

LET ME IN! OH, LET ME IN!

LISTEN, dear reader, for a moment to the last words of a dying woman we have recently known. Many times during her life had she heard the gospel, and been earnestly asked to enter that blessed pathway where there is no death, by accepting Jesus as her Saviour.

No death! you say. I thought it was “*appointed* unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.” Yes, that is solemnly true, and well may

you be in terror of that awful judgment if still unsaved. But listen to the words of Jesus, the Son of God: "He that heareth My words and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.)

But to return to the dying woman. Time after time had she heard these words, and time after time she had chosen the world. Satan succeeded in hardening her heart against Christ, but now came the time when she must die. She knew that she was all unprepared to meet God. Her sins which *might have been* washed away in the precious blood of Christ, were all on her conscience. A Christian man, at her bedside, was watching the departure of her soul, when he heard her repeat these words, "Let me in! Let me in! Oh, let me in! . . . TOO LATE. TOO LATE," and with their utterance she expired, only to await the awful judgment of the great white throne.

The precious Saviour had often, doubtless, knocked at her door, saying, "Let Me in! Let Me in," but had been refused. What would she now give for another such knock?

But if He is pleading no longer with her, He is knocking at your heart, dear unsaved friend. Be warned by the end of this lost soul, and take care that *you*, like her, do not delay till those awful words are your bitter experience—"Too late. Too late." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

J. P.

HIS LAST MESSAGE.

“See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh.”

THE following facts are recorded as related to the writer a few days ago by an intimate and trustworthy friend:

“One Friday, a year or two ago, I had a pressing conviction that I must send a copy of this tract to a well-known minister in —, a man who, while being nominally invested with ‘holy orders,’ was a thorough worldling. I cannot tell why I should have thought of him at all at that particular moment, any more than at any other time; but I felt I could not refrain from carrying out the idea that had forced itself so unexpectedly on my mind, and so I posted one to him, which he would receive in due course on the Saturday. The tract reads as follows:

“‘Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.’

MATT. xiii. 43.

“‘Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away.’ (Luke xxi. 33.)

“‘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. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in Himself; so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself; and hath given Him authority to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of man. Marvel not at this: for the

hour is coming, in the which ALL that are in the graves SHALL HEAR HIS voice, and SHALL COME FORTH; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.' (John v. 24-29.)

“**These are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God. Reader, when YOU come forth from your grave in response to His voice, which will it be, “The resurrection of life,” or “The resurrection of damnation”?**”

“The circumstance had passed from my thoughts during the intervening day or two until the Monday afternoon, when I was arrested, as I walked through the street, by the newspaper lad's cry, and, casting my eye on the contents bill, I saw the announcement of the sudden death of a minister, in his pulpit, on the preceding day. Remarkably enough the thought flashed through my mind, ‘I wonder if that is ——,’ and with an involuntary desire to satisfy the thought, I procured a copy of the paper. It was only too true; it was —— who had been stricken by the hand of death the day before, and had passed into eternity soon after he had been got down from his pulpit, in which he was at the moment of his seizure. On Friday I had sent the message of God to him; on Saturday he received it; on Sunday he was gone! Solemn circumstance indeed!”

Now, friend, these are the facts so far as we can know them; whether that message was received or refused we do not know; but of one thing we may be tolerably certain, and that is, that it was the last time God spoke to him this side of death and judgment; and, my reader,

what concerns you more intimately is, that God will speak to you also some day for the last time on earth—it may be *to-day*, it may be *now* as you read this paper. And, in the light of eternal things, what is imperatively necessary for you to do? Just this:

Repent, and turn to God ;
Confess your guilty and lost state to Him ; and
Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt
be saved.

But, if you believe not, you shall die in your sins, and for those sins you will most surely be judged, and the issue of that judgment will be “the lake of fire” for ever.

May God save you from such an awful end.

J. A. H. S.

THE BLIND RATIONALIST AND HIS DOCTOR'S STRANGE PRESCRIPTION.

IN my youth I made the acquaintance of an eminent physician who had been very well known in a former generation. This was *Doctor Farre*, one who had twice been called to give evidence before the House of Commons, and one who had been commanded by King William IV., to attend Lord Canning in his last illness, and report to his Majesty about him.

