

BUFFALO BILL

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AND

OTHER PAPERS



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Contents

	PAGE
“ Everlasting Life.”	1
Behind the Scenes	4
The Forgotten Certificate of Deposit	7
Life out of Death.....	10
Himself He Could Not Save!— <i>Poetry</i>	12
The Faded Flag	13
“ I May be Dead To-morrow.”	16
Just Reverse It.....	19
“ My Mother will be glad to get this”.....	21
Revelation 20:11-15— <i>Poetry</i>	24
Another Witness.....	25
The End.....	28
The Justice of God.....	29
“ E—— died Wednesday Night.”	32
“ We Clean Everything but Reputations.”	35
At the Keyhole, with an Open Door.....	37
Feeling and Believing.....	40
“ Not of Works, Lest any Man Should boast”— <i>Poetry</i>	45
The Effect of the Gospel.....	46
The Greatest Blessing that can Come to a Man.....	49
“ Gone to the Dead ” and the Glory	56
“ I Don’t Care what Becomes of Me !”.....	61
Buffalo Bill	67
Great Facts	71
The Riches of God’s Grace.....	73
Knocking at Your Door	78
Christ’s Appeal— <i>Poetry</i>	81

Redemption.....	82
Rescued—Not Self-saved	85
The Officer's Conversion.....	88
Affirmation and Negation.....	97
" Fooled by a Mere Song.".....	101
Mr. D.'s Conversion	104
Is There a God ?.....	107
We Believe and Are Sure.....	109
Is There No God ?— <i>Poetry</i>	115
My Heart is a Rock.....	117
Religion Without Conversion	121
The Blood Secures and the Word Assures	124
The Way of Peace— <i>Poetry</i>	128
Justice <i>verses</i> Mercy ; or, Justice and Mercy— which shall it be?	131

“Everlasting Life”

A SOLDIER lay on his death-bed in the military hospital, bearing his pain with the fortitude that comes of long drill in obedience to order and control over feelings. Cheerless days followed nights of alternate sleep and suffering. No gentle hand of relative or friend smoothed his pillow. No kindly word assured him of loving sympathy, and there was no brightness of inward joy; for Corporal Stuart, though of fine appearance and noble bearing, had been of worldly and reckless life.

During one of these weary afternoons, a Christian lady passed near his bed, carrying flowers to a soldier in whom she was interested. Stuart's appearance caught her attention and called out her compassion. He looked so friendless and so alone!—she could not pass him again without a word of cheer.

With patient tact she drew from him in few words the statement of his hopeless illness, and then she spoke of comfort even in suffering.

“Comfort, lady?—I can find none,” he said. “They put me right, as they call it, for a few minutes, and then I long to be moved again. They give me drink or food, and I crave for something I can't get. No! there's no comfort here—none!”

Longing to tell him of *real* satisfaction, the servant of Christ spoke of the woman at Sychar's well, and repeated Christ's words to her, in John 4: 13, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," and told him there was indeed no lasting comfort in this world's supplies.

"If only I was well and strong," he said impatiently.

"God has laid you here to show you where you may find that which satisfies," she answered.

"You mean it kindly, but it's all over with me now. I held out as long as I could, and now there's no life left in me worth anything." And he clenched his hand to hide a spasm of pain.

Then she repeated the other verse, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him *a well of water springing up into everlasting life.*" Soldier, will you not believe it, and *ask of Him*—the great Saviour of sinners? He will freely give you the soul-satisfying water—*everlasting life.*"

He gave a thankful look into the kindly face, and said, "You remind me of my sister who died. I think she would have understood what you say; they called her a Christian."

That night, in the quiet of her home, this servant of Christ was praying for the soldier, lying helpless, lonely and dying. He tossed from

side to side, but no rest; no water could quench his thirst, no medicine ease his aching heart, no look of doctor or nurse give assurance or comfort. Towards the return of day a chill came over him, and a sinking of despair. The obstinately reticent soldier seemed forced to speak as the attendant came to his side, noticing how ill he was.

“Will that lady come here again?” he asked.

“I cannot tell. Why do you want to know?”

“I wish to see her. If she comes in, just ask her to come over here.”

The lady did come, and needed no asking. She felt that she had been sent. She saw how weak he was, and she thought it better to repeat only Christ’s own words, and pray that He would glorify Himself in saving that soul. Bending near the dying man, she said slowly:

“Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

All was quiet, and she thought perhaps he had not heard, till he looked up with eager gaze and whispered, “Go on—it seems to help me; say it all again.”

Three times she repeated those precious words, and then said, “None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good. Lord Jesus, oh, save this soul!” Then she saw his trembling lips move as if in

prayer. As she said, "Good-bye," she thought she saw a ray of hope and trust in his eyes.

Another night came on, and Stuart startled the comrade who went to give him some water by saying: "Did you hear it, that distant chime?"

"No, mate, 'tis midnight," he said, "and you are bad; lie still."

"Listen! There—'the water that I shall give him'—Hear that, don't you?"

"You're dreaming, man; there's nothing I can hear," and he was leaving his side when, with another effort, Stuart said: "Oh, lad, I know—I see it now. She said it was His *gift*."

Sinking back exhausted, his face lighted up with a smile, and putting up his finger he said faintly, "Everlasting life." His head fell back as he uttered the last word once more with firmer tone.

In that ward they called him "dead," then. They did not understand that Jesus gives "everlasting life."

—From "A Message from God."

Behind the Scenes

A FRIEND of mine was in a moving picture theatre, one day, talking to the proprietor. The latter, pointing to the stage, said,—"That is *hell*!"

The theatre was empty ; the crowds had gone ; the glamor and glitter had departed, and they could look behind the scenes onto the stage.

"Yes," he replied in answer to my friend's look of astonishment, "that is hell on that stage, and I would rather have my children dead than performing on a moving picture platform, although I am in the business."

The manager who thus spoke was not a Christian, but he was a father, and knew of what went on behind the scenes, which the audience before the curtain knew not. They saw only the glitter, the appearance of happiness, the show, the extravagant dress, which they enjoyed in their way, but knew not of what was going on behind the curtain.

Reader, how is it with you? What is there behind the scenes of an apparently happy exterior which you exhibit to your friends? Is it sin? Is it sorrow? Is it wretchedness? Are you hiding something in your heart you cannot, dare not show to a mother or bosom friend? Is there behind your curtain of external appearance of refinement and decency, of religiousness perhaps, only a heart of evil which you dare not reveal to your dearest friends? Mark this: *you cannot hide it from God.* His omniscient eye can look behind the external appearance. He knows the secrets and intentions of your heart, even better than you do yourself! More

than that, He will make you bring out your secret acts and purposes at His judgment-seat.

Listen to Him who knows man and what is in his heart: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: these are the things which defile a man" (Matt. 15: 19, 20). "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man" (Prov. 27: 19). And this testimony is borne by God Himself—"God who knoweth the hearts of all men." You may doubt that this is all true of you, but it is God's witness to you, therefore your earnest prayer, like David's, should be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!"

But how can this be done? How can the sin-burdened heart be cleansed from its guilt and defilement? If this is your heart's desire, dear reader, the word of God points you to Jesus and says: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (Jno. 1: 29); and, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1: 9). F.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 16: 25).

The Forgotten Certificate of Deposit

THE following clipping from a newspaper tells its own and oft-repeated story of pathetic want and indigence with abundance within easy and lawful reach:

"An old woman was received at a county poor farm up the State not long ago. Old age and sickness had made her incapable, and for years she had had no one to care for her. She was just an ordinary pauper. In removing her wretched garments for new and cleaner ones, it was found that an old paper had been sewn in the lining of her dress, of the fashion of some thirty years ago. The paper proved to be a certificate of deposit for about five hundred dollars. It was in the name of the new inmate, and was dated twenty-five years ago. The old woman said she remembered nothing of it, and in fact more than half believed that some one was 'putting up a joke' on her. She was inclined to disown the money. Some old-time friends of hers remembered that twenty-five years ago the woman had sold a small piece of land for \$500. She had probably deposited the money. Old age settling down upon her faculties soon after, had robbed her of all memory of it."

How like the sinner in very many respects is this poor old woman. *She* was going to the poor house, and *he* is on his way to that awful place of misery of which Jesus the Son of God has said: "*There* shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. 8: 12). It is what follows death and judgment for every soul un-

reconciled to God when his little span of life on earth is done. A penniless old man or woman led off dazed and helpless to the poor-house is indeed a sight calculated to move the coldest breast to pity; but the sight of one become gray in sin, going with tottering steps to a lost eternity, may well move to tears and melt the heart.

And what makes the case still more pathetic to the intelligent beholder is the knowledge that there is no needs-be at all for such an end to man's little day. He has sinned, true, and sinned much and grievously, yet not this alone makes his case inexpressibly sad, but because there is at hand a remedy for sin which is neglected or refused, like the certificate of deposit on the old woman's person, going to spend her days within the cheerless walls of a county poor-house while there was an abundance to buy her a life-entrance into a respectable and comfortable "Old Ladies' Home."

For, in the merits of the blood of Christ, there is the abundant purchase-price of a home in heaven for the most miserable of earth's sinning sons and daughters. True, this is not found on your person, as the certificate was on that poor woman—no, nor in the rags of your fancied righteousness, but in Christ alone, and it is within your easy reach, my reader: for it is written, "If thou shalt confess with thy

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

But, alas, how hard it is to persuade the poor sinner to believe it—to receive Christ, God's salvation, as the GIFT OF GOD. Like the poor woman, how many hear of this gift of God as if it were an idle tale which Christ's messenger is trying to "get over" on him. Years of sin, alas, have well-nigh destroyed his willingness to believe God, as old age had dulled the memory of the unfortunate inmate of the county house.

The item reads, "She was inclined to disown the money." Yes, and everywhere, and among all classes and conditions of men, the mass are disinclined to believe what God has said, and refuse to accept the gospel—God's only and precious remedy for man's desperate need.

It was on the removal of her garments for "new and clean ones," that the certificate was discovered. Reader, it is also when God strips a man of his self-righteousness that He prepares him to be invested with the robe of righteousness of His own providing; then the naked sinner learns of the infinite worth of the blood of Christ, shed upon dark Calvary's cross for his sins.

O man, or woman—especially old men and women—think of your rapidly approaching end, learn a lesson of the pauper, how after

years of penury, and when she was about to be entered for life into the gloomy house of the bankrupt and friendless, she discovered there was enough at her disposal to place her in a home of comfort and congenial surroundings; so you, perhaps hitherto hopeless, may also, through the merits of Christ's sacrifice, enter heaven, the home of light and everlasting joy.

Remember the entrance fee — "THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST" (1 Pet. 1: 19).

C. KNAPP.

"Why 'neath the load of your sins do you toil?
 Christ giveth rest, Christ giveth rest.
 Why be in slavery—why Satan's spoil?
 You may be blest, you may be blest.
 Christ now invites you sweet rest to receive;
 Heavy's your burden, but He can relieve.
 If but this moment in Him you believe,
 You shall have rest, shall have rest."

Life Out of Death

AND PEACE THROUGH SORROW

"**Y**EARS have come and gone, and these locks have turned gray since first I trusted Christ," said an old man at a cottage meeting I was privileged to attend. "I will tell you how it happened," he said. "I was a young father then, and a contagious disease

was raging in our district, in result of which two of my children lay dead in my home.

"My heart was hard, and my neck stiff, while God was speaking loudly to me. For over two months I had been under conviction of sin. What two months of misery they were, I shall never forget! They are yet fresh in my mind to-night! Two of my children lying dead in the house, not yet buried; and the thought forcing itself upon me: If that were you—if you are called away next, what about ETERNITY? I believed my children were safe with Jesus; but for myself I could see nothing but *judgment*.

"While in this misery of soul these precious words were suddenly brought to my mind: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. 11: 28). another verse 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

"Meditating on these two verses," the old man continued, "light broke into my dark soul, my burden was gone—I was *saved*!"

"I shall never forget that happy day, dear friends. Though we were passing through a dark cloud of sorrow, I could, and *did*, rejoice! Even while I laid my two dear little ones in the grave, it was now with the assurance of meeting them again.

"Then I knew that it is WORDS that save, not WORKS, as we are told when God sent Peter to a

hungry soul, to tell him 'words whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved'" (Acts 11: 14).

As nearly as I can remember, these were the dear old man's words. Listen to them, dear soul, whoever you may be; to the greatest invitation the world ever heard: "COME;" from the greatest Inviter ever seen: CHRIST; to the greatest number: ALL! The invitation, then, is to *you* also.

A. H. STEWART.

Himself He Could Not Save

HIMSELF He could not save, and why?
Because He took my place.
For had He left the work undone
He could not show me grace.

Himself He could not save, because
My sin He had to bear;
Or I had been forever lost:
But now His love I share.

Himself He could not save, ah, no;
That's just the reason why
He saves the lost like you and me—
Yes, Jesus had to die.

He could not save Himself, and do
His Father's holy will;
He came, through death, to save the lost,
And He is seeking still.

H. McD.

The Faded Flag

LET men prate and ridicule as they will, regarding the "credulity of Christians," every man trusts someone or something; and should that which is trusted prove weak and failing, a sad result inevitably follows.

The sea captain trusts to the warning signals of light-houses upon the coasts—and how many ships have been wrecked because the light-house had been destroyed, or the mariner failed to see the warning light! A man entering a railroad train for a journey, trusts the engineer at the throttle; while the latter in his turn trusts to the signals and signal-men along the road. And so the train, with its precious burden of human freight, dashes along through the midnight darkness, because those who are on it are *trusting*. A red flag or red light means "danger," the white signal means "safety;" but if the wrong signal be shown, or the proper one be obscured, by fog or any other cause, the result is a smash-up, and death.

A railroad accident was reported recently which cost many lives. The passengers had gone on the train trusting themselves to a skillful engineer. The train dashed along through a smiling country, past great fields of rich harvests, through beautiful stretches of woodland,

by lovely brooks and hills along the road; but the bridge over the river was open, and the train plunged into the waters below, in which many perished. They trusted the engineer; he trusted the signal-man; and someone not safe to trust, had failed!

The flag used to signal had once been red, but had become washed out, and was now of a pinkish white or greyish color. To the signal-man it was red; to the engineer it was white; so the uncertain flag brought death to some and sorrow to others.

How like much of the preaching of to-day this is. Starting out with a clear statement of the blood of Christ as the means of cleansing from sin—the only thing which makes the sinner meet for the presence of God—then unbelief, worldliness, desire for popularity and keep up with the times, has gradually washed out from the original gospel the red of the blood of Christ, and the preaching has become pinkish, or a neutral gray. Souls trusting to such preaching go on quietly sleeping in their sins, not realizing their danger, and, perhaps, plunge unsaved into eternity! They trusted the preacher, and he deceived them!

Friend, beware of any gospel which omits the blood of Christ as God's way—the *only* way of salvation! Church membership, joining a Bible Class, or a Christian Endeavor Society, or the

Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, will never take away sins.

I recently saw a prospectus of an adult Bible Class, the object of which was to "do Christian work"—and which "any person" could join. There was nothing in it to show one needed to be cleansed by the blood of Jesus before he could become fit to "work for God" as the prospectus put it. The red was washed out of the flag.

God's word plainly tells us, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." How vain then for an unsaved person to take pledges or join anything, thinking thus to please God and to fit himself for the presence of Infinite Holiness. Only the blood of Jesus *shed for us*, only the new birth *wrought in us*, can do that.

My reader, have *you* been born again? Have *you* been washed from your sins—secret or open, great or small—by the blood of Jesus?

