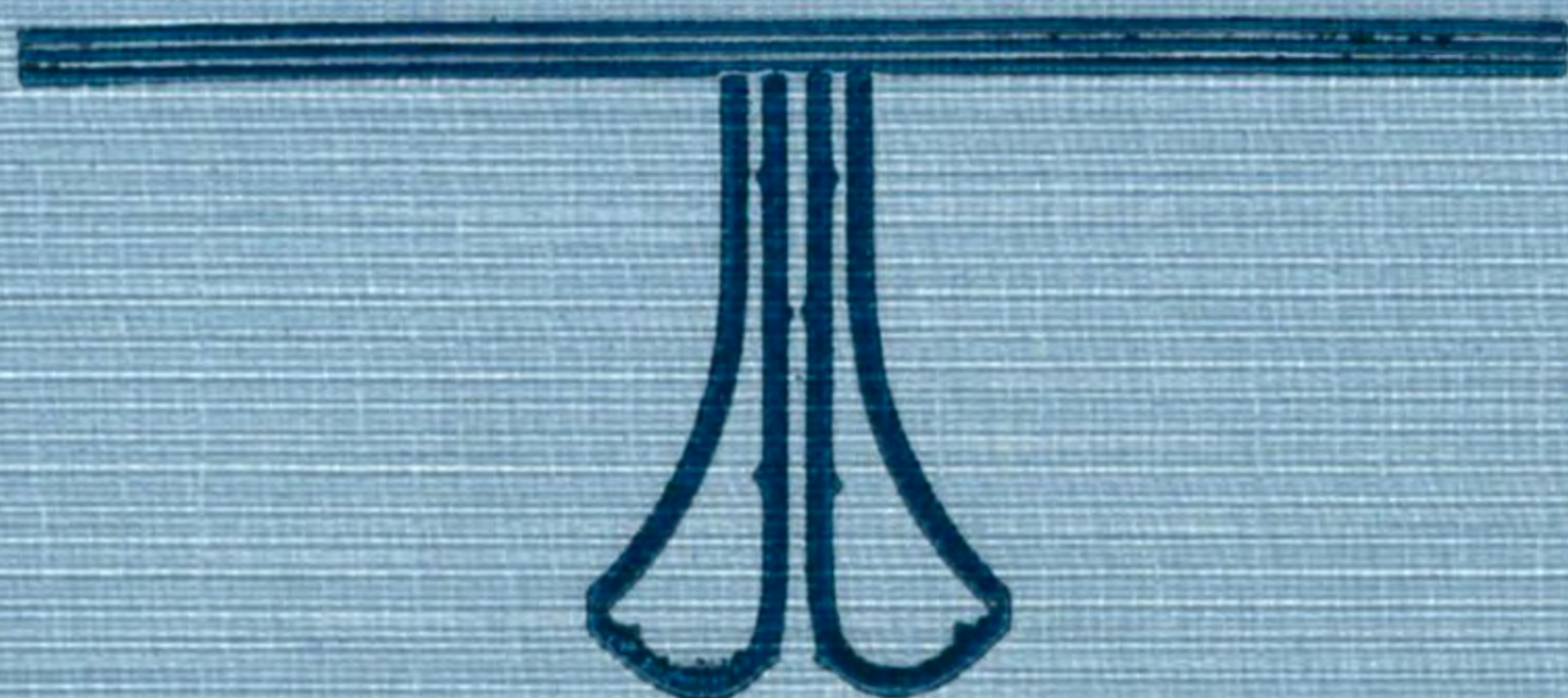


“Up from the Depths!”



“Up from the Depths!”

... and ...

OTHER GOSPEL PAPERS



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An Irish Soldier's Sacrifice

IN a village churchyard on the Aisne, in France, is the grave of a soldier, marked by a rude cross, without a name, but having upon it an inscription that arrests the attention of the passer-by.

During the World War, this unknown soldier was a private of the Royal Irish Guards, and a corporal of the West Yorkshire Regiment, who was in a hospital at Woolwich, told the story of the unknown hero who was buried with full military honors, his fellow-soldiers erecting the cross over his grave, upon which they inscribed the words—“*He saved others; himself he could not save.*”

The taunt of the Jews against the Saviour, “He saved others; Himself He cannot save,” was truer than they supposed. It was said in mockery and derision, but the words were no less true. “He saved others;” and, we can add, saves them still; but He could not save Himself if God was to be glorified, and we, who had so grievously sinned, be forgiven, cleansed and justified.

The corporal's story was that on Sept. 14th, 1918, in the concluding struggle of the Aisne, a detachment was sent to occupy a village near

Rheims, and that as he and his comrades passed down a narrow street and emerged into the open, a man in khaki ran out of a building shouting a warning. Immediately the crack of rifles rang out; and the man fell dead. Running for cover, the soldiers of the West Yorkshires fought, ultimately driving out the German soldiers. The story of the unknown soldier was then given.

He had been taken prisoner, and learned that an ambush had been set for the West Yorkshire men. The Irish soldier escaped in time to warn his comrades and save them from annihilation.

He could not be identified, as the Germans had removed his identification disc; hence the only words upon the cross which marked his grave were: "He saved others; himself he could not save." He gave his life for the lives of his fellows. Can *they* ever forget it? Surely these words will be so burned in their memory that Time shall never erase them. Can *we* ever forget the still more wonderful self-sacrificing love of the Saviour? Why should *HE* die? He certainly could have delivered Himself from His captors: twelve legions of angels were near by to do His bidding, but no, He came into the world to do the will of God and to be the Saviour of the world, and nothing could deter Him from the path of devotion.

Had He saved Himself from the bitterness of that awful hour as Peter desired Him to do (Matt. 16: 22), salvation could never have been offered to you and me. But—blessed Saviour!—in His deep, eternal love He gave Himself; dying that we might live; going into the darkness and distance to bring us into the light and nearness; bearing the wrath of God to bring us into His full, unclouded favor:

“Himself He could not save,
Love’s stream too deeply flowed;
In love Himself He gave,
To pay the debt we owed.
Obedience to His Father’s will
And love to us—did all fulfil.”

But the storm is hushed, death is passed, and the Victor risen and triumphant sits upon the Father’s throne, blessed proof that every question as to sin and guilt has been fully settled and the throne of God vindicated. Blessed indeed it is to know this Saviour, so that—come what may, life or death—all is well.

Oh, the joy of being able to look into eternity and know that it has nothing in store but eternal happiness with Christ! To depart to be with Christ, “far better,” or, if left here, the supreme privilege of living Christ and serving Him.

Dear reader, is this happiness yours? Has the

wonderful love of the Saviour won *your* heart?
 Let me plead with you, if you have not yet
 availed yourself of this rich provision of God's
 grace, *to trust that Saviour now*. Never will
 you be more ready than at this present moment,
 and never will He be more ready to save you.
 Come, then, in all your soul-need to Him. He
 has said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no
 wise cast out."
 —J. W. H. NICHOLS.

A NEW YEAR GREETING to the unsaved

A Happy New Year
 Is my wish sincere,
 But, solemnly, how can it be?
 No prospect bright
 Awaits thy sight,
 But a dark eternity.

How can I be true
 If I tell not to you
 The message I bear from my Lord?
 Thy soul is in need
 Of a Saviour, indeed—
 The One by all Heaven adored.

He atoned for the lost
 At an infinite cost,
 To redeem them from death and its fear.
 When thou hast believed,
 And His pardon received,
 It will then be a **Happy New Year**.

M. A. S.

“Lead Me to Him”

It was at a gospel preaching. The Indians had gathered to hear the glad good news of a full and free salvation for all. The message was simply declared in words easy to be understood, as it should ever be, for many are found among the unlearned who are wishful to know the way of peace. The old hymn puts it well:

“Tell me the story simply,
That I may take it in;
That wonderful redemption,
God’s remedy for sin.”

One old blind Indian present at the preaching was affected by the truths spoken, and the preacher went to him and spoke with him alone. The story of the grace of the Lord Jesus was told again, how He, the Son of God, came into the world, becoming a Man, and after His life of goodness and mercy to all, suffered for sins upon the cross for the blessing of sinful men of every nation.

Just as simply as the story was told, so simply it was received in the love of it, and the aged red-skin cried,

“Lead me to Him.”

So it was that that soul passed from death unto life and from Satan's power to God.

Is your heart crying, “Lead me to Him?” Then you may be sure He is calling you to come. He is far more willing to bless you than you ever have been to be blessed.

He is *waiting* for you, just now. He is saying to you, as He said to the blind beggar of old, “What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?” The blind man asked for sight. It was given to him at once. If you are longing for salvation, ask of Him now, and He will give you far more than you are expecting. Take Him, trust Him to be your present, permanent Saviour.

It may be that this booklet has come into your hands to lead you to Him who waits to welcome you. Come to Him at once, and you will be blessed by Him now and forever.

—INGLIS FLEMING

Suppose it's true after all that the Lord Jesus is the only Saviour, and His death the only means by which you can be fitted for God's presence. What if you neglect Him?

A Mother's Prayer, and the Answer

He was a railroad-man, about 19 years of age. He had been brought up religiously and devoutly; his father and mother habitually prayed in the family, reading the Bible regularly in family worship. They taught their children to pray, to learn the Catechism, to attend the services in the house of God, and were very careful to train them in the way they should go.

The father died; the mother had no support, and with a large family of rapidly-growing boys, was in hard straits; **but she prayed.** Many times was she heard to say: "I believe every one of my children will be saved." She never doubted this; **she prayed.**

One "boy" (and they were always "my boys") must of necessity be sent out into the great world to help provide for the younger brothers and the mother. He was thrown amongst ungodly men, who gambled, swore, blasphemed, lived immoral lives, and used low, debased, obscene language, until, though never taking the Name of God in vain, he eventually imbibed the spirit of revolt against holy things, and in spirit, at least, became corrupted, and would not "go to church" any more. But the mother **still prayed.** More than this, she enlisted the services of a few other praying mothers and fathers, who agreed together to pray for the recovery and salvation of this rebellious, wayward,

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wilful son, according to Matthew 18:19, 20: "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." **"It shall be done... For... there am I."** Can there be any doubt at all as to the result? Do we fathers and mothers really believe this? Let us try Him and see.

But this boy would not listen to entreaty. All attempts to get him to "go to church" only angered him. Still those who loved, and were deeply concerned for him continued to pray; and the "Father which is in heaven" began to answer their prayers.

This boy was a baggage-master on the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. On Thanksgiving Day in 1873, the year of the great Wall Street panic, he, with the passenger crew, coupled up three "wood crate" cars at Newark, N. J., to transport cut wood to Jersey City. These cars were simply ordinary "flat" cars with wooden cribs built up to about four feet, into which this cut wood had been loosely thrown. Then, coupling on three empty box cars they proceeded on their way.

The baggage-master took the position of head brakeman, who could place himself wherever he chose on the forward part of the train. He took a position between the wood crate cars and the three box cars, where he could have all the forward part of the train in plain view.

The day was cold, and the biting wind worried him; his fingers too were getting numb. The only brake on the front end of the car had no

“dog” on the ratchet to hold it when wound up, so he had to hold the cold 12-inch wheel with his hands. As the brake “shoes” were of wood, leather-capped and badly worn, the grip was so poor that this worried him also. So, as the train was entering the “cut”—a serpentine course through the Bergen Range of rock—he noticed a brake on the front end of the first car, just back of the tender of the locomotive, and said to himself: “I can climb over the wood, get into the cab of the engine to get warm, and climb back to that brake before the last long curve, ending at the ‘East End,’ is reached.” So he clambered over the wood, monkey-fashion, on his hands and feet, and over the back of the tender into the cab. He had just drawn up to the open door of the “fire-pot,” which had been thrown open to relieve the steam pressure, when a tremendous jerk from the rear was felt. They all looked back, and saw the wood scattered all along both tracks.

The rear-truck wheels of the second wood car had been dragged out from underneath by the spreading of the track, on which the construction gang had been working, throwing the front end of the third wood car head on into the solid rock wall of the sharp curve at that point!

The engineer stopped the train as quickly as possible, while the head brakeman drew from his pocket the red flag which every train-man must always carry on his person, and jumped off and around the long curve, stopping a heavy freight train, which he could hear coming, to prevent a possible second wreck. Then he walked back to his own wrecked train and saw that the brake-wheel where he had been standing had

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been crushed through the front end of the box car. In a flash he saw himself suffering a most painful and certain death—if he had not been by the great mercy of a compassionate God plucked out of the jaws of so great a death!

He felt himself to be a most ungrateful wretch, Other accidents and dangers through his past life, were brought vividly to his mind, in all of which God had been preserving him. If mere justice had been meted out to him, he could have been justly cut off, "and that without mercy," because of his unthankful, unholy life! Why did God thus spare him? His mother and her friends were praying for his recovery and salvation! Does the Father hear, and will He answer those who "agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask?" "It shall be done," saith the Lord: "for there am I," said He. He certainly will and does. The boy knew that He did.