You see at once that Dr. Farre took a leading position in the profession in his day. He had retired in his old age when I knew him, and I want to tell you something he said to me about treating some of his patients *biblically*. He

observed that he had found frequently that the Bible was the medicine his patients required, and he gave me an example of what he meant.

A blind gentleman, suffering from severe mental depression, became his patient. Dr. Farre found that although he was a philosopher in his way, and very learned, he was a rationalist. The doctor heard all about his dejection, his want of appetite, his weariness, and other symptoms, and then prepared to prescribe for him. "The medicine I shall recommend you, you will promise me you will persevere in taking?"

"Of course, doctor. I would not have come to you if I did not purpose to follow your prescription."

"Good. Now I must inform you that I have carefully considered your case, and my prescription is, that you allow your daughter to read you a chapter of the New Testament every day."

"But I do not believe the Bible. There are statements in it which I cannot reconcile to my verifying faculty."

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "you have made me a promise, and I undertake to say if you will carefully and perseveringly follow my prescription, you will get better."

Some time passed away, and one morning the daughter called to see Dr. Farre.

"Oh, doctor," she said, "my father is certainly not better. I think he is worse."

"I am sorry to hear he is no better. How far have you read?"

"I have got to St. Mark's Gospel, but he is as dejected as ever. Indeed, I think him worse."

"Never mind. Persevere. Go on reading. I have great confidence in the prescription."

Time passed on. The daughter came occasionally to report to the doctor all about her father. She had read on through the Gospels, and still the depressions and the other symptoms were as bad as, or worse than ever. And still the counsel of the great doctor was, "Go on reading." And well and persistently the anxious daughter read on, chapter after chapter, through the Acts of the Apostles, and on right through the Epistle to the Romans. Alas! for the philosopher, he seemed no better than when he began. But for his promise and the daughter's solicitude, he would have thrown aside the prescription.

Listen. The daughter has got so far as 1 Corinthians ii. She has read verse 12—"Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God." She has read verse 13—

"Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual." And now she reads verse 14, and *her father is all intent upon the words!* "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

"Stop," said the father. "I am all wrong. I see now what I never discovered before. I have been bringing everything to the bar of my limited reasoning powers. I have rejected everything my so-called verifying faculty did not endorse. I thought it foolishness. I left out the important fact that spiritual truths must be learned not in words which man's wisdom

teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth I see I have been quite wrong."

From that time the philosopher became as a little child, learning with docility the things which are "spiritually discerned."

One day the good physician received a visit from the daughter.

"I have come to tell you, doctor, there is a wonderful change for the better in my father. He is happy, and tranquil, and well."

"How far did you read to?"

"We got to 1 Corinthians ii. 14, and then the light came."

What a joy to the physician! What a joy to the daughter! What a joy to the patient! What a joy, too, in the presence of the angels! Reader, get well acquainted with the Scriptures. Do not neglect your daily portion. Remember the doctor's remedy for depression, and accompany it with the prescription in Psalm xlii. 11, repeated in Psalm xliii. 5—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

"This is my comfort in my affliction: for Thy word hath quickened me."—*Extracted.*

FRAGMENT.—"We lean our souls and our hopes upon *facts*—not upon *gleams of sunshine* in our spirits, nor upon *promises* in the word, nor upon *help* from God. Mere help would not do for them that are already under condemnation—promises to us would not answer God's demands upon us."

J. C. B.

ENQUIRER'S CORNER.

I AM sorry to hear, through your niece's letter, that you are still in distress about your soul. One line or two in her letter touched me very much, in which she quotes your words to her, "O Betsy, I am so bad. I *must* die, and I am not prepared!"

Now, if you could just turn your eye away from yourself to Christ, and say, "Lord Jesus, though I *am* so bad, yet *Thou* hast died, and I can trust Thee," how different it would be with you.

I once saw a little child in its nurse's arms. I did my best to induce him to come to me. Just as I began to think I should be successful, the little one's mother came in view, and then, instead of coming to me, his tiny arms were instantly stretched out to their utmost reach toward the mother, although not a word was uttered.

Now here was a picture of simple confidence. There were two persons before the child—one whom he could not trust, the other whom he could, and those stretched-out arms left no question as to what he felt about both.

Now, there are two persons whom you have to do with—*self* and *Christ*. To which does *your* eye turn, your confidence cling? To whom do you stretch forth your hand?