Man may preach a faded, washed-out gospel, thus leading many to everlasting perdition. God, through all the ages, has ever held a blood-red way of approach to Him. None can be deceived who enquire of Him, in His word. From the first man, Abel, whose worship was acceptable to God because he came with the blood of a substitute, down to the present time; without a shadow of concern as to the character of any dispensation, through the lips of prophet, priest,

or king, and by His own Son and His apostles, God has maintained, in type, in history, and in action, that it is only by the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, that sin is put out of His sight. He who thinks differently, deceives himself, and he who speaks differently deceives others and leaves them without Christ, without hope, without God.

Friend, you are trusting *something* to bring you into eternal life and joy. Let it not be the washed-out gospel of the boastful, unreliable twentieth century, but that of the holy, unchanging, unchangeable word of God. F.

I May be Dead To-morrow

A CHRISTIAN doctor one day called to see an old man whom he had frequently visited before. Many a time had Dr. S. spoken faithfully to old John and his wife about their souls' salvation. Old John listened attentively, and seemed to agree with the truth set before him; but always avoided coming to the point. He willingly added that he was a sinner,—that he stood in need of salvation. He intended some day to seek the Saviour. He wished to be saved and escape the punishment of hell, but would put it off till what seemed to him “a more convenient season.”

Old John was now suffering from an attack of bronchitis. His life was not in danger, but he felt painfully weak and ill. Dr. S. made the necessary inquiries, got some medicine ready, and was about to say, "good-bye," when John's wife inquired: "When must John take the medicine, sir?"

"I will put the directions on the label," replied Dr. S. Then, with a smile, he turned to the invalid and said: "Let me see; you are not very ill; suppose you take the medicine a month from now."

"A month from now?" exclaimed both at once.

"Yes—why not? Is that too soon?"

"Why, I may be dead then!" said John.

"That is so. Perhaps you had better begin to take it in a week."

"But," cried John, "beggin' your pardon, sir, I mightn't live a week."

"Of course, John; but very likely you will, and the medicine will be in the house; and if you find yourself getting worse, you could take some. If you should feel worse to-morrow evening, you might begin then."

"You know, sir, I don't want to get worse; and the medicine 'll do me no good while 'tis in the bottle; and 'tis goin' against reason to put off takin' it."

"When would you propose to begin then, John?"

"Well, sir, I thought you'd tell me to begin to-day."

"Begin to-day by all means," said Dr. S. kindly. "I only wanted to show you how false your own reasoning is, when you put off taking what the great Physician has provided for your sin-sick soul. Just think how long you have neglected the remedy He has provided! For years you have turned away from the Lord Jesus. You have said to yourself, 'next week,' or 'next year,' or 'when I am on my death-bed, I will seek the Lord'; any time rather than the present. And yet the present is the only time that you are sure of. God's offer is only for 'to-day.' 'NOW is the day of salvation' (2 Cor. 6: 2). The Lord Jesus is ready to receive you now; His precious blood was shed for you. You have the remedy, so to speak, in your hands; but, to use your own argument, it will do you no good unless you take it; and it is foolish to put off the salvation of your soul even until to-morrow."

Old John's eyes were full of tears as he pressed the hand of his kind friend.

"Plain speakin'," he remarked to his wife; "but I reckon he's right. I never saw it just that way before."

—Selected.

Just Reverse It!

SOME years ago, in conversation with a dear old Christian, he told me how God had opened his eyes to the truth and saved his soul.

He was at that time captain of a large passenger steamship running between London and Australia.

Captain S. was not a godless man; on the contrary, his moral conduct was exemplary, with a good measure of piety. He had not peace with God, however, and did not understand the simple plan of God's salvation.

Upon a homeward voyage, soon after leaving a port in India, an officer returning to England after many years of service in the East Indies, addressed him thus: "Whose coat of arms is that, Captain S.?" pointing at the same time to a carved and gilded ornament fastened to the vessel.

"It is Lord Palmerston's," was the reply.

"He has lately died," said the Colonel, "and he died a *Christian* too."

"Died a *Christian*!" was the captain's rejoinder: "why, we are all Christians, I should hope!" and, somewhat annoyed, he turned away.

"Well, Captain," again said the officer, "how do you expect to get to heaven?"

"Why, pray to God and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," was his reply.

"Just reverse it, Captain; just reverse it!"

Like an arrow the words pierced the Captain, and entered his soul.

"I see it," replied the Captain thoughtfully—"believe in the Lord Jesus *first*, and *then* pray."

What a revelation these words wrought! What heavenly light shone into his heart! Christ had gotten His rightful place then, and want of this is the source of all doubts and darkness. Captain S. now knew that salvation was his, for he saw that prayer and all good works are the *fruit* of salvation and not the cause. Christ alone and His atoning sacrifice on the cross is the cause, and all who put their trust in Him receive at once all the benefits which flow from that mighty Saviour.

Peace and joy took the place of fear and uncertainty in the Captain's heart, and after some years of faithful life and service, he too died a Christian death, triumphantly passing into the presence of his Saviour.

Dear reader, are you perhaps making the same mistake as Captain S., putting Christ and your prayers in the wrong place? Remember, God has said, "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9: 22), and there is no blood in prayers, nor in good works, nor tears, so that to trust in anything else than the precious

blood of Jesus avails nothing. Cast away every false trust. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," Jesus said; "no man cometh unto the Father *but by Me*" (Jno. 14: 6).

J. W. H. N.

"My mother will be glad to get this"

ATHILE traveling recently from Philadelphia to Newton Square, a bright, intelligent young man entered the car and sat down beside me. Reaching into my pocket, I drew out a gospel tract and handed it to him saying, "Would you read this little tract?" He took it, looked at the title, and then said, "My mother will be glad to get this."

"Why your *mother*?" I asked; "why not *yourself*?"

"Well, you see, my mother is a teacher, and is glad to get anything of this sort."

"Yes; but how about *yourself*? A godly mother or father will neither save nor fit you for the presence of God."

"Well, I'm not so much interested in these things. I don't take them as mother does. She used to belong to Mr. P.'s church, but she has joined another meeting, and is now greatly interested."

"I would like to give you these other tracts

for her" I said, "but let me repeat that it is a *personal* interest in Christ you need in order to be saved. Young men brought up in a family of 'Friends' as you have, trusting in an upright and honest life, are often the most opposed to the gospel. They do not realize that they are *sinners* in God's sight; and that a sinner cannot stand before God. I wish you would read the first three chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and there you will see what God has to say of all men, of the whole world—of the heathen, in the first chapter; of the moralists in the second chapter; and of the Jews in the third. So that God's verdict there covers the whole world."

[After a few more words, the young man reached his destination and left the car. So it is to *you*, my reader, I now address myself. You also may have been brought up in a family where truth and righteousness have been taught you; or as this young man said, "Where I have always had a righteous example before me to follow." Possibly you are a child of Christian parents, who, to the best of their ability, brought you up to love good and hate evil. But as yet you have no *personal* interest in Christ, have not yet realized that you are a *sinner*, and as such on the way to perdition.

Do you know that you are included in the first three chapters of Romans? There you can see

that "all," including yourself—"all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "There is *none* righteous, no *not one*." All have gone astray from God, and an attempt to fit your life according to the Ten Commandments will only show what a helpless sinner you are. You may pride yourself that you are not as some are—a drunkard, or a thief, or a liar, or immoral; but on the contrary you look with some pride on your honesty and uprightness, and that your parents instilled the good principles which you are now following—all good and beautiful as far as followed, but you know in yourself that with this good exterior, the real fact is that you are a sinner before God. Be sure of this, that unless the precious blood of Christ has cleansed you from sin, you are classed, your place is, with "sinners." God's verdict is that "ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Difference as to the *degree* of guilt there is, but no difference as to the *fact* of being a sinner; and every sinner needs the Lord Jesus as a Saviour, or he will be lost for ever. Christ has made atonement by His blood, and nothing else can fit a sinner for the presence of a holy, sin-hating God. Apart from the atonement made by the Son of God there is no salvation. "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life:" He said "*no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.*"

We cannot come to God on the ground of our

own merit—not on the ground of a supposedly good life (it is too faulty, too full of sin to give an entrance before God), but all who feel their need of a Saviour are welcome to Him, as He has said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6: 37). F.

Revelation 20: 11-15

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled . . .

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened . . .

And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

ONE gleam of the Glory your soul might have gained,
 One view of the Home that you might have attained,
 One vision of Him you have slighted, disdained—
 And Darkness!

One beam of that Love you have spurned or betrayed,
 One ray of the Truth you have mocked and bewrayed,
 One brief glance to all that His sacrifice made—
 And Darkness!

One glimpse of the Crown that your brow might have worn,
 One word from the Book that you turned from in scorn,
 One sound from His musical Voice in the morn—
 Then Night — And Darkness — FOREVER!

H. C. CHRISTIE.

Another Witness

WHEN I joined the Navy I left behind me a quiet home and a praying father. At first I was greatly shocked at the oaths and curses I heard around me, but I gradually got hardened to them; and ere the first twelve months were over I could drink and swear with any of my shipmates. I wrote home less frequently, until at last I ceased writing altogether. When I became a rated seaman I was allowed more privileges, which enabled me to plunge more deeply into sin, and my conversation was so profane that my associates, bad as they were, would sometimes reprove me.

At times conscience would make itself heard; then I would feel miserable, and wish I had never been born. I have often looked at the water, and wished that I could find courage enough to drown myself; but I feared to die, and dreaded to go to hell. At such times I would go on shore and drink to drown my misery; but I could never keep this misery away long.

Thus I went on, till one Sunday evening, I received an invitation to come to tea on the following evening at the "Royal Sailors' Home." I accepted, though uncertain whether I would go or not. However, the next evening I went up to the "Home," and a lady met me, and

asked me to come in. Finding I was caught, I thought I must make the best of it, and I went in. After tea it was announced that a gentleman would give an address to all who would like to stay. I went out, but the *Lord* had brought me there, so I went in again, and crept to a dark corner. They were singing:

"Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love,"

and it carried my thoughts back to the time when I first heard "the old, old story" from my mother's lips; but she was lying in her grave now, and I—I! The thought of it weighed heavily upon me, and great drops of sweat rolled down my face as I thought how grieved my mother would have been had she been by me now.

I rose up several times to go out, but I seemed bound by a spell, and listened while the preacher told of the Saviour's love. It was, indeed, "the old, old story," but the devil whispered that it was not for such as me, that I was too bad to come to God. At last I could bear it no longer; I got up and rushed out of the room.

All that night I lay awake, afraid to go to sleep lest I should awake and find myself with the lost. The solemn thought that "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the

judgment" (Heb. 9: 27), laid hold of my conscience.

I went on board in the morning, but could find no rest, and as soon as the day's work was done I was off on shore, to where Mr. J—— was to preach in a schoolroom. Again I heard the story of the Saviour's love, and again Satan told me I was too bad for Jesus to save; when suddenly my attention was arrested by the words: "*For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life*" (John 3:16). As I listened, the word "WHOSOEVER" seemed burnt into my very soul. I saw at once that I could not be too bad for Jesus to save; that "whosoever" meant even me.

Oh, what joy and gladness filled my heart! I felt I need not fear, for Jesus had died for me, even me. I could rest on that single text, knowing it was God's own word; by faith I put my name into the "WHOSOEVER." Praise God, it took me in. Then with Paul I could say: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. 1: 15). Now my joy is to serve and wait for that blessed One, who has promised to take us to dwell with Himself for evermore. W. B.

The End

Tis all luck, and *the end I don't think of*" were the words of Captain Webb, the world-renowned swimmer, just before he took the fatal plunge into the swirling waters of Niagara. In sight of thousands of interested spectators he plunged—to his death! for the eddying waters caught him like a straw, and hurled him to destruction. "Oh that they were wise! . . . that they would consider their latter *end!*" (Deut. 32: 29).

Reader! have you considered *your end*? Life at best is brief, and the day of God's grace hastens to its close; why put off for a more convenient season what *ought* to be your most earnest and immediate business?

Recently in England a concert was given for the benefit of a number of soldiers. At the close of the entertainment one of them was asked to propose a vote of thanks. He arose and said, "We are very grateful for the concert to-night, and we appreciate all the musical talent brought for our enjoyment, but we are off to-morrow for the front, *and I do not know how to die. I am not prepared to meet God. I only wish there had been something for our souls.*"

This man was no coward. It was not death he feared, but like every other son of Adam, he was conscious that "God requireth that which

is past" (Eccle. 3: 15) and felt his unpreparedness for what comes *after* death.

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD" (Amos 4: 12).

But how? Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Can a guilty sinner wash his sins away and cleanse his soul, or satisfy the throne of a thrice holy God? Nay! *Helpless* we are for this, and *hopeless* we should ever be if left to ourselves for this. But, oh, matchless grace! the Son of God undertook this task for us, and died—the Just for the unjust ones—to bring us to God.

Now why should you not trust that blessed Saviour? He has *never* failed one who trusted Him, and His precious blood can wash away every foul stain.

My reader, if HE is your trust, death and "after death" need have no terror for you; every claim of justice has been fully met by Him, "and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts 13:39). J.W.H.N.

The Justice of God



DR. SPURGEON related how an Irishman once came to see him, making a low bow, and saying, "Now, your *Riverence*, I have come to ax you a question."

"Pat, I am not a *Riverence*," I said; "it is not a title I care for; but what is your question? and how is it you have not been to your priest about it?"

"I have," he said, "but his answer doesn't satisfy me."

"Well, what is your question?"

Said he, "God is just; and if God *be* just, He must punish my sins; He ought to punish me. Yet you say God is merciful, and will forgive sins. Tell me how God *can* be just, and yet be merciful."

"That is through the blood of Christ."

"Yes," said he, "That is what my priest said. And he said a good deal besides that I did not understand. I want to know how it is that the blood of Jesus Christ enables God to be just, and yet to be merciful."

Then I saw what he wanted to know, and explained the way of salvation thus:

"Now, Pat, suppose you had been killing a man and the judge had said, 'That Irishman must be hanged!'" — "Yes," he said quickly, "I should then deserve to be hanged."

"But suppose I was very fond of you, Pat, can you see any way by which I could save you from being hanged?"

"No, sir, I cannot."

"Well, suppose I went to the Queen, and said, 'Please your Majesty, I am very fond of

this Irishman. I think the judge was quite right in saying that he must be hanged, but let me be hanged instead, and the law will then have been carried out.' Now the Queen could not agree to my proposal; but suppose she could (and God can), suppose the Queen should have me hanged instead of you, do you think the policeman would take you up afterwards?"

"No, I think not;" he at once said, "but if they did, I should say, 'Did not that gentleman condescind to be hung for me? Let me alone. You don't want to hang two people for the same thing, do ye?'"

"Ah, my friend," I answered, "you have hit it; that is the way whereby we are saved! God must punish sin. Christ said, My Father, punish Me instead of the sinner, and His Father did upon the cross. God laid on His beloved Son, Jesus Christ, the whole burden of our sins, all their punishment and chastisement; and now that Christ has been punished instead of us, God would not be just if He were to punish any sinner who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ. If thou believest in Jesus Christ, God's well-beloved Son, thou art saved, and thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing."

"Faith," said the man, clapping his hands, "That's the gospel! With all my sins about me, I'll trust the Man who died for me."

“E— died Wednesday Night”

ONE Saturday morning as I was going about my usual business, a messenger boy came in and handed me a telegram. Hastily opening it, I read these words:

“E—— died Wednesday night:
Funeral Saturday.”

Another life's history ended! Another passed from time into eternity! Another gone from this world to face his record in the next!

Suppose, my reader, that to-day telegrams similar to the above should be sent out containing *your* name, *where would you spend eternity?*

You, the careless pleasure-seeker, living only for the enjoyment of the moment—the theatre, the card-table, the dance, the round of social pleasures. Suppose it should be *you*: what then?

You, the industrious money-gatherer, planning, working, denying yourself that you may heap up treasure in this world of which the Saviour said, “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?” Suppose it should be *you*: what then?

You, the fame-hunter, ambitious for a name in the world of art, or science, or letters, or power, while Scripture says, “The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.” Suppose it should be *you*: what then?