Seven times every week-day he must pass that spot; seven times each day he was compelled, as it were, to look God in the face about his sins; and he was greatly distressed.

Conviction of sin was deep, and really ground in to him by the mercy of God. He dreamed of eternal judgment: of God's mercy in sparing him from the awful doom of the impenitent, from which (in his dreams) he was barely rescued. He saw the Destroying Angel with his drawn sword, and other details which I do not mention, piercing and personal, that taught him that he could not escape: that if he would avail himself of this great mercy, he must yield to the striving of the Holy Spirit, or perish!

Finally, not being able to stand this constant distress, one Thursday, after putting away his

train for the night, he appealed to the brakeman, who was a nominal Christian: "Joe, I want to be a Christian, will you go with me to a little prayer-meeting over in that church across the way?" "Yes," the prompt reply came. He as promptly led the way, and went, very much like another son who "arose and came to his father" (Luke 15:20). In that little prayer-meeting where formerly he would not go, his mother and a few of her friends were praying for him!

When they saw the object of their prayers coming of his own accord into their midst, they burst out into singing! He sat down until they had finished. Then he arose to ask them to pray for him. To his surprise and humiliation, before he could utter one word, such a volume of tears gushed forth, with sobbing and great heaving of his breast, that he had to sit down. Someone prayed and he became calmed. But as soon as he heard the "Amen," he essayed to pray, when he again felt too overcome to continue.

The angels of God looked on: and there was joy in their presence (Luke 15:10).

"Mother," said this boy, after coming out of that little prayer-meeting; "if anyone should ask me, 'Sam, are you saved?' I can now say, 'Yes,' for the distance which before had been felt by me, is somehow bridged over. **I know I am saved.**"

This assurance has held him fast ever since. This "boy's" story I can vouch for, because the writer is the one of whom it is written. He is now only 74 years of age, and by the mercy of God "still going strong!" He is the fruit of a believing mother's "prayer of faith." Can he ever doubt the wonderful love and faithfulness

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of his "Father which is in heaven?" Never. Can he ever doubt that "God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him?" A thousand times, NO! Can my reader? Try Him and see.

His mother has long since gone Home; his one only sister and two of his older brothers are also gone "over there." Three of us are still here, and all six of us are saved, as our mother always believed and said we would be.

Mothers, fathers, never give up—"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (Jas. 5:16).

It only remains to be said that I have since learned why, and how, this distance herein spoken of, has been bridged over, as shown in the following scriptures:

"Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation (mercy-seat) through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness; that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3:24-26).

"The blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God."
"Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God...by the which will we are sanctified (saved and made holy) through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. .For by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. .And their sins and iniquities I will remember no more" (Heb. 9:12; 10:9, 10, 14, 17).

S. A. WHITE

“Until He find It”

Employed in the same banking office, we met each other daily; my conversion and confession of Christ he treated with contempt, and blasphemously repelled all efforts to lead him to Christ.

My removal to Dundas, Ontario, separated us for about a year. Then a lad entered the bank bearing a note addressed to me. It read, “My poor boy’s dying, and begs you to come to him;” continuing, the writer gave an address in the city of Hamilton, Ontario, urged me to come quickly, and concluded by saying, “May God bless your visit.”

After finishing the duties of the day I sought a fellow-believer employed in a near-by printing office, showed him the letter, and secured his assent to my proposal, “You pray here while I go there” (to Hamilton). Reaching the address given me, an elderly lady warmly thanked me for coming, and said, “My poor boy is in the front room upstairs.” Upon entering the bedroom I was horrified to see terror personified, a face white as chalk, eyes starting from their sockets, body writhing, while the lips uttered the terrible wail, “The eleventh hour’s past! My God, there is no hope for me!” My presence

was unnoticed, and words I spoke appeared to be unheard, while the heart-rending wail was repeated over and over again. Seating myself by his side, overwhelmed by the awful spectacle, I silently prayed that One mighty to save would deliver his soul from the pit. Then lifting my Bible it opened at the 15th chapter of Luke, and I read verses 1-4, concluding with the words, “Until He find it.” Involuntarily I repeated these words, adding, “Oh, S——, don’t you see? It says ‘until He find it,’ and He hasn’t found you yet, so that proves He’s seeking still.” The movements of his body ceased, and the awful wail was hushed, so I read the whole chapter to him, telling of a love intent upon finding sinful souls and at amazing cost transforming the straying, lost, and spiritually dead into dearest objects to the Divine Seeker’s heart. And there in the stillness of that sick chamber, found of the Good Shepherd, assured by the Holy Spirit, welcomed as a son beloved by the Father, all terror and anguish exchanged for the joy of God’s salvation, the heavenly hosts, and I too, witnessed that miracle of redeeming love, the new birth of a believing soul.

Reader, is your soul saved? Beware of the terrors of the damned, escape the wrath to come, but beyond and above these solemn considera-

tions, give the blest Redeemer the joy of possessing your soul for Himself. For you He suffered, your soul He seeks and awaits the joy of finding.

—E. J. CHECKLEY.

“The Deceitful Heart”

“The heart is deceitful above all things, and incurably wicked” (Jer. 17:9, N. T.).

“Backbiters, haters of God” (Rom. 1:30).

“After all I do not hate God. No, sir; you will not make me believe that! I am a sinner and do many wicked things; but, after all, I have a *good heart*. I don’t hate God.” Such were the words of a prosperous worldling. He was sincere, but sadly deceived.

A few months later God crossed his path in an unexpected way. A fearful freshet swept down the valley where he lived, and swept away his mill. With him was a crowd, watching events, and, as he saw the destruction, he cursed God, pouring out the most horrid oaths. He no longer doubted that he hated God. But nothing in that hour came out of his mouth but what had been previously in his *heart*.

God alone knows the depravity of the heart,

and if any will be wise they will take God's estimate of it rather than the deceitful heart's account of itself. I sometimes try to explain it thus: We walk through a Wild-beast Show or Zoo, and as we pass through, we see a cage with a large lion, and over the cage is written, "*A Man-Eater.*" You ask, "Did it ever eat any one?" "No," I reply. "Why then call it a man-eater?" "Because that is its nature. If you don't believe it, just go in the cage and you will prove that the notice is true."

Like that lion we have been surrounded by bars that keep in the evil propensities of our wicked hearts, and may be deceived thereby. We have a conscience which punishes us when we violate its warnings. Then we are afraid of what our friends would say or think. Fear of the law and its consequences keeps many a man from evil deeds. Early training in right paths has also its restraining influence. Any or all of these are so many bars that surround us and keep us from displaying what is in our hearts. But even if it never comes out, it is there just the same.

The most fearful display of the human heart and its wickedness occurred, not in a heathen country, but in what many to-day term the Holy Land. Look at the Cross if you would see the hatred of man against God! Hatred could not

go further. Read how they treated *Him* in Matt. 27:

"Every mark of dark dishonor
Heaped upon the thorn-crowned brow."

Spitting in His holy face! Plucking the hair from His cheeks! Crowning Him with thorns! Stripping Him of His raiment! He who would not "bruise the broken reed, nor quench the smoking flax"—how His holy sensitive nature must have felt all the shame heaped upon Him, as He sees them bowing the knee before Him in derision, having placed the mock sceptre in His hand! See Him there the *silent Son of God*, and see yourself represented in those men! Yes, your heart is like theirs, made of the same material. They were very religious too; they would not eat without washing their hands. They could make long prayers at the street corner, while in God's holy eyes they were only "*whited sepulchres!*" All the veneer is stripped off the human race at the cross! We are all by nature haters of God.

What can religion do to change that heart? *Nothing!* Absolutely nothing! See that proud Pharisee, Saul of Tarsus, standing with his arms folded, as he watches the clothes of those that batter out the life of God's devoted servant,

Stephen. That was all religion could do for him. He had "profited in the Jews' religion above many," but he was still a *hater of God*! He is the finished product of religion!

What was Stephen doing that made the religious leaders "gnash on him with their teeth?" In the power of the Holy Spirit, he was rehearsing their *history*! They were fond of prophecy, especially those prophecies that spoke of the time when they would be *head* of the nations and not the tail, when they would dwell in their own land, and with no oppressor ruling over them, every man should enjoy the work of his own hands, sitting under his own vine and fig tree, and no longer paying tribute to Cæsar. But their history, faithfully told by God's devoted servant, brings out what is in their hearts toward God.

History never makes very pleasant reading, whether it is that of a nation or an individual; but history must be faced either in time or in eternity. The God who kept a record of Israel's doings has also kept one of yours and of mine. If only Israel had faced their record instead of stoning the messenger to death, what a different story would have been told!

Reader, you too have a history that has to be faced in the presence of God. If you face it now, you will find God is willing to "abundantly

pardon," and in a way consistent with His righteous and holy throne, through the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

All that is demanded of you is "*repentance* toward God and *faith* in our Lord Jesus Christ." This we see beautifully illustrated in Rom. 4 in the cases of David and Abraham. David, when faced with his sin by the prophet Nathan, might have said, "Take that man's head off," but when Nathan says, "Thou art the man," he bows before God and confesses his sin. The acknowledgement of it in psalm 51 has been a help to many of the erring sons of Adam and the erring people of God too. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest!" (ver. 4). *David repented!*

Abraham shows us *Faith*. He believed God *could* give him a son; he believed God could raise him from the dead, from whence also he received him in a figure. We believe a little differently. We believe God *has* given His Son, "who *was* delivered for our offences," we believe God *has* raised Him from the dead "for our justification." "Therefore being justified on the principle of faith we have *peace with God*" (Rom. 5: 1).

How good it is to see all our dark past settled never to be brought up any more, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," so we sing,

"All our sins were laid upon Him,
Jesus bore them on the tree;
God, who knew them, laid them on Him;
And believing, we are free."

How much better than what we used to sing: "I laid my sins on Jesus, the Holy Lamb of God." God still waits to be gracious; will He wait in vain for you? Come and reason with Him; don't make excuses. David did not, and God forgave his sins, and from that day to this, David has been describing the *blessedness* of the man unto whom "God imputes righteousness without works, saying, Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin."

To be blest by God is your privilege if you will come in God's way, and in God's time, and that is, *right now!* *Will you come?*

"I am coming, Lord, coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary."

—A. H. STEWART.

Churchianity or Christianity:

WHICH?

Not long since we were travelling through the province of New Brunswick, and our car being out of order, found it necessary to resort to the nearest garage.

The proprietor, an elderly man, seemed friendly and obliging, and on handing him several gospel tracts, he asked; "What are you?"

"We are simply Christians," was our prompt reply. "Are you one?"

To this pointed (oftentimes embarrassing) question, our friend answered with some hesitation and feeling, "Why, I'm a Presbyterian!"

Alas, we find in this gentleman a fitting example of many others who, when asked the same question, reply with apparent complacency, "I'm a Methodist," a "Baptist," or a "Roman Catholic," etc.

What does it matter if you are any one of the above mentioned, or all of them put together? It is far beside the mark to think that you are fit for heaven simply because your name is on the registry of some church, and you are a faithful member of the 'same. There is absolutely no

saving merit nor atoning virtue in one's morality, benevolence, or religious devotion.

The "Teacher come from God" proclaimed the one and only way to be saved, when with evident emphasis He said to Nicodemus, one of the best men in Israel — "Ye **MUST** be born again!" (John 3: 7).

This is accomplished by first realizing what you are by nature and practice—a **SINNER**; then by coming to Jesus (not to church) with all your need, believing at the same time His life-giving Word, which says in John 3: 16, a gospel verse that has saved all who received its message:

**"God so loved the world, that He gave His
Only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not
Perish, but have
Everlasting
Life."**

—S. STEWART.

Man's Highest Flight

The other day we read a very interesting and thrilling account of the champion of high flyers, He soared a little over 42,000 feet, then suddenly fell to his death. The highest that any

one had ever gone before was about 37,000 feet, but this daring record breaker did not live to enjoy the fame of exceeding all other sky-roamers.

Thousands to-day are possessed with a mania to take possession of the heavens in their own way—by means of “gas,” and they even talk of making trips to the moon, and to neighboring worlds, but the more they talk of such flights and undertake to make them, the more their folly is made manifest. Man ought to know that “the Milky Way” was not made for a sidewalk for human feet, and that he was not constructed to parade among the stars. His anatomy and respiratory organs are not suited to such spheres.

The Book of God speaks of “the third heaven” and man has not even pierced the first heaven more than about eight miles. This but proves that he is an earth-born and earth-bound creature, yet even here he cannot remain—sin and death compel his departure.

The beneficent Creator of the universe and loving Redeemer of an alien world has a habitation of eternal blessedness in the third heaven to which He invites man, and where he is more than welcome when death forces his exit from this world; yet, though all know they are but transients here, few are anxious to become eternal and satisfied inhabitants of that glory-filled Eden

above. *Grace* (not gas) is the only means of gaining "that land of pure delight" "eternal in the heavens." The *grace* that brought the Redeemer from that bright home above will take all the redeemed—those who trust Him—back to that abode of bliss above the sun.