The mother of the little one was busy just then, and did not want to take the child, and this brought forth a cry.

Now, you could not have seen and heard that child, and said, He has no trust in his mother.

No. The longing look proved it, the outstretched arms proved it, and if it needed any other proof, the cry of disappointment would have been sufficient.

Yet the child was not thinking of its own trust, nor wondering if it *could* trust, nor if its trust was of the *right sort*. It was only thinking of the trustworthy object that had come before it.

I feel I need not speak to you of the *work* of Christ. You have long known that that work was finished on the cross. What I feel you really need is to have your heart conducted to Christ *Himself*—to the living Saviour, risen from the dead, and now enthroned in glory. Turn, I beseech you, to Him, and if He is really worthy of your heart's confidence, do not talk about Him to others as though He were not, for this would only please Satan and dishonour the Lord.

Remember, it is *Christ*, and not *self*, you must be engaged with to get comfort; and, therefore, for every thought you have of what kind of sinner, or even what kind of believer you are, think a hundred times of what kind of Saviour *He* is, and I have no doubt as to the happy result.

GEO. C.

PAST AND PRESENT.

“**U**TTERLY unclean,”
 Although I did not know it;
 “Utterly unclean,”
 Although I did not show it;
 Sin that is dark as night,
 Brought unto God's own sight,
 Made manifest in “Light,”
 'T is thus I see it.

“ Utterly unclean,”
 Although I did not trace it ;
 “ Utterly unclean,”
 And nothing can erase it.
 Subtle the depth of sin,
 Working not out, but in,
 Truth, Lord, I now begin
 Indeed to feel it.

“ Utterly unclean,”
 God speaks, shall I belie it ?
 “ Utterly unclean,”
 And can I dare deny it ?
 “ The stars,” in His sight keen,
 Are “ not ” accounted clean,
 Therefore, my soul is seen,
 Impure, unholy.

“ Utterly unclean,”
 This old life, *I disown it.*
 “ Utterly unclean,”
 Longer shall I bemoan it ?
 Christ death has *ended me,*
 Christ’s life has set me free,
 “ He hath done this ” for me,
 And I believe it.

Utterly to Him,
 My free heart’s praise, I give it ;
 Utterly to Him,
 My life here I would live it :
 “ As He ” in glory bright,
 “ So ” am I in God’s sight,
 “ Clean every whit ” in light,
 For He has said it.

S. C. M. A.

TIDINGS OF LIFE AND PEACE.



“IS THERE ANY REALITY IN IT?”

“TELL me, William,” said a dying but unsaved man to one who had been his companion in revelry, but who had just been converted to God, and was in all the freshness of forgiveness and known salvation, “*is there any reality in it?*”

He had, in days of health, ridiculed the great truths of Christianity, regarding the whole thing as a mere cloud of words, in order to give rein to his natural passions. Now, however, he had to face death, and was passing out of cloud-land into the realm of awful facts. Yes, sentimentality and dreams may do for times when one is his own master, but when these are past, and he is hurried along by the resistless power of a stronger than he, when the iron hand of death compels him onward, and brings him ever further from self and nearer God, further from time and nearer to eternity, then, if ever, things real and true must be discovered. Falsehood and folly must give way to fact and certitude. A dangerous move to put off so long! Better late than never, but far better to have learned, through grace, the truth and lived in its bright and blessed power long before—the sooner, the better.

“Any reality in it!” answered his friend, “it is all real, intensely real”; and he poured into the ears of the dying man the tidings of that peace which God has made known in His word.

Christianity conducts into the region of reality. It shows that every thing is real—life, death; time, eternity; sin, salvation; the folly of man, the love of God; the guilt of the sinner, the value of the atoning blood of Christ; the eternity of judgment, and the certainty of bliss for the believer—all these, and many more facts, are certified in Christianity, and made divinely real to the faith of every child of God.

And the moment comes for each when their truth shall be declared. “Let God be true.” Gallio, indeed, in Acts xviii., treated the great matter of “*the worship of God*” as a “question of words and names.” He admitted that as a judge he would have adjudicated in anything that was wrong or criminal, anything that touched Roman law or shocked Gentile sensibilities, any case of theft, or personal assault, or ordinary misdemeanour; but to him the “worship of God,” the recognition of the rights of the Creator of heaven and earth, the claims of the Omnipotent, were only trifling questions, merely “words and names,” a pure theological complication, lying entirely outside his jurisdiction. To that he would pay no attention. He cared for none of these things.