You, anyone, everyone, who has not come to the Saviour for forgiveness; intending perhaps to be saved someday, but *not now*, heeding not the words that “The unbelieving . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone” (Rev. 21: 8)—suppose it should be *you*: what then? Your life’s history ended; illusions you have pursued, gone; but eternity, *where*?

I had a notice of another suddenly passing away from this world. A friend said to me, “Have you heard that dear brother V—— has gone to be with the Lord?” “Indeed! what a blessed release!” I answered. He was a sincere Christian, who had come to the Saviour of sinners, had found peace and soul-rest by trusting in Him; and though he was blind, threatened with tuberculosis, living in a boarding-house without any loving relations to ease life’s burdens, yet the peace of God reigned in his heart. He had visited friends that evening, and on his way back, within a block of where he had spent the evening, he dropped to the ground, and in a few moments was “absent from the body,”

but at home with the Lord! A blessed release! A saved soul gone to be with Him who has shed His precious blood to cleanse us from sin!

Were *you* to drop unconscious, and pass out of this life, what then? where would you spend eternity?

And it may be your turn next. Ninety thousand people die each day. You have no certainty of the next five minutes. How necessary therefore that you should be prepared to die. Or, the Lord may come for His Church (and many indications point to this time being near), when "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the Lord shall take His people out of this world—and *you*? left behind for judgment?

Ah, friend, better settle at once the question of your salvation. Forgiveness, life, and peace with God, are found alone in Jesus. God's faithful word says: "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (Jno. 3: 36). Confess your sins to God; put your trust in Jesus, and "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1: 18). But beware of procrastination, lest telegrams go about the country saying "— has died"—without Christ—a lost soul!

F.

“We Clean Everything but Reputations”

SUCH is the singular and striking statement in the window of a clothes-cleaning establishment in Minneapolis, and many patrons would doubtless confirm it by their experience of the work done by the house. They frankly own, however, that there is a character of work they are unfitted for; and is there not also, in the words, the confession of a need which all the modern devices are unable to meet? — to cleanse the *heart* and remove the stains of *sin*.

To cleanse *the outside* is an old practice; it was exposed by the Lord Jesus long ago in those who were so very correct in their outward behavior, while utterly neglectful as to their inward condition. “From within,” said the Lord, “out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; *all these evil things come from within, and defile the man*” (Mk. 7: 21–23).

How little are these words heeded by many to-day! There are many agencies for the help and reform of man, and the boast is often made of the great amount of good thus accomplished; and it cannot be denied that, at times, great

outward change is effected. But if the *heart* is not renewed by the Holy Spirit, what is its value before God, and for eternity?

God's word plainly declares that man has ruined himself. Excuse ourselves as we may, God declares that all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God (Rom. 3: 23). You may remove some of sin's *outward* manifestations, but the *sin in the heart* remains.

"We clean everything but reputations"—this fact means, dear reader, that you cannot change the inside! You cannot touch the defiled spot; *all* man's efforts toward this but show his utter inability to change himself.

But what is impossible for man is possible with God. Man's way is ever to *mend* himself. God's way is to put an *end* to all self-mending—how? By death—the death of Christ upon the cross. For, says the apostle in 2 Cor. 5:14, "We thus judge, that if One died for all, then all have died." God has publicly shown that, instead of seeking to improve the sinner, He has passed judgment upon the sinner when Christ was made a sin-offering for us. Christ risen then is the "best robe" which God puts upon the repentant sinner (as typified in the returning prodigal, Luke 15), by which he is thus made fit to dwell with God. This robe of divine righteousness never needs cleansing; it is *perfect* in the eyes of God.

J. H. F.

At the Keyhole, with an Open Door

ABLESSED work of grace had been going on in various parts of Scotland. Many had found and received God's "great salvation," and were rejoicing in their newly-found Saviour. Quite a number of these were church-members, who discovered that with all their "religion" they had not the "one thing needful."

Among such was Mr. Murray, who was highly esteemed and respected by his fellow-townsman. He was also an office-bearer in one of the Presbyterian churches, and had been a professor of religion for fifty years. His family, consisting of a daughter and several sons, were brought to a knowledge of the truth, and they became concerned about their father, whom they feared was still in darkness. Being saved themselves, they knew what it was to be "religious" without being converted; to be *white-washed* by religion instead of being *washed white* by the blood of Jesus.

One day, as Mr. Murray was reading a gospel paper which had been given him, he came across the following statement: "*The gospel brings us not a work to do, but a word to believe about a work done.*"

Mr. Murray was smitten to the heart. His eyes were opened to something he had never seen

before. Had he had been blind to the gospel of Christ all these years? Yes; but his eyes now were opened at last. Then he called to his wife: "Annie, I see it all now. I have been working away at the keyhole, and the door has been open all the time. My fifty years' profession goes for nothing; I have salvation through simply accepting Christ!"

What a wonderful discovery! Fifty years a religious professor, an office-bearer in the church, and all the while blind to the gospel!

Perhaps the reader has been like Mr. Murray, trying to get to heaven by "doing the best he can." If so, you can never reach the abode of the blest by that route. Neither prayers, works, penitence, nor tears can take you to the mansions of glory. It is through *believing the gospel* of Christ that sinners are saved. And "the gospel brings us not a work to do, but a word to believe about a work done." The "gospel" is good news—God's good news. It is "glad tidings of great joy" regarding the work accomplished by Christ on Calvary's cross.

Look at the inspired definition of the gospel, as we find it in 1 Corinthians 15: 1-4: "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you . . . How that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scrip-

tures." The gospel which the apostle Paul preached to the Corinthians, which they believed, and by which they were saved, told of Christ's death, burial and resurrection. The "gospel of the grace of God" speaks to us not of what the sinner has to do for Christ, but of *what Christ has done for him.*

The gospel reveals God's hatred of sin and His love for the sinner. By Christ's perfect atonement, all God's holy claims have been abundantly satisfied, and He can righteously justify the sinner who believes the glorious gospel.

You may believe much *about* the gospel without believing *it*. Believing that Christ died for *other people* will never do you any good. When by faith you see that Christ suffered, bled and died *for you*, you will give glory to God, and not be afraid any more to meet God.

Mr. Murray, on perceiving that Christ had done everything that was necessary for his soul's deliverance, truly said: "My fifty years' profession goes for nothing, and I get salvation through simply accepting Christ;" and so may you, my reader. You may be moral and religious, an active worker in this or that "good cause," but if you have not received or believed the gospel, all your "profession goes for nothing."

"To him that worketh not, but believeth on

Him that justifieth the ungodly," says Scripture, "*his faith is counted for righteousness*" (Rom. 4: 5). Nothing meritorious that you can do can secure the forgiveness of sins; salvation has been provided at an infinite cost, and cannot be *bought* at any price. "The wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 6: 23, R.V.).

Believe, then, on Him who died to save you from eternal woe, and you shall immediately obtain forgiveness and eternal life, and give the glory to God.

A. M.

Feeling and Believing

LWANT to tell any troubled soul who may read this, how I found peace with God, and rest about that great eternity which I knew I must spend either in heaven with Jesus or in hell with the devil and his angels. If these lines meet the eye of one troubled as I was, longing for peace and rest, and the happiness that comes from the assurance of salvation, just take the word of God to settle it for you, as I did. And, really, there is no other way to this peace and rest, and "none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4: 12).

I will tell you how the word of God settled it for me.

Although I had been blest with a praying father and mother, neither could say that they had settled peace. They were always in doubt whether they would finally reach heaven. We were taught that it was highly presumptuous to say that we could be sure of getting there until the judgment day decided it for us. So I got no help from them as to this. However, this I remember, I had their prayers; and there can be no doubt that these did for me more than they knew or realized. It is an example of how God can and does go beyond our thoughts of blessing, and gives more than we ask for. Let this be an encouragement to parents to keep on praying.

We had many good old-time revivals in the little Methodist church, which got us to "feeling good." I would not speak disparagingly about good feelings, but who can trust them? They often go in a moment—so it proved with myself—but as long as they lasted, I took them as an evidence that I was right with God; but when they left me—and they always did—I was as troubled as ever. Poor and unreliable comforters I found my feelings to be.

Things went on with me after this fashion for years. Finally, a stranger came along, and began gospel meetings in our Temperance Hall, which resulted in my brother Clint being saved and finding peace.

Some time after this I was at his house, and being by ourselves, and seeing that I was not prejudiced against his views about his new-found peace, in a kind brotherly way he asked, as to my own salvation. Taking his Bible he opened it at the 5th chapter of John's Gospel; and, placing his finger at the 24th verse, he began reading and asking me questions, as near as I can remember, as follows: "'He that heareth My word'—that means *you*, for you hear it—does it not, Eugene?"

"Yes, Clint, that includes me," I readily and gladly answered.

"'And believeth on Him that sent me'—do you believe that God sent His Son into this world to save you, Eugene?"

"Oh yes, Clint," I replied. "I certainly believe that, and that Jesus is my Saviour."

"'Hath everlasting life,'" he continued. "Then, Eugene, you have everlasting life, and can never be lost."

Here I made a halt. Although I could find no just cause for complaint against my dear brother, nor against John 5:24, I felt it would be venturing beyond my depth to so boldly answer in the affirmative. I wanted to say something, but could not; but there his finger rested, on that verse, and as mine eyes were riveted on both, he repeated, "*Hath everlasting life.*"

I saw it was there, plain enough—no matter what else I could not understand or say. “Hath everlasting life” was there, and no mistake.

My brother kept his finger on John 5:24, and insisted on my taking particular notice of it. “*Hath*,” he said—“not hope, nor feel. You have not to wait for the judgment day to know that you have eternal life; HATH means present possession.”

I then remembered that Clint was something of a scholar, so I believed he knew the meaning of “*Hath*.”

But the “father of lies” is ever ready to step in at the critical moment; and so it was now; for a thought was suddenly suggested that seemed to warrant my doubts about “everlasting life,” and to help me out of my perplexity. It loosened my tongue, and I said, “Yes, it says that, plain enough. But I may have everlasting life now, and lose it if I sin, or prove unfaithful.” He answered: “Then, Eugene, God must be a liar, for He says it is *everlasting* life, and if you can lose it, it is *not* everlasting life to you.”

This made it look serious for me, and down went my feelings again. “*Hath*” seemed to be clear enough, but what about “everlasting?” And to virtually call God a liar was indeed not what I intended to do. Yet my brother in-

sisted that *that* was exactly what I was doing.

Suddenly, I began to see "everlasting" in a different light. It certainly did look unreasonable to call it everlasting if it was *not* everlasting. I began to feel that I had better give in and allow God's word to settle it for me; and, right or wrong otherwise, I would be right with God. Deliberately, quietly, I did so there and then, and as quietly the peace of God settled down on my wearied, troubled mind and soul.

Many times since I have sadly disgraced the precious name of Jesus, but He has been as good as His word: He has restored and kept me. He did not leave nor forsake me, and His peace and rest abide with me. Blessed Saviour! And I am confident of this very thing, that "He who hath begun the good work" in me will also finish it. (Read Phil. 1:6; Heb. 13:5; John 10:28, and 3:16).

My brother then went on to show me something more in the same John 5:24.

He said, "Now, Eugene, you not only possess a life as everlasting as the life of God, but God's word says that you 'shall *not* come into condemnation,' or judgment (which he said the word should be), but you have 'passed from death unto life,' and now you stand on resurrection ground, and judgment *behind* you."

After hearing him read it over in this way, I read it over intently to myself. I could hardly

realize that so many good things could be found in one verse—but there they were, and no mistake: “Hath everlasting life”—“shall not come into condemnation”—“is passed from death unto life!” And they are there still for your troubled soul—just for the taking them—only to believe what God says, as I did. You will find it is true, and the right sort of feelings will follow. God grant it to you, for His name’s sake.

“Satisfied with Thee, Lord Jesus,
I am blest;
Peace which passeth understanding
On Thy breast;
No more doubting, no more trembling;
Oh, what rest!”

L. E. HURLBUT.

“Not of Works, Lest any Man Should Boast”

Saved by grace, oh, blessed story;
“Not of works,” oh, no!
Jesus must have all the glory,
God would have it so.

I was helpless, wounded, dying;
Jesus came my way,
Poured in oil and wine, and bore me
Safely on my way.

Nay, no works of mine could save me;
He the work hath done.
In the cross alone I glory—
Of God’s blessed Son.

Now I work, because He saved me,
Bore my penalty.

I could not do less than give Him
All, eternally.

Help me, Father, to remember
What it cost Thy Son.

His the labor, shame and sorrow;
He the victr'y won.

H. McD.

The Effect of the Gospel

IN a far-western city a friend of mine, Mr. I—, saw some of his old companions holding a gospel meeting on the street corner. Being interested in what his old friends were doing, he stopped to listen. Soon they recognized him, and invited him to preach also, for he is a man who is at home in the midst of a street crowd.

As Mr. I— preached, a well-dressed gentleman took a card from his pocket, wrote something on it, then passed it to the preacher who, upon reading it, remembered the writer as a leader of a reform association known as "Social Democrats." On that card he challenged Mr. I— to meet him the following Sunday afternoon at the Opera House, to debate the question of "Christianity versus Social Democracy."

When he had finished preaching the gospel to

the crowd, which by this time numbered several hundred people, Mr. I—— read aloud the challenge for a debate which had been given him. Then he spoke to the crowd as follows: "Men, you have all heard the challenge which this gentleman has made, and this is my answer: Usually I utterly refuse to debate on the subject of Christianity. I do not believe anyone was ever saved through a *debate* on the word of God. But in this instance I will depart from my usual custom, upon one condition. Yes, and I will pay all the expenses of hiring the Opera House. The one condition is that Mr. S—— when he appears on the Opera House stage next Lord's Day to uphold his argument, shall bring with him one woman who has been saved from a life of sin through the teaching of Social Democracy, and one man who has been rescued from a life of drunkenness and debauchery through that teaching. On my part I agree to bring with me fifty women and fifty men who have been saved from lives of shame and sin and drunkenness by the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Mr. S——, will you accept the challenge on my conditions?"

Mr. S—— looked at the speaker for a minute, then turned on his heel and walked away, while the crowd applauded Mr. I—— loud and long. The Social Reformer knew he could produce no

such cases as were asked, whilst the crowd at large, although not Christians, had seen enough of the effects of the gospel to realize that Mr. I—— was right.

Reader, the world's reforms are useless to change sinners. Only the Lord Jesus Christ can do that, and He changes the life by first saving the soul. To do this He had to die and rise again by His own divine power. You, who are trying to better yourselves through reforms of any kind, you will only find, and maybe too late, that nothing avails to cleanse the heart and conscience but the blood of Jesus Christ, and that from this alone comes a holy life.

F.

“God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God” (John 3: 17, 18).

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3: 36).

The Greatest Blessing that can Come to a Man

I WAS twenty years old before I heard a sermon on *Regeneration*, or the *New Birth*. I was always told to be good, but you might as well tell a black man to be white. You might tell a slave to be free, but that would not make him free. Christ not only tells us to be free, but *He trees us*. In the third chapter of Genesis we read how man lost life. In the third chapter of John we find how to get it back again.

We are a bad lot, the whole of us, by nature. It is astonishing how the devil blinds us, and makes us think we are so naturally good. Suppose that our sins could all be stamped on our foreheads, do you not think there would be a stampede? Suppose a photographer could take a photograph of the heart, do you think he could find anyone willing to have such a photograph taken? Ladies arrange their hair and put on their best clothes, and men dress up and have their pictures taken; and if the photographer flatters them and makes them look ten years younger, they say, "You are the first man to do me justice," and they order a number of photographs and send them to their friends. But is that your *real self*? Suppose he took a photograph of your heart, would you send those around? You would break the plate

and abuse the artist. Don't talk to me about people being naturally good and angelic. We are naturally bad, the whole of us (Rom. 3 : 9-19). The first man born of a woman was a murderer. Sin leaped into the world full-grown, and the whole race has been bad all the way down. Man is naturally bad.

