

SAVED!

— OR —

WILL HE EVER FORGET IT?



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Saved.



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Will he Ever Forget?

Photo.

G. F. VALLANCE, Publisher of Christian Literature, GOODMAYES, Essex



DURING the summer of 1926 a terrible tragedy took place near Newmarket, in the south of Ireland. In the midst of a thunderstorm, the river, already swollen through the continual rain that had been falling, burst an embankment and swept into a farm labourer's cottage, in which were some young children. Three of these were carried off to their death, but one, a boy of four or five years of age was rescued.

Our picture shows Michael Fitzpatrick, the father, holding his rescued boy.

Do you think, my reader, that this boy, as he grows up, will ever forget that he was **SAVED** from the terrible fate that overtook the other children? No doubt the story will be told him, and he will carry through life the remembrance of his salvation from drowning.

There are some (I wonder if the reader of these lines is one of them) who also carry through life the remembrance that they have been saved from a terrible doom. There was a day when they discovered that **SIN** is a most awful thing in the sight of God, and that He **MUST** visit it with His sore displeasure. That they were sinners was beyond all doubt. Thus they stood exposed to the just anger of God. There was every reason why He should judge them and punish them according to their deserts. It was a fearful discovery to make!

But they learned that in the heart of God was **LOVE**, even toward them. They read in the Holy Scriptures, of God being "rich in mercy for His great love wherewith He loved us even when we were dead in sins" (Ephesians ii. 4, 5).

Then the question arose in their minds: Is it enough to know that God loves us? Must He not, in spite of His love and mercy, condemn us, just because He is holy and we are sinful?

To their great relief and joy they learned that God in His great love had found a way to **SAVE** them from the condemnation and wrath that they so richly deserved. His plan was to provide a Substitute, One who should bear the punishment instead of them. This Substitute was none other than God's own Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. "The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world" (1 John iv. 14).

Men put Him upon a cross of shame, and while He hung there God *made Him sin for us* (2 Corinthians v. 21). That is, God treated Him as sin (*our sin*) deserves to be treated, and poured out upon Him the judgment due to us. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isaiah liii. 5).

As a result of this, no angel, man or demon can ever say that God is indifferent to sin, or that He saves sinners at the expense of His righteousness. The cross of Calvary makes it possible for God *righteously* to exercise His mercy in receiving, blessing, saving and forgiving sinful men and women.

The terms on which He offers to save them are very simple. He bids them give up all hope of even helping to save themselves, and to confide for their salvation wholly in Christ. His blood (the witness that He really died for us upon the Cross) suffices to cleanse all our sin away. Believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, we are **SAVED**.

We are well aware that when we say this it arouses people's anger. They think we are guilty of pride and presumption. But the reason we speak with all confidence (though with humility and a sense of our own utter unworthiness) is this: "**HE HATH SAID . . . SO THAT WE MAY BOLDLY SAY**" (Hebrews xiii. 5, 6). We should not dare to say we are saved unless God, in His holy Word, had said it first. He has said of all who truly put their trust in the Saviour: "by grace ye are saved," and again "by grace **ARE YE SAVED** through faith" (Ephesians ii. 5, 8). He tells

us that He is the "God who HATH saved us" (2 Timothy i. 8, 9).

It does not mean that we are sinless or perfect. Far from it. We are still sinful and weak, liable to fall into temptation. But if indeed we have put our trust in Christ as our Saviour; we cannot shut our eyes to the glorious fact that *God says we are saved.*

Could I wish anything better for you, my reader, than that you should share in this great joy? *It may be yours to-day!*

H. P. BARKER.



"Why Will Ye Die!"

"Thou shalt hear the Word at MY mouth and warn them from ME."
"Why will ye die?" Ezekiel xxxiii. 7, 11.

"Why will ye die?"

This is the message, God hath sent to you,—
To all, whose *sin* makes punishment their due,
These touching words: so old, and yet so new—
"Why will ye die?"

For God hath given
A Saviour, Who Himself your sins will bear,
If only you confess, and lay them bare—
"Be merciful to me"—the sinner's prayer:—
They ARE forgiven!

How Jesus loved!
He died for you: He died for me. O give
Your heart to Him: and He will help you live
A life worth living. Yes: He will forgive:
His word is proved!

L. M. WARNER.

“A Heber Bothered To Read It.”

JUST over the borders of the Tweed lived a well-to-do Scotch banker with his wife and son. The boy was their only child and was naturally allowed a fairly free rein, but although he gave fair promise in boyhood days, he quickly fell into the ways of most young men, and for some years indulged in pleasures and amusements. For some time, the old Scotchman paid his son's debts as the bills arrived, but they began gradually to assume considerable proportions and neither remonstrance nor advice seemed to have any effect. One day, therefore, he called his son into his study and warned him that he



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“On the borders of the Tweed.”

[Photo.

would pay no more of his debts, and that unless his manner of life changed appreciably he would expel him from home.

For a few weeks, the young fellow was a model of perfection, but in due course the inevitable occurred and his father, true to his word, turned him out of the house. Like most black sheep of that day, he enlisted in a Scottish regiment and was soon afterwards drafted to India.

The expulsion of her boy was a sore grief to the mother, and she

used to write to him by every mail, never omitting to enclose a substantial Money Order. As a rule the M.O. was abstracted and the letter tossed aside unread. One day the mail produced the usual letter, but, to the surprise of the young soldier, the envelope bore his father's handwriting. Roughly tearing it open, he looked for the usual M.O., but finding none, he tossed the letter unread into his trunk.

Three or four months later after a combined attack of malaria and dysentery he lay seriously ill and no hope was given of recovery. At the request of the sick man, an orderly found for him the last letter from home and commenced to read it to him. The old Scotch banker had written to say that his wife was seriously ill and that he was writing in obedience to her wishes. The doctor held out hopes that she might linger for a few weeks, and she had prevailed upon her husband to send for their son. "Come at once," the letter concluded. "By the time you receive this, the S.S.—— will be in port and I have cabled enough money to the captain to purchase your discharge and to pay your passage home."

The young man sobbed like a child.

"Would you like me to write to your father for you?" asked the orderly. "Yes," was the reply after a moment's hesitation. "Tell him I never received his letter—that it arrived after I was gone."

A few minutes later, fearing possibly to pass into eternity with a lie on his lips, he said to the orderly, "Tell Dad I received his letter, but

I never bothered to read it."

What a world of pathos there was in that young man's last message home! Yet surely no less culpable are the many thousands who will one day stand before the Great White Throne to make a similar confession—that God's message was brought to them, but that they never bothered to read it. The old banker provided every possible means for his son's return and made it immediately and readily available. So God has made complete provision for our need and brought salvation to our very doors. The sinner has simply to avail himself of all that divine grace has offered. The Scotchman paid the price for his boy's return. Have you ever considered the price the Lord Jesus Christ paid for your redemption? He paid the full penalty and met all God's wrath against sin.

Without even bothering to read it, the young soldier tossed aside his father's letter. Have you ever troubled to read God's Word—to discover there, your own tremendous need and the provision which has been made to satisfy that need? To-day, God offers salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. Will you not accept it and Him?

F. A. TATFORD.

Saying "Good Bye."

THE chief engineer is saying, "Goodbye," to his superior officer; and we as a race have said "Goodbye" unto God. Nay, we have turned our back upon Him without having the good manners to say "Goodbye," for all have sinned, and turned everyone to his own way. We have left God collectively and individually. We read of the Lord,



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After many years' Happy Service.

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"From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God" (John vi. 66-69).

Do we know the " Captain of our Salvation ? " Is He in command of the ship ? Have we sailed the sea of life with Him, in fair weather and foul, storm and calm, and shall we leave Him ?

Have we found some flaw in His life ? Has He treated us unkindly ? Have His commands been contrary to our fancies ? Do we think we know better than He ? Or have we found a better ship, with a better captain, better pay, better provision and a better port of destination ?

" Will ye also go away ? " Many have, will ye also ? I remember an evangelist, when addressing some young converts, saying, " If you ever leave the Saviour, do it respectably. Go to Him and say, Lord, I am tired of Thy service, and desire a change : I have determined to leave Thee. Good-bye, Master."

If any have turned away from the Lord, He desires their return, saying,

" I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins : return unto me ; for I have redeemed thee " (Isa. XLIV. 22).

To return to God means that we turn away from sin, and there is no need for a formal " Goodbye."

" Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near : Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him ; and to our God for He will abundantly pardon. For My thoughts, are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts " (Isa. LV. 6-9).

WM. LUFF.