The world is almost falling at the feet of brave young Lindbergh because he made a non-stop flight from America to France. But soon the Almighty Sky Pilot of the ages is going to waft His ransomed host without fear or hazard on His hallelujah non-stop flight beyond moons and stars and suns into the never fading "Paradise of God."

If you would take that long, long flight,
Beyond the bounds of sin and night,
You must experience here on earth
What makes you fit—the second birth.
You must in true contrition turn
To Christ, whom thousands daily spurn.
You must believe you're lost, undone,
And trust in God's beloved Son;
Your soul must bow to hear His voice
Who makes the contrite heart rejoice.
Then trust Him now without delay,
And when He comes you'll soar away
Beyond those rolling orbs of light
That sparkle in the dome of night.

—C. C. CROWSTON.

The Good Black Doctor

A TRUE STORY

In the Franco-Prussian war of 1871, which culminated at Sedan, there was then a great International Hospital in the town, at the head of which was a distinguished doctor from St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He died there from confluent smallpox caught from a patient, and was so much beloved that he was given a military funeral, which was followed by the troops of both armies and headed by the Mayor of Sedan. This distinguished physician was Dr. Davis, generally known as "The Good Black Doctor."

He came from Barbadoes. His father was a European, his mother, a Barbadian. He himself was as black as ebony, though a tall and distinguished-looking man. A few days before his death he sent me the following account of his last journey, one week before he succumbed to the fatal disease.

He had been staying with friends in Yorkshire, and came up to London to cross over by the tidal express from Folkestone Harbor, there being then no pier.

At Charing Cross he walked slowly along the platform looking for a seat, for the train was very full. At last he found one next the platform and facing the engine, in a first-class carriage. Opposite to him sat a little old lady with very bright eyes, busily engaged in knitting. Next to her was her somewhat stolid and burly husband. In the far corner a gentleman sat reading *The Times*, while at Dr. Davis' side were two elderly and prim ladies.

The doctor, being tired with his long journey from the North, put his hat upon the rack, and donned a dark velvet smoking cap, whose blue tassel and gold embroidery gave him a striking appearance. He leaned back in the seat, and with closed eyes heard the following conversation, for the train had hardly cleared the platform when the little lady opposite began, turning to her husband:

"What a handsome man, John!"

"Hush, my dear; he may hear what you say."

"And what if he does?" retorted the lady.

"He can't understand a single word."

"Don't be too sure of that."

"Oh, John, you are so foolish. Cannot you see who he is?"

"Well, no, my dear; I cannot say that I do."

"Why he's one of those African Princes you

read about that have come over to see the Queen. He's as black as coal."

Dr. Davis gave a slight shudder as he heard this, for he was unduly sensitive on the point of color.

"You can't be sure, my dear, who he is," said John feebly.

"I tell you he's an African Prince," said his little wife with decision. "Isn't it awful, John, to think that that poor heathen is now leaving this country, and probably doesn't even know he's got a soul. I call it disgraceful."

"Well, you cannot help it, my dear," said John soothingly."

"Can't I?" replied the lady with spirit. "I'd soon let him know if I could speak his language. It's dreadful to think of." John grunted, and the lady resumed her knitting with a sigh, for she had a kind heart.

Just then the train was passing the Crystal Palace on the right. Its panes of glass were shining like diamonds in the rays of the afternoon sun. The gentleman behind the *Times* began:

"Wonderful building that; how fine it looks. I hear it's full of students of an evening. What advantages our young people have now. There was nothing like it in my school life. Young

men and women have much to be thankful for to-day."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the little lady, to whom he seemed to be addressing his remarks. "I don't see that children now are any better than we were; indeed, in many respects they are worse. These huge places of amusement do a lot of harm. Boys and girls do pretty much as they like now; while as for morality, the less said the better."

Dr. Davis saw his opportunity, and in the purest English said—as he slowly opened his eyes and leaned forward—"Morality, ma'am?"

The little lady nearly had a fit. She sprang right off her seat, and as she came down again, said faintly,

"Oh, sir, I'm so sorry. I'd no idea you understood our language. I don't know what you must think of me!"

"I think you said 'morality,' ma'am?" repeated Dr. Davis.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"And what is morality, ma'am?"

"Morality, sir, is a very good thing. We couldn't do without it. Could we, John?"

"Well, no my dear, I don't think we could. At any rate, sir, we are not going to try."

"Morality, sir, is a very good thing for both worlds," added his wife.

"For *both* worlds?" he enquired.

"For both worlds, sir. There is another besides ours—indeed, there are two; one is called Heaven and the other is called Hell."

"And what are they like, ma'am?"

"Heaven, sir," replied the woman, delighted that she had now actually got into conversation with "the African Prince," "is where the angels are, and where all the good people go—all gold and glass, and harps and happiness; and Hell, sir, is where the devil is, and is a dreadful place, where all the bad and wicked people are—all flames and horrid darkness; and we must go to one or the other when we die."

The "African Prince" leaned forward full of interest.

"And how can we get to Heaven, ma'am?"

"Well, sir," said the little lady with a triumphant look at John, "it's quite easy. Of course, you must be good, and kind to all and forgive everyone their offenses. And you must be baptized and be sorry for your sins, and go to Church and take the sacrament, and love your enemies, help the poor, and do as you would done by, and—and that's the way to Heaven. Isn't it, John?"

"Quite right, my dear;" and then in a low voice, "But if you go on with this conversation you're sure to get into a mess." And then to Dr. Davis, who was still politely listening:

"I might say, sir, if you wish any further information on these matters, we have a most excellent clergyman at Folkestone who will tell you all you wish to know. I can give you his address."

"Sir," replied the black doctor, "we are traveling at fifty miles an hour, and I should like to be sure *now* of the way to Heaven."

"Well, sir," interposed the little lady rather piqued, "haven't I just told you word for word, just as it's written in the Bible?"

"The Bible, ma'am?"

"The Bible, sir; the Bible is God's Book, written to tell us the way to Heaven. You'll find it all there exactly as I've said, and of course as my husband told you, if you would like to see our clergyman, you will find he knows all about it as well."

"Oh, ma'am," said the doctor, "I should much like to see it in the Bible."

"And so you shall, sir," replied the little lady, who proceeded to hunt in her bag. After she had rummaged in it for some time without success, she

turned to the unsympathetic John, "Have you got a Bible anywhere?"

"No, my dear, I haven't; and you had much better leave the gentleman alone."

Nothing, however, could daunt the lady's missionary zeal.

"Excuse me, sir," addressing the gentleman in the corner, "Have you a Bible?"

"No, I have not, ma'am; and I consider these religious conversations in railway carriages most improper."

"Have you a Bible?" pursued the little lady, nothing daunted, turning to the two spinster ladies in turn.

"No," replied each one in succession, "I'm afraid we have not."

"Dear me," said the little lady. "I fear, sir, we haven't a Bible in the carriage. I'm so sorry. But I have told you word for word the way to Heaven; and as John, my husband, sir, says, our vicar will be most pleased to see you at Folkestone."

"I wish I could see the passage now," said Dr. Davis with a sigh, as he leaned back again and closed his eyes.

The little lady gazed for a time earnestly at her hearer, and then she gave a little sigh, as she

took up her knitting once more, and retired from the mission field.

There was a silence once more in the carriage as the train roared through the dusk of the evening.

After a while Dr. Davis slowly felt in his coat pocket, and drew out a small book. Leaning forward once more, and holding it out, he said to the lady, "Was *that* what you were looking for?"

"Oh dear, yes, sir. Why that's the Testament—the very book."

"The Testament, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, the Bible has two Testaments; there is the Old Testament and the New."

"And which is this, ma'am?"

"This, sir, is the New."

"And *which* tells us the way to Heaven?"

"Why, the New, sir; that's the very book!"

"Would you kindly show me the passage you spoke of, ma'am?"

"With pleasure, sir," said the lady, bright again with missionary zeal, taking the book in her hand.

She then rapidly turned its pages, first one way and then the other. Then after casting her gaze on the ceiling for inspiration, turned them over again; the doctor's eyes being fixed on her all the time.

After fumbling in vain for some minutes, and getting very red, she turned to her husband, "John!"

"Yes, my dear."

"Do you know where that passage is that tells us the way to Heaven?"

"No, I don't, Maria; and you see what a mess you've got into. I haven't the least idea where it is."

In despair, the lady rapidly turned over the pages once more, but all in vain. "I'm afraid, sir, I can't lay my hands on the exact passage. I know it's just about here. My poor head is not so young as it once was, and I can't think of the verse. But it's all there, sir, exactly as I told you, for I know it by heart."

"Would you allow me, ma'am?" said Dr. Davis, very politely, gently taking the Testament out of her hands, and turning the leaves over to the Gospel of St. John, chapter 3, verse 16, which he indicated with his finger. "Was that the passage?"

"Oh dear, yes, sir, why, they are the very words. Just as I said. Now, sir, you can read it for yourself, and see it's all true," and she lay back triumphantly.

"Would you allow me to read this passage aloud, ma'am?"

"Certainly."

So Dr. Davis read: "*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.*"

"There, sir," said the lady in high spirits, and evidently without any suspicion of the storm about to burst, "the very words I told you. I'm so glad you've found it. I knew it was there."

"One moment, ma'am. I should first like to say a word to the gentleman in the corner. Sir, I don't know who you are, or what you call yourself, but of one thing I am sure. The man that says that a British railway carriage is not a place where a supposed heathen (which I thank God I am not) may learn the way to Heaven is unworthy of the name of Englishman!"

The little lady quietly applauded.

"But as for you, ma'am," he continued, "you are ten times worse. I came into this carriage, and you believed me to be a heathen Prince, and seemed anxious to tell me the way to Heaven; so I asked you, and you told me I had to do this, and that, and the other, and you have never opened your mouth to tell me *one word of what Christ has done for me*. Not one syllable of all you told me is to be found in this glorious text; and no word that it contains has passed your lips.

You have utterly misled me. Your religion is two letters short.

"It is 'D-O,' do; and mine is 'D-O-N-E,' done; and this makes all the difference."

The poor missionary collapsed, while the supposed heathen proclaimed the glorious Gospel of the Cross to a now attentive audience, until the train drew up at Folkestone Harbor Station.

On his way to the boat in his mackintosh, for a fine rain was falling, Dr. Davis felt a slight tug at his overcoat. Turning round he found the two spinster ladies at his heels.

"Oh, sir," said the one who had given the pull, "you will excuse us, but we could not let you go without thanking you for the blessing your words have been to us."

"We always thought we had to do our best to get to Heaven, and never understood that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ had done all the work of Atonement for us, and that we can now *know* that we are saved.*

"Sir," she continued, her eyes full of tears, "we shall have to thank God to all eternity for this afternoon."

In a week Dr. Davis himself had passed away to his Eternal Rest.

—A. T. Schofield.

* 1 John 5:13.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

Have you read the third of Romans?

**Did you recognize your face,
In its wonderful portrayal**

Of a sinner needing grace?

Do you know your "heart is wicked,"

Yea, "deceitful above all?"

Have you found you cannot trust it?

That would surely cause your fall?

Helpless, hopeless, e'en despairing,

**For your soul you cannot save,
Yet your heart is sorely burdened,
And for help you truly crave.**

All have sinned, for God hath said it,

**None has reached the measure given,
Nor by prayer, nor righteous striving,
Hath one soul e'er entered heaven.**

Here's the secret, trembling sinner!

**Jesus died, that you might live!
Hear Him pleading, and accept Him,
And eternal life He'll give.**

If by works of righteous living

**You could pay sin's awful cost,
Then the cross of Christ means nothing,
And forever you are lost.**

Why not lay on Him your burden?

'Tis a load you cannot bear.

Lay it at the feet of Jesus,

And believing, leave it there.

He has promised, He'll fulfil it,

Faith in Him will set you free;

**Then you'll want to praise and serve Him
Here, and in Eternity.**

H. MCDOWELL

“Up from the Depths”

The S-4 Submarine

While in Key West recently, the writer visited the famous submarine S-4 and passed tracts around to the present crew. He asks the Lord's people to pray that God may use them to show these men how they may escape not only from a submerged craft, at a depth of 125 feet, but from the depths of sin and shame and eternal woe. I went through the ill-fated submarine and into the chambers where forty-three of the former crew spent their last hours in this life, caught like rats in a trap, doomed! I could picture to myself how they waited till finally hopelessness took possession of them, and I trust that at last some, maybe all, of them turned to Christ, the “one Mediator between God and men, who will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth” (1 Tim. 2: 3, 4, 6). We know “He is ready,” “He is willing,” “He is able,” and if they found no way of escape from the *first* death, we know that through Christ and His atoning blood there is a way of escape from the *second* death, *the lake of fire* (Rev. 20:14, 15).