Man has lost the image of God. Just take one description that Christ gives of the human heart: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies; these are the things which defile a man" (Matt. 15 : 19). Now, I want to ask you, How in the world can you get a pure stream when you have such an impure fountain? The trouble with people is that they are trying to make that stream good while the fountain is bad. It isn't patching up the old man that is needed, but it is cutting off the tree and putting a new graft in. It is an entire change—a new creation.

I have heard of reform, reform, until I am tired and sick of the whole thing. It is regeneration—a new life and a new nature—by the power of the Holy Ghost, that we need. It is not that men have just come a little short of the glory of God, and if they apply a little whitewash they will be all right. You may whitewash a pest-house, but it will be a pest-house still. A man was told the water in his well

was bad. "Well," said he, "I'll see to it," and he painted the pump. There is a lot of people trying to make the well all right by painting the pump. What you want is to go to the *source*. Make the fountain good and the stream will be good. Let the heart be right, and the life will be right, the hand be right and the foot will be right. The seat of trouble is the *heart*; what man needs is a new birth, a new creation (John 3: 3-7).

Good resolutions are not new birth. Turning over a new leaf, making promises, or making vows—that isn't new birth at all.

Perhaps some of you ask, "What is it?

Well, listen: "Christ came unto His own, and His own received Him not; *but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God*" (John 1: 11-13). When I was born of my mother I got a life from her; but in Boston, seventeen years afterwards, I was born from above. I got life from God then—a new life, distinct from the natural life. How did I get it? By receiving the word of God into my heart. Christ says: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (John 6: 63). You take the word of God into your heart, and there is the germ,

there is the life. If I should take my watch and plant it, I wouldn't get any little watches, would I? Why? Because the germ of life isn't there. If I should plant a bushel of gravel, I wouldn't get any more gravel, would I? But let me get seed-corn, and put it into the ground in the month of May, and let the dews of heaven come upon the land, and the rain and the sun, and out of the seed-corn will come a new life.

Culture is all right in its place, but to talk about culture before a man is born of God, before he has received this incorruptible seed into his heart, is madness. Suppose I commence the first day of May and plough an acre of ground, crosswise, then lengthwise, every day in the week, all through May and June and July. Once in a while I put in a cultivator, and cultivate and harrow it too, and roll it. I have been harrowing, rolling and cultivating for months, and you come along and say: "Moody, what are you doing?" "Doing! I am cultivating this acre of land." "Well, I should say so! I was around here last May, and you were ploughing that acre of land. Been at it ever since?" "Yes." "What are you going to put in?" "Well, I am not going to put anything in it, but I believe in a high state of culture." You would say I was a first-class lunatic! But that is what is going on all the while in spiritual things. Put the seed in, and then

pray God that the dew of heaven may rest upon it, and you will have some results. There is no sower that goes forth and sows that kind of seed but there are results.

To become a partaker of the Divine nature is the greatest blessing that can come to any man. God has been very, very good to me. I can't begin to tell you the goodness of God. But there is one blessing that just towers high above them all. You go to Washington, and you will see there a monument high above everything else—George Washington's monument. One blessing came to me that night in Boston—it was in a shoe store. I never go to Boston but that I go and take a look at that place where God met me and imparted to me a new nature. Old things passed away that night: a new life dawned upon me, and that is the greatest blessing that has ever come to me this side of heaven (2 Cor. 5: 17, 18). I got a new nature from God—distinct and separate from the old nature. All the infidels that have come to me these forty years, and try to take it from me, might as well try to move Gibraltar. Don't I know there came a marvelous change in my life that night? I would as soon doubt my existence. If you are not sure that you have become a partaker of the Divine nature, don't eat, drink or sleep until you get it. And when you get that new nature it is easy to serve God:

His yoke is easy, His burden is light (Matt. 11: 29).

O man, woman, you may be deceived about ten thousand things, but do not be deceived on this one thing. Make sure that you have been born from above, born of God—a life distinct and separate from the natural life—a new life, a new creation.

Read the third chapter of John's Gospel quite through; do not dwell alone upon its earlier sentences. The third verse runs thus:

“Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

Then the 14th, 15th and 16th verses clearly reveal how this new life from God is given:

“And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

What a wonderful, what a delightful message to dying men!

This is an awfully solemn question. Put it now to yourselves: “Have I been born again? Have I received the gift of God, which is eternal life?” Father, mother, perhaps you have not

a hope in Jesus Christ. That little child that left you a few months ago lived long enough to twine itself around your heart, then death came and took that little child into a brighter and better world ; you will never see that child again except you are born of God. O man, woman, be wise, be wise to-night ; make sure you get into the kingdom of God !

—*From D. L. Moody.*

“What is faith ?” said a doctor to his patient, who was an evangelist. “Well, doctor,” said he, “when I came to you, I put myself entirely in your hands—that is faith. When a lost sinner trusts himself entirely in the hands of Christ—that is faith.”

Mark 2: 1-12. A瘫痪的 man lay on his cot, helpless. The neighbors learn that Jesus has come to the town. Four men lay hold of the cot, and with their burden march straight for the place ; but a crowd blocks the door. What shall they do ? They find a way to the roof ; they uncover a space, and let down the cot and its occupant before Jesus—and wait. *That is faith*, and the sovereign words fall upon the expectant ears, “Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.”

Not the disease, but *sin* (the root of all the disorder in this world) is looked at and disposed of by the sovereign Lord. Then (as proof of the inward healing) “Arise, take up thy bed,” and the man goes out, “glorifying God” (Luke 5: 25).

“Gone to the Dead” and the Glory

WENTY years ago I was preaching the gospel at a little school-house in the south-western part of Minnesota. Amongst others who at that time received Christ as their Saviour was a farmer named August Paskeweitz. We rejoiced together—I, that another precious soul was won for Christ; and he, because his sins had been blotted out by the blood of Jesus shed on the cross in atonement for him.

I left the neighborhood; and in the busy life of an itinerant servant of our Lord, August Paskeweitz was soon out of my mind.

A short time ago I was, in the ordering of God, in the central part of that same state. Almost the first words that greeted me on my arrival were: “August Paskeweitz, a farmer living twelve miles south of here, was accidentally killed to-day. His brother George says that he was converted years ago under your ministry, and he would like that you should speak at August’s funeral.”

Slowly the memory of it all came back to me, and I was greatly sobered to think what a remarkable coincidence (as men would say) it was that I should come along just at the time to bury a man to whom twenty years ago I had spoken “the words of life.” I learned that while sawing wood with a power machine on

his farm, August's clothing caught, and he was hurled to his death almost instantly.

How uncertain is life! How soon and suddenly death often comes! Oh, the blessedness of being prepared—converted, reconciled to God, “washed in the blood of the Lamb!”

The funeral was largely attended, and I wish to tell you something of what was said on that occasion, from Ecclesiastes 9: 1-3:

“For all this I considered in my heart even to declare all this, that the righteous and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God: . . . All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked; to the good and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not: as is the good, so is the sinner; and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath. This is an evil among all things that are done under the sun, that there is one event unto all: yea, also, the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead.”

The substance of the remarks made on the passage were about as follows:

Who and where are “the righteous” mentioned here, since another scripture declares “there is none righteous, no, not one?” (Rom. 3: 10.) Well, in *himself*, our deceased friend was not righteous; I know he would be the

first to own this if he could speak. But *in Christ* the believing sinner has righteousness, for it is written, "He hath made Him (Christ), who knew no sin, to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5: 21). We are sure our neighbor's soul is with Christ, not for any righteousness in himself, but *because Jesus died for him*, and he *believed*, to the saving of his soul. All *our* righteousness is but as filthy rags, God tells us through His prophet (Isa. 64: 6). This is sweeping; and the sinner's only hope is "Jesus and His blood."

"The wise" are also mentioned. There are two classes of wise—"those wise in their own conceits," and the truly wise, with "wisdom which cometh from above." Our departed brother was not versed in the wisdom of this world that comes to naught, but had that wisdom referred to by the apostle Paul in 2 Tim. 3: 15: "And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Yes, "wise unto salvation," not by works of righteousness which we had done, but by faith in Christ Jesus. And oh, that *you* were wise, all of you, dear friends, that you would consider your latter end! It may come soon, it may come suddenly, as it came to your neighbor here, and unexpectedly.

Our scripture also says, "And their works"—

the works of the righteous and the wise. Works have *no* place in the *salvation* of the soul ; but they *do* have a place in a converted man's *life*. They accompany salvation as warmth is produced by the sun. We are saved *by grace*, through faith, “unto good works,” Scripture teaches (Eph. 2:10). I need not tell you of your neighbor's life ; it told its own story. Good works followed his conversion, as all will testify; they “are manifest beforehand,” as Scripture says (1 Tim. 5:25).

His people “are in the hand of God,” the first verse says. How good to know this—our life and our works are in the almighty hand of God, as God's people love to sing :

“Our times are in Thy hand,
Father, we wish them there,
Our life, our soul, our all, we leave
Entirely to Thy care.”

Verses two and three tell us that these things happen both to the righteous and the wicked : there is one event to all. This is as it seems to be here “under the sun ;” but *above* the sun sits One who watches over His own day and night, and makes all things to work together for their good. Oh, the blessedness of being redeemed, a child of God, kept in the hollow of His hand, “immortal till your work is done.”

But though “one event,” death, is “unto all,”

there is not one *destiny* for all. Death is the great “parting of the ways.” For the “wicked,” “the unclean” (the infidel) “him that sacrificeth not,” “the sinner,” and “he that swear-eth” (the blasphemer), there is “after death the judgment.” “The heart of the sons of men is full of evil,” full to overflowing, often, and God must surely visit for these things. He will “by no means clear the guilty.” Having such a heart, the sinner “must be born again,” his heart must be renewed by grace. And “except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

“And madness is in their heart while they live”—moral madness, a sort of spiritual insanity possesses sinners, else they would never live as they do, and go on year after year neglecting God’s great salvation.

But it is only “while they live;” after that they “go to the dead,” and there, too late, the scales fall from their eyes, the blindfolding bandage is removed, and they at last, *in hell*, perceive their folly! Every illusion is dispelled there; but alas, too late. Oh, be ye, all of you, reconciled to God *to-day, this very hour*, that if death comes to you, as to your neighbor, you may enter eternal life and be at home with Jesus. Amen!

C. KNAPP.

“I Don’t Care what Becomes of Me!”

A word of encouragement for those who seek souls for Christ.

ON Sept. 5th, 1914, the news reached London of the loss of H.M.S. *Pathfinder*, torpedoed off Harwich, and two hundred and fifty men perished with her.

Two hundred and fifty souls launched into eternity! This was the outspoken burden on the heart of the nation as the tragedy became known.

What about those souls? Where are they now? If a message from the other side could have been received telling of their eternal safety, the weight of that burden would have largely vanished.

A message has come back from the lost ship. Here is the story of one of the crew who, shortly before the disaster, found the path of life that leads to eternal joy.

As far as his soul was concerned, the subject of this narrative began his career in anything but a hopeful manner. As a boy, not only was he the despair of his schoolmaster and the neighbors, but even his own parents could do nothing with him. For some time it was his habit to appear at Sunday-school apparently for the sole purpose of making his presence felt by his outrageous conduct. It was a question

between his teacher and the superintendent as to how long he ought to be endured; and when he finally decided to go his own way, and disappeared, the neighborhood sighed with relief.

Years went by, and no word came from the troublesome boy. One Sunday, about a month before the war broke out, he returned. The minister, according to his custom, was holding an open-air service. "*He careth for you*" was his text. Twice over, in a ringing voice, he repeated the four wonderful words. Trying to ignore a low whistle almost in his ear, he went on to tell of the Divine love and pity. "*Remember this,*" he said, "*however careless you may be about the future of your soul, God cares what becomes of you.* He cares so much that He sent His only Son to die, so that He might make a way from earth to heaven for you."

In simple words like these the preacher endeavored to arrest the heart and conscience of the crowd around him, while the whistling grew louder and more insistent, till it broke at last into a definite song: "*I don't care what becomes of me!*"

Turning round the minister saw that the disturbing element was a young blue-jacket, with "*H. M. S. Pathfinder*" on his cap. Beneath the gilt letters, in spite of added years and altered dress, he recognized the features of his old unruly scholar. As he had gone, so had he re-

turned, the very same reckless, audacious spirit that in the past had created so much trouble.

Delighted at having attracted attention to himself, our blue-jacket came back to his charge with renewed vigor. "*I don't care what becomes of me,*" he chanted; "*I don't care what becomes of me*"; and this time he accompanied his song with the fantastic steps of the horn-pipe.

The minister grieved at such misbehavior, dismissed the meeting, and before the sailor could make his escape, he grasped his arm and led him away. Once clear of the crowd, he began to reason with him on his conduct; but the only response to his appeal was the same, "*I don't care what becomes of me.*"

"Do you care about nothing? Wouldn't you care if you knew you must die to-night?" urged the minister.

"Not I," was the determined rejoinder; and he again began to sing out: "*I don't care what becomes of me!*"

Feeling that words were useless, the minister turned sadly away. A second thought came to him. "Wait a moment," he said; and from his pocket he produced a little book, on which he wrote in large, clear letters:

"**IF I DIE TO-NIGHT I GO TO H—,**"
and he handed it to the sailor. "If you

really do not care what becomes of your soul," he said, "before you go to bed to-night finish writing that last word, and then sign your name to it. Only, remember, there are two ways in which that last word can be spelt."

Absolutely unsobered, the sailor put the little book into his jumper, and swaggered down the street, singing defiantly: "I don't care what becomes of me."

Sadly the minister went his way wondering if he had been wise in what he had done; and praying that somehow or other the rebellious young man might be transformed by the grace of God. Indeed, there was not much hope about that prayer; yet it is not always according to our faith that the answer is given.

The very next morning, at the eight o'clock service, who should be in the church but the disturber of the previous evening! At the close of the service, a very subdued, humbled man made his way down the aisle, and followed the minister into the vestry. "I am utterly miserable," he broke out with a shudder. "I couldn't go to sleep last night. I couldn't finish that last word; I *do* care what becomes of me, and I know where I should go if I died now."

There was no need for the servant of God to point out his utter unfitness for heaven. Sin lay like a heavy burden on the man's mind: *sin*,

and its punishment; *sin* that must keep him for ever outside the heavenly city, where nought that defileth shall ever enter.

"If I died to-night, I should go to hell," he said miserably.

"But Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners from hell," answered the minister. "It was because He knew the horrors of that awful place that He died to deliver us from it."

Looking at the ribbon on the man's cap, which was revolving nervously in his weather-beaten hands, he went on: "The Lord Jesus is our Path-finder. He has made a way for sinners from earth to heaven. It cost Him His very life to make that way. Listen to this: 'I am the Way,' says the Saviour; 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' You see, He is the Way; and the wonderful part is, that '*whosoever will*' may come to Him."

The sailor did not speak; the anxiety on his face had deepened; and the minister went on to show to this convicted soul God's wondrous grace in the provision He has made for the sin of man.

Not all at once, but little by little the man's countenance cleared. By the grace and leading of the Holy Spirit his eyes gradually were opened to see that faith in Christ who died for our sins is the righteous and only ground on which God can and does forgive the repenting

sinner. After a few broken words of humble thankful prayer, the sailor went on his way rejoicing.

Two days after this he returned to say good-bye. His whole attitude was expressive of the wondrous change that had come over him. Hesitatingly, he asked whether, before joining his ship, he might be allowed to partake at the Lord's table with those who loved their Saviour. Being satisfied that he was dealing with one who did most earnestly repent, and who by the grace of God did intend henceforth to lead a new life, walking in God's holy ways, the minister granted his request.