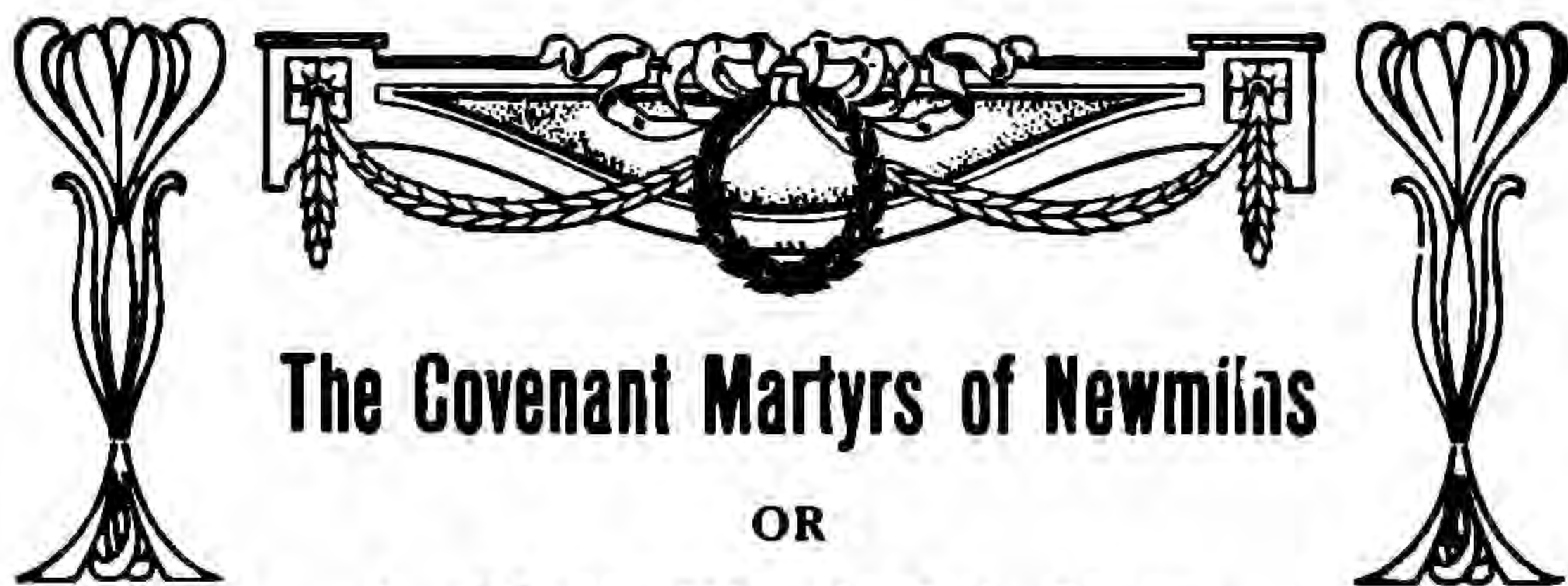


The Covenant Martyrs of Newmilns



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The Covenant Martyrs of Newmilns

OR

A More Wonderful Story.

IT must ever be the desire of true christians to keep green in the memory that noble band of martyrs "Who dared to stem tyrannic pride, or nobly die." In this favoured age, this age of liberty of conscience and freedom of expression, in a land of bibles, we are apt to forget those, of a bygone day, who suffered to uphold this precious heritage. There was a time in the history of our beloved land when "the sweet feelings of humanity were utterly forgotten," when bigotry ruled and reigned, "and men became beasts." A shadow darkened the land, home circles were broken, fathers were banished from loved ones, others suffered death simply because they dared to witness to the Name of Jesus. The West of Scotland was peculiarly rich in the possession of such an honourable heritage of godly sufferers, and very many monuments have been erected to perpetuate their example of fidelity to truth, and their love for the despised and rejected Saviour.

In the quiet, unassuming, yet industrially important town of Newmilns, Ayrshire, nestling in a charming and specially favoured nook of nature, in the valley of the Irvine, stands the monument shown in our illustration, keeping green in the hearts of all observers, the names of eight godly men who suffered death in the reign of Charles II. Five of the eight are very outstanding cases of faithful witness during those dark and barbarous days.

MATTHEW PATON, executed at Glasgow ;

DAVID FINDLAY, shot at Newmilnes ;

JAMES WOOD, executed at Mangus Muir ;

JOHN NISBET, executed at Kilmarnock ;

JAMES NISBET, executed at Glasgow.

The inset is a reproduction of all that is left of the monument marking the spot where JOHN LAW fell, having been brutally shot, unexpectedly, whilst walking in his garden because of his connection with the escape of eight prisoners apprehended at a prayer meeting just near the spot depicted in the other inset of our picture. The scenery around these parts is sweetly pleasing and there is everything to subdue even the baser nature of man, yet in spite of all, the rude tempest waged and brought death and desolation over this fair land.

There is a beautiful monument in that wonderful 11th chapter of Hebrews, to all that noble line of martyr saints, "of whom the world was not worthy." When reading through such soul stirring verses, one possesses the same feelings as when standing by the grassy mound, which wraps the clay of a simple peasant martyr bereft of life for the same cause.

Reader, friend! as you peruse such sweet stories of noble lives laid down upon the altar of sacrifice, surely they must touch your heart with a strange sadness, and yet, withal, a deep sense of admiration. "Their names, their deeds shall never perish." But we think of a more wonderful story concerning a more wonderful death. There was a sad scene enacted long, long years ago, on a green hill outside Jerusalem's city wall. "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth who was a Prophet mighty in word and deed." The rulers of that time delivered Him to be condemned to death, and crucified Him. Think of His mighty deeds! Healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, causing the dumb to speak, the lame to walk, raising the dead and restoring them to life and to loved ones. Wherever He went He brought joy and sweetness into sorrowing hearts. Think of His sweet and precious words! "I will give you rest." "My peace I give unto you." "I am come that ye might have life."

But the people cried, "Away with Him!" Wicked men took Him and nailed Him to a rugged Roman cross. Those hands, oft stretched forth dispensing blessing, were marred by cruel nails; those feet never weary on their mission of grace, were pierced by cruel nails; that precious Body in which the Lord Jesus magnified the law and glorified God, was pierced by the spear of a rude Roman soldier. His life's blood was poured out; whilst His murderers sat and watched Him die. "Delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God," he was taken by wicked hands and slain. *BUT JESUS WAS NOT A MARTYR IN THE SENSE THAT WE UNDERSTAND MARTYRDOM!* The blood of Jesus was shed on behalf of the sins of the guilty rebel sons of Adam's race. "It is expedient that one Man die for the people." Jesus came into this world that He might stand at the bar of divine justice and bear the stroke of a righteous God on behalf of sinful mankind. *READER,* the blood has been shed! Sin has been atoned for, and God is now Just, and the Justifier of all that believe on Jesus. God without compromising His righteousness, is able to justify the ungodly, because Christ has died and risen again. He is perfectly satisfied with the offering of the body of Jesus once for all. Can you truthfully say with one of the godly covenanters of old; "His blood is my plea. I bless and magnify His name that ever He brought me into a state of grace through the virtue of His most precious blood."

"I hear the words of Love
I gaze upon the blood;
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God."

W. M. NISBET.

•••••

"But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness."—Romans 4. 5.

A Heavy Burden.

MANY wonderful feats are accomplished in the industrial world of which the ordinary person is entirely ignorant. The "load" in our illustration, weighing twenty-three tons, although so tremendous, was only one of six, and the fact that the entire consignment reached its destination in safety reflects great credit upon the Railway Company which undertook so gigantic a task.

You may remember that John Bunyan in his "Pilgrim's Progress" depicts Christian starting from his home with a



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A Load of 23 Tons.

Photo.

"great burden on his back." Thousands of people are carrying this burden about and don't know it—the burden of SIN. David realised the awfulness of this fact when he exclaimed "Mine iniquities are gone over mine head. As a **HEAVY BURDEN** they are too heavy for me." (Psalm xxxviii 4).

If only we saw ourselves as God sees us we should be so greatly exercised about our sinful condition that we should

be constrained to ask the Philippian jailor's question, "What must I do to be saved?" The fact is that there is so much "camouflage" about us that we think "all is well" when "all is WRONG."

How true are the words "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper" (Prov. xxviii. 13). Why, the very fact of covering our sins *only proves that the sins are still there*, and if we fail to avail ourselves of the One and only remedy, our sins will mean our *eternal undoing*.