Quite true, and most common; yet such carelessness cannot always last. God is longsuffering, but never indifferent. No; “*the worship of God*” is the goal of the universe! Not an idol but will be overturned; not a lip but will acknowledge, whether in the heights of heaven, or the dungeons

of the damned, that He alone is to be adored! "Every creature," we read in Revelation v. 13, without one solitary exception—every intelligent being—shall yet ascribe blessing, honour, glory, and power to Him that sits on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever! Some shall do this with glad spontaneity, some, alas! in anguish and remorse.

Believe me, dear reader, nay, believe the testimony of countless numbers, that in true Christianity we deal not with mere "words and names," with ideas, or probabilities, with clever conjectures, or reverend hypotheses; no, we rejoice in facts, solid, certain, conscious facts! "I know whom I have believed," said the apostle Paul. We, too (aye, thousands of us), have, through God's grace, believed as well, and now *we know!* Take thought in time, dear friend. Let your eyes be opened ere all hope is over. Come now to the Lord Jesus.

J. W. S.

MISTAKES OF GREAT MEN.

PETER the Great, Emperor of Russia, was in many respects a benefactor of his country. He raised it, by his self-denying efforts, from a state of ignorance and semi-barbarism, to that of enlightenment and civilization, and to rank among the great powers of Europe.

But in regard to the way of salvation, like most of the great men of this world, he made a very grave mistake. At the close of his career he said, "I trust, in view of the good that I have sought to do my people, God will pardon my sin."

There is no question at all that he sought in every way to help his people, and elevate his country. Nearly every one is acquainted with how he left his country, and became an artizan in the ship-building yards of Holland and England, in order to learn the art of ship-building, so that he might teach his countrymen how to build ships. Few monarchs would have been as self-denying; but the grave mistake of this great man was in putting the good that he sought to do his people as the ground, or the procuring cause, of the forgiveness of his sins. This could never be. The claims of a holy God against us are not met in that way. Nothing that we can do could possibly be the ground of our forgiveness, or acceptance with God. "*Without shedding of blood is no remission.*" (Heb. ix. 22.) The Son of God must die. It was by His blood-shedding that atonement was made, and purgation for sins accomplished. "When He had by Himself purged our sins, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." So that every true believer can appropriate the peace-giving truth of the precious words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.) Have you appropriated those words, beloved reader? Do you know their peace-giving power? or are you like Peter the Great, depending upon the good you have done?

History says that King Frederick of Prussia was once travelling through his kingdom, and came to a pretty village, where he was to stay an hour or two.

The King visited the school, and was pleased to see how well the children knew their lessons.

After a time he turned to the teacher, and

said he would like to ask the children a few questions.

On the table near by stood a large dish of oranges.

The King took one of the oranges, and said, "To what kingdom does this belong, children?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," replied one of the little girls.

"And to what kingdom does this belong?" said he, as he took from his pocket a piece of gold money.

"To the mineral kingdom," she answered.

"And to what kingdom, then, do I belong, my child?" he asked, thinking, of course, she would answer, "To the animal kingdom."

The little girl did not know what answer to make. She feared it would not seem just right to say to a king that he belonged to the *animal* kingdom, and she was puzzled to know how to reply.

"Well," said the King, "can you not answer that question, my little lady?"

The kind words and gentle look of the King gave the little girl courage to express the thoughts that were in her mind, and looking up into his face, she replied, "To the kingdom of heaven, Sire."

The King placed his hand upon her head. A tear stood in his eye. He was deeply moved by her childish words, and said, "God grant that I may be found worthy of that kingdom!"

If, as it is to be feared, the King thought of worthiness in the sense of personal merit, apart from Christ, how grave his mistake! Who can in himself be worthy of God's kingdom, when he is nothing but a fallen, guilty creature? The

whole world standeth "guilty before God." "There is none righteous, no, not one." "They are all gone out of the way . . . there is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Rom iii.)