The ill-fated S-4 was under water for three months, and try as they would they could not

rescue the men, who were alive for some time in the submarine which became their coffin. They could rap to their would-be rescuers, but winds and waves seemed to defy every effort, and man's own invention failed him, as all human inventions to reach heaven apart from Christ inevitably must, and then what horrors will possess the sons of men!

She sank off Cape Cod in 125 feet of water. One of the crew who helped to raise her at last told me: “If she had sunk sixty feet further along in the ocean bed she would have been in only sixty feet of water, and it would have been easy to raise the boat.”

Yes, so near to a place of safety! How like many in the world to-day—how near to God's way and time of salvation, yet how many will sink into an eternal hell at last, and look back and remember that they had been “not far from the kingdom.” Alas, they who valued so lightly the riches of grace will wake up at last to their awful condition and hopeless position!

“Abandon hope, all ye who enter here,” will be written on the hearts of all who enter the caverns of the eternally lost. Reader, before you sink under the billows of the wrath of God to rise no more, will you not consider your latter end and be wise? “If thou be wise, thou shalt

be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest, thou alone must bear it," are the words of the wise man Solomon. "A wiser than Solomon" has been here, to whom all things past, present and future are clear and plain, and He warns of a place where the "worm dieth not and the fire never shall be quenched" (Mark 9: 43-49). Read those words uttered by our blessed Lord three times over, depicting the awful abode of the lost, which Keble's solemn lines re-echo:

"Salted by fire, they seem to show
How spirits lost in endless woe
May undecaying live."

And again, Andrew Bonar's famous words:

"Thou livest, and must ever live,
But life is now thy foe;
Thine is the sorrow-shrivelled brow,
Thine the eternal heart-ache now,
'Neath thy long burden thou must bow,
The living death of woe."

Would you not be wise to escape such a place as our Lord described? Do you desire to know that God has found a way? His way is not like man's way.

"How unlike the complex ways of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!"

"Jesus paid it all!" "Christ is *the* way!"
"His blood alone cleanseth from all sin!" Faith

in Christ and His blood will save you; all else is futile and doomed to disappointment at last. "Behold, now is the day of salvation." "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." "Believe on Christ and live." A. H. STEWART.

The Death of Altamont

Gay, young, noble, ingenious, and accomplished, the celebrated French infidel Altamont lay dying. His wit, sarcasm and derision had often been directed against Christianity, and his brilliant talents had been used to spread the soul-destroying tenets of atheism, and to wreck and ruin the lives of many who—like himself—lived for sin and self.

But the relentless hand of death seized its victim, and Altamont, daring in impiety while in health, found no comfort or support in the hour of death.

Dr. Young and an intimate friend were the only ones present in his dying hour, and these have given a full account of his last moments. Seeing his friend and the doctor, he said, "You and the physician are come too late. I have neither *life* nor *hope*. You aim at miracles. You

would raise the dead." I said, "Heaven is merciful." "Or," said he, "I could not have been thus guilty. What has it *not* done to bless and save me! I have been too strong for omnipotence. I have plucked down *ruin*." I said, "The blessed Redeemer ——." "Hold! hold! You wound me. That is the rock on which I split—I denied His name!"

Refusing to hear anything or take anything, he lay silent as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, until a clock struck, when he exclaimed: "O Time, Time! It is fit thou shouldest strike thy murderer to the heart! How art thou fled forever! Oh, for a month! Oh, for a single week!! I do not ask for years, though an age were too little for the much I have to do." When I said, "Heaven is a blessed place, we cannot do too much," he said, "So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'Tis lost! *Heaven to me is the severest part of hell.*"

Continuing he said, "How madly I have talked, how madly thou hast listened, but look on my present state as a full answer to thee and myself. This body is all weakness and pain, but my soul—as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit—is full powerful to reason, full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubt-

less immortal. As for a deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel. Remorse for the past throws my thoughts on the future, worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past. *I turn and turn and find no ray.* Didst thou feel half the mountain that is upon me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flame that is not an unquenchable fire." Then with a last despairing cry, he added with a terrified voice, "My principles have poisoned my friend! My extravagance has beggared my boy! My unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? Oh, Thou blasphemed yet indulgent Lord God, hell itself were a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown."

And thus he died, *without hope*, his soul already having tasted the remorse that must inevitably be the portion of all, who in spite of every earthly advantage, have used their God-given time and talents in the service of the Devil.

"Oh, that men were wise, that they would consider their latter end!" What has atheism done for men but blight the life and damn the soul? "The fool has said in his heart, No God." The wish is father to the thought, but the hour of death usually sweeps away the refuge of lies, and leaves the soul in hopeless misery, and with-

out a ray of comfort. In sparks of their own kindling they sport awhile, and then darkness, death and eternal damnation.

My reader, turn from the unhappy reasonings of depraved minds to the infallible and comforting Word of the living God. He has given you a full divine revelation in His precious Word; it tells of *hope* beyond life's fitful story, a sure and certain hope in Christ the Lord. It tells of a love surpassing knowledge, a love which poured itself out in sacrifice, the sacrifice of Calvary. Look in all your soul-need to Him who died that we might live, and let those dying words, "It is finished," give rest to the conscience and joy to the heart. "There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4: 12). Scripture declares, "Through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10: 43).

Delay not this great matter, but while God waits to pardon and bless, go to Him in all your need, confessing your sinful condition, for confession and forgiveness are inseparably bound together (Ps. 32: 5), and you shall know on the authority of His Word that your soul is saved.

—J. W. H. NICHOLS.

“A Just God and a Saviour”

(Isa. 45: 21, 22.)

“There is no God else beside Me.” God is alone. He has no compeer. There is not another. There are dumb idols, but these are as dead as dumb. They avail nothing for those who bow before them. In creation we see His eternal power and Godhead displayed. Sun, moon and stars are His handiwork, earth and sea witness His might and His skill. In these we see “parts of His ways . . . but the thunder of His power who can understand?” (Job 26: 14).

Considering the heavens, the work of His fingers, the moon and stars which He has ordained, we may be filled with reverential awe. But though His almightiness and majesty are written large and plain in the canopy of heaven yet His heart is not revealed in creation. We needed the cross of Christ to witness to His love as we read:

“God commendeth His love toward us; in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. 5: 8).

And this is that to which we are brought prophetically in Isaiah in the verses referred to, for we read that He is not only the one God but that He is

“A Just God and a Saviour.”

He who is the only God is a just God, and He is a Saviour-God. He has found a way in

which all the righteous claims of His holy throne could be met, and at the same time the vilest sinner may be cleared of every charge and cleansed from every sin and stand before Him without a fear. It is this which is declared in the gospel story. There we find Him shown to be "Just and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Just in the judgment of sin, at the same time the Justifier of the sinner who confides in Christ. How this can be, the cross of Calvary declares. God hath set forth Christ to be a mercy-seat. There, in Christ, God can meet the guilty one. The precious blood shed once for all at Golgotha is the righteous ground on which anyone, everyone, anywhere, everywhere, may be blessed. The judgment of God, unsparing in its character, fell upon the Lord Jesus when, having offered Himself to be the sin-offering, He, the spotless, sinless One, became the suffering One that the sinful ones who believe upon Him might be blessed.

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

"The sin alights on Jesus' head,
'Tis in His blood sin's debt is paid;
Stern Justice can demand no more,
And Mercy can dispense her store."

God is declared just and He declares the believer justified. So we read, "It is God that justifies." The case has been tried in the high-

est court in the universe. From its verdict there can be no appeal. And the verdict is in favor of "every one that believeth"—he is justified.

He is justified by God Himself (Rom. 8:33).

He is justified freely by God's grace. It is wholly and alone the undeserved favor of God which has brought about this result (Rom. 3:24).

He is justified by Christ's blood. This is the ground on which God can righteously clear a sinner from every charge (Rom. 5:9).

He is justified by faith. Faith is the hand put out to claim the promised blessing, and it is of faith and not of works, that God may have the glory (Rom. 5:1).

He is justified now. Yes, the time of the blessing is the present! The very moment the sinner flees to Christ for refuge he is justified (Rom. 5:9).

All that believe are justified. There is no difference, Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, old and young. It matters not. All that believe are blessed.

He is justified from all things. A clearance is made completely. There is no charge that can ever lie against the believer. "All things" embraces every sin, transgression, iniquity, wrong, and evil.

He is justified by works before men only after having been justified before God. He, having a new life and nature, and a new power, the Holy Ghost, given to him, can bring forth fruit unto God in newness of life.

Thus we find that He who is alone as God is also alone as "a Just God and a Saviour." "There is none beside Me." To whom else could we,

sinners, flee? It is against Him we have sinned. He alone can forgive and free us from all charge in His sight.

Then, at once, the blessed invitation sounds out

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth : for I am God and there is none else."

Some one has said that we have in this invitation:

The greatest possible blessing—salvation—for

The greatest possible number—all the ends of the earth—on

The greatest possible authority—that of God Himself—at

The least possible cost to the sinner—a look.

"Oh! glad and glorious gospel." Could it be simpler? Could it be clearer?

Turn from all else and all other. Turn to God against whom you have sinned owning your guilt. He will receive you. He can do so righteously. He will save you and save you at once. And how simple it is! "Look"—that is for you. "Be saved," that is for Him.

The sinner looks, the Saviour saves.

To look to Him is to confide in Him, to rely upon Him.

To look to Him is to leave yourself in His hands, giving up all hope in your own doings.

To look to Him is to forsake all other trust and to trust Him only. It is like the shipwrecked seaman who gives up any further hope in the

battered vessel, and stepping into the life-boat looks to it and to its crew for his deliverance.

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I never read this passage in Isaiah without my thoughts turning to an incident which occurred years ago. Two gentlemen were passing along the promenade at Walton-on-the-Naze, England. Suddenly a drowning boy fully dressed came into view. He was being thrown by the waves towards the slippery, seaweed-covered sea-wall and then drawn back again. The little lad was too far gone to cry out for aid, but he looked up at the passers-by. And that look was more than speech. It said, "You are my only hope; save me." As speedily as possible and helping one another those gentlemen went to his aid and more quickly than it takes to tell the story the lad was reached and rescued.

He looked. They saved. He looked. All the rest was done by his saviours. So it is in the gospel. The sinner looks and all else is accomplished for him.

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A solemn word of warning closes the passage. "That unto Me every knee shall bow." Judgment is coming. It is God's strange work. But it is as sure as strange. Those who refuse to bow and be blessed of God to-day must bow and be banished from God in the day of wrath soon to dawn.

God's wish is for your salvation. Look to-day and live.

—INGLIS FLEMING.

The Happy, Happy Man

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the well-known scientist and inventor, was being congratulated on his 82nd birthday. Replying to a question from a newspaper reporter, he wrote, "*I have never yet met a happy man.*"

Although the great inventor has *Fame, Fortune, Friends*, they evidently have not afforded true happiness, nor brought Mr. Edison in contact with those who possess it.

But there are happy people in this world—very happy!

There is my friend L——, a helpless invalid in the Home for Incurables for twenty years. As one talks with her, her happy heart continually overflows in praise to God.

There is another friend, H——, frail of body, who spends much of her time on a sick bed, but with a continual song of joy in her heart and on her lips.

And there is dear A——, the old oyster fisherman, who has not been able to work for months, who each moment faces death from his sickness,

who has been dependent a long time on the bounty of God for his daily bread, but has never been allowed to suffer need. He writes:

“I thank God time and again. How good God is! He provides, and how we thank Him for His tender mercies and thoughtfulness. Is there a man in this world who can rejoice and be more thankful to God than I! I don’t think there could be!”

There were dear old black Joe Carson and helpless, deformed Albert—former inmates of the Philadelphia Almshouse, sickly and deformed, now with the Lord—whose lives were a continual song of joy in spite of bodily suffering. What gave happiness to these dear afflicted people, who know nothing of fame or fortune such as Mr. Edison possesses? It is because they, one and all, had the knowledge of sins forgiven, and the Lord Jesus dwelling in their hearts by faith.

Those with this knowledge are the only people in the world who have a right to be happy. Those whose sins are unforgiven are on their way to eternal doom. In Psalm 32:1, 2 is this word: *“Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.”*

The word "blessed" used here is the Hebrew word *ashre*, which literally means, "Happy, how happy!" or, "How very happy!"

In the last analysis the only truly happy man in the world is he whose

"Transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."

And how does this "very happy" condition come about?

It is not obtained by good works, or prayers, or tears, or a reformed life. The author of this psalm, King David, who had grievously sinned against God and man, goes on to tell how he obtained this happiness of knowing his sins forgiven.

"I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

On the cross of Calvary the Lord Jesus Christ "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened (or, made alive) by the Spirit" (1 Pet. 3: 18).

There He shed His precious blood which cleanses from all sin those who trust in Him. For the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, shed on the cross of Calvary, is of such infinite and eternal value in the sight of God as to afford cleansing and salvation for the vilest sinner in the world. Would it not make you "happy, very happy," to know your transgressions were forgiven and your sins covered? You can have this happiness at once, *if you will!*

The only reason men and women are not saved now is because *they will not come to the Lord Jesus Christ*. Come to God this moment; acknowledge your sin, confess your transgressions, and you will find God ready to pardon, to cleanse, and to give true and lasting happiness.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

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

"Happy, how happy, is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

Will you be a happy man right now?