The "remedy" lies in the acceptance of the great and glorious truth that the Lord Jesus Christ bore SIN'S HEAVY LOAD on the cross. The load was so great that in the garden of Gethsemane He prayed three times that, *if it were possible*, the cup might pass from Him. BUT IT WAS NOT POSSIBLE. If we were to be redeemed it was absolutely essential for Christ to suffer, the Just One for us the unjust ones.

If you had a friend who was in great distress, and, at great cost and inconvenience to yourself, you helped him out of his difficulties, how would you feel if he failed to shew the slightest gratitude for all your kindness to him? You may say that such an attitude is unthinkable.

Now, the Lord Jesus came all the way from heaven to befriend *you* and to make it possible for that heavy load of sin to be removed once for all, and yet, perhaps, you have never once said "Thank you." Surely this is almost UNTHINKABLE. Your heart must be *very* cold and hard if there is no response on your part to His dying love.

Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress" only got rid of his burden when he arrived at the cross—and *not till then*. May you, beloved reader, find deliverance at the same place—the place called Calvary—and may you know the supreme joy of the forgiveness of *all* your sins by appropriating the Lord Jesus as your Saviour. Then you will be able to sing from your heart:—

At the cross! at the cross! where I first saw the light,
And the BURDEN OF MY HEART rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

ERNEST BARKER.

Overcome!

OUR picture depicts an incident which took place during the course of the great heat wave in London during July, 1926.

The three boys were "overcome" by the unusual heat. But probably their condition is not very serious, and after a little rest, and perhaps some cooling drink, they will be as well as ever.

Does the reader know what I mean when I affirm that there is a sense in which we have all been overcome, not by



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Giving their Comrades a Lift.

[Photo.

a heat wave, but by something infinitely worse? We have been "overcome of evil" as the Bible puts it.

Sin has been too strong for us. Like a wrestler, it has thrown us again and again, and at every endeavour of ours to rise, it has flung us down again. And thus we lie prone on the ground, utterly overcome.

This we do until One stronger than sin comes to the rescue. He not only delivers us from the tyranny of sin, saying "Sin shall not have dominion over you" (Romans vi. 14), but He also makes us overcomers so that we may "overcome evil with good." We may even be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

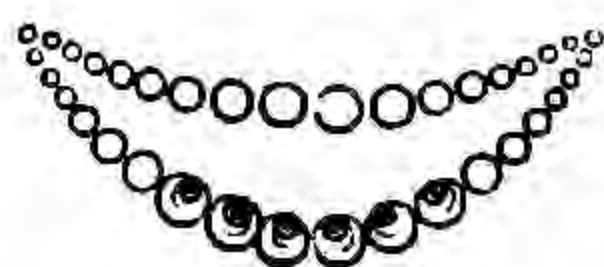
Does the possibility of a victorious life appeal to you, my reader? Would you like to learn the secret of being an overcomer? The secret may be learned, but there is another secret that must be learned first: *the secret of peace with God*. We must be right in our relations with Him before His power becomes available for us in our warfare with the powers of evil.

Now the foundation of peace with God has been laid for us in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him" (Isaiah liii. 5). That is, He endured the chastisement that otherwise must have fallen upon us, so that everything that stood between us and God might be removed.

This is glad news indeed. We are further informed that all the benefits that accrue from this self-sacrifice of our Saviour are made ours the moment we flee to Him for salvation. Then we belong to Him, and He gives us His Holy Spirit to dwell within, to make us strong for battle, so that by His power, and not by our own, we may be overcomers in the battle of life.

Why should you remain on the losing side? Why should you endure lifelong defeat of the most shameful kind? JESUS is the Conqueror of sin and of Satan. If you will betake yourself to Him in all your sin, your shame, your abject powerlessness, and confess to Him what you are, He will receive you. The immediate result will be that all your offences against God will be wiped out, in virtue of His precious blood; that is, in virtue of the fact that He died in your stead. Peace with God will then be yours. You will have a living Saviour, risen from among the dead, to befriend you through life. In every emergency, you will only have to cry to Him and He will be at your side.

Thousands can be summoned as witnesses to the truth and reality of what I say. Will you not step out in faith to share their joy and triumph? H. P. BARKER.



A Good Foundation.



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Pile Driving for a Good Foundation.

[Photo



A Good Foundation.

THERE is at Delhi, in India, an iron pillar, a very ancient column, which was believed by the Hindus to have its foundation in the centre of the earth. Anyhow, they had no doubt but that it extended to a prodigious depth beneath the surface of the ground. But when the English came to Delhi, they began digging around the famous pillar, and discovered that it did not extend more than twenty inches below the surface! It had no foundation at all, and if it had not stood in a very sheltered spot, where no storms could affect it, it would have crashed to the ground long ago.

Builders realize the necessity of having a solid foundation for the structures which they purpose to erect. Our picture shows the stout piles being driven down into the earth for the foundation of the new Michelin Tyre Factory at Stoke-on-Trent. It would be a vain task to attempt to build the factory without first securing a strong and stable foundation.

If this be so necessary for houses, factories and other buildings, how much more so when it is a question of building for eternity! In one of His inimitable parables, Christ spoke of two men. One built his house on the sand, and when the storm came it fell. The other built his house upon a rock, and it stood firm, in spite of flood and tempest (see Matthew vii. 24-27).

Reader, have you a good foundation? On what are you building your hopes for the future? The only foundation on which it is safe to build is **Christ**. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid,

which is Jesus Christ" (1 Corinthians iii. 2). Isaiah speaks of Him as "a great Rock," but David, in one of his exquisite Psalms, speaks of Him in a more intimate way, and says; "Thou art **My Rock**." Can the reader use language like this, and speak with all confidence of Christ being the Rock on which he builds?

Some people think that Peter is the Rock. But Peter would be an exceedingly poor and unreliable foundation on which to build. He was only a weak and sinful man like the rest of us, and on three important occasions he broke down:—

1. He denied the Cross . . . Matthew xvi. 22-23.
2. He denied the Saviour . . . Matthew xxvi. 69-75.
3. He denied the Gospel . . . Galatians ii. 11-21.

Who would build on such a poor foundation?

Moreover, Peter is dead. Our Lord Jesus Christ, on the contrary, never broke down, never failed once, and **He is not dead**. He died for our sins, but God raised Him from among the dead. It is a risen, victorious, living Saviour Who offers Himself to us as the Foundation for our faith. Whosoever builds upon Him is eternally safe.

Do not imagine that you can safely build on anything that **you** can be, or do, or say, or realize, or feel. That would be building on the sand indeed. Christ, and He alone, is the Rock.

Perhaps you say: "I do indeed trust in Christ. I know I have no goodness or strength of my own; yet I have not the certainty of salvation that some seem to enjoy." Then please note this:—Your *safety* depends upon the fact that you are on the Rock. Your *assurance* depends upon what the Word of God says about those who are on the Rock.

"By Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39). This is what the Word of God declares to be true of *all who are on the Rock*, that is, of all who disown every other foundation and believe (or trust) in Christ alone for their salvation.

Could we wish anything better for you than these two things?—

- (1) That you should have Christ as your one Foundation. That you should rest with all confidence upon this unshakeable Rock.

(2) That with childlike simplicity of faith you should give all credit to what the Scriptures of truth testify with regard to those who have thus put their confidence in Him, namely that they **are** justified from all things.

Here lies the secret of (1) Salvation and (2) Assurance.

H. P. BARKER.

Doubts and Difficulties Concerning Salvation.

By **ERNEST BARKER.**

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Q.—I sometimes hear preachers mention the word "justification." Is there any difference between that and forgiveness?

A.—Yes, and the difference is enormous. FORGIVENESS implies that the debt has been cancelled. JUSTIFICATION implies that EVERY TRACE OF THE DEBT HAS BEEN REMOVED. In other words, the justified person stands before God as though he had never incurred a debt at all. When the prodigal son returned from the far country, he was not only forgiven, but he was also clothed with the "BEST robe" in his father's house. Just so is it with him who believes in Jesus. Not only are all his sins forgiven, but his entire past is obliterated from God's memory for ever. That is to say that HIS PAST IS AS THOUGH IT HAD NEVER BEEN, and the sinner is clothed with the robe of God's spotless righteousness, ALL BECAUSE THE LORD JESUS DIED AND ROSE AGAIN.

Q.—How can I know that I have the right kind of faith?

A.—It is not a question of "the right kind of faith" at all. Everything depends upon the object in which that faith is placed. IF CHRIST IS THE OBJECT you need not trouble about the quality of your faith.

How He Loved.

JENNIE McPherson was a Scotch fisher girl who had been converted during the visit of a missionary to her native village, and she was still filled with a zeal and earnestness for her newly found Master, when, with a number of other fisherlasses she set off as usual for North Shields for the season. Here they might have been seen daily engaged in packing, or else, during a respite from work, seated in groups talking and knitting.