What fitted the prodigal for the father's house? It was the best robe, the ring, and the shoes. Kissed and welcomed, he could sit down and feast with the father at his table. That which fits a fallen sinner for the presence of God is not his own worthiness, but God's forgiveness, His clearing the soul from every charge by the blood of Christ, His covering him with the robe of divine righteousness. Christ is the believer's fitness for heaven, as we read, "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (1 Cor. i. 30.) "For in Him [Christ] dwelleth all the fulness of the God-head bodily. And ye are complete in Him, who is the Head of all principality and power." (Col. ii. 9, 10.)

Wonderful fact! and true of *every one* who has trusted Jesus and His blood. The blessed Lord Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, is the *worthiness* of the Christian, as it is His precious blood that has cleansed his sins away. It is *in Him* we are accepted. (Eph. i. 6, 7.)

These two great men made the same grave mistake. *It will not do to follow them.* It is the word of God, and its unerring statements, that we must follow. Precious it is that we can turn to it at all times.

God's word, and Christ's work, abide for ever. The former bears witness of the latter, and the Spirit of God makes them good in our souls.

E. A.

P. S. A.

THE above letters attracted my attention whilst passing in a public conveyance. What could they mean? "Putting Salvation Away" was what suggested itself to me, and then I remembered that the Word of God told of people who made great profession, and were, outwardly, God's people, who would not hear the law of the Lord: "which say to the seers, See not; and to the prophets, Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophecy deceits: get you out of the way, turn aside out of the path, cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us." (Isaiah xxx. 9-11.)

Dear reader, are you found amongst those who are putting salvation away, desiring that God may not be brought before you, and Christ spoken of to you as His way of salvation, the One "whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood." (Rom. iii. 25.) There is no smooth thing to say as to man, he is hopelessly lost, but there is that blessed fact to announce; that the Son of Man came "to seek and to save that which was lost." So with Israel in that same chapter (*v.* 18), "Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you . . . that He may have mercy upon you." If you are interested, read the following verses on to the twenty-sixth of Isaiah xxx.

The prodigal who entered into the joy of the Father began with repentance. That was not "*pleasant*," but it was profitable, for in the end it was salvation to him.

The rich man had "*pleasant*" times, and disregarded the law of the Lord, and his pleasant

times of "sin for a season" were soon over for an eternal day of sorrow. Do not Put Salvation Away.

"God's house is filling fast,
Yet there is room !
Some guest will be the last,
Yet there is room !
Yes ! soon salvation's day
To you will pass away,
Then grace no more will say
Yet there is room !"

In conclusion, let me ask you to look at Jeremiah v. 30, 31. "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and My people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

T. M.

"NOT ONE OF THEM LEFT."

GOD'S SALVATION IS A PERFECT ONE. When He saved Israel, He not only sheltered them by the blood of the paschal lamb, but He redeemed them by power at the Red Sea. Their enemies sank like lead in the mighty waters. The horse and his rider were cast into the sea. The waters covered them. "*There was not one of them left.*" (Ps. cvi. 11.) Then believed they His words; they sang His praise.

How strikingly all this prefigures the great salvation of God to-day? Dear reader, do you believe the words of God, His testimony to the infinite value of the work of His beloved Son? Is your heart welling over with praise to Him

who has wrought such a mighty redemption for every one that believeth?

Judgment will shortly sweep this poor world. Are you delivered from it? Have you found shelter under the precious blood of Jesus? “When I see the blood, I will pass over you.” Nought else can preserve you from the destroying sword of divine justice. *All* are under sin, *all* have gone out of the way, *all* the world is under judgment, *all* have sinned (Rom. iii. 9, 12, 19, 23); and nothing but the blood of Jesus, shed for rebellious sinners for the remission of sins, can protect us from the wrath which is coming on the ungodly, and entitle us to glory with Himself.

And not only so, but *Christ has overcome every foe*. His victory is complete! The mighty power of Satan has been overcome by the almighty power of God. Christ was made sin on Calvary, Christ bore the judgment of God, Christ went into death and the grave, Christ rose triumphant over all, Christ sat down at the right hand of God—His work done—and is crowned before all as the mighty Victor. His victory is the victory of *every soul that believeth*. Each can say, He was made sin *for me*, He bore the judgment *for me*, He died *for me*, He rose *for me*, He lives *for me*.