The sailor came to this holy feast. When the service was over, there was only time for a last handshake, a last "God bless you," and the sailor went off to rejoin his ship.

For just one month after the outbreak of war the *Pathfinder* took her share in guarding the coast. For just one month that young disciple of Christ was given opportunity to tell his shipmates what God had done for him. Then, in one moment he, with so many others, was summoned into the presence of his Maker.

His friend, the minister, longed to know how that last month had been lived. Had the change been real? Had his life altered with his faith?

A survivor from the lost ship came himself to tell the minister the very things he longed to

know. Not hiding the divine change that had been wrought in him, the once godless sailor had humbly endeavored to tell his comrades the good news of salvation for sinners. The change in his life was so striking that his words were listened to with marked interest; and several of his shipmates were led to look to the Saviour for salvation.

* *

BUFFALO BILL

FEW men were more widely known in the United States than Buffalo Bill (Col. William F. Cody). As a scout he served upon the plains in civil war times. Possessed of a bold, daring nature, such a life suited him well. Thrilling adventures with Indians, horse-thieves, and desperadoes, with hair-breadth escapes, were common experiences with him in those wild days. Then writers of the dime novel type brought him out into prominence. Their embellished stories of his scouting exploits ranked high among "Blood and Thunder" tales. In more recent years his celebrity was greatly increased by being staged and caricatured in "movies" and "Wild West shows" for the entertainment of millions.

But he is gone—he has stepped off the stage, and disappeared behind the curtain that veils the unseen. The place that knew him once shall

know him no more, save as a vanished character from life's vain parade.

According to reports he was a man of no religion whatever. But, while unconscious, he was baptized into the Catholic Church at 6 o'clock the night before he died. His sister, Mrs. Becher, said, "No attempt was made to arouse him, because we were sure it was what he would have wanted." From this we infer that she stood as a kind of sponsor for him—doing for him what he would have wanted done. Can it be possible that he an intelligent man, she a rational being, and the priest an educated ecclesiastic could be credulous enough to believe that a few drops of water sprinkled upon an *unconscious* man could cancel or atone for a lifetime of sin, satisfy the claims of a thrice holy God, and give him an entrance into the presence of Him who is holy!

It is almost unbelievable that the Deceiver could hoodwink any to such an extent! Men hold that a will is not valid unless made by one possessing all his mental faculties. In the trivial matter of bequeathing what is but dust and ashes shall men require soundness of mind and judgment, and will God be satisfied with issues of such eternal importance as the forgiveness of sins, and open heaven by sprinkling water upon the **UNCONSCIOUS**? What darkness, what delusion! It can only be dispelled by the heavenly light of God's word; and if that is turned from

or refused before the unconscious state is reached it will *always* be night.

Reader, does darkness and delusion akin to this enwrap your soul? If so, you are to be pitied indeed. Yet you are still within the range of hope—you are not yet unconscious. You are still staging about upon the platform of time, but soon your last play shall come. The curtain will fall and you shall be where all is real and *eternal*. A few drops of water upon your pallid face when your eyes are glazing in the last sleep, and prayers mournfully repeated on your behalf, after your eyes are closed in death, will avail you *nothing*. They will be of no more value before God than a dirty scrap of a last year's newspaper at a national bank. It will take more than drops of water or mumbled prayers to pay your debt of sin to Him who holds in detail the record of your life.

GOD DECLARES you are a guilty *sinner*, and He demands that you own His verdict to be *true*. He declares that you are *lost*! and that you can by no means save yourself! He proclaims that Christ died for sinners—for *you*, and that *salvation is of the Lord*—not of, or by you, but *for* you, and He affirms that “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;” He declares on the other hand that “He that believeth not the Son shall *not* see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3: 36).

This is a matter not of priests, or human mediators, or baptisms, or prayers, but of vital and eternal moment between your soul and God.

And how are you going to treat it? Will it be with indifference and unconcern until your feet are slipping o'er the brink? Then, like the subject of our narrative, some loved one may play a mock part over your unconscious form, while you go out into the dark beyond to prove amid the woes of a lost eternity the superlative folly of treating this matter of all matters with indifference.

For more than seventy years, Buffalo Bill flitted about on the wing of time. This long period was his golden and God-given opportunity of attending to this eternal question. This opportunity is yours now, my reader. How are you treating this subject? Are you spending your time with trifles, not allowing yourself to think of what shall be when the 'last grain of sand has run down life's little hour-glass? Remember, "for all these things (what you do, and what you omit doing) God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccl. 11: 9). Desiring to be free from your blood, I hoist the danger flag and cry, "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" (Job 36: 18).

CHRIST IS THE "GREAT RANSOM." If as a sinner you flee to Him now, He will save you; but

if you die in your sins, He who is now almighty to save will then be powerless to bless—for God does not offer salvation in eternity, but *only in time*. And since your only opportunity lies between the present and the touch of death's cold hand, *awake! turn to Christ for pardon*, lest through tears that never shall be dried you read your everlasting doom. Since *now* is the accepted time, I point you to the Lamb of God, and implore you to receive Him as your personal Saviour.

C. C. CROWSTON.

GREAT FACTS

Man's State as God sees it.

1. "As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one"—Rom. 3: 10.
2. "They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good; no, not one"—Ps. 14: 3.
3. "There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not"—Eccl. 7: 20.
4. "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away"—Isa. 64: 6.

There Must be a Change

1. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven"—Matt. 18: 3.

2. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish"—Luke 13: 3.
3. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"—John 3: 3.
4. "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out"—Acts 3: 19.

God's Heart toward Man

1. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live"—Ezek. 33: 11.
2. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us"—Rom. 5: 8.
3. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life"—John 3: 16.
4. "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved"—John 3: 17.

Results

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him"—John 3: 36.

The Riches of God's Grace

HARRY N— was not what you would call a bad man. All his neighbors said, "Harry's a good fellow, if it wasn't for the drink." Our first acquaintance began when in house to house visitation, to announce a series of gospel meetings, we met his wife and twelve children.

Usually a drunkard's home is more of a wretched hovel than a decent shelter; the wife is care-worn, ill-fed, ill-treated and sick of life; the children, unruly, unkempt and wild. Not so with this large family. There was just "half-a-dozen of each," and well-behaved they were too.

It could easily be seen that the mother literally had her hands full, and she handled well her little army. Apart from an occasional cry from the youngest of all, there was no sign of discontent or unhappiness. The eldest son assisted with the chores; the older girls were busy doing housework; the next grade down were getting ready for school while the toddlers made cities and bridges in the house.

Yet beneath the mother's outward appearance and noble work, there was the tugging and panting of an aching heart. We sought to give words of encouragement, saying her life-work in raising and training her children, who in time might establish twelve Christian homes, would

be a glorious service, and bring the Master's "well done" at the end of the way.

The question forced itself upon our mind repeatedly, "How could the father of these twelve children drink as they said he did, and provide for such a family?"

The second week of the meetings had well begun, and we wondered if Harry N—— would come before they closed. He did, and sat at the back—partially drunk. We hastened to shake hands at the close of the service and spoke of his family, of which any man might be proud. He mumbled something about not being able to understand why married men went to see his girls, and went out! Not a very complimentary remark to us, but we had hopes of him, and prayed for his salvation.

The next night he sat in the same seat. After the meeting his aged mother went to sit by his side, and pleaded with him to accept Christ. He made no response and went out. His three older daughters had believed to the saving of their souls; their tears of sorrow had been changed to tears of joy. How real are penitential tears! And what joy there is in heaven, as our Lord Jesus has said, over the humble confession of sin, the contrition of heart, the surrender of the will, with faith in Him who died, "the Just for the unjust that He might bring us to God."

The following day was Saturday, and N— went to market, to sell—and to drink. His "companions," such as they were, friendly enough in the grog-shop, were very glad to welcome him into their inebriate brotherhood. Let the half-starved wives and the children suffer and be in want and misery—the demon-like appetite within must be fed. Thus it is, alas, with thousands of homes—the one we have mentioned was an exception.

The attendance was larger on Sunday night, and we noticed Harry N— at the back. His attention was marked, and there seemed to be a desire in his look that we knew Christ alone could satisfy. Two of his young daughters went to his side after the meeting. With tears running down their cheeks, and arms around his neck, they were sobbing for his soul. Five nights previous to this, his eldest son had bowed at the feet of the Saviour and rejoiced in His salvation. He also drew near, and putting his hand on his father's shoulder said, "I'll pray with you, father." A solemn quietness hushed every voice as a little band of believers sang softly,

"Almost persuaded, now to believe;
Almost persuaded, Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say;
'Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call.'"

It was plainly evident that a fight was raging in Harry N——'s breast. What would it mean to *him* to be a Christian? We spoke to him of his immortal soul and the awful consequence of rejecting God's offer of pardon; then of his responsibility to God for his family. We urged upon him that life or death was in question; that the way of life was plainly given in the Divine record: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*" (Rom. 10: 9).

"But I can't see," he said, "how that can take away the appetite."

"You believe Christ died for *sinners*?" we urged.

"Yes."

"And that is what you know *you are*?"

"Yes."

"Then He died for *you*."

"Yes."

"Do you really want to be a Christian?"

"I do—but the appetite!"

"Will you be willing to trust yourself wholly to the mercy of God to cleanse from *all sin*, and to *keep you from falling*?"

After a long pause—"Yes," he quietly answered; and we repeated the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from *all sin*" (1 John 1: 7). "I know whom I have be-

lieved, and am persuaded that He is able to *keep* that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. 1: 12).

Harry N— believed the Word, resigned himself, body, soul and spirit to God, and at midnight arose from his knees, "justified, pardoned, eternally saved!" Hallelujah!

N— was present at the rest of the meetings; his faith was strengthened, and there were few dry eyes when his deep bass voice sang with the rest,

"Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Three weeks after the meetings closed, we sat in an interurban car, and heard two men in the seat behind discussing Harry N—. One said, "Heard about Harry N—?"

"No; what?"

"Told me to-day he wouldn't drink with me."

"That's funny—he won't keep that up long."

"I don't know about that; he said he hasn't touched a drop for three weeks—and doesn't intend to."

We were about to intrude on the colloquy when they arose and left the car. However, we see him now and then, and can say with the apostle: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5: 17).

F. B. T.

Knocking at Your Door

“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me” (Rev. 3:20).

KF the President came knocking at the door of your house, you would not keep Him waiting. And yet, for long years, the King of kings has been knocking at the door of your heart, and it may be you have kept, and still keep, Him waiting.

Listen to His pleading words, “Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.”

He longs to let His light into your dark heart, His love into your cold heart; to speak peace to your troubled conscience, and give rest to your weary heart. Will you let Him in?

How long is it since first He knocked? It may have been when you were yet a child—a gentle, loving knock, when at your mother’s knee you first heard the Old, Old Story! But you did not let Him in.

Childhood and youth passed by, and you started out in life; still you kept Him waiting; and He knocked again. This time it was a little louder. Perhaps He touched you in your circumstances, and you had to tread a rough bit of road. In prosperity you would not listen to His voice, and He brought in adversity. But still you would not let Him in.

Again He knocked, more loudly this time. Death passed your way. Death—it did not knock and stand waiting, asking if *he* might come in, but, without ado, came with quiet and noiseless tread, and laid

his icy hand upon your loved one, and in a moment you were left alone to weep. In the rush and hurry of life you would not listen to the Saviour, so when your heart was sore stricken and desolate He knocked—the One who wept with Mary knocked. But even then you would not let Him in.

Then again He knocked! This time He touched your health. You were laid on a sick-bed; you drew near to the gates of death. You would not listen in health, so He brought you near the border-land. Still you closed your ears and steeled your heart. You would not let Him in.

And now the years creep on, the day of grace fast hastens to its close; the shadows lengthen and the night draws in. And still He stands and knocks; still His loving voice is saying, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." And still you keep Him waiting; and still you reply, "Not yet: a little more of the world, a little later on, and then I'll let You in." Oh, shame on you!

Who is this glorious Person you keep waiting at the door? It is the Son of God that made the worlds. It is the Son of Man with the wound-marks in His hands and feet. Just think, as one has said, "The hand that spanned the heavens was pierced with nails; the feet of Him that treadeth on the stars were nailed to a tree." It is the Saviour that stands at your door, with the wound-marks that say, "In love I died for thee."

Can you hold out against love like this? Do not say, "He is not for me; He is too great and I am too small; He is too holy and I am too vile." Listen! He says, "If *any* man open the door." [Rich or poor,

old or young, learned or ignorant, fair or foul—the invitation is to *all*.

But listen again. He says, “If any man hear My voice.” Not, hear the voice of men, or hear the creeds, but hear the voice of Jesus, the Son of God. Often-times you may have heard the voice of the preacher repeating His words, “Come unto Me,” but have you heard with the hearing of *faith* the voice of Jesus saying to you, “Come unto Me?” Oh, listen to His words, and let Him in! Do not forget that the knocker is on the outside of the door, but the latch is on the inside—your side—of the door. Jesus knocks, but it is for you to lift the latch and let Him in.

Do not longer delay. You are keeping Him waiting, and as He waits He knocks, and as He knocks He speaks. In patience He stands at your door, in grace He knocks, and in love He speaks to your heart. Long enough you have kept your heart locked and barred against Christ, but even at this late hour, if you will but hear His voice and open the door, He will come in to your poor lonely heart and sup with you and you with Him.

Oh, beware lest you open the door too late, and at last find the Saviour gone. We read of one who heard the voice of the Bridegroom knocking at her door, saying, “Open to me, my sister, my love;” but, alas, she kept Him waiting until His head was “filled with the dew,” and His locks with “the drops of the night;” and when at length she lifted the latch, it was too late. She said, “I opened to my Beloved; but my Beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone . . . I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer” (Song 5: 2-6). She

opened, she sought, she called, but she was too late.

To-day He is knocking, to-morrow He may be gone.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." H. S.

CHRIST'S APPEAL

I am standing outside the door to-night

Seeking thy heart to win;

The world for a while has withdrawn its light:

Wilt thou open and let Me in?

I have traveled far on a lonely road,

In sorrow and agony;

I have borne sin's heavy, crushing load,

All for the sake of thee!

I am standing to plead with thee to-night,

While the dews of evening fall;

O'er the moaning and surging waves of life,

Dost thou hear My yearning call?

I would free thy soul from the chains of earth,

From its care, its sorrow, its sin,

I would give thee joy for its hollow mirth—

Wilt thou open and let Me in?

From the glorious height of heaven I came,

To seek thee and to save;

But the world it gave Me a cross of shame,

And a lonely borrowed grave.

I left my radiant home above,

All for the sake of thee,

I have died to prove My deep, deep love,

Wilt thou open the door to Me?

A. S. O.

Redemption

“When I see the blood I will pass over you.”

(Ex. 12 : 13.)

I KNEW a person who had, for some years, been deeply anxious about her soul. She longed to know, for certain, that *she* had redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of her sins. She felt that if she died without redemption, she was lost forever. She went from place to place to hear preaching of the gospel. Her anxiety became very great; yet nothing that she heard gave her peace. She was constantly thinking that she had something to do before she could have redemption. She tried to lay hold of the promises, but they gave her no relief. She tried to serve God and keep His commandments; she found she failed at every step. She tried ordinances and ceremonies; all in vain. She then thought she must have stronger faith, and tried to understand more clearly the value of the blood of Jesus; still all was darkness. God would not even have her faith as the price of her redemption; and her heart sank.

It was when she was in that state of self-despair she heard those words, “When I see the blood I will pass over you.” It awoke her, and she thought, “It is God who spake these words.” In a moment she felt the vast differ-

ence between herself seeing the blood of Jesus, and God seeing it. She thought, "Yes, God sees such value in the blood of Jesus that He will pass over me, and the destroyer shall not touch me." From that moment she believed what God says, and now she knows, with certainty, that she has redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of her sins.

Surely, this is one case out of thousands, and it shows the importance of our subject.