One day, as Jennie sat with a little group, one brawny lass commenced swearing and blaspheming. The new convert immediately spoke to her for taking God's name in vain. The result was a burst of uproarious laughter from all, and a cry, "Jennie's turned religious," and from that moment the girls gave her no peace. Rose Cameron,



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Scotch Fisher Lasses at North Shields.

[Photo.

the girl who had called forth the remonstrance, was the worst of all, and her perpetual mockery and sneers always found an appreciative audience.

In the middle of the season, however, Jennie's adversary slipped from a boulder and broke her ankle, and as a result was confined to bed for some weeks. Several of the fisher girls called to see her from time to time, Jennie McPherson among them, but whenever she appeared the invalid burst

into jeers at her "religion."

As the Scotch lasses were wending their way homewards from the Fishmarket one evening, a cry rang out, "Fire, fire!" Following the people down the street they found a house literally in flames.

"Is anyone inside?" asked one of the girls.

"I don't think so," replied a big, burly fisherman, but hardly had the words been uttered, than a shriek rang out and a white, terror-stricken face appeared at an upper window.

"It's Rose," exclaimed a girl. "Won't somebody save her?"

The fire had gained too big a hold, however, and the staircase was a mass of flames. No one dared to face the danger.

Presently a slim figure, with a shawl around her head, darted forward and made her way into the house amidst the breathless hush of the crowd. Minutes passed—minutes which seemed like hours—but presently she reappeared, staggering beneath a heavy burden. As she came out of the house, she tottered and fell. The sick girl was wrapped round with blankets. As she, Rose Cameron, scorched and burned, opened her eyes, she asked for her rescuer. They carried her to her. She looked at the poor burnt face and the blackened hands, and then cried, "Oh, Jennie!" and burst into tears.

"He—did—more," gasped Jennie, "I—wanted—to—show—you—how—He—loved."

Two years later, a young Scotch missionary, just about to sail for another land, stood by Jennie's grave and, as the tears trickled down her cheeks, she said, "I know now Jennie, *how much* He loved."

I wonder if *the reader* has ever thought of the tremendous love of the Lord Jesus Christ. Have you ever thought of all it cost Him when He voluntarily gave Himself up to a death of ignominy and shame at Calvary in order that you might be eternally saved? Can you think of the wealth of His love and yet reject Him? In view of Calvary—the climax and culminating point of love—will you not accept Him as your own personal Saviour, rejoicing with the apostle Paul in the truth of the fact that "the Son of God loved *you* and gave Himself for *you*." (Gal. ii. 20).

F. A. TATFORD.

A Cat's Paradise.

AS this cat eyed the heap of fish, it must have thought "Now I'm in for a good time," and as the photograph depicts, the cat quickly commences to take her fill. One can easily imagine that she soon proved that the anticipation was far better than the realization. Like the young man in the Gospel of Luke xv. 11-24, who imagined that he saw a heap of good things before him, and anticipated a good time, without any restraint whatever. But the realization of those things which looked so alluring—so delightfully attractive, proved to be only an extremely painful and bitter experience. For he that blows into a heap of dust is in danger of blinding himself.



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Caught in the Act.

Photo.

"Life is a measure to be filled—
Not a goblet to be drained."

The Prodigal was first brought to himself and then to God.

I had just finished speaking to a crowd of Chinese outside a fish market, when a young Chinese Christian began to speak. He had hardly commenced, when three very gaudily dressed Chinese stopped to listen, and to poke fun ridiculing the young speaker. He was not in the least perturbed; at a glance he took in the situation and these highly dressed young fellows. He interested the crowd at once by referring to the great dearth of fish that had been for some while in this market. "Yesterday," he said, "I saw a man in the market with a fine looking big fish,

shouting out "cheap fish to-day." I went over to look, not understanding why he could sell it cheaply when there was such a scarcity of fish. The fish looked beautiful, and shone in the sunlight, and it smelt fresh, and I was puzzled. Then I lifted up the gills of the fish, and saw under the gills that it was all black within, and consequently worthless and quite unfit for food. All this had been hidden by its fine appearance." Then the young preacher paused for a moment, and looking kindly at the dandies in their fine clothes, said very thoughtfully, "Young men! God will one day lift up your gills, and your blackness, sin and utter-worthlessness will be revealed." "Because God hath appointed a day, in the which HE will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom HE hath ordained." Acts xvii. 31.

What an intensely solemn thing to stand before God, to be judged in righteousness by Christ. A full discovery will then be made of your sinful, lost, ruined condition. Repent therefore and believe the gospel while you have the opportunity. (See Mark i. 15.)

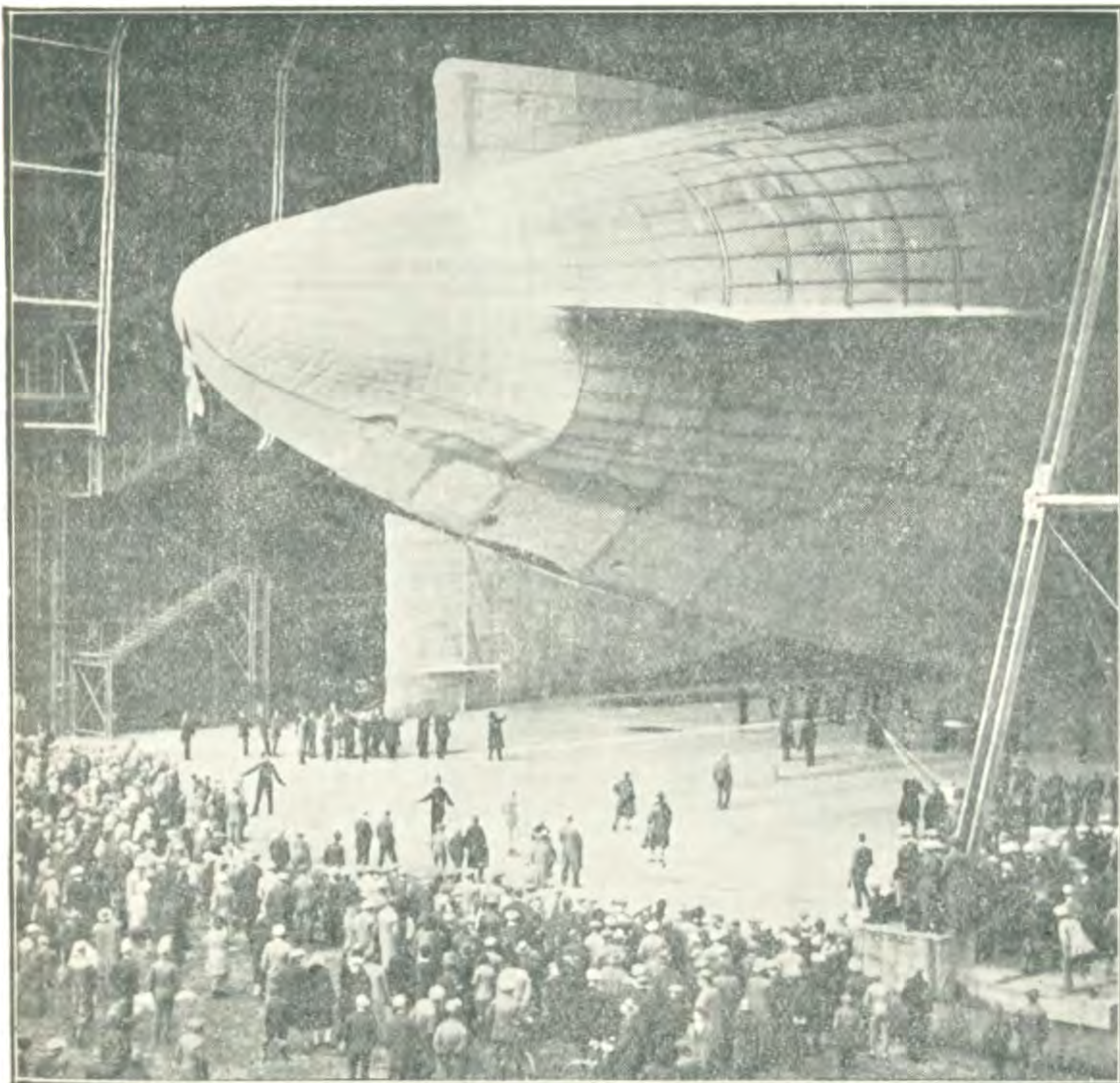
The Lord Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth MY word, and believeth on HIM that sent ME hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation (i.e. judgment) but is passed from death unto life." John v. 24. HE was wounded for our transgressions, HE was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon HIM; and with HIS stripes we are healed." Isaiah liii. 5.