—F. L. FRENCH.

The Way to be Saved

“Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ” (Acts 20: 21).

REPENTANCE and faith are two divine requisites, as far as the soul's salvation is concerned, and it is therefore of paramount importance that God's command as to them should be carried out and obeyed. Of the former the Lord Himself said, “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish” (Luke 13: 5); and of the latter, Scripture elsewhere testifies, “Without faith it is impossible to please God” (Heb. 11: 6).

What, then, is repentance? What is faith? Concerning these there are numerous vague and conflicting opinions rampant, but is there not a plain and authoritative answer to be found in the unerring Word of God? Both of these vital truths, I believe, are beautifully illustrated for our learning in the case of the dying thief, who was gloriously converted to God while hanging helplessly nailed hand and foot to a cross without Jerusalem's city-gate.

Picture now in your mind that unique scene on Calvary's hill—a scene such as the world has never witnessed, before nor since. There, two malefactors, no longer fit to live, are lifted up

betwixt heaven and earth to die a death of shame. "In the midst" we see yet Another—the holy, spotless Lamb of God, who was hated without a cause, rejected and set at nought by the sons of men. Man's heart was there fully revealed as at enmity against God; for the whole world (religious and political) was represented before that Cross. Hear the frenzied mob deride the blessed Son of God, saying, "He saved others; let Him save Himself if He be the Christ, the chosen of God." The two thieves on either side also use their dying breath to mock the sinner's Friend, casting the same in His teeth.

At length a prayer is heard from the Saviour's lips: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." This, it would seem, leads to the opening of the eyes of one criminal; for we soon see him turn to rebuke his fellow, saying—as he openly confesses that both of them are reaping their just deserts—"This Man hath done nothing amiss!"

REPENTANCE

In this change of attitude we clearly see what true repentance is; it is nothing short of a complete reversal of thought. Only a few minutes before the thief saw no beauty in the Lord Jesus that he should desire Him. Now he takes the

humble place, condemning self, as he justifies the Lord, saying: "We indeed justly . . . This Man hath done nothing amiss."

Is it not evident to you, dear reader, that repentance is not merely a feeling of sorrow or regret because of one's defects or imperfections? That is the delusive idea many harbor. Such have not yet realized their guilt, nor felt their condemning load of their sin; they have not thus cried before God, like the repentant prodigal, "I have sinned!"

Oh, unsaved one, "Repent ye!" God commands this of "all men everywhere, because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained"—"the Man Christ Jesus" (Acts 17:31; 1 Tim. 2:5).

FAITH

Genuine repentance and saving faith invariably go hand in hand, and are never divorced from each other. When one gets to the end of himself, the soul there and then spontaneously turns in its extremity to Him, who alone can do helpless sinners good. This also we see wonderfully exhibited in the case of this first recorded trophy of grace after Christ's death.

Subsequently to his confession of his true con-

dition, we hear the thief humbly cry from the depths of his sin-burdened soul, "Lord, remember me, when Thou comest in Thy kingdom." What faith is here displayed! Did that Victim hanging helplessly by his side look like a king? To the physical eye He looked anything but that. But the keen eye of faith, which is "the conviction of things not seen," pierced through all apparent difficulties, and saw in that crucified One "the King of kings, and Lord of lords." Literally the dying robber carried out and obeyed that precious verse which has delivered many weary, sin-burdened souls—"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10: 9). First, he confessed Jesus as Lord; and although he saw Christ bow His blessed head in death, he verily believed He would rise again, and return to earth as King.

THE GLORIOUS SEQUEL

Faith such as this, ever and without fail, receives its reward; yea, a reward which transcends the highest expectation. "When Thou comest in Thy kingdom," was as much as the penitent thief would request. But how wonderful to see Jesus turn, and speak these assuring words of peace and

comfort to his soul: "*To-day* shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

"To-day—what promptitude!
With Me—what company!
In Paradise—what bliss!"

Unsaved reader, if you do not get saved in the selfsame way as did this fallen son of Adam, you will die as the other thief who, we fear, died as he lived—in his sins. Of such the Lord said: "Whither I go, ye cannot come."

Repent now, and believe the gospel concerning our Lord Jesus Christ, and you too will go to heaven, and enjoy there to the full the exceeding riches of His grace throughout Eternity—world without end! —S. STEWART

ANOTHER WORLD !

Another world! Stupendous fact! To-day I may be in another world. We talk about it sometimes like a scientific problem, but, oh! it is a great reality. Face to face with eternity. Satan has assailed me these days, but those two verses put together have been a wonderful stand-by: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven." Why? "Because the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Stupendous fact! The eternal Son of God could stoop for such as I—all the ground is cleared by the Old Book. It all opens out before me—that other world. These last hours I want to be taken up with Jesus. T. O.

The Bag of Beans

On a summer Sunday evening, many years ago, a young man walked the streets of London, downcast and weary. He had been living a fast life, with the usual result of a tarnished character and an emptied purse. He was to sail for New York the following morning, and a Christian friend, who had vainly sought to arrest him in his downward course pleaded with him to spend his last night in England hearing Rowland Hill preach.

Surrey Chapel was filled that evening with an eager crowd, brought together to hear the faithful, but often grotesque, preaching of that earnest man. It may have been curiosity that led the young man there, but at any rate he found himself seated in the congregation. Mr. Hill's text was—"We are not ignorant of his devices." After reading it, he abruptly proceeded—"I was walking along the street the other day, and saw a drove of pigs following a man. This excited my curiosity, for, as you all know, pigs are uncommonly queer animals to drive, and if you want them to go one way they invariably take another. But this man seemed to have no dif-

ficulty; the pigs followed jostling and grunting after him as eager as possible. I followed on, and to my surprise I found they were going to the slaughter-house. They went in, and the door closed behind them. I waited till the man came out, and asked him how he had managed to lead them so easily. The man laughed and said, "Maybe you did not see the bag of beans under my arm. I knew I would have a pretty morning's work taking them there if I didn't humor them a bit, so I got some beans, which they are particularly fond of, and dropped them along the road. And you saw how they scampered along picking up the beans, never thinking they were going to the slaughter." "And this is the way," continued the preacher, raising his voice, and turning his penetrating glance right on the pew where the young prodigal sat, "that the devil is leading some of you captives at his will down to hell. He knows full well how to please and lead you on. He drops his beans right along the road, and very soon for some the last bean will be picked up; then the gates of hell will close behind you."

The young man was arrested on the spot. The story of the beans, with its striking application to the wiles and devices of the devil in ruining souls, by scattering the world's follies in their

path, carried the arrow of conviction to his soul. Next day he sailed for New York, and anxiously his friend waited for news of his arrival, and at last it came. With joyful surprise he read, "I am glad to tell you I am a converted man. The words of that earnest man, especially the opening words about the devil's beans, arrested and awakened me. I saw where I was going, how Satan was luring me on, and what my doom and destiny must be. By the grace of God I am saved, to follow a better leader, and walk in a new path. I shall ever thank God for that good man's words, which arrested me, and for words of further help from one on board the ship, by which I was led to the Saviour, just before I lost my soul for ever." Reader, are you being led on to death and hell by the devil's beans?

The "pleasures of sin," often very palatable, you will taste for the last time one day. Then the agonies of hell, the closing of hell's door behind you, the doom of the damned, your portion for ever. To-day a God of love yearns over your soul, and wants to save you. Christ is able, ready, and willing. "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

* * *

“BEHOLD, THEY ARE WRITTEN!”

There are two scriptures found not far apart, which, in a few words, describe the life of two men. The first speaks of king Josiah, and the second of king Jehoiakim.

The first reads thus: “The rest of the acts of Josiah, and his good deeds, according to that which is written in the law of Jehovah, and his acts, first and last, behold, they are written in the book of the kings of Israel and Judah” (2 Chron. 35: 26, 27).

This godly king had in his tender years learned to trust Jehovah, and clave to His Word with all his heart. After his life of service was over, God, in a few words which speak volumes, says: “His acts . . . his good deeds . . . behold, they are written.” This expression: “Behold, they are written,” occurs a number of times in the history of the kings of Israel and Judah, and God would by this call our attention to the fact that our deeds are recorded—they are written by His unerring hand. Everyone would be pleased to have their good deeds recorded, but to have *all* their acts written and exposed, who would not do all he could to prevent this? Nevertheless, that is what we have here—“His acts, first and last.” Josiah

had been instructed out of God's Word, and gave heed to it. Have you, who read these lines, this Word in your possession? Have you read it and given heed to it? Not one of the fallen sons of Adam have good in them, and cannot, therefore, bring forth what is good. Man in his natural state is thoroughly corrupt and evil. We do not like to believe this, but the Scriptures bear abundant testimony to it. Some will say: "Then there is no hope for any of us." That would be true if God had left us there. But, praise His Name, He has not. He has provided a salvation for *all*, and young king Josiah availed himself of it.

Now to anyone who realizes his hopeless condition and need of a Saviour, and puts his trust in Christ Jesus, a wonderful thing happens. From that time on they begin to have new desires, which they never had before. "And what is the reason?" you ask. It is because they are born of God (John 1:12,13). Have you received Christ? Have you believed on His Name? If so you possess a nature that is able to bring forth *good deeds* which are according to His Word, and not one will be overlooked. Let us ever remember, however, that these do not give a title to heaven. We do good because we *are saved*, and belong forever to Him who redeemed us with His precious blood. Would you not like to think that

your name is written in heaven? Written in the book of life, never to be erased—is it not wonderful? And when you leave this scene, *what you have done for Him* will not have been in vain. Nothing that we do for His Name's sake will ever lose its reward. So God can say of such: "Blessed are the dead *who die in the Lord* . . . Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; *and their works do follow them*" (Rev. 14: 13).

The second passage is found in 2 Chron. 36: 8, and reads: "And the rest of the acts of Jehoiakim, and his abominations which he did, and that which was found in him, behold, they are written in the book of the kings of Israel and Judah."

This is a sad contrast to the first passage, but carries a most solemn warning for any who may be traveling on the broad road which leads to destruction. How dreadful a comment upon a man's life! Who would not give everything to be assured that none of his sins were written, and that he would never have to face them and be judged accordingly? "His abominations . . . and that which was found in him" — all written by God's hand; nothing more, and nothing less. People may try to persuade themselves that by doing a number of good or kind acts their sins will be

passed over by God when the day of reckoning comes, but turn to the book of Revelation and see what God says about those who have died in their sins: “And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. . . . And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire” (Rev. 20: 12, 15).

There are two things to which I would call your attention. The first one is “The Book of Life,” called in another place, “The Book of Life of the slain Lamb.” Think of this. God’s Lamb, His Son, was slain in order that you might have life; but everyone will not come to Him that they might have life. They love their sins and die in their sins, and when the book of life is opened their name is *not there*. They have no life Godward, and remain in that awful state forever and ever.

The second thing is “the books are opened.” This is the infallible record of their life, their works. God is to-day inviting all to come to His Son, and by trusting Him to receive eternal life. When this is refused, instead of having all their sins washed away in His precious blood, their sins

go down on record against them, and they are judged according to the things written in the books. Banished from God's presence, drinking the bitter cup of God's wrath against sin, such will be the portion of those who reject Christ.

You now have the power of choosing which way you will go: whether to make a wise choice like king Josiah; or like king Jehoiakim go on in your sins, only to have them recorded against you, and to face that record beyond the grave with all hope gone forever, nothing left for you but weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

—J. F. PAULSEN.

GONE!—BUT WHERE?

Thoughts on Hearing a Funeral Bell Tolling

Gone!—gone!—gone!
And the bell toll'd solemnly slow;
Gone!—gone!—gone!
But is it to glory or woe?
Has the spirit found rest
On a Saviour's breast,
Or gone with the damned below?

Gone!—gone!—gone!
How that sound rings thro' the air!
Gone!—gone!—gone!

Gone!—but Where?

From its sheath of clay—but where?
Has it joined the song
Of the ransomed throng,
Or the wail of dark despair?

Gone!—gone!—gone!
If saved by the blood 'tis well;
Gone!—gone!—gone!
The Redeemer's praise to swell,
Who came from above,
In His wond'rous love,
To save lost souls from hell.

Gone!—gone!—gone!
If Christless, how terrible!
Gone!—gone!—gone!
'Neath the wrath of God to dwell!
'Neath the judgment dire
Of endless fire,
And woes no tongue can tell.

Gone!—gone!—gone!
Oh, sinner, had this been thee—
Gone!—gone!—gone!
Say, what would thy portion be?
To be singing the song
Of the blood-bought throng
Or to wail through eternity?

Gone!—gone!—gone!
Let the message speak home to thee;
Gone!—gone!—gone!
From God's wrath and judgment flee;
No longer delay,
Trust Jesus to-day,
And be saved for eternity.