Satan brought up all his forces at Calvary. Not by might nor power, but in being crucified through weakness Jesus overthrew them all. The enemy's apparent victory was his crushing defeat. When Satanic and human wickedness had reached their height, God was glorified in His Son, and the sure foundation laid whereby in righteousness He could display surpassing grace to a guilty and

lost world. Now, in glory's highest height, the Saviour waits to welcome you, poor sinner, to His arms of love. Foe after foe may come against your soul, but if you believe on God who raised Him from the dead, if you bow in child-like simplicity and faith to God's testimony of Jesus, His victory is yours. And you will learn that His death is the end of the power of every enemy, that there is *not one of them left*.

Believe, then, now on Him; trust now in that finished work. Believe His words like Israel, and sing His praise. None can sing truly and acceptably to God but those who believe. Bow, then, poor troubled soul, just as you are. Let self and self-righteousness go. Look to Him, and away from self altogether. Thank Him through our Lord Jesus Christ, who has utterly overthrown every enemy, so that not one of them is left. Begin to-day to sing His everlasting praise.

E. H. C.

“But what saith it?

The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth,
and in thy heart:

that is, the word of faith, which we
preach;

that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth
the Lord Jesus [Jesus as Lord],
and shall believe in thine heart that God
hath raised Him from the dead,
thou shalt be saved.”

ROMANS x. 8, 9.

THE SURRENDER.

TO Thee I yield, Lord Jesus,
 Control me, Thou alone ;
 At length o'er me victorious,
 I find I'm *not my own*.*

A rebel heart was mine, Lord,
 Rule now, Thou Risen One ;
 Thy Word, Thy work, combine, Lord,
 To prove I'm *Thine* alone. †

No longer now regardless,
 Henceforth, Lord, have Thy sway ;
 Then, filled this heart with gladness,
 I'll speak Thy praise alway.

To Thee I now would yield me,
 That love may have its way—
 Love that to woo and wield me
 Hath waited for this day.

And now Thy love has won me,
 Since Thou for me hast died—
 Thy love that resteth on me,
 Jesus, the Glorified.

Oh, Jesus, Lord, I thank Thee
 For love so deep, so free,
 That passed through sorrow for me,
 And lasts eternally.

And when Thou com'st in glory,
 To Thee, my Lord, I'll raise,
 With ransomed hosts, love's story
 In ceaseless songs of praise. T. G.

* "Ye are not your own . . . ye are bought with a price."
 (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.)

† "We are the Lord's." (Rom. xiv. 8, 9.) "Christ Jesus
my Lord" (Phil. iii. 8); "He is *thy* Lord" (Psalm xlv. 11);
 "He is Lord of *all*." (Acts x. 36.)

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS AND A FATHER'S TRACT BASKET.

AN EXTRACT OF INTEREST.

“LET me tell you how God answered my dear mother's and my beloved sister's prayers for my conversion. On a day which I shall never forget, when I was about fifteen years of age, my dear mother being absent from home, I had a holiday, and in the afternoon looked through my father's library to find some book with which to wile away the unoccupied hours. Nothing attracting me, I turned over a little basket of pamphlets, and selected from amongst them a gospel tract which looked interesting, saying to myself, “There will be a story at the commencement, and a sermon or moral at the close; I will take the former, and leave the latter for those who like it.”

I sat down to read the little book in an utterly unconcerned state of mind, believing indeed at the time that if there were any salvation it was not for me, and with a distinct intention to put away the tract as soon as it should seem prosy. Little did I know at the time what was going on in the heart of my dear mother seventy or eighty miles away. She rose from the dinner-table that afternoon with an intense yearning for the conversion of her boy, and feeling that—absent from home, and having more leisure than she could at other times secure—a special opportunity was afforded her of pleading with God on my behalf, she went to her room and turning the key in the door, resolved not to leave that spot until her prayers were answered. Hour after hour did

that dear mother plead for me, until at length she could pray no longer, but was constrained to praise God for that which His Spirit taught her had already been accomplished—the conversion of her only son.