To declare, I say, at this time HIS righteousness: that HE might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in JESUS." Romans iii. 26. "Believe on the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi. 31.

A. R. THOBURN, (Singapore.)



An Auspicious Event.



Copyright,

Arrival of Norge Airship at Pulham.

Photo.



An Auspicious Event.

THIS magnificent specimen of aircraft is seen in our picture bound for that out-of-the-way place called the North Pole, and it imparts a certain feeling of satisfaction to know that the "Norge" has actually reached her destination. Nor can we wonder at this when we realise the thoroughness of workmanship wherewith she was equipped, and the brave and skilled men who controlled her.

The very mention of the "air" reminds us of an event which is shortly to take place—an event in which we are *all* interested, consciously or unconsciously, because it will mean either our eternal blessing and profit, or our everlasting confusion and loss.

This great event is none other than THE COMING AGAIN OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. Would you like to know something about it? Very well, we will endeavour to unfold the truth as simply as possible.

Now just as we believe the message that the "Norge" has actually gained her objective, so, on the sole authority of the Bible, we believe the truth that Christ will come again.

The first thing to remember is

The certainty of His coming.

Nothing is clearer or more definite in the whole Word of God than the fact that He is really returning. The Lord Jesus said to His disciples before He left them "*I will come again*" (John xiv. 3). These words alone are sufficient to show that *Christ is really coming back again*. You may retort that there are many clever men,

and even eloquent preachers, who denounce the whole idea of a second Advent, but, dear friend, don't let that lead you astray. "For what if some did not believe? *shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect?*" (Rom. iii. 3). All the unbelief in the world cannot alter God's truth or frustrate His purposes.

Notice that the airship in our illustration is only in the shed *temporarily*, soon to depart on her long voyage. This leads us to another important phase of our subject, namely :—

The nearness of His coming.

How soon this great event may take place we know not. It may be sooner than many people imagine. There are many indications that His return is close at hand. One is that men are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Another is that many have "the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof." The number is legion who *profess* to be Christians, but who live such lives as to altogether contradict their profession. Is it possible that *you*, beloved reader, come within this category? If so, *the very emptiness of your life proclaims the near return of the Lord Jesus*. It is futile to say that because the promise of His coming was made nearly 2000 years ago and is as yet unfulfilled, therefore He cannot be coming at all; the simple reason being that with God a thousand years are as one day, so that from *His* standpoint it is not yet *two days* since the promise was made. Moreover, *God always keeps His appointments* and when His hour strikes, *Christ will come*. Think of it, He may be here at any moment—before the end of this month—even before another day has elapsed. Are we all prepared for that auspicious happening?

But, you ask, what is

The object of His coming?

Ah! there is more in this question than you perhaps realise. The grand truth is that He is coming for all "His own"; all who have definitely trusted Him as their one and only Saviour. Are you among that

number, dear reader? Why not at this juncture examine your own heart and ask yourself this question. Do I *truly* believe that He died for *me* and rose again? If you can answer, *yes*, then depend upon it, He will come for *you*.

How many there are who dare not anticipate the future, simply because they really don't know what will happen. They are not prepared to face eternity, and the very thought of having to meet God well nigh sends a shudder through them. Why? All because they have turned their backs upon God's salvation. Surely such an attitude is the highest height of folly when such eternal issues are at stake.

There is yet another important phase of this truth, namely:—

The result of His coming.

Let me tell you what is actually going to happen when He comes. *All the dead in Christ* shall rise from their graves first; that means all who have pinned their faith to His finished work on Calvary, and who have already passed away. Then the *living believers will be changed*; that means all who have accepted Him as their Saviour and who will be alive on the earth when this greatest of all events takes place, so that in one grand, glorious company the myriads of the redeemed will be caught away to be "for ever with the Lord."

Do you see this great crowd around the aerodrome in our picture? They all appear to be anxiously waiting to see this "ethereal monster" sail away toward her destination. In like manner there are literally millions to-day who are joyfully awaiting that crucial moment when the Lord Himself shall descend from the glory in order that they might be in His glorious, immediate, uninterrupted presence for ever and ever.

May *you*, beloved reader, be included in that happy company. You *will* be included if you believe with your heart that "Jesus died and rose again" (see 1. Thess. iv. 14).

ERNEST BARKER.

Trampled Underfoot.

ON the out-skirts of a Welsh mining town lived an old colliery Surveyor with his wife and son. The old man was an earnest Christian and both he and his wife were most regular in their attendance at the little chapel at the end of the street. Their son was an upright, clean-living young fellow, but had never evinced any deep interest in spiritual things.

One day, the happy unity of the family was abruptly severed by the cold hand of death, and the beloved wife and mother was taken out of this scene. Father and son followed the remains of their loved one to her last resting



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A Typical Mining Village.

[Photo.

place, returning sadly to the empty house. As they sat, one on either side of the fireplace, their sorrow seemed to overwhelm them, and after a while the son rose and said, "I'm going out, Dad."

"Don't go out, Harry," said his father. "I can't stick it alone."

"I must go, I've an appointment," replied the boy.

"Don't go out to-night," pleaded the old man. "It seems so desolate and I can't bear to be left alone."

Harry, however, insisted on going, and although his father

pleaded with him to change his mind and remain at home his determination seemed fixed. At last—possibly with a touch of melodrama—the father laid down on the threshold and said, “Well, if you go out, you’ll go over my body.”

Hesitating for a moment, the young fellow looked down and then, placing one foot on his father’s body, he passed out into the street. He returned late that night and as he pushed open the door, he stumbled over something. Hastily striking a match, he bent down and saw his father still lying in the same posture on the ground. His apprehensions aroused, he examined him more closely, only to discover that life was extinct.

The feelings of that young man can scarcely be imagined. He had refused his father’s last wish and had deliberately trampled him under-foot. He had disregarded the claims of love and filial respect and well deserved the scorn which public opinion heaped upon his head.

Well might such an one be contemned and despised, yet how many people to-day are treating their best friend in exactly the same way. In the riches of His grace, the Lord Jesus Christ left the heights of glory and came down into this scene of sin and misery for the express purpose of saving sinners. That He might make reconciliation possible He voluntarily laid down His own life, pouring out His soul unto death. “While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. v. 8). “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities” (Isa. liii. 5). Yet the One who manifested such marvellous love is “despised and rejected of men.” God presents Him as Saviour: the world rejects Him and heaps its contempt upon His blessed head.

Possibly *you* are among those who reject the Christ of God and regard with indifference His claims to your love and allegiance. Have you ever realised that in your rejection you are virtually trampling Him underfoot—spurning God’s beloved Son as a worthless thing? If the miner’s son merited scorn and contempt, what shall be said of those who so treat the One whose love for them was so great?

May God graciously open your eyes to realise your sinnership and consequent need of salvation and the satisfaction of that need in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. Do not longer trample Him underfoot, but turn and plead His forgiveness. He waits to save.—F. A. TATFORD.

Calm Amidst the Storm.

WE all love the restless sea. Its varying moods bespeak the state of our inmost soul betimes, moaning, heaving, sparkling with merriment, and then a great calm. The sea teaches us extremes,—storm and calm. Waves sometimes mountains high tossing the great ships upon its surface ; at other times making sweet musical lullabies as the tranquil tide breaks dreamily on the pebbles.

What a lovely picture is presented to us by Mark in the fourth Chapter of his Gospel. Jesus had been teaching all day by the sea-side. Multitudes had thronged around Him, so great that He found it necessary to enter into a ship and



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Calm After Storm.

[Photo,

teach the people. He spake unto them the wonderful parable of the sower, Just picture this beautiful scene ; the sun high in the heavens, the fleecy clouds draping the blue canopy, a great throng of interested listeners resting on the sands and the kindly Teacher in the ship. The musical notes from His blessed lips would find a suitable accompaniment in the lapping wavelets or the pleasing call of the birds as they followed the sower, who would in all likelihood be busy in his fields at the time. The people

listened eagerly to Him because "He taught as one having authority."