Before speaking of these wonderful words, "When I see the blood," etc., let me remind you of the condition of this people, Israel, as described in the previous chapters. They were slaves under Pharaoh, in bitter bondage; and "they cried, and their cry came up unto God." God heard and pitied them; He said, "For I know their sorrows." Oh, what a cry of misery ascends from this world as a result of sin! What bitterness and anguish has sin wrought! God heard their sighs—and has He not heard yours? Poor soul! if this is your condition, let us look at this redemption-chapter. God grant that this may be the beginning of months to you.

See, the lamb was slain, and the blood was sprinkled on the door-posts. Then God said, "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where you are; and *when I see the blood I will pass over you.*" He did not say,

When I see how good you are; or, When I see that you deserve my favor; or, When you have repented enough, or believed enough. No; *the blood is first and uppermost in God's thoughts*. He did not even say, When ye see the blood; but, "When I see the blood."

Now we all know that redemption from Egypt was a type of redemption through "the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." And, in the very same way, is not the blood of Christ God's token to burdened sinners? Jesus did not die that God might love us, but *because* He loved us—"In this was manifested the love of God toward us;" "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son;" "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John 4:9, 10).

Mark, it is not what *you* see, but what *God* sees in the blood of Christ. He knows all your sins, but He also sees the blood of Christ; His beloved Son's atoning death justifies Him in cancelling all your sins, however deep their crimson dye. Redemption is an accomplished fact—a finished work, and peace through that blood is offered to you.

May God open your heart to receive that peace on the testimony of God, who raised up Jesus from the dead.

C. S.

RESCUED—not Self-Saved

GHE shrill, warning whistle of the "life-saver" on guard at a bathing beach on the Jersey Coast, made us all look up to see who had ventured too far into the dangerous sea beyond the ropes. We saw the man, who evidently was a good swimmer, heed the warning; he turned, and with all his strength began to swim back. But he had a strange freak of nature against which to battle. The waves seemed to roll shoreward from two directions, causing a strong sea-ward current where the waves met; and the swimmer was caught in this seaward stream. He little realized his extreme danger, being confident in his strength and ability to reach the shore in safety. But we, on the shore, could see that in spite of his powerful strokes, he was making no headway, but was in fact being carried out to sea.

The life-saver, ready attired in his suit, and equipped with a life-saving belt, fastened to it a long life-line which was wound upon a reel which lay ready upon the shore. He took a sharp look at the man in the sea, then plunged into the waves.

What intense anxiety on shore! We strained our eyes, and we fairly held our breath as we realized a human life was at stake. Would the

brave "life-saver" reach him before he was carried too far, or his strength was spent? Minutes seemed hours while on he went, getting nearer and nearer. Finally, we saw him reach the poor man; he laid hold of him, and how relieved we all felt! The life-guard then raised high his arm, as a signal to those on shore at the other end of the life-line, and they began to pull them in—hand over hand, slowly but surely, and they were brought safely to shore.

How truly this pictures men in their sins, who do not realize their need of a Saviour! Heedless of their danger, the current of this world is carrying them on. If one begins to realize his danger, he begins to make some effort to save himself, as full of self-confidence as was this strong but mistaken swimmer. He thinks that if he only tries hard enough to be good, his efforts will be rewarded at last.

Perhaps you, dear reader, do not know that you are outside the ropes which mark the danger of the deep beyond. You do not realize where you are, and need to be aroused by a friendly warning like the life-guard's whistle.

Friend, let me ask, Where will you spend eternity? Unless washed by the blood of Jesus, the Son of God, your sins will carry you down to eternal doom: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The waves of God's just and holy wrath against sin, which once rolled over

the Holy Sufferer on Calvary, will carry you out to eternal perdition unless you repent and cry to the Saviour of sinners, Lord save me, I perish!

But you may be like the swimmer who heeded the warning whistle and turned to come back. Many a man, thinking of God and eternity, turns back towards the shore. He becomes serious and religious; he feels something of God's claims upon him, but seeks to meet them by his own efforts. He is not yet ready, in his own mind, for the life-guard. But listen to what God's Word says: "Cursed is every one that continueth not *in all things* which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. 3: 10). "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in *one* point, he is guilty of all" (Jas. 2: 10). Who can swim through that? So it is written, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in His (God's) sight" (Rom. 3: 20).

Would you be saved from a worse death than a physical one? Do you know you cannot save yourself any more than this doomed swimmer? He was brought to shore through no effort of his own, but by the strength and work of another.

So you must lie back in the arms of the Lord Jesus Christ; you must trust *Him*—not yourself; be saved by *Him* who came all the way from heaven down to the cross of Calvary to

bear our judgment, to be the Saviour of your soul and mine. Thank God for His word, "When we were yet *without strength*, in due time Christ died for the ungodly," and "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, *while we were yet sinners*, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5: 6, 8). "To him that *worketh not*, but *believeth* on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4: 5).

Just trust yourself to Christ who made atonement for sin that you might be saved. And He "is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7: 25). Take God at His word, and "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," which secures to us the promise, "And thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16: 31). Remember, these are promises of God who cannot lie, and His word cannot be broken. L. V. M.

THE OFFICER'S CONVERSION;

OR,

"DO YOU KNOW THAT FOR CERTAIN?"

R. M. was the garrison chaplain for many years in Stuttgart. No doubt he was prepared of God for intercourse with the often rough and hardened soldiers, for his labor was attended with much blessing. Of energetic disposition, and taught of God, he knew how to wield "the sword of the Spirit," the Word of God, so that many

who thought themselves invulnerable in unbelief were brought to the feet of Jesus by his means. He had no fear of man; either in his daily intercourse with the officers, or others in high position, or when among the soldiers he lifted up his powerful voice with earnestness, and spoke to them of their souls. For the light-minded and the hard-hearted he was a regular "son of thunder."

One day while he was reading in his study, a knock came at the door, and upon his "Come in," a richly-liveried servant entered, and begged him to come to his master who seemed to be approaching death.

"I will come directly," replied Mr. M., and a few minutes later he stood by the bedside of the sick man—a man of high birth, surrounded with the pomp and luxury of this world. He lay on a costly couch, with marks of anxiety and unrest upon his countenance. He had drunk of the cup of sin to the dregs. He had mocked God and eternity, spending his days in rioting and dissipation, and now, though only thirty-six years of age, he seemed like a decrepit old man. He had always sought to delude himself that eternity was a fable, and the existence of God a dream, and that heaven and hell only existed in the imagination of fanatics.

While in the midst of the noisy current of this world and its pleasures he had been tolerably at ease; now, however, his fine-spun arguments had left him in unprecedented difficulty. He had for

some days felt an inexplicable unrest, and this had induced him to allow the earnest military chaplain to be called to his bedside.

But Mr. M. was not the only visitor. It appears that the sick man feared to be alone with the Lord's messenger. Perhaps he still hoped that the preacher and his testimony to unseen things could be overcome by the arguments of unbelief. So one of his light-hearted boon companions was with him ; one who, like himself, for a long time had rejected all faith in God and eternity. The sick man's friend was also a man of distinguished position, and dressed according to the rank of a staff-officer of the army.

Mr. M. greeted him with all the honor due to his position, but, undisturbed by his presence, he immediately approached the sick one. In a friendly manner he spoke to him of the love of the Saviour, inviting him to come to Him while it is called to-day, picturing also before him the fearful loss of a soul which passed without Him into eternity.

The sick man seemed, however, resolved not to listen to Mr. M.'s words. Having one of his friends by him, he felt himself strong again, and was ashamed to confess in his presence that he was so fainthearted and pusillanimous as to think of eternity.

Mr. M. perceived this, and began to speak of hell, and the eternal perdition to which every impenitent sinner was fast approaching. He spoke of the righteousness of God, which it is impossible to mock,

and he pictured the terrible judgment of those who harden their hearts, and sear their consciences as with a hot iron.

The staff-officer listened for some moments in silence; and although his manner showed his discontent, yet he did not at once interrupt him. However, his patience was soon exhausted.

"You would do better if you kept your words to yourself, and go home," he said to the preacher, angrily. "I don't believe that my friend wants your help. He may die; and what do you want to embitter his last moments for, and fill his mind with your illusions?"

"I do what God wishes me to do," answered Mr. M. quietly. "God wants to warn this sinner for the last time; therefore has He sent me here; and woe to me if I am silent! God grant that your friend may yet be truly aroused. It is better now to believe that there is a place of torment than to open one's eyes in the fire that never shall be quenched. It is better . . ."

"Stop! stop!" cried the officer in anger; "go and display your wisdom where you please; go and make old women and children shudder with your tales, but we have happily got rid of such follies long ago. All you have just said is a lot of lies and nonsense not worth the thought of a sensible man. We live and we die, and *that is all*. *There is nothing after death.*"

Mr. M., rising to his full height, quietly approached the officer. Standing before him, and looking him straight in the face, he said in an earnest, searching tone: "Do *you* KNOW THAT FOR CERTAIN?"

A thunderclap from a clear sky could not have produced more astonishment than this unexpected query did on the startled officer. For a moment he stood as if smitten; then he seized his hat and gloves, and hastened out of the chamber without saying a word.

Mr. M. now turned to the sick man, and spoke anew of repentance and conversion; he set before him forgiveness or eternal destruction, heaven or hell. Then he went home.

The dying man was again alone. His self-composure had deserted him. The question, "*Do you know that for certain?*" rang incessantly in his ears, and all within him answered, No! More and more he felt that he was a lost sinner, and trembled at the thought of God's judgment which he had so often mocked at, and denied.

Early the next morning he sent for the garrison preacher to come and see him again. Mr. M. came. He found the sick man in the greatest distress. "I have longed for you to come," were his first words to Mr. M. "Pardon me," he continued, "that I should have treated you in so rude a manner yesterday. You are right. I am *not* certain. *You* have certainty. I see it in your countenance; I perceive

it in your words. Tell me, how can *I* obtain this assurance? Where can I find rest?"

"By Jesus, and Him alone," replied Mr. M. firmly. "He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life (John 14: 6). And He will give you forgiveness and salvation through faith in His shed blood."

The servant of the Lord went on then to set before this soul thirsting after peace, the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus. God blessed His word; the fortress was conquered; the hard heart was broken; and the man who yesterday had done his best to harden himself against every word of exhortation and warning, now bowed, and humbly called on God to have mercy upon him.

He lived but a short time after this. Peacefully and joyfully now he waited for death. All anxiety had disappeared; for he "*knew for certain*" that he was going to his Saviour.

Reader, may I ask you the question: Are *you* sure of the salvation of your soul? Can you say also *with certainty* that you are reconciled to God? Can you look death in the face in peace and with joy? Perhaps you belong to that class who, like this officer, seek to get rid of every thought of death and eternity, and try to convince themselves that the Bible is a good book, but not the Word of God—that what it teaches of God and eternity is just to set up a wholesome barrier against

gross evil, and to strengthen the good in man's ways. Or, should you be one of those "fools" the Word of God speaks of, who say "There is no God," let me ask you the question of Mr. M., "*Do you know that for certain?*"

Perhaps you will reply, "No, I don't, but no one can be quite sure of that."

Friend, we can assure you that many thousands *are* sure. Thank God, He forgives every one who comes to Him, makes him fit for heaven, and gives the assurance of it also.

And how do we obtain this assurance? The Word of God shows us the way. Listen to what the Lord Jesus says: "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life*" (John 6: 47). The apostle John, writing to believers in Christ, says: "*This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.* These things have I written to you that believe on the name of the Son of God, *that ye may know that ye have eternal life*" (1 John 5: 11-13).

O reader, rest not until you have this assurance of sins forgiven, and full acceptance before God according to the value of Christ's work upon the cross. God willeth not the death of the sinner, but that he should be converted and live. Therefore turn to Him from your own way. The eternal wel-

fare of your never-dying soul is at stake. Listen no longer to the suggestions of Satan, for he it is who seeks to blind your mind lest the light of the gospel should shine into your heart. His endeavor is to delude men, and fill their minds with unbelief or with superstition, that he may accomplish their destruction. Flee from him, and turn with a sincere heart to God who freely offers you salvation in Christ. God, who is Love, warns and admonishes ere the day of grace shall have passed by. But for those who refuse or neglect God's entreaties and warnings, there remains only the terrible judgment which shall devour the adversaries. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9: 27), and, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. 10: 31). Therefore haste, that thy soul may be saved! God is a reality; eternity is a reality; and judgment is a reality.

Every mocker and despiser of the name of Jesus will one day be made to bow before Him whom they have despised, and to confess that "*Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father*" (Phil. 2: 11).

They will, with all who have not obtained forgiveness and peace through the blood of Jesus, find their place in the everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels (Matt. 25: 41). May you, my reader, never be one of those unfortunate ones; so we warn you, that you may not be among them.

Hasten to Jesus whilst it is called to-day! He is ready to deliver you from judgment, and to fill your heart with peace and joy in believing.

“Oh, have you not heard of that wonderful love,
That flows from God’s heart, so free,
Which led Him to give for a perishing world
His Son to be nailed to the tree ?

“Poor sinners, undone, and sinful, and lost,
This love of our God now receive;
No heart is too sad this love to make glad,
When once on God’s word we believe.

“Oh, sweet is its rest to the weary and worn,
Who now feel the burden of sin ;
It seeks for no merit its bliss to inherit,
No goodness without or within.

“Believe that wonderful love—
Believe that wonderful love.
The Gospel is free,
God sends it to thee,
Believe God’s wonderful love.”

Affirmation and Negation

SOME time ago, while in the city of Ottawa, I saw what I had never seen in any city before, signs at street corners and other places, reading:

CARS DO NOT STOP HERE.

At opposite corners and other points, signs painted in another color, read:

CARS STOP HERE.

I wondered what the reason might be for the negation signs, until told that they marked points at which cars *formerly* stopped, until the change was made. So many would wait for a car and expect it to stop at the old places, that the Company found it advisable to mark all such abandoned stops with signs in the negative.

How like the law and the gospel, I thought. For fifteen hundred years the Scriptures pointed to the law which said:

“THIS DO AND THOU SHALT LIVE.”

After long trial, it was demonstrated to a certainty, that none ever did, or ever could, by this method obtain salvation, peace with God, or rest to his soul.

At length, the time came for the mighty change. JESUS had come, and the message since has been: **“God so loved the world that He gave His only**

begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Jesus, Son of God and Son of Man, did what man never did or could do; HE kept the commandments perfectly; HE obeyed the law always and in all things—so that death having no claim upon Him, He could die upon the cross for the sins of sinners. "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities."

And now the sign hangs out bold and clear from Calvary's tree,

Salvation here. This way for heaven.

Reader, there is no other way. Many travelers have stood at points expecting cars to stop for them, only to be disappointed. See that you do not do the same on your all-important passage from time to eternity.

How many have vainly hoped that at the place of "good works," or "church membership," or "holy sacraments," etc., they might be taken aboard and carried to glory; but what a delusion to suppose that anything but Christ and the sacrifice He offered can save a soul from eternal perdition, or give it right to enter through the pearly gates into the city of God!

Verily, as says the Scripture, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 14: 12).

It was true kindness to the traveling public,

on the part of the street railway company, to place at these abandoned stopping-points the signs of negation; and foolish would the person be who became angry at it, or who disregarded them. And God, out of consideration to man's ignorance and in love to his soul, has given in His word, warnings, notices, informative signs, telling sinners where they **may** and where they **may not** have passage to heaven and rest. Here are some of them:

“**Not** of works, lest any man should boast” (Eph. 2: 9).

“**Not** of yourselves; it is the gift of God” (Eph. 2: 8).

“**By** the works of the law there shall **no** flesh be justified” (Gal. 2: 16).

“**Not** by works of righteousness which we have done” (Titus 3: 5).

“He that believeth not the Son shall **not** see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3: 36).