Abounding Grace ;

Or, A Murderer Saved

In the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, on the night of Nov. 20, 1901, two bandits held up a man—James B. Mouron—took all he possessed and shot him fatally.

The men, Wade and Dalton, were apprehended, tried, convicted, and *sentenced to death.*

A full account of the trial appeared in the papers, and it was said that, at the pronouncement of the sentence, Dalton cried out, "For God's sake, give me a Bible!"

A Christian worker reading this, asked permission to visit the prisoners. This being granted, he took a Bible and was admitted to the condemned man's cell. As they conversed it was soon apparent that Dalton was in deep soul exercise; his eyes had been opened to see his fearful guilt and rebellion against God, and in soul anguish he longed for forgiveness.

The worker gave him the Bible and Dalton was deeply grateful, but asked how he could meet a holy sin-hating God. Mr. M. told out in simple language the "old, old story" of the infinite love of God in sending His Son into this world to die for guilty, hell-deserving rebels, and of the Saviour, who in His love gave up His life,

and paid the fearful penalty of guilt and sin, so that such as he—doomed as a sinner to a more terrible penalty than death upon the gallows—might be eternally saved.

Dalton seemed amazed at the simplicity of God's way of salvation. Indeed, it seemed to him too simple that such an one, burdened with sin and guilty of a most heinous crime, could be eternally pardoned through the work of another! But he was given to see the infinite cost of the ransom price, that none other than a sinless Substitute could atone for guilt, and that, if man was to be saved, the SON OF GOD must come and offer Himself up upon the cross as an atonement for sin. But all this was opposed to his thoughts, Must he do *nothing* to appease an offended God? The worker turned to Scripture, and showed that salvation was "Not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2: 9), that he was bidden to "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1: 29), that, "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10: 43). Then he read from Isa. 53: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way; and

the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all."

When Mr. M. left, the prisoner grasped his hand and besought him to return soon, for he wanted to be ready to meet a sin-hating God. "Oh! if I could only see it!" he said; "I do want to be saved!"

On one occasion the visitor gave the condemned man a tract telling of a colored woman's conversion. As Dalton looked into his own heart he said, "How can I expect God to save a wretch like me?" Reading carefully the scripture which gave the colored woman peace: "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), the truth suddenly burst, like a flash of lightning, upon his darkened mind, and in an ecstasy he cried, "Thank God, I am saved!" He called Wade, his companion in crime, and told him the good news, then the jailor, asking him to please send and ask Mr. M. to come at once. This was done, and on reaching the jail, the warden said, "Dalton is saved! And it is real. I never saw such a change in a man." Then as the visitor approached the cell, he heard Dalton singing, and when the prisoner saw his friend, he said, "Mr. M., I am saved! Sit down; I'll tell you all

about it." And then out of a full heart, overflowing with joy and praise, he told how grace had met him.

He spoke to his fellow-prisoner, and once remained up all night reasoning with him, and as a result Wade too asked for a Bible. Dalton progressed wonderfully in the knowledge of the things of God, and every spare minute was employed in reading the Bible. Thus he grew in grace, and in the knowledge of the One who had saved him.

On one occasion Dalton clasped the Bible to his breast, saying, "I do love His Word." Then one day after snow had fallen, he turned to the *black* print of his Bible and said, "That is Dalton," then pointing to the pure white snow added, "That is Dalton through the blood of Christ."

Mr. M. remained with him throughout his last night on earth. In the early morning he sang several hymns. At seven o'clock the sheriff came in and read the death-warrant. An hour later, the prisoners were led to the scaffold, where were a number of reporters and witnesses. Permission was given Dalton to speak. Opening his Bible, he read two passages of Scripture, and thanked God for shutting him up in prison to save his soul, telling his hearers he was much happier than those of them still unsaved, and pleaded with all to trust the Saviour.

Fuller particulars as to this appeared in the "Portland Evening Telegram," Jan. 31, 1902, as follows: "The sheriff gave first Wade permission to speak but he said he had made confession and given his story to the press. Dalton was then allowed an opportunity. In a clear, but somewhat hollow, tone which carried to all parts of the yard, he said, 'I hope, trust and pray this will be a lesson to you all. I hope you will take warning and it will impress itself upon your hearts. There are many who need help. Give them God's Word, for we all have to face God some day. I would rather be in my place than in the place of those who have not received salvation. Oh, boys; I feel for *you*! Although I received salvation behind the bars, it will be more to me than the pleasures of this world. Do you think money will save you? No! The Saviour shed His precious blood for sinners that they might be saved. May God bless you all. I do not fear death. If there is an infidel here, I would gladly give my life to save him.' He then read Psalm 23 and 1 Tim. 2: 1-9. His last words as he stepped upon the death trap were, 'Good-bye all. Good-bye, brother M., I shall see you in the morning.'

"Wade's words were, 'Good-bye. I tell you fellows I ain't got much to say. You may think

I am happy, but I'm not. May none of you follow me.' "

You, my reader, are by no means as deeply dyed in guilt as Dalton and Wade, but it is not the *number*, or *kind*, of sins we commit which bars from the presence of God. Into that holy place where God dwells, nothing that defiles can enter, and *one* sin is enough to shut the gates of heaven against you. You need the same Saviour, the same atoning blood. Only one song is sung in heaven by the whole redeemed throng: "Thou art worthy. . . . for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation" (Rev. 5: 9).

Naught else than Christ's atoning work can avail. Your character may be flawless, your conduct blameless, yet under God's holy eye your *very* righteousnesses are as "filthy rags." Born in sin, you and I have lived in sin, and therefore need that Saviour who when upon earth said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11: 28). Come to Him *NOW*; your need is but title to His grace, and He waits to welcome you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16: 31).

—J. W. H. NICHOLS.

A Miracle of Grace

The name of Baroness Mathilda von Wrede is closely associated with that of Doctor Baedeker, whose work among the prisoners of Russia bore much fruit in the awful solitudes of Siberia during the latter years of the century past.

This devoted Christian lady often accompanied the Doctor as his helper and interpreter. On one occasion the Baroness, in visiting a prison, was informed by an officer that a well known and particularly ferocious criminal was in the prison awaiting trial and punishment. He had been guilty of a series of murders of particular atrocity.

"Let me see him," she asked the Governor.

"My dear child," he said, smiling pityingly, "it is impossible!"

"But I *must* do so. God can save even such as he. Where is his cell?"

It was not difficult to find where the prisoner was, for extra guards kept diligent watch at the heavy iron door.

"Let me in," the Baroness demanded.

"I really dare not allow you to risk your life; it is too unsafe. He is almost a maniac!" said the Governor in alarm.

The dear Christian lady however was insistent, stating she would willingly take all the risks; and

at last, with great reluctance, the door was opened.

"Please do not touch the little door to peep in, nor interrupt us while I am there," was her request to the amazed and fearful officials. The warder timidly withdrew the bolts, opening the door cautiously, and the little lady glided in.

There was a rattling of chains, which drew her attention to the corner of the cell, where she saw, stretched upon the prison bed, the huge form of a giant man. Quickly she walked to his side, and said, "Are you awake?"

The murderer gave a sudden start, and seemed to almost leap into the air; then fell heavily upon the bed, his chains clanking loudly.

"I have come to talk with you," she said gently.

There was no response from the prisoner.

"Will you not talk to me?" she asked.

"Who are you?" he questioned fiercely.

"I am a friend, and I want to be kind to you, and help you."

"Who sent you here?" he asked.

"I am come of my own wish, for your sake."

"I could kill you with one blow; get out of my cell," he roared, and his chains rattled with his violence.

"But you won't kill me," said the brave young lady, with a silvery laugh; "that would not be of

any use. I want to do you good, not harm, to speak to you about the Lord Jesus."

"Go away, I tell you! I will not listen!" and again the rattling chains told of his passion, as he put his fingers in his ears.

"Then I shall pray for you at home, and come and see you again. We all need forgiveness; and when I pray I will ask God to forgive you, as well as myself, Good-bye!"

The prisoner made no reply, and she left the cell as quietly as she had entered.

Again and again the Baroness visited the man, gently pleading with him, and trying to reach his sin-seared conscience, with seemingly little result.

At last, however, his curiosity overcame him, and he said, "I want to know who you are."

"I am the daughter of Baron von Wrede," she replied.

The prisoner stared in amazement. "You never mean to tell me that you are the daughter of that fine handsome man," he exclaimed.

"Of course I am; we cannot all be handsome like you and my father," she said.

At this compliment his hostility quite broke down. He was silent a minute, then said, "It is no use you talking to me. No one can do me any good; my heart is a rock."

"How glad I am to hear you say that!" she said brightly.

“What do you mean?” he enquired angrily.

“I am glad your heart is like a rock, for I have seen flowers, and sometimes even trees, growing out of the rock, and so have you. A tiny seed falls in a crevice and sprouts and grows, and then covers the rock with beauty. So I hope that some word the Lord will give me for you may take root in your rocky heart and grow. I am praying it may be so.” And so it was. Her prayers were answered, the light of God’s Word broke through his fearful darkness, the tiger became a lamb, the fearful ferocity left him, and with deepest penitence he took his awful crimes to Him who once said “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,” and henceforth became a marvelous example of the power of the gospel. Thank God, that gospel is still “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” Its silent triumphs witness to its efficacy, and the blessed God glories in His grace.

You, my reader, have never sunk to such depths as this man, but the same Saviour is needed by you, for “All have sinned and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3: 23), and Scripture declares, “Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other Name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved” (Acts 4: 12). May this Saviour be your boast.

—J. W. H. NICHOLS.

Profit and Loss

Recently in a small Nova Scotian village, a man lost a sum of money amounting to thirty dollars. Soon every resident in the immediate and surrounding vicinity was aware of his loss, and many learning of his misfortune, readily expressed their sympathy.

Now no one would say a word against that sympathy of kind friends, for thirty dollars is all too much for a man to lose who finds it difficult to make ends meet. But what we do say is: There are many who would be much alarmed at losing a few dollars who are in nowise concerned about the loss of their precious souls.

Reader, be aroused to the solemnity of this! There is within each of us a never-dying soul, which after the death of the body must spend an endless eternity in one of two places—Heaven, if saved; Hell, if lost.

Multitudes are cautious and careful to insure their property and lives; but, alas, foolishly neglect to prepare for their soul's eternal future by being saved in God's time and way. The loss of all that die in their sins would be sad if it were only for this life, but it is an *eternal* loss. It

affects the soul's whole eternity. And to have this loss it is only necessary to do one thing: "How shall we escape if we *neglect* so great salvation?" (Heb. 2: 3).

Unsaved one, defer no longer this vital matter of your salvation. The wealth of worlds is as nothing compared to the infinite value of your precious soul. The Son of God once asked a "profit and loss" question, which you will do well to seriously consider:

"For what shall it PROFT a man if he shall gain the whole world, and LOSE his own soul?"
(Mark 8: 36).

—S. STEWART.

The Gospel in Nine Words

An old preacher used to put the gospel into nine words. They were these, "Jesus did it; God says it; I believe it." Let us enlarge a little upon it, seeking to help any anxious reader of these pages.

"JESUS DID IT"

Yes! Jesus the Son of God, the Lord of glory, did it. The mighty work of redemption *has been done* by Him. He cried on the cross of Calvary, "It is finished." Nothing can be added to that atoning sacrifice. *Nothing is necessary.* It is

perfect. *Nothing is possible*, for nothing else will avail.

All down the centuries from the fall of Adam the coming of Christ was promised or prophesied. It was pictured in the types; it was sung of by the psalmist.

At last in the fulness of time He came. He lived His spotless life which is portrayed in the pages of the Gospels. Then He, the sinless One, "suffered for sins," not His own, but "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." He left nothing undone of that which must be done if we were to be saved.

Yes! "Jesus did it." By Himself He purged our sins. Having done so, and because He has done so, He sat Himself down at the right hand of God.

All the glory of the atonement is His. The blessed results which flow from it are ours who believe. We can never share in the work. We can share in the fruits now and forever.

"Lord, Thou hast done all the work, and Thou must have all the pay," said an old Christian as he sought to praise his Master. In his simple language he expressed the truth. All the praise and honor and glory and thanksgiving are due to Him, for He did it, and "did it all long, long ago."

You can no more help in the work of redemption than you can in the work of creation.

The Son of God has done both. He spake to accomplish creation. He suffered to accomplish redemption. But both were effected by Himself.

Yes! "Jesus did it." Nearly 1900 years ago it was *completed* on the cross of Calvary. So give up all your efforts to make out a righteousness of your own. Try no longer to earn salvation by your works, or tears, or penances, or prayers. Rest on what He has done, and let Him have the glory of your lips praising Him, and of your life witnessing for Him.

"GOD SAYS IT"

In His holy Word He has spoken to us. He speaks now from heaven. Solemn indeed will be the result of not listening to His voice, as He calls in richest grace to-day; for the day of salvation will be followed by the dark night of judgment. Judgment is God's strange work—He delights in mercy—but it is a sure work, and will be a swift work, for sudden destruction will overwhelm the world of the ungodly. God has pledged Himself to this.