The evening has come. The multitude is sent away. Jesus was desirous of passing over to the other side, so they set sail. The Preacher lays Himself down to rest and is soon fast asleep. "And there arose a great storm of wind." The sailors greatly fear and gaze astonishingly at their Master soundly sleeping amidst the peril. "So they awake Him saying, Master carest thou not that we perish? And Jesus arose and rebuked the wind, and said to the sea, Peace be still, and there was a great calm." Two great extremes, storm and calm. The ship almost engulfed in the raging sea. Men fearful in their peril, astonished in their peace. **READER**, are you like the troubled sea when it cannot rest? Will your anchor hold in the flood-gates of death? Have you the glorious prospect of seeing your pilot face to face? Or are you like the sailors, "fearful and fearing exceedingly?" Seek Jesus, anxious soul, and He will banish all your fear, he will give you peace, for "Jesus Himself is our peace," the very same Jesus who rebuked the wind and calmed the storm on that Galilean lake. All the waves and billows of God's wrath passed over His spotless soul, when He as the willing victim atoned for sin on Calvary. And now to you He saith, "Peace be still." Take Jesus into your heart and He will pilot you over the troubled sea of life. He will prove a friend when contrary winds blow, when troubles arise and you fear exceedingly. And He will welcome you into the harbour rest when all life's storms are o'er. Reader, friend, for whom Christ died, are you able to say:—

When I anchor in the harbour,
All life's storms for ever o'er;
I shall see my Pilot, Jesus,
Waiting on the heavenly shore.

W. M. NISBET.



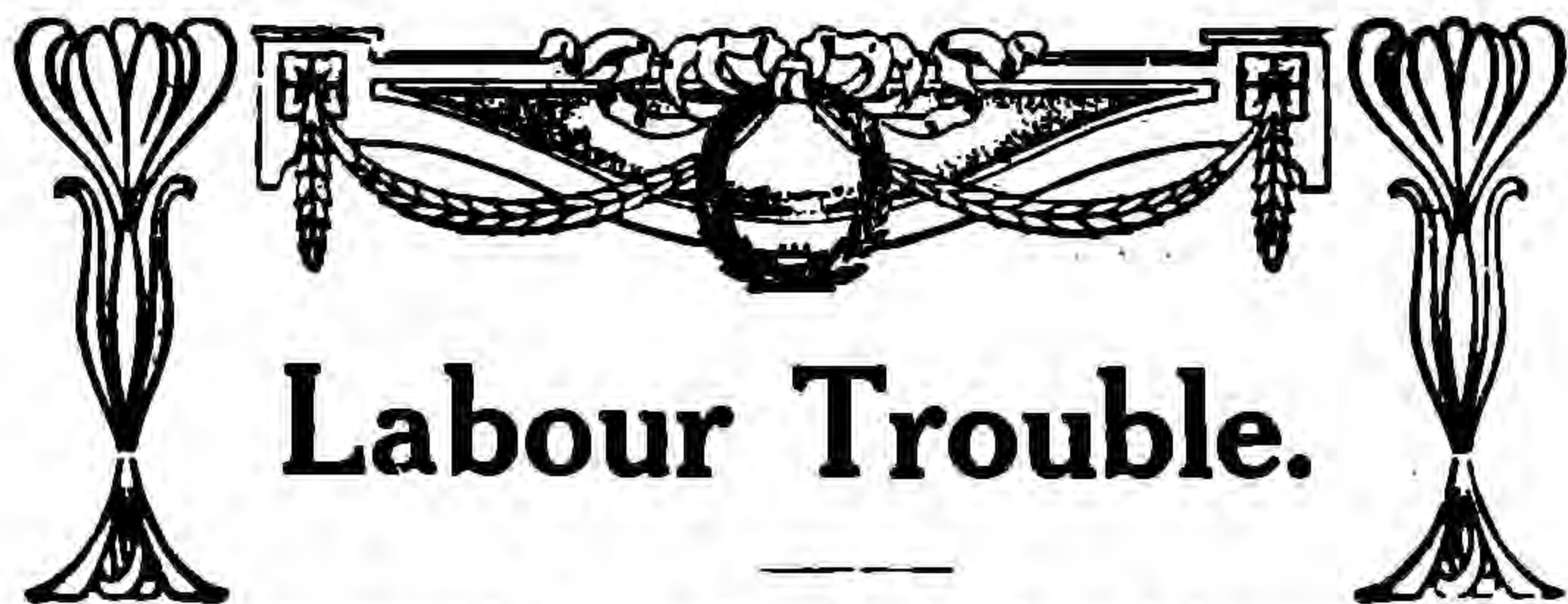
Labour Trouble.



Copyright,

Ralph Wended his way Homeward.

Photo.



Labour Trouble.

RALPH Burnard, a Northumberland coal hewer, was one of the many thousands affected by the great national stoppage of 1926, and it was but another burden to his already heavy load. Gathering together his tools, he wended his way homeward deep in meditation, for he was by no means a shirker, much less a careless, indifferent workman. On the contrary he was one of the best in the district, and all his workmates respected him for his honest and straightforward dealings.

His wife, who had been recently saved at a tent mission in an adjoining village, greeted her husband with a smile, saying, "Now, Ralph, you will be able to help me get our little home thoroughly spring-cleaned, and all the kiddies' shoes repaired, for the mines will not be opened again this week."

"That I will," he replied, "for I must have something to occupy my mind. That text from which yon man preached last night has haunted me all the day, and do what I will I cannot forget it."

Inwardly his dear wife said "Thank God for that," for she knew, although her husband was of an honest, straightforward and upright character, that he was not right with God. He did not know Christ as his Saviour, nor the glorious fact of sins forgiven as she did. However, she thought the wisest course at the moment would be to remain silent and allow the Holy Spirit of God to deepen His work of conviction in the conscience of Ralph Burnard.

That night Ralph could not sleep. Something seemed to disturb him, and as he thought of the text of the previous evening, and then of the happenings of the day that had just closed, it seemed to him that, after all, the world must be getting worse and not better as he had thought.

Labour trouble had been threatened for many months past in the mine where he worked, but that was not of so great concern to him at the present time as a far deeper labour trouble which was eating, as a canker, into his very soul. On several occasions of late the astounding fact had been impressed upon him in various ways that although he had always paid his 20/- in the pound, and was quite as good living as the majority of his mates, yet after all, God's Word was explicit and plain that "There is no difference, for *all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

"All have sinned," therefore he must be a sinner in God's sight, and then the preacher had said on Sunday, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If he were to reap the due reward of his sin, he knew (although he would not care to tell anyone else so) that death and eternal judgment would be his portion. As he tossed upon his bed the awfulness of his danger seemed to overwhelm him. His burden seemed more than he could bear.

Casting his eye around the room, he saw a motto hanging upon the wall facing him, and the words seemed to come from Heaven itself: "Come unto Me all *ye that labour* and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" (Matthew xi. 28).

Rest: Oh! what a solace there was in that word! *REST*: that was just what he needed, and how he longed to possess it. I will give *you* rest. *YOU*—Ralph Burnard—I will give *you* rest. Who was it speaking? Surely it must be the Saviour, for the preacher had said, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Romans v. 8) and also that "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).

Truly he was very heavily laden, and his labour trouble was great. He desired rest, he longed for it, then why had he not got it? What must he do? "Come unto Me, and I will give." "If that is all I have to do," said Ralph, "then, Lord, I come. I know I am a guilty sinner, I know that Thou didst suffer in my stead, and now because Thou dost say, "Come unto Me all *ye that labour* and are heavy laden and I will give you rest,"—I will come, here and now."

Reader, if this has in any way depicted your condition and soul exercise, why not, like the subject of this article accept the Saviour's loving invitation? He has also said "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37).

Next morning Ralph greeted his wife with the glorious news that he was a saved man. His burden had gone, his sins were forgiven, and Christ was his Saviour. Together they both knelt down at the bedside and gave God thanks. And had they not abundant reason to do so? Is there anything that can bring greater relief to a burdened soul than the knowledge that God Himself has freely bestowed the great gift of His forgiveness? Will you not, my dear friend, here and now, turn to the Saviour in faith and repentance? Then God, *for Christ's sake*, and not because of anything in you, will freely forgive you your many sins (Ephesians iv. 32), and make you His own child for ever.
G.F.V.

Worth Repeating Several Times!

SALVATION

Is not
Reformation

nor
Imitation

nor
Education

nor
Confirmation

nor
Imagination.

IT IS

"Regeneration"

THAT IS

"A New Creation"

found in
God's Revelation
and is for
Every Nation.

RUINS AND ROCKS.

HOW strange are one's feelings when walking over the grassy carpet of a ruined castle or church! What a wonderful history lies behind the years! Could the rugged walls speak, what joys they would unfold—and sorrows. A strange pleasure is experienced when one wanders through the dark dungeons, or mounts the stairs that led up to the keep; remembering that the very same castle was in bygone days a fortress wherein brave men fought, bled and died; withstanding the assaults of mighty men of valour, and braving the dangers of feudal wars.