I, in the meantime, had been led in the way I have mentioned to take up this little tract, and while reading it was struck with the sentence, “The finished work of Christ.” The thought passed through my mind, “Why does the author use this expression? Why not say the atoning or propitiatory work of Christ?” Immediately the words “It is finished” suggested themselves to my mind. What was finished? And I at once replied, “A full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin; the debt was paid by the Substitute; Jesus Christ, the Righteous, is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the whole world.” Then came the thought, “If the whole work was finished and the whole debt paid, what is there left for me to do?” And with this dawned the joyful conviction, as light was flashed into my soul by the Holy Spirit, that there was nothing in the world to be done but to fall down on one’s knees, and, accepting this Saviour and His salvation, to praise Him for evermore. Thus while my dear mother was praising God on her knees in her chamber, I was praising Him in the old warehouse to which I had gone alone to read at my leisure this little book.

Several days elapsed ere I ventured to make my beloved sister the confidant of my joy, and then only after she had promised not to tell any-one of my soul secret.

When our dear mother came home a fortnight

later, I was the first to meet her at the door, and to tell her I had such glad news to give.

I can almost feel that dear mother's arms around my neck, as she pressed me to her bosom, and said, "I know, my boy; I have been rejoicing for a fortnight in the glad tidings you have to tell me." "Why," I asked in surprise, "has A—— broken her promise? She said she would tell no one." My dear mother assured me that it was not from any human source that she had learned the tidings, and went on to tell the little incident mentioned above.

Nor was this all. Some little time after, I picked up a pocket-book exactly like one of my own, and, thinking that it was mine, opened it. The lines that caught my eye were an entry in the little diary, which belonged to my sister, to the effect that she would give herself daily to prayer until God should answer in the conversion of her brother. Exactly one month later the Lord was pleased to turn me from darkness to light."

Dear reader, I just close by asking *you* a simple question out of the Bible, "Is it well with your soul?" If not, come as you are to Jesus, and it shall be well.

R. B.

ENQUIRERS' CORNER.

YOUR question reminds me of the Lord's to the disciples (Mark iv. 40), "How is it that ye have no faith?" Yes, how was it? Was it not just this? that they were ignorant of who and what *He* was. They knew so little of the One who was with them in the boat that, instead of being sure that they would reach the desired

haven, they feared that they would be swallowed up by the boisterous waves and perish.

Faith cometh by hearing; hearing by the Word of God; and the Word of God testifies of CHRIST. "They are they which testify of *Me*." (John v. 39.) "He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning HIMSELF." (Luke xxiv. 27.)

Faith must have something outside itself to rest upon, just as love must have an object before it can be in exercise. How could you love if you had nothing, or nobody, to love?

God was an object worthy of man's confidence and affection, but in his blind ignorance he neither loved, nor trusted, Him. Then Christ was sent, giving Himself up on man's account, and at the same time expressing, in Himself as Man, all the moral excellencies of the blessed God. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." (John i. 18.) Thus God has been revealed in all that He is. Everything has come out. "The true light now shineth." "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God" now shines in the face of Jesus Christ—in the face of Him who came near enough to sinful men to let them know what there was in God's heart for them, who took up the question of their sins according to *God's* thought of them, and glorified Him in putting those sins away for ever.

To see the glory of God in the face of the very One whose precious blood was shed for my sins; to know that those glories shine there, *because* He glorified God in putting my sins away, is the surest possible cure for doubts and fears. "They that know Thy name *will* put their trust in Thee."

(Psalm ix. 10.) Faith turns her eye to Him, and whispers in His ear, "*I know* whom I have believed"; getting the whisper back, "I know My sheep and am known of Mine." (2 Tim. i. 12; John x. 14.)

GEO. C.

SAFER TRUSTING GOD THAN MAN.

The following lines were found written on the back of an old Bank of Ireland one-pound note.—J. C. P.

THIS piece of paper in your hand,
 Declares to you that on demand,
 You twenty shillings shall receive;
 This simple promise you believe;
 It puts your mind as much at rest
 As if the silver you possessed.

*So Christ who died, but now doth live,
 Doth unto you the promise give,
 That if you on His name believe,
 You shall eternal life receive.*

Upon the first you clearly rest;
 Which is the surest and the best?
 The bank may break; heaven never can;
 'Tis safer trusting God than man.

Jesus said, "He that heareth My word, and believeth Him that sent Me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." (John v. 24, R. V.)

HOW DO I STAND?

AN OLD YEAR RECKONING FOR AN UNSAVED SINNER.

SIN'S root deeper;
 Heart harder;
 Time shorter;
 Death nearer;
 Damnation inevitable unless mercy interpose.