But for the believer how blessed is the certainty the Scripture gives. In the simplest way He shows

the way of blessing. In the fullest way He would establish our hearts before Him, that we may have full assurance of understanding and full assurance of faith in His presence.

In view of what Christ has done, because "Jesus did it," "God says it." But what does He say?

**"He that believeth on the Son
hath everlasting life."**

As we have seen, the Son of God has been given in God's love to the world. The Son of God has suffered for sins and has died on Calvary's tree. The Son of God cried, "It is finished," to tell us that the mighty work which He came to do was completed. The Son of God is risen from the sepulchre, and the empty tomb echoes back, "It is finished." The Son of God sits upon the right hand of God in brightest glory, and from that throne there is re-echoed, "It is finished." The work of atonement is DONE. Now by the Holy Ghost come down from heaven the gospel is proclaimed far and wide. It is "to ALL" of every clime and color and creed that the message is to be told. It is to "whosoever will" anywhere, everywhere

And the sinner who receives the message in the love of it, feeling his need and owning his

sins and sinfulness, is blessed, is saved, *has* everlasting life.

Look at the Saviour's words:

"*He.*" How wide open is the door! There is no natural, no social, no religious boundary. "Whosoever," "every one," "any man," these are the gospel words. That personal pronoun "*He*" throws back the portal of mercy to everybody who desires to come.

"*He that believeth.*" He who receives the Son of God in faith into the heart. He who welcomes Him as Lord and Saviour into his life. He who commits himself to Him. He who trusts in Him the God-given Son, as the God-provided Saviour.

"*He that believeth on the Son,*" on the Sent One of God, His only-begotten Son, His well beloved Son, who has suffered, and died for the sinner's salvation — that one receives the richest blessing of God, at once.

*"He that believeth on the Son hath
everlasting life."*

Mark well that word "HATH." It speaks of present possession. There are blessings awaiting the believer in the Father's house. But the believer HATH everlasting life *now*. He hopes for that which is promised, but already he HATH everlasting life. It is God's gift to him.

Now mark well, "God says it." He says what? He says that, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." So if I believe on the Son I am entitled to know that everlasting life is mine, simply because God says it.

"Jesus did it." He has done the work of redemption, and because He has done it, "God says it," that the believer *has* the blessing of everlasting life.

"I BELIEVE IT"

I believe it because "God says it." If He speaks in His Word, and He does speak, my part is to hear and to believe what He says. We receive the testimony of men. In our everyday life we could not do much if we did not do so. And "if we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." We may rely upon every statement He has made. He cannot lie, He cannot deny Himself. No word of His shall ever fail. Upon that which He has spoken we may rely. And He has spoken for our heart's assurance before Him.

Blessed is the witness "that God hath given to us eternal life and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

Solemn is the word: "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar because he believeth not the testimony that God gave of His Son" (1 John 5: 10-12). "Hath God said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" Can we doubt Him? Well might we doubt ourselves, for "he that trusteth his own heart is a fool." But we may well believe Him who cannot lie.

And He has written so that we may know that we have eternal life. Our feelings come and go, our experiences change with our circumstances, our realizations may depend upon our condition of health. But our feelings, experiences, and realizations are not the ground on which we may be assured. God's changeless, eternal Word is the firm foundation for our faith. It does not alter as times pass. It abides "for ever settled in heaven."

Rest then upon it without any misgiving. It will never fail you. Say over and over again,

"Jesus did it!"

"God says it!"

"I believe it!"

The Lord Jesus did it, on the cross. God says it, in His Word. I believe it in my heart.

—INGLIS FLEMING.

God's Appeal

Refused by Thomas Paine

"He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword"—Job 33: 18.

Thomas Paine was an Englishman who, as the author of a work called "Common Sense," is accredited by some of his admirers with awakening America to a declaration of independence. Mary Agnes Best says he was the first to name these lands, "The United States of America." At any rate he was identified from the outset with the American patriots, as "Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs," throwing all his intellectual powers into their struggle.

At a later date we discover he is not without mechanical ability, for he demonstrates by excellent models some suggestions regarding bridge-building, which win the approval of the French and English academies. As a matter of fact it is while he is in France on this business that the French Revolution shakes Europe and, as is well known, he becomes one of its guiding spirits.

Unfortunately his chief reputation is linked with a book from his pen called "The Age of Reason." With characteristic egotism this book assumes that the human race had formerly made

little progress in the use of its faculties, but that *in his day* it has reached the age of reason. It is when the French Revolution begins to devour its founders that he undertakes this, for he writes, "Seeing my friends falling as fast as the guillotine could cut their heads off, and as I expected every day the same fate, I resolved to begin my work." And he has but concluded its first section when he is arrested by the agents of Robespierre. Whereupon he confides "to Joel Barlow the manuscript."

In this book he attacks the Scriptures. Regarding the Old Testament he says: "I see throughout the greater part of this book scarcely anything but a history of the greatest vices, and a collection of the most paltry and contemptible tales." He strikes at the very heart of the New Testament, saying he recommends the reader "immediately to his Creator, and not to fanciful secondary beings called mediators." He does not believe, "The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world;" or that, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." He repudiates the Man Christ Jesus as the Mediator between God and men, alleging it suggests the intervention of a "secondary" being to shield us from God as "superannuated and ferocious."

Yet he professes great admiration for Job. But long before "The Age of Reason," that patriarch deplored the lack of a Mediator, saying: "Neither is there any daysman betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both." But Christ our Mediator does just that, for He is great enough to know how to secure the rights of God by redemption, and gracious enough to relieve the distressed by that work. Yet He accomplishes this in obedience to His Father's command.

But Calvary's revelation of the inflexibility of divine government in respect of sin, and its demonstration of the ineffable love of God for sinners is lost upon poor Paine. Well might the apostle Paul say (notwithstanding their boasted "reason"), "There is none that understandeth" (Rom. 3:11). And well might he add that a very important part of his testimony to the nations was "to open their eyes" (Acts 6:18).

But to return to Paine. He is now in prison, put there by the infidel forces he has helped to unleash. In one night alone no less than a hundred and sixty-eight persons are taken out of the Luxembourg, and a hundred and sixty of them are guillotined the next day. Meanwhile this prisoner awaits his call to death. But a strange thing happens. Let Paine relate the tale in his own words.

"The door of the room in which I lodged opened outward and flat against the wall. . . . When persons by scores and hundreds were to be taken out of the prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night, and those who performed that office had a private mark. . . by which they knew what rooms to go to. . . We. . . were four, and the door of our room was marked with chalk, unobserved by us; but it happened. . . that the mark was put on when the door was open, and thereby *came on the inside* when we were shut in at night." Thus when the turnkey came to unlock the doors of the doomed men, Paine's door was passed by, for no mark appeared thereon. And as the next day the Robespierre administration was overturned, the imprisoned victims of its policy escaped death.

Thus did God keep back Paine's life from perishing by the sword.

What a close call! And what a striking intervention! It bears every appearance of Elihu's description of how God labors to "withdraw man from his purpose" and to "hide pride from man." It stands out on the page of history as the act of a compassionate God who "speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not;" a God patiently asking a darkened mortal for a hearing; a God who would introduce a lawless man to

His Son. For only in His strong hand are we safe; only in His custody can our tortured hearts find repose.

But all this is ignored by Paine. Freed under such strange circumstances, he goes on with his book. He continues his conflict with God. He uses his new lease of life for that purpose. And that it is with God his conflict is, is beyond question, for he sets at nought "the Son." And it is written: "He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent Him" (John 5:23). In rejecting the Son, the infidel rejects the Father. The divine and compassionate appeal for a hearing is in vain, and the hardened rebel breaks forth in fresh fulminations against divine communications as recorded in the Scriptures of truth. He thus passes on to the tragedy of death out of Christ.

And although some are now eulogising him by comparing his outspoken methods with the less honest methods of some present-day preachers who arrive at similar conclusions by more devious methods, we know that the author of "The Age of Reason" made an awful mistake in refusing the divine appeal for a hearing. It is with deep regret and pity we are compelled to say that by so doing he lost his soul. For, let men say what they will, the Son of God has declared: "The Scriptures cannot be broken!"

Reader, unless you are subject to the Son, you are lost. But you need not remain lost, for "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." On Calvary He suffered for sins, the Just for us the unjust; in the glory He is now the triumphant Saviour from sin and from Satan. All God asks you to do is to submit to Him. "For if thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

But if you refuse to place yourself unreservedly in His hands, and insist on maintaining a lawless course, you must spend eternity in the lake of fire with all those who refuse God's way of salvation. For of His Son is it said, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

—R. J. REID.

Substitution

Barabbas in prison and under the sentence of death for various crimes committed—murder included—and released from a well-merited judgment by the death of God's Son in his stead, is

an illuminating illustration of how a sinner is eternally saved by Christ's substitutionary work. Substitution as a word is not to be found in the Bible, but its glorious and awful truth flows as a broad majestic river from end to end of Inspiration's fruitful valley. Reader, what is the death of Christ to you? Is it to you what it was to Barabbas—deliverance from condemnation and death? Barabbas had forfeited his right to live; so have you. You have sinned, and God says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18: 20). As Barabbas was under death's penalty, so are you (if unsaved), and as he was judicially freed from physical death by the death of Christ in his stead, so are you judicially freed from eternal death—banishment from God's holy presence—by Christ's substitutionary work, if you have trusted Him. But there is this difference between Barabbas and you—he was not required to believe anything in order to be saved from a death of crucifixion, his deliverance came as a choice between him and Christ by a vote of the people. But God demands that you believe His Word about yourself as being lost and guilty, and that you trust Christ "who was delivered for your offences, and was raised again for your justification" (Rom. 4: 25).

If you have not done this, and refuse to do it

while on life's narrow strand, you will be compelled to endure the terrible ordeal of bearing your own sins forever in "outer darkness." Then awake to your appalling situation and condition, and flee to Christ without a moment's delay. Remember, your "*faith* will be *counted* to you for righteousness," as Abraham's was (Rom. 4: 3), when you in your need lay hold of your Divine Substitute by faith. There is no way to be saved but in the Barabbas way—the death of Christ.

Barabbas, you were guilty,
And death was your just due,
But Jesus was elected
To die instead of you.

The Guiltless saves the guilty,
O blessed, wondrous plan—
God's Son came down to suffer
For lost and sinful man.

O tarry not, but hasten
Before God's judgment falls,
He will not plead forever,
But *now* to *you* He calls.

Believe God's solemn record
That you are really lost;
And He will freely save you
Since Christ has paid the cost.

—C. C. CROWSTON.

Dead or Alive

The story is told of a man who rushed into the private office of a country newspaper editor in great excitement. When the editor inquired the cause of his trouble he said, "You have made a great mistake in your paper. You have put my name in the Death Column, and here I am alive and well." The editor apologized. This did not satisfy his irate accuser. He demanded a correction be made with a public apology. "I cannot do that," said the editor. "What then can you do?" replied the man. The editor answered, "I tell you what I'll do; I'll put you in the Birth Column to-morrow and give you a fresh start."

Now while this story was given with humorous intent, there is in it the germ of a great spiritual truth, which when rightly learned brings us face to face with a very serious issue.

The Word of God has also its "birth" and "death" column, and under either one or other of these it lists all members of the human family, and you and I, dear friends, must face the serious question as to which column we are in. Many of those whom God puts in the "death" column, are, to be sure, "alive and well," and many of those

who are in His "birth" column are in their graves. There was Abimelech, that pagan king of old who found fault with Abraham. When he spoke to God against the prophet, what words met his accusation? "*Behold, thou art a dead man. . . he is a prophet.*" "Alive and well" in the body he surely was, but in his soul he was "dead" to God. When a certain man came to Jesus professing to be one of His followers, he said to our Lord, "Let me first go and bury my father." Jesus answered him saying, "Let the dead bury their dead—but come thou and follow Me." How can dead people bury dead people? They cannot. What then did the Saviour mean? He indicated that they were dead spiritually toward God. In both of these instances we find "living" people who according to God's Word were in the "death" column—wholly dead to HIM.

But it is from that cultured teacher of religion who came to Jesus by night that we learn our most impressive lesson. I refer to Nicodemus. Here was a man who, all unconscious to himself, was already in the "death" column. He had seen our Lord's miracles, had heard His words, and desired to learn more of Him. What did our Lord teach him? That though he was highly religious, profoundly taught in the traditions of his fathers, and deeply respected by his fellows for

his superior character, yet he was, after all, only a “dead” man spiritually. With these searching words, “Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God,” Jesus put Nicodemus in the “death” column. In other words, mere religion does not give a man spiritual life! “Ye must be born again” is the verdict of Scripture. It was a revelation to Nicodemus. And it is to many others who, like him, base their hope of heaven on religious conduct. But our Lord did more than this. He pointed Nicodemus to the cross, where lifted up between two thieves, He, the Son of Man, would pay the price of sin, so that all who believed on Him, the uplifted Sin-bearer, would receive eternal life. This, dear friends, is the “birth” column. Are you in it? “For as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have eternal life.” This was what Nicodemus needed, NEW LIFE—life from God Himself, and to his credit we can say he believed what Jesus said. He believed on this wondrous Saviour, and to-day, though his body is in the earth, Nicodemus himself is *with Christ* in the enjoyment of that eternal life which he received the day he believed. He “passed from death unto life” by trusting Christ.