[Copyright]

Ayrshire Ruins on the Rocks.

[Photo.]

Our picture shows the *RUINS* of castles and churches overlooking the sea, or nestling amidst wild but beautiful scenery far inland. There must have been very wise builders in bygone days, otherwise we, in this generation, would not have been privileged to view the strange edifices which housed the highest and noblest of our land, and in which the humble peasantry worshipped God. How durable they have proved

to be! Enormous boulders of stone, great thick walls, and almost everyone of them built upon a *ROCK*. The hand of decay has touched the buildings; the outer walls alone remain, covered with the foliage of climbing plants; all else has crumbled to dust. But this great fact must always impress one when viewing the rigid *RUINS* that stand like silent sentinels amidst the sweetness of nature, and that is the sure foundation upon which the builders erected them. Beautiful buildings, crumbling into dust heaps, gradually vanishing with the onward march of time, but the *ROCK* foundation remains immoveable, impregnable.

There is a beautiful lesson conveyed to our minds in viewing this picture of *RUINS*. We are all builders building for the future. Are you, dear reader, building on the *ROCK* foundation—the Lord Jesus Christ—or on the ever shifting sands of self righteousness?

The Lord Jesus once spake a parable about a wise builder and a foolish builder; the one built his house upon a *ROCK*, the other upon the sand. Those who listened to the Saviour that day would just be in the environment suitable for such a discourse. Jordan's lovely valley abounded with rocks and little pleasing patches of sandy meadowland. Frequent rains swelled the river which often overflowed its banks, sweeping everything unstable before it. In the light of such happenings the wise man built his house upon A *ROCK* so that when the floods came he was secure. You would call a man a fool, and rightly so, if, knowing that such conditions prevailed, he built upon a sandy foundation. In the floods such an one would be lost, house, body and soul.

READER,—FRIEND,—Jesus is the *ROCK* upon which as a wise builder, you must build. Other foundations are as unstable as the shifting sands. He has laid the righteous foundation upon which *RUINED* sinners may build their hopes for eternity. Our righteousnesses, like the *RUINS*, are valueless. God calls them "filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6). "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. x. 4). And He will be the only safe abiding place when the flood-gates of divine wrath burst upon this sinful world. What a joy to be able to say:

"My solid foundation is Jesus,
My *ROCK*, my salvation, my stay;
On Him all my hopes I am building
For time and eternity."

W.M.N.

Jonah and the Whale.

THE excuses that people make for not believing the Gospel are often too foolish for words. One man will not have salvation unless he can be informed as to who Cain's wife was ; as if that were of the smallest consequence ! Another will not come to the Saviour and receive forgiveness of his sins because the Bible contains "that story about Jonah and the whale."



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A Whale caught at Hastings.

[Photo.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing very wonderful about the whale swallowing Jonah. Whales around the British Isles are comparatively small. The one shown in our picture, caught in a net off Hastings in July, 1926, though the largest caught in the Channel for many years, only measured sixteen feet and weighed fourteen hundredweight. The *Daily Mail* of May 23rd, 1923, reports a big monster captured off the

Florida coast measuring forty-five feet and weighing fifteen tons! Whales have been caught that could easily swallow half-a-dozen Jonahs at one gulp.

Of course God preserved His servant while in the whale's interior, just as He has preserved *you* from many a danger. You would not be alive to-day were it not for His preserving care. He is the Saviour (i.e. Preserver) of all men, specially of those who are His children by faith in Christ (1 Timothy iv. 10). "He giveth to all life, and breath and all things" (Acts xvii. 25).

People may say "Christianity does not depend on whether a whale swallowed a man or not." Of course it does not. But it *does* depend upon the trustworthiness of Christ, and if He did not speak the truth when He said that Jonah was three days and three nights inside the whale (Matthew xii. 40), how can His Word be believed when He spoke of more important matters?

The truth is that Satan, "the god of this world," uses the natural incredulity of the human heart to blind men's eyes "lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ . . . should shine unto them" (II Corinthians iv. 4). Are you letting him blind *you*?

God desires that *the light* should shine in your heart, that you should see the seriousness of your sins, and flee to the Saviour for refuge. All the sins that you have ever committed in thought, word and deed, are in remembrance before God. But the precious blood of Christ has secured for Him the title to forgive you freely and righteously. What you have to do is to put your trust in Christ, and receive the glad tidings of salvation through faith in Him.

Don't let any stupid nonsense about Cain's wife or Jonah and the whale rob you of the blessing and the joy that may be yours.

H. P. BARKER.



A Disappointed Woman.




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The Czecho-Slovakia Woman.

Photo.

G. F. VALLANCE, Publisher of Christian Literature, GOODMAYES, Essex



A Disappointed Woman.

THE friend in our illustration hails from a village in Czecho-Slovakia, which owns the tongue-twisting name of Krakovaly. She travelled all the way to London, having heard that the streets were practically "paved with gold." Needless to say her hopes were never allowed to materialise. London was not the gold-mine she had anticipated, and, to add to her difficulties, she was unable to speak a word of English. Our friend, therefore, decided to return to her native village, which, perhaps, was the wisest course for her to take.

How many have made a similar mistake! Multitudes have understood that by coming to the great metropolis they would succeed in making a fortune within a few months, and they have come, only to find that their hopes have been dashed into pieces. Those of us who live in London know how difficult it is sometimes to make "both ends meet," especially in these days of strikes, trade depression, and general uneasiness.

But suppose it were true that the streets of London were "paved with gold," and that fortunes could be amassed in an incredibly short time,—wherein would lie the advantage? After all, *money is not everything*. As a matter of fact, with many it is a greater hindrance than a help; a greater curse than a blessing. In Mark viii. 36 we see God's remarkable *Profit and Loss Account*.—"What shall it *profit* a man if he shall gain the whole world, and *lose* his own soul?" Assume for one brief moment that you had the whole of London

in your possession ; assume that you were in possession of the entire British Empire ; aye, assume that it were possible for you to possess the *entire world* with all its vast resources of wealth—what would it profit you, my dear friend, if, having gained it all, *you eventually lost your soul?*

Earthly possessions can only last a short while at the most, as the Word of God reminds us so forcibly "For we brought nothing into this world, and it is *certain that we can carry nothing out.*" The rich man mentioned in Luke chapter 12, said, "What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my goods?" He answered his own question by deciding to pull down his barns and to build greater, so that he could say to himself "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years . . . eat, drink and be merry." How sad! No thought of his soul's welfare ; no thought of God ; no thought of his eternal future. Little did he expect to hear the ominous words from high heaven "Thou fool ; this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

How many there are who seem to think that wealth ensures happiness. *What a fallacy!* Some of the wealthiest people on earth are among the most miserable, *and are most to be pitied.*

Speaking after the manner of men, King Solomon was the *richest* as well as the *wisest* monarch of his time. Whatever his eyes desired he had ; he withheld not his heart from any joy. He was simply saturated with this world's goods, and yet, when he reviewed his past life, he had to confess that it was nothing but VANITY.

Judas Iscariot sold the Lord of Glory for thirty pieces of silver—one of the most awful bargains ever made. Judas lived for this world, and thought more of a paltry sum of about £3-15s. (in our money) than he thought of the Son of God. *His love of money cost Judas his soul*—he eventually committed suicide. It doesn't really pay to live for oneself. There is something infinitely higher, nobler, and more satisfying, and that is *to live for Christ.* But this is impossible unless we first *know Him*, and the only way to know Him is to TRUST HIM.

Think of it ! In order to save our souls from an

endless hell, the Lord Jesus Christ came from highest heaven and gave His. In the profound words of Isaiah liii, 12, "He hath poured out His soul unto death" lies the measure of His mighty love toward us. Can we wonder that God says "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" If there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved; if the precious blood of Christ is our *only* passport to heaven; if the cross is the *only* path which leads to glory; then surely there can be no possibility of escape if we are so foolish as to say, by our action if not in actual words, "No, thank you" to the greatest offer God Himself could place within our grasp.

Is there a deep longing in your heart, friend, to be at peace with God; to be in the conscious enjoyment of sins forgiven; to be assured of your eternal future?—then *here and now* accept the Saviour by believing from your heart that He died for *you personally* on the cross.

Remember that the mere historical fact that Christ died will save nobody, *but the unqualified acceptance of the glorious fact that Christ died for ME will save anybody.*

ERNEST BARKER.

....oO....

The Great Question.

"What shall I do with Jesus"?
(Jesus Who *died* for me!)
These were the words of Pilate:
Now—they are asked of thee.