All these negations clearly show the travelers to eternity what will **NOT** save them, just as the signs on the street showed where passengers would **not** be taken in. But they were supplanted by others showing where the cars did stop, and where passengers could depend upon getting transport to their desired destination. And God not only tells us for our warning what **cannot** save us, but He has much more abun-

dantly shown *what will* secure the sinner's salvation, and furnish a sure passage to heaven. Here are some of these affirmations:

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou shalt be saved*" (Acts 16: 31).

"By grace ye *are saved*, through faith" (Eph. 2: 8).

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

"He that believeth on the Son *hath everlasting life*" (John 3: 36).

The New Testament is full of these directions, and affirmations of salvation to those who obey God's word. So that there is no excuse for any standing at the negation points (where God Himself has barred the way), vainly expecting to be carried to heaven in their own way. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4: 12). JESUS is that name; He who came from heaven to make atonement for sin, and who "when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. 1: 3). He is the only and all sufficient passport from earth to heaven; from the dominion of sin to the liberty of the sons of God.

Reader, trust none other; build your hopes on

no sand foundation—as of character, of self-betterment, of patriotism, of religious forms, etc. All that is vain. It is in *Christ*, and Christ only—Christ crucified, risen, ascended to the glory—that every sinner who sincerely trusts in Him is accepted before God.

C. KNAPP.

“Fooled by a Mere Song”

SOME years ago, a friend of the writer was sent by a large contracting firm to estimate for certain repairs to the interior of Old Bailey Prison, London, England. On passing through the various cells, his attention was arrested by some writing scratched in the stone wall by some one who had been incarcerated there.

Curious to see what had been written, he stopped to decipher, and read:

“Jack —, fooled by a mere song. Ten long weary, weary years! My God! will it NEVER cease. Friends I have none. I have no wife to cheer me now, and no longer do my children prattle at my knee. Fool that I've been, my God, my God.”

The circumstances which led to the long term of imprisonment, we do not know, but the prisoner left on record his REMORSE—remorse that, in an unguarded moment, he allowed cir-

cumstances to control him which ended in ten years of misery! But though the prisoner proved the truth of that scripture, "The way of transgressors is hard," yet, bitter as was his experience, *the ten years came to an end!*

Not so the ETERNITY to which we are speeding!

God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and *man became a living soul*" (Gen. 2:7). It is in virtue of this, that man differs from the beast, and must of necessity exist as long as God Himself exists. Strange that men prefer by their doctrine to degrade themselves to the level of the beast, rather than own the truth of Scripture, which clearly states that man was "made in the image of God!" (Gen. 1:27).

Why? The answer is easily given; for if man was thus created, he is responsible to his Creator for deeds done in the body.

Evolution is a phantom—a lie! Be not deceived by the enemy of your soul, my reader. Remember YOU MUST MEET GOD—unwelcome as the thought may be.

But why remain estranged from Him? He waits to be gracious, and "commends His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5:8). "Holiness is the habitation of His throne," and righteousness demanded full and entire satisfaction for sin; but God, the God we had sinned against,

is “rich in mercy,” and gave His only begotten Son that we might live through Him.

The cross of Calvary is the blest answer to man’s need, and if you avail yourself of this glorious salvation, trusting the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour, your every sin shall be blotted out, and “peace with God” shall be your portion. Be not like the young procras-tinator, whose dying wail, “Once it might have been, but not now,” filled every hearer with sorrow. The golden opportunities are being carried into the irrevocable past. Soon you will enter *eternity*, and sorrowful indeed it would be, if—in spite of all the pleadings—you should die *unsaved*. Who can tell the remorse of those who have entered the confines of the lost? The bitterest drop in the cup of eternal doom, will be the memory of the past, gone be-yond recall. “*Son, remember!*” The very sug-gestion implies eternal bitterness. Oh, the re-morse of the soul, to look back upon lost oppor-tunities, privileges slighted, salvation refused, *and to know that the eternal destiny is FIXED.*

Dear reader, let the remorse of the one who bewailed his folly in Old Bailey Jail, be a warn-ing to you, and as you read this silent message, avail yourself of God’s gracious provision: “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (Acts 16: 31). J. W. H. N.

Mr. D.'s Conversion

“Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In *mercy* oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.”

SUCH has been the case with Mr. D., who was a reckless, godless man. One day, while working on the roof of a building, he slipped and fell to the ground, breaking several ribs, and receiving other injuries which compelled him to lie in bed some two months. This trying spell of inactivity made his active mind to return over the past and consider his ways. Thus sobered and humbled, he began to read earnestly the New Testament, to find consolation and balm for his wounded spirit. Twice he read the New Testament through in those two months, and to his great comfort found in the gospel God's great remedy for sin — *the precious blood of Christ*.

The sentiment of his soul then was,

“That precious stream of water and of blood
Which from Thy pierced side so freely flowed,
Has put away my sins of scarlet dye;
Washed me from every stain and brought me nigh.”

More than a decade of years have passed since Mr. D. thus narrowly escaped death. He then thought it was a great calamity; but as he

looks back and sees how God used it in everlasting blessing to his soul, he is unfeignedly thankful to Him for the accident—yet not an “accident” from the divine point of view, for it was God’s way to stop him in his careless, wild career, and to bring about a repentance and turning to God, which should have been without broken ribs and weary months in bed.

How sad that so many should be so profoundly asleep in sin that it takes a thunder-bolt of pain or woe to wake them up to their condition. Alas, even then some are not awakened from their perilous lethargy, though visited by heaviest calamities or afflictions. Wave after wave of sorrow may roll upon them, and yet they stand as cold and unmoved by them as a rock on the beach.

Reader, how is it with you? Have you turned to God? You have been spoken to, appealed to—many times, probably. Even the rising and setting sun proclaims your onward march. Every heart-throb reminds you that time is moving on, changing the future into the past, bringing you nearer life’s last mile-stone. The river rushing onward to the sea tells you that the stream of time is sweeping you on to the ocean of eternity. That withered leaf, that blighted rose, reminds you that all the glory of man is like the flower of the field; that all flesh is like the grass, green to-day, but brown

and sear to-morrow. The crape upon the door, the gloomy hearse, the chiseled stone by the grassy mound, all repeat to you,

“Prepare to meet thy God,”

for that meeting is soon to be.

Oh, how is it with you—eternity-bound soul? Do not these oft-repeated voices constrain you to reflect and consider your ways? If not, you may be appealed to as was Mr. D., or in a more serious way still, that you may be aroused from your deadly stupor of indifference. But if God's entreaties, or “His judgments sent in mercy,” fail to lead you to repentance and to Christ, He may leave you to pursue your sinful course until the icy breath of the king of terrors blows out your life's little candle. But then,

What shall the harvest be?

—death without the hope of a glorious resurrection unto life eternal with God; a grave unbrightened by the hope of glory; the body in the tomb; the soul and spirit in conscious woe in the prison-house called *Hades*, until spirit, soul, and body re-united, you stand before the Great White Throne to receive your everlasting sentence from the lips of Him who died that you might be saved; whose blood was shed that your sins might be forgiven—and YE WOULD NOT!

"Then how wilt thou hear the impenitent's doom,
Or bear the deep wailings of woe?"

To-day, the Voice of Love and Mercy is still calling to thee. Then let not the vanities of time, the fleeting and unsatisfying pleasures or distractions of a passing world, consume thy fast flying moments.

*Christ is thine ONLY refuge,
This life thine ONLY opportunity.
The results are ETERNAL.*

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice,
harden not your hearts" (Heb. 4: 7).

C. C. CROWSTON.

IS THERE A GOD?

HE *Atheist* says—No.

The *Deist* says—Yes, but this Supreme Being takes no interest in the world.

The *Agnostic* says—He is unknown and unknowable.

Science, always searching, whilst closing its eyes to revelation, admits that it can give no help toward the knowledge of God.

The Bible *declares* God—the Living and True God. He has revealed Himself. He is Light and Love; and He *so* loved men—men who have rebelled against His laws—that He gave His own beloved Son to save them.

Listen to what the Son of God said when He was here on the earth—the most wonderful words that men ever heard, or will ever hear:

“God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3: 16).

Reader, do you know this God of love? To know Him, believe Him, trust Him, is salvation.

“This is life eternal, that they might KNOW THEE, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent” (John 17: 3).

Reader, why should you abide in ignorance of God when He has so revealed Himself?

“The FOOL hath said in his heart, There is no God” (Ps. 14: 1). And what a man says in his heart, and wishes to be, he very soon says and attempts to prove with his lips. God says such an one is a “fool.”

Alas, men do not want God. They want to be left alone to live in sin. But oh, the terrible wages it brings!

Reader, let me tell you this: Whether you want it or not, you must one day meet this great God.

WE BELIEVE, AND ARE SURE

“**S**EEING is believing,” is a saying as trite as it is untrue.

The following occurrence shows how utterly deceived one may be while trusting to what he believes to be the sight of his eyes.

In one of the departments of the University of Kansas some time ago, the lecturer stood on a platform addressing a body of some hundred students. Suddenly the front door opened, and the janitor of the building came rushing to the front, shouting angrily at the professor, who leaped from the rostrum and met his opponent in the middle of the room. There was a quick interchange of hot words, a struggle ensued, which ended with the janitor drawing a revolver. A shot rang out, and the two men were with difficulty separated.

When the case was tried all the witnesses swore that it was the janitor who fired the shot; some even testifying that they saw the smoke issuing from the weapon after its discharge.

Will it surprise the reader to be told that it was *not* the janitor who fired the shot, but a man stationed outside the building at an open window? The whole affair was prearranged, as an experiment in psychology, to test the value of direct evidence before the law students of the University.

And there are many who, in the realm of the spiritual, demand visible demonstration before believing. They ask for what they call “tangible

proofs"; they will receive nothing "on trust," and refuse to believe anything that cannot be discerned by the senses—by sight, hearing or touch—their deified trinity in whom they trust. And in doing this they consider themselves exceeding wise, and look down with affected pity, and even scorn, on those who have not seen, yet have believed. "Yes," they answer, when it is demanded of them that they have faith in God, "when we *see* we will believe;" and wise in their own conceits they maintain the ground that they will believe nothing except that which can be demonstrated to the senses.

This they think is rational and safe ground. But is it? Is their attitude toward revealed truth really rational? In view of the above-cited incident, we answer, No. Our senses may deceive us, our reasonings are oftentimes faulty, and our deductions are frequently false as our premises are erroneous. Law students are not, as a rule, easily gulled, nor are they more prone than others to jump at conclusions. Yet in the demonstration arranged for them by their professor they were every one of them deceived; and, trusting to the sight of their eyes, they were ready to declare under oath as a *fact* what they afterwards learned to be false.

Notwithstanding this (and such mistakes are being made constantly), men, and especially young men, say when spoken to of the verities of Scripture, "Give us proofs, produce for us some direct evidence; we are perfectly willing to believe, but we

want to see, hear, taste or handle something to which we may attach our faith." Stupendous folly, when it is every day being demonstrated that our natural senses are the very things we cannot trust. Some are color-blind, and to the sight of such red appears white, and green looks blue. Some have an impaired taste, and to them a bitter thing is sweet, and the sweet bitter. To some the finest music is but discordant noise, while to others (as the heathen chief who heard a famous band play in London some years ago) the big drum is the acme of pleasurable sound. I have known persons to whom the odor of kerosene oil seemed as perfume! So much for the impaired or perverted senses and the dependence that may be placed upon them.

"Except ye see . . . ye will not believe," was the scathing denunciation of the divine Master, "the Author and Finisher of faith," to the unbelieving generation of His day.

Those hundred or more University students saw, or thought they saw, but were deceived, and put to shame as gullible children at the trial of the case, staged so cleverly for their undoing as credible witnesses who were sure because they saw!

How then can you know the certainty of those things in which, from a child perhaps, you have been instructed—the great doctrines of the Bible, such as God's existence, the creation, man's fall, the personality of Satan, redemption from sin by Jesus Christ, eternal life for man, the soul's immortality,

heaven, hell, and other equally important truths? Yes, that is the question—how can you know? By what means may you be sure?

That you cannot implicitly trust your senses is evident. You may have insisted that to believe a thing it must be demonstrated; and it has been demonstrated, by a test as fair and full as could be desired that, not *one*, but *one hundred* clear-headed young men, who were themselves preparing to sift, examine and weigh testimony, could be ludicrously deceived by appearances.

How, then, we repeat, can we know the things of the Bible to be true? *Can* we know? or shall we take the banal ground of the agnostic and say, We cannot know—no one can tell—it is impossible to be sure? We Christians know; we “know we have passed from death unto life.” “We know we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” the believer can say (1 John 3:14; 2 Cor. 5:1; Job 19:25). All this, and much more, *we know*—beyond the shadow of doubt. But how? Well, how was it known by the students finally that it was *not* the janitor who fired the shot, but a man posted for the purpose at a near-by window? It was by *credible verbal testimony*—the statement of trustworthy men who, they knew, would not, in this matter at least, deceive them.

And we believe, not because of visions, revelations, or feelings, nor because by a process of reasoning we

have arrived at the conclusion that we may rationally believe, but because *God*, who cannot lie, has spoken! He has declared these things to be so, and not to believe them would be to make Him a liar—the extremity of human guilt.

Our faith rests on adequate testimony, the Word of the living God, unchangeable and eternal. And to this the doubter must come if ever he is to arrive at a satisfactory state of mind and heart in reference to the stupendous realities of eternity.

There *are* evidences, on every hand, many and direct and of the very best—evidences both direct and indirect. The world is full of them, and they may be seen every day: museums of antiquity contain them; evidences of the Bible's veracity are writ large on Egyptian and Assyrian monuments and temples; the ruins of buried cities and the tombs of forgotten kings abound with them; even mummies bearing mute testimony to what the "scripture of truth" declares; and the spade of the excavator brings to light fresh witnesses every year.

And in the realm of the moral we have evidences multiplied. We see thousands of men and women reclaimed by the gospel from lives of degradation, crime and shame; we see saints suffering from incurable diseases, lying helpless year after year on beds of pain, yet rejoicing in hope and patient in tribulation; martyrs die triumphant, firm in their confession, preferring torture to deliverance purchased by a denial of their faith. In the mission-fields, not

only do we see the power and truth of the gospel manifested in the regeneration of individual savages, but whole districts, islands and archipelagoes transformed through the reception and influence of that book called the Bible.

But all this, though wholly adequate as direct testimony to the truth of Christianity, is not presented for your faith. We have a more sure basis for our belief—God's word, HE speaks, and therefore we believe. It is impossible to be deceived here.

“I know whom I have believed and am persuaded,” wrote Paul of “much learning” and deepest intellect, because he had the testimony of Him whose Word is “forever settled in heaven,” where shams, deceits and illusions cannot abide, for all there is light, truth, and verity.

If not stifled, man's conscience bears him witness that God's word speaks the truth in its testimony as to man's sin and depravity; while the majesty of *God's grace* shines out in the redemption provided at such a cost—by the atoning death of the Son of God.

Yes, “we know.” “We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding” (1 John 5:20). He is “the Truth,” as well as “the Way” and “the Life,” and believing in Him we shall never be confounded or put to shame (Rom. 10:11).

C. K.

IS THERE NO GOD?

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God" (Ps. 14: 1).
Jehovah saith "I AM" (Exod. 3: 14).

“There is no God”—

Thus saith the prating fool of Satan’s school.

He hath despised

God’s chastening rod,

And sin hath closed his eyes, and so he cries,

“There is no God.”

Is there no God?

Then whence this deep desire that burns like fire

For things unseen?

Is there no heaven?

Then whence this ceaseless quest for final rest,

This longing keen?

Is there no God?

Then there’s no Christ for me, no heaven for thee,

And all is dread!

Is there no God?

Then surely there’s no light, and all is night,

And hope is dead.

Were there no God,

Then all His own were lost; the awful cost

On Calvary

But paid in vain!