What will YOU do with JESUS?
Jesus, Who died for you?
Do you believe He *loved* you?
Do you believe its true?

L. M. WARNER.

The Chantry House.

AT Billericay, in Essex, stands an ancient house, more than four hundred years old according to the date still legible upon its front. It is a tumble-down, dilapidated old place, fit, we should imagine, for nothing else than to be pulled down, to make room for a better building.

Yet an American millionaire, during the year 1926, bought the old Chantry House for no less than £10,000, and arranged



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Chantry House, Billericay, Essex.

[Photo.

to have every brick and beam of it removed to America and re-erected in Boston! What could his underlying motive have been?

The fact is that the Chantry House has certain historic associations that gave it a value (though intrinsically it has almost none) in the eyes of its purchaser. It was the residence, during part of the sixteenth century, of one Christopher

Martin, who was one of the leaders of the Pilgrim Fathers,—those early emigrants to the new world of whom Americans rightly make so much to-day.

A parable lies hidden in this incident of the Chantry House and its purchase at such a tremendous price. You and I, my reader, are in ourselves as worthless as it. Ruined by the sin that we have loved and practised, we have become utterly “unprofitable.” So we are reminded in Romans iii. 12, and this is true of all of us.

Yet for such sinful, worthless, broken-down, hell-deserving creatures as we are, Christ deemed it worth while to pay the tremendous price of His own life's blood, shed upon the Cross. *He wanted us*, and gave Himself a sacrifice on our behalf, to purge away our sin and obtain us for Himself. How He must have loved us!

Now it certainly was not by reason of anything that was to be found in us that Christ should thus die to win us. It was because of what He would give us, what He would make of us, that He set Himself at such cost to obtain us.

By the shedding of His blood He could settle the question of our guilt before God. By the gift of His Spirit He could renew and cleanse our hearts, and implant within them right and holy desires. By His risen life He could lift us from the things of earth. He could guard us, train us, attract us, form us, and ultimately transfer us to heaven, to be His companions for ever!

What a fortune and what a future is within our reach! Can it be that any reader of these pages is missing it?

If Christ has done all the necessary work, and has cried: “It is finished,” what remains for us to do? Nothing. We have but to stretch forth the hand of faith, and appropriate to ourselves what has been so wonderfully won for us.

We wish we could persuade the reader to take this step, if he or she has not already done so. Just as the Chantry House, purchased and paid for, is to be translated across the ocean, so those whom Christ has redeemed by His blood are one day to be translated to their home in heaven. “The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout” and will thus complete the story of our salvation.

Reader, where will you be in that day. Translated, or left behind? Taken to heaven, or lost for ever *because you would not be saved?*

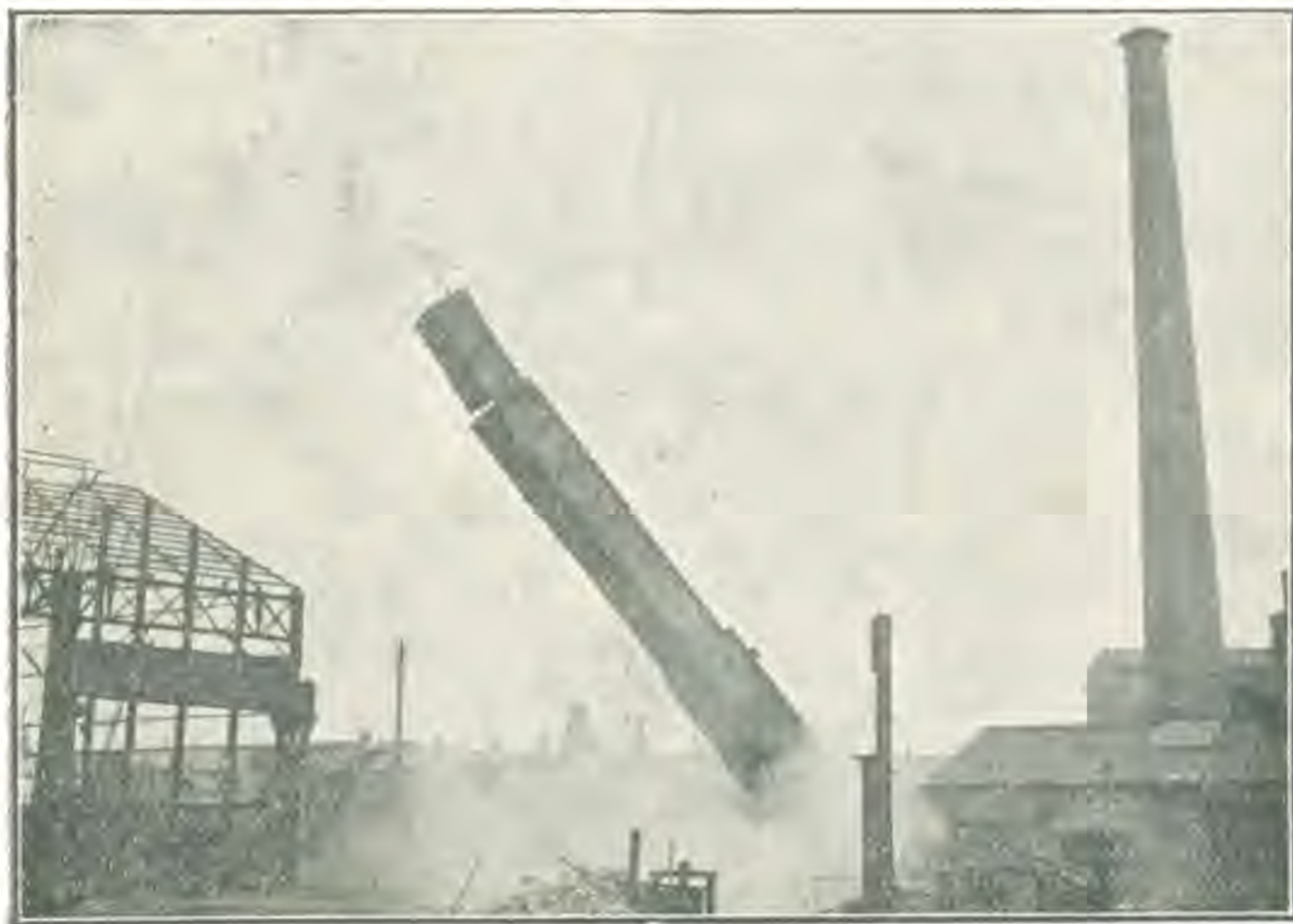
H. P. BARKER.

Why the Chimney Fell.

FALLING ! It is falling ! and in a moment it had fallen.

Why did it fall ? Was there an earthquake ? No. Was it the result of an explosion ? No. Did a giant push it over ? No. Then why did the tall chimney fall ?

Quietly a few bricks were shifted, and the shafts underpinned by wood. The process was repeated, with apparently no evil results, until wood was substituted for brick. Was not the one as good as the other ? We shall see. A fire



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Felling a Chimney at Bolton.

[Photo.

is kindled, and all go to a distance. Soon the substituted timber is burnt away : the support fails : the shaft leans, bows, breaks, and crashes to the earth.

When God made man He made him upright (Eccl. vii. 29) : and put him in the Garden of Eden. But man has fallen. Why is he prostrate in the dust to-day, broken, and shattered ? Was there an earthquake, or an explosion ? Neither ! By stealth Satan took away Adam's faith in the truth of God, substituting his own lies : and so he fell, and we fell in him.

" Wherefore, 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." Romans v. 12.

This accounts for all the sorrow and confusion in the world to-day. We might as soon doubt the fall of the chimney in our picture, as doubt the fall of the human race.

What a fine man Samson appears ! What boy has not admired him, as he slew the lion, or walked off with the gates of Gaza ; but how he fell ! For " the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass ; and he did grind in the prison house." (Judges xvi. 21).

Saul was another pillar of strength : " a choice young man and a goodly ; and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he : from his shoulders and upwards he was higher than any of the people " (1. Samuel ix. 2). But he fell, and died a suicide (1. Samuel xxxi. 4).

Solomon, the wisest and the richest of men, rose like a column, and was looked up to by all ; but he also fell.

The falling chimney in our photo is one of five felled in one day, at the disused steel works of Messrs. Bessemer, at Bolton. The one still upright reminds us of Daniel who remained true : and the three Hebrews, who bowed not to the image " which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up " (Daniel iii). Christ is " able to keep," those who have trusted Him, from falling (Jude 24)., and what is more He is both able and willing to pick up all who have fallen. The writer can say He brought me up also out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a Rock. Can you say that ?

WILLIAM LUFF.