No God, no love, no light, beyond this night?

Then life were pain.

I marvel not

That men who truth deny, and madly cry,

“There is no God,”

Make end of strife—

The fool alone could fly in face of Deity,
And take his life.

My God, *Thou art*,
And there is none beside; let men deride.
Thou art, O God,
The First, the Last;
Thou art, didst not begin; *wilt be*, as in
Th' eternal past.

Because Thou art,
I am; else I were not, nor worth a thought.
And in the grasp
Of Thy great hand,
The universe will be brought to conformity
To Thy command.

My Lord, my God,
I know Thee, great "I AM." What else could calm
The human heart
When tempest tossed,
But that God *is*, and *loves*, howe'er He moves.
Else all were lost.

Yea, Lord, *Thou art*,
And Thou hast pow'r to save sin's abject slave.
Thou'rt Love to heal
And Light to guide
The heart that's sore opprest, and give it rest:
Thou dost abide.

My God, Thou art,
And here my heart doth rest, forever blest.
Thou art *for me*,
Thou gav'st Thy Son,
And this to me doth prove Thy perfect love—
The work is done.

My Heart is a Rock

HE Baroness Von Wrede was the daughter of a former Governor-General of Finland. She was converted to God when a young girl, and devoted herself heartily to the service of Christ. She turned to the convict prisons of Finland when not yet twenty years of age, and there, among those hardened criminals, sought (and found, as we shall see) jewels for her loved Redeemer's crown. Her father's position of authority gave her access everywhere, and she found entrance to places where persons of lower rank would have been peremptorily denied admittance.

The following account of the conversion of a notorious criminal is taken from the book, DR. BAEDEKER IN RUSSIA, and illustrates the power of Christ to save even the most vicious and depraved of mankind.

On one occasion the Baroness calling at a prison on her customary visitation, was informed that a particularly violent and ferocious criminal was in his cell awaiting trial. He was charged with the commission of no fewer than eighteen murders, some of them being of peculiar atrocity.

"Let me see him," she begged of the Governor. The Governor, smiling pityingly upon her, said: "Child, I could not think of such a thing!"

"But I *must* see him: God can save even such as he. Where is his cell?" It was not difficult to discover the cell, for there were armed wardens on guard outside the heavy door.

"Open, and let me go in," she demanded.

"I really dare not let you risk your life. It is too unsafe. He is almost a maniac."

However, the young Christian woman declared she was willing to take all risk, and insisted on gaining admittance to the cell. So with reluctance and protests they yielded.

"Do not open the little slide to peep in, nor interrupt us," was her request to the little group of amazed officials in the corridor. Then the warden withdrew the bolts, and cautiously opening the door the young lady stepped in.

A rattle of chains directed her attention to the man stretched at full length upon his hard bench—a giant of a man. Stepping to where he lay, she inquired, "Are you awake?" The murderer was startled; his heavy irons clanked loudly upon the bench.

"I have come to see you," she said gently. There was no answer. "Will you not talk to me?" "Who are you?" he inquired fiercely. "I am a friend. I want to be kind to you and to help you." "Who sent you here?" "I have come of my own wish, for your sake." "I could kill you with one blow: get out of my cell," he cried, passionately. "But you won't

kill me," she replied, with a little laugh. I want to do you good, not harm. I want to speak to you about the Lord Jesus."

"Go away, I tell you; I will not listen," and the ruffian put his hands to his ears.

"Then I shall pray for you at home; and I shall come to see you again soon. We all need forgiveness; and when I pray I will ask God to forgive you as well as myself. Goodbye!" The prisoner made no reply, and she left the cell as quietly as she had entered.

Again and again the Baroness visited that criminal, and gently pleaded with his seared and deadened conscience. "I want to know who you are," he asked, on one occasion—curiosity overcoming his petulance. "I am the daughter of Baron von Wrede." The prisoner stared at her. "You never mean to tell me that a morsel like you is the daughter of that fine handsome man!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I am," she said. "We cannot all be tall and handsome like my father *and you*."

At this pleasant compliment his hostility collapsed, and he was silent for a minute or two.

"It is not the least use your talking to me," he resumed. "Nobody can do me any good. My heart is a rock."

"I am glad you feel your heart is a rock," she answered. "But I have seen flowers, even trees growing from the rock; so have you. A tiny

seed falls into a crevice of the rock ; it takes root, and grows and covers the rock with beauty. So I hope some word from the Lord may take root in your rocky heart, and grow."

And it was so. Her prayers were answered. God gave her that soul. His ferocity departed. With deep penitence he came with his awful crimes to Him who said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6: 37).

"Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb."

Yes, and the author of the couplet might have written "lamb" with a capital, for sinners who have received Christ, the Son of God, are washed from their sins by His precious blood—"made partakers of the divine nature!" Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Reader, however you are who may read these lines, you cannot be too bad for Jesus. His precious blood shed at Calvary for sinners, "cleanseth from *all* sin." "All manner of sins and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto the sons of men." Prove Him now herewith ; come to Him *just as you are*, and learn by blessed experience that He is as good as His word ; that He casts out none ; and that none are beyond the power of His grace to save, His blood to cleanse, His Spirit to sanctify, and His power to keep.

RELIGION WITHOUT CONVERSION

DURING a series of gospel meetings, we had been speaking of the necessity of being born again. A young lady who had been listening eagerly to all that was said, was asked, "Have you accepted Christ yet?"

This seemed to startle her, but, collecting herself, she said, "Oh, yes, I am a Christian. I have enjoyed religion for the past two years. I joined the church, and now I speak in meetings and attend the Sunday-school; so, I guess, I am safe enough."

Seeing that there was nothing in what she said about the blood of Christ, forgiveness of sins, or peace with God, we told her plainly that she was deceiving herself, and on the road leading to destruction. She became angry, and said, "You have no right to judge me. I am not going to hell, for God is merciful. I have made a start, and am now trying to do what is right." Romans 3: 20 was then read to her: "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight;" also James 2: 10, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." "Have you ever discovered that you were a sinner, condemned already?" we asked.

"No, sir," she replied; "I have not."

This, no doubt, is the way with thousands of

precious souls. They think they are going to heaven by doing some little duty, or by mending some things in themselves which they know are not as they should be, and yet have never seen their need of a Saviour!

Reader, do you think of going to heaven, when you have never believed you were lost? Rest assured, God does not save people while asleep. No; He first awakens them to see their danger, and then leads them to the Lord Jesus. If the sinner is not lost, what claim can he have on God's appointed *Saviour*? None whatever; for He says, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was LOST" (Luke 19: 10). "He came not to call the righteous, but SINNERS to repentance" (Luke 5: 32); and again it is written: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save SINNERS" (1 Tim. 1: 15).

Somewhat after this manner we spoke to this young lady, and it was evidently the word needed, for she exclaimed, "Well, I never saw that before; and no one ever told me I was so bad."

"That may be true," we answered, "but God has said, 'There is none good; no, not one'" (Rom. 3: 10, 23).

The young lady turned sadly away; yet she still came, listening nightly to the story of God's

love,—how that Jesus, the Just One, had died for the unjust, and made peace by the shedding of His blood on the cross (Col. 1: 20). She became very anxious about her soul, for God had, by His Spirit, convinced her of sin. She saw that if she died as she was, without Christ, it would be eternal perdition.

It was at that time that a tract was given her, and as she read it, her eye caught that verse: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2: 24). That was just what she needed. She received Christ as her own Saviour, and "passed from death unto life" (John 5: 24).

When next we saw her, she looked so happy that we asked the cause of her joy. "Oh," she replied, "I am trusting in Jesus; and I am so glad that God gave me to see my danger, for I can now praise Him for His great love in delivering me from the wrath to come. I thank God for salvation, through the blood of the Lamb. Before, I was busy holding on to my religion; now that the Lord has saved me and I belong to Him, I know that I am secure in His keeping."

About two years after this, the Lord took her home to be with Himself, but day by day she could sing:

"Farewell, mortality—Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity—Jesus is mine!"

One morning she called her friends into her room, and asked them to sing that hymn, "When I was sinking down with my soul," and as they sang the last verse,

"Our embraces will be sweet,
At our great Redeemer's feet,
When on Canaan's shore we meet,
By and by,"

she passed away to be with the One who died for her sins on the cross of Calvary. J. G.

The Blood Secures and the Word Assures

VANGELISTIC SERVICES were being held in a barn kindly lent by Mr. L—, a well-to-do religious farmer. He himself was a regular attendant at the meetings, and as various ones confessed to salvation, with joy and peace through faith in Christ, Mr. L— became more and more interested. He was also spoken to personally about his soul's salvation; for though a "religious" man, he did not profess to be "born again."

"I wish I could see it," he said, "for though I am persuaded that salvation by faith is scriptural, it's all a mystery to me."

One night the preacher spoke on the twelfth chapter of Exodus, dwelling first on the judg-

ment of God on the unbelieving, of which the judgment of the first-born in Egypt is but a type. The three following passages were grouped together:

“He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him” (Jno. 3: 36).

“He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God” (Jno. 3: 18).

“He that believeth not shall be damned” (Mk. 16:16).

From these scriptures he showed that unbelief was the crowning sin,—that it was through unbelief that men and women were kept in darkness and condemnation, and in consequence of which they must eventually be condemned.

For the first time in his life Mr. L—— woke up to the terrible fact that he stood before God as an *unbeliever*, and that sooner or later, if he were not “converted,” he would be eternally lost.

The evangelist, having dwelt on the sinner’s guilt and danger, spoke of God’s way of salvation. Turning to the New Testament, he showed that sinners were now sheltered from God’s righteous judgment against sin by hiding in Christ, the “Rock of Ages.” Then he pointed out that as the sprinkled blood on the lintels and doorposts secured the safety of Israel’s

first-born from the death-stroke of the destroying angel, so by the "precious blood of Christ" the sinner is saved from the coming wrath and judgment. By the *blood of Christ* the sinner is sheltered from the coming judgment; by the *word of God*, he is assured that he will "never perish," nor "come into condemnation" (Jno. 5: 24; Acts 13: 38, 39).

As the servant of Christ explained and expounded these precious facts, the light of the glorious gospel of God entered Mr. L.'s soul. "Oh, I see! I see!" he said to himself; "it is *the blood* that secures, and *the Word* that assures." He then believed that the Lord Jesus had died for him, and had borne sin's penalty, and he had the word of God for it that he was "born of God," "saved," and "justified."

Some time after this the evangelist stood by Mr. L.'s death-bed. "Now," he said, "tell me on what you are resting, as you face eternity?"

"I'm resting on the blood of the Lamb of God, and upon the word of God," he confidently answered.

Reader, can you say that of yourself?—that you are resting for security of salvation upon the shed blood of the Lamb of God? If you cannot say this—it matters not what may be your religious profession, or to what works or feelings you may be able to point—there is great reason to fear that you have never yet been

saved. This is the decisive question for you to answer: Are you trusting in the blood? O friend, let me exhort you not to rest until you can say, with certainty, I am trusting in the Son of God, who shed His blood in atonement for my sins.

Let not Satan persuade you that because you are religious, or a church-member, you need not be much concerned about deciding this matter. Thousands of "church-members" know nothing of being born again, and "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (Jno. 3: 3). See to it that you stop not short of this.

All who trust in Christ are secure from the judgment which awaits the wicked—it is the blood which secures them. And as to the assurance of this fact, it is not their feelings, good works, or obedience that give it, but it is simply the word of God. Christ says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me HATH everlasting life" (John 6: 47). So for one who believes in Christ, to yet remain in doubt as to salvation is simply to dis-honor both the work of Christ and the word of God.

**

THE WAY OF PEACE

WITH conscious guilt opprest,
Of God and hell afraid,
I smote upon my breast—
Repented, wept, and prayed.

I wished my sins forgiven,
And yet I loved them well;
I only sought for heaven,
Because I dreaded hell.

To read a chapter through,
And say a lengthened prayer;
All this I tried to do—
But what a cold affair!

'Twas thus I plodded on,
And would have plodded still,
If I had not been shown
The heights of Sinai's hill;

Beheld its dreadful flame,
And heard its thunders roll;
While doubt, and fear, and shame,
Laid hold upon my soul.

The throne of God was reared
Above the awful place;
His justice there appeared,
And cursed me to my face.

My sins in wild array
Now stood before my view!

I felt I could not pay,
And knew not what to do.

Distracted and ashamed,
I groaned beneath my load ;
When lo ! a voice proclaimed,
" Behold the Lamb of God ! "

I raised my weeping eyes
To see the bleeding One ;
And lo ! to my surprise
'Twas God's beloved Son.

Oh, what a marvel this—
And dying thus for me !
'Twas awful pain—'twas bliss—
The spectacle to see.

I viewed the hands and feet,
I saw the wounded side—
A sacrifice complete,
My Jesus crucified !

He bade me venture near,
Though full of sin and shame,
And when He saw my fear,
Quite close to me He came.

New hope His face inspired,
A smile was on His brow,
As gently He inquired,
" Poor soul, what fearest thou ? "

That loving voice of His
Made all my fears depart ;

And set a flood of bliss
Across my wretched heart.

I gave Him all my sin,
My rags, and my disgrace;
He gave me, white and clean,
His glorious righteousness.

At love so passing strange,
Exultingly I said,
“Oh, what a blest exchange
With Jesus I have made!”

For Justice smiling stood
With Mercy by his side,
And bade me now conclude
That I was justified.

Thus ransomed and forgiven,
I do His will divine—
’Tis not to purchase heaven—
For that’s already mine.

My heart is now above;
My soul is joyful—free;
And why? Because “the love
Of Christ constraineth me.”

Of all I have or do,
“My own” I nothing call;
I’m Christ’s, and oh! ’tis true,
CHRIST IS my “ALL IN ALL.”

Justice versus Mercy; or, Justice and Mercy —which shall it be?

GAN justice and mercy blend, or must they be for ever antagonistic?

Justice *demands*, while mercy *gives*; how then can God be just, or administer justice, and yet show favor or grace to the sinner?

A young girl came one day into the presence of Napoleon I., and threw herself at his feet saying, "Mercy, Sire; have mercy on my father!"

"Who is your father?" asked the Emperor.

"He is in prison, Sire; he has been condemned to die. O, Sire, pardon him!"

Napoleon having received an account of his case said: "Poor child, this is the second time your father has conspired against the State; I **MUST DO JUSTICE.**"

"Ah! Sire, I know it. It is not justice I ask, but **MERCY!**"

The lips of Napoleon trembled; then, in a moment, taking the hand of the young girl said, "Rise up; I pardon your father *for your sake.*"

Pardoned in mercy! What news for a condemned man! But the great Napoleon himself could not mingle justice and mercy: for while the condemned prisoner was pardoned for his daughter's sake, he certainly was not *justified*.

Now God must maintain His holiness, and

deal with sin in righteousness; yet His heart of love must be gratified, and heaven must be filled! Can justice and mercy be united? Can God be righteous, and yet *justify*?

Calvary is the blessed answer to this. It was the blest meeting place of justice and mercy. Justice meted out to JESUS—*all the judgment due to sin was meted out upon our blessed Substitute!* It was there that all the deep and eternal love of God towards us was expressed—in judgment upon His Son; and the resurrection of the Lord Jesus was the blessed proof of Justice satisfied through a once *crucified*, but now *glorified* Saviour. Now God can be just and yet justify him who believes on the Lord Jesus.

“There justice met my sin,
On the accursed tree.

To prove His love, my soul to win,
Christ gave Himself for me!”

Reader, God is exercising mercy with justice now through His Son, Jesus Christ. Shall it be justice *without mercy*—as it assuredly will be if you die without Christ? or shall it be that *to-day* you take your place in self-condemnation, and trust the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour? “To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that *justifieth the ungodly*, his faith is counted for righteousness” (Rom. 4: 5).

J. W. H. N.