In which column is your name written? Sin has inscribed many names in that "death" column, for not only were we "born in sin," but many "live in sin," and alas, many "die in their sins" and "perish." Do not be one of this company. God desires to give you a "fresh start." Humble yourself then before Him. Confess your sins to Him. Own up to it that you are a "dead man" — "dead in your sins." Hold nothing back but, realizing the pressing need of your undying soul, tell everything to Him who knows your heart. Then you will learn what many another has learned, that God is "gracious and full of compassion." He loves, oh, how He loves even you! And in this mighty love of His He willingly offers you life, eternal life, through Christ His Son. Will you have this life now? Will you pass over from the wrong column into the right one? Will you not start this happy journey which leads from nature's death and darkness to God's light and glory? May the grace of a Saviour-God be yours to-day!

"The wages of sin is death,

But

**The gift of God is ETERNAL LIFE
through Jesus Christ our Lord"**

—R. A. WEST.

A College Man's Confession

The writer of the following letter was a Cambridge (England) College man, Second Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman — two distinctions of great honor—but the *wisdom* of *man* and great powers of intellect are alike unavailing in the things of God. Indeed, Scripture declares (1 Cor. 2:14), "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither indeed can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." It is often hard for a man of letters to take the place of a little child, a condition the blessed Saviour said was necessary to enter the kingdom of God. The following is his confession:

I remember when I first began to read the Bible, though I was sincerely seeking the truth, I was miserable because I could not believe it. I dared not reject any statement I found there, but I could not believe it was true. My history was just this: I had read and studied deeply in mathematics, had mastered every fresh subject I had entered upon with ease and delight, had become accustomed (as every exact mathematician must do) to investigate and discover fundamental differences between things which seem, to the uninitiated one, the same: had seen my way into physical astronomy and the higher parts of Newton's immortal "Principia," and had been frequently lost in

the admiration of his genius till St. Mary's clock warned me it was three hours past midnight. I had, in fact, as we say, made myself master of dynamics, and become gradually more and more a believer in the unlimited capabilities of my own mind.

This self-conceited idea was only flattered and fostered by eminent success in the Senate House, and by subsequently obtaining a fellowship at Trinity and enjoying a very considerable popularity as a Mathematical Lecturer. It would have spared me many an hour of misery in after days, had I really felt what I often said: That the deeper a man goes into science the humbler he ought to be, and the more cautious in pronouncing an opinion on a subject he had not investigated or could not thoroughly sift. But, though all this is true, I had yet to learn that this humility in spiritual things is *never found in a natural man*.

I took high orders (was ordained), and began to preach; and then I found out the grand deficit in my theology. I had not the Spirit's teaching myself, and how could I speak "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." In vain did I read Chalmers, Paley, Butler, Gaussen, etc., and determine that as I had mastered mathematics and other subjects I had grappled with, so I would the Bible, and that I would *make* myself a believer.

I found a poor, ignorant old woman in my parish more than a match for me in divine things. I was distressed to find her happy in the mercies of God, and finding prayer answered, and that all this was proved sincere by her blameless and harmless walk amongst her neighbors, whilst I, with all my science and investigation, was barren and unprofitable and miserable—an unbeliever in heart, and yet not daring to avow it, partly from the fear of man, but more from a certain inward conviction that all my sceptical

difficulties would be crashed and leaped over by the experience of the most illiterate Christian.

I was perfectly ashamed to feel in my mind like Voltaire, Volney and Tom Paine. I could claim no originality for my views, and found they were no comfort, but a constant source of misery. It may now be asked how I ever came to view divine truth differently. I desire to ascribe all power to Him to whom power belongeth. I desire to put my own mouth in the dust and be ashamed, and never open my mouth again to any man, because of my unbelief.

I cannot state all I passed through, but desire to say with humility and gratitude, I was made willing in the day of His power. *He melted down my proud heart* with His love; and He shut my mouth forever from caviling at any difficulties in the written Word: and one of the *first* things in which the great change appeared was, that whereas before preaching had been a *misery*, now it became a *delight* to be able to say, without a host of sceptical or infidel thoughts rushing into my mind, "Thus saith the Lord." I am quite certain no *natural* man can see the things of God: and equally certain he cannot *make* himself see them. "It was the Lord that exalted Moses and Aaron," said Samuel, and Paul said, "By the grace of God I am what I am," so—in a modified and humble sense—I can truly say.

It used to be a terrible stumbling-block to me to find so many learned men, so many acute minds, so many scientific men—infidels. It is not so now. I see God has said, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble." I see as plainly as it is possible for one to do so, that no man can receive the things of the Spirit of God. Hence I expect to find men of this stamp of intellect coming out boldly with their avowals of unbelief in the written

Word of God. The only answer I can give them is, "God has taught me better:" and never do I sing those beautiful words of the well known hymn,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,"

without my eyes filling with tears of gratitude to the God of all compassion.

So it is with me, so it must be with any one of them, if ever they are to know the truth in its power, or receive the love of the truth that they may be saved.

I feel much for the young of this generation, remembering the conflicts I passed through in consequence of the errors of men of ability.

—*A Former Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.*

What a timely confession is this, in these days of man-worship, and when human reasoning is exalted above divine revelation. Many there are—even among the ranks of religious leaders—who fall down and worship at the shrine of *intellect!* Not that we would discredit intelligence and learning, but these are insufficient of themselves to understand the things of God.

Niocodemus (John 3) came by night to interview the Saviour, but saw nothing more in Him than "a teacher come from God." He was met at once by the Lord's words, "Ye must be born again." Apart from new birth, all the powers of man are of no account in the things of God. There must be the impartation of the divine nature to appreciate heavenly things.

And how the wisdom of God shines out in all this! It proves man to be “without strength,” and far removes the occasion of boasting. It was to the Corinthians, a highly cultured educated people, Paul wrote; “God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and the base things of the world and the things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are, *that no flesh should glory in His presence*” (1 Cor. 1: 27, 28).

A hungry man is more interested in satisfying his hunger with bread, than in the scientific analysis of its constituent parts! Faith, not reasoning, is the channel through which blessing flows from God to man.

—J. W. H. NICHOLS.

The Love of God for Sinners

Some years ago there lived in Canada a farmer who had two lusty sons whom he greatly loved.

The farmer had learned his own lost, sinful condition; had turned to God in real repentance and confession of sin; and, trusting in the Lord

Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, was saved—saved in God's way.

One evening while taking an evangelist over to the school-house where gospel meetings were being held, as the farmer sat driving, he seemed to be in deep thought. Finally, turning to his guest, he exclaimed,

"I would have to love one a whole lot to give my son to die for him; and I have TWO of them!" But this is just what God has done! The farmer had been thinking of that precious verse in the Word of God, found in John 3: 16:

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Sinner, has it ever been brought home to your conscience that "God loved you a whole lot?" Have you ever realized what God has done to show to you His great love?

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. . . . We have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world" (1 John 4: 9, 14).

We never can know God's love in all its fullness;

“For the love of God is broader,
Than the measure of man’s mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.”

But we may learn from His Word that He is rich in mercy and had great love for us, even when we were dead in sins (Eph. 2: 4, 5); that with the same love with which He loves His dear Son, He loves every guilty sinner who comes to Him, trusting in Jesus (John 17: 23, 26), and that this is an everlasting love, which even our failures cannot quench (Jere. 31: 3).

And the beloved Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, has the same love for us as the Father. He came from the glory and willingly offered Himself a sacrifice for our sins. All who trust Him can now say with Paul, “The Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me” (Gal. 2: 20).

Or we can say with John, “He loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood” (Rev. 1: 5).

Our blessed Lord Himself says of His followers,

“As the Father hath loved ME, even so have I loved you” (John 15: 9).

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love of the Father and the Son! It passes knowledge, but

we can *believe* it is for us, even when we know but a little of its length and breadth and depth and height.

How have you treated the love of God for you? What does it mean to you?

To Him it meant that He would not spare His Son, but that on the cross God delivered Him up to be the sin-bearer for us all.

“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 4:10).

To the Lord Jesus Christ it meant the suffering of being rejected and crucified at the hands of wicked men, and all the horror of being forsaken by God, as He bore our sins in His own body on the cross, and took upon Him our judgment. He did this that by His stripes we might be healed, that through the shedding of His precious blood you and I might be cleansed from all sin and brought righteously into the Father’s presence, pure and holy, and fitted in every way to know and enjoy the love of God.

Friend, if up to this time you have been indifferent to “the love of God for sinners,” do not reject Him any longer. Is such love nothing to you that you pass it by? Turn to God at once, just where you are and as you are; confess your

sins to Him in true repentance, and put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

God loves you. God calls you. God pleads with you.

Come now, and bow before Him, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.

"We love Him because He first loved us."

—F. L. FRENCH.

"I will pay the Blood Price"

It was in the early days of the settlement of Vancouver Island. Then the various tribes of Indians were oftentimes in conflict. Sometimes from the mainland of Canada, sometimes from Queen Charlotte Islands, braves would come to the attack in fleets of canoes, and bitter and prolonged battles would result.

The story is told of one of these attacks in the following words.

"There was one memorable invasion by the northern tribes that cost the life of Wun-wunshim, the great chief of the five villages that comprised the S'nenymo confederacy. The Hudson Bay Company had a salt well and a sawmill in addition to the coal mine. They employed five Kwakiute Indians in getting out logs for the mill.

This displeased the S'nenymoes, and they ambushed the strangers and killed three of them. The others escaped and made their way home.

It was probably a week later that the alarm was sounded, and men left the mine and mill, and ran toward the bastion or their homes to look after their families. Women caught up their children and hurried them to the safety of the blockhouse. And this time there was cause for alarm, for a fleet of one hundred war canoes, carrying probably one thousand braves, swept round Protection Island and headed into the bay. The S'nenymoes could muster only forty canoes, but they went out bravely to meet the invaders.

It was a magnificent sight as the rival fleets came to a standstill on the sunlit waters of the harbor for the customary parley that preceded such an engagement.

It was the Indian law that reparation could be made for a death, and the Kwakiutes demanded that three S'nenymoes die, and gifts be made to the relatives of the slain. To this the S'nenymoes agreed—but who would be the three? No one volunteered. At last Wun-wun-shim rose in his canoe.

'Surely,' he said, 'I, Wun-wun-shim, the great chief of all the people here, am worth three ordinary men. I will pay the blood price.'

The Kwakiutes conferred for a moment among themselves—yes, the proposal was a just one; they would accept the life of Wun-wun-shim.

With arms folded he stood in the bow of his canoe and met his death. Twice did the marksmen of the northern force wound his flesh before a bullet struck him between the eyes. And thus died a chief for his people."

Are we not reminded forcefully of our Lord Jesus Christ and His atoning death, by this simple incident?

It is the glory of His person which lends glory to His work. He, the Creator of all, the Sustainer of all, the Judge of all, came and suffered and died that He might be the Saviour of all who believe.

The measure of the efficacy of the work of Christ is the glory of His person. And,

"None but He in heaven or earth,
Could offer that which justice claimed."

Therefore it was that He stooped to perfect sinless Manhood, and stooped yet lower to the cross of Calvary that He might pay the mighty price which angel, or archangel, or all the host of heaven, could never pay.

At Calvary He endured the awful judgment. There His cry rose to heaven, "My God, my

God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" when darkness was over the face of all the earth and the dark waters of wrath—the holy wrath of God—entered into His soul. In the glory of His person He could die for all, and in the glory of His person He could rise from among the dead, having obtained eternal redemption for us. And He, the Son of God, having made purgation of sins, is now seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high, having taken His own seat there. The sacrifice needed has been offered and accepted. None other is necessary. He was mighty to save, for He is over all, God blessed for ever.

“Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When the Incarnate Maker died
For man His creature's sin.”

But that work is finished. Nothing can be added to it. *The blood price has been paid.*

“Without shedding of blood there is no remission.” “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

Peace came to the S'nenymoes through their chief's noble act. Peace comes to the believer to-day, peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, “having made peace by the blood of His cross.” Have you this peace?

—INGLIS FLEMING.

A Fatal Choice

A tourist in Scotland some years ago, unacquainted with the nature of the coast, wandered along a path which is only safe at low tide. Delighted with the seascape, he watched with admiration the huge waves breaking on the shore, and gazed with awe at the precipitous rocks towering above him, and so entranced was he with his surroundings that he did not notice the sea was gradually encroaching on his pathway.

From the top of the lofty cliffs a native observed this stranger evidently unaware of danger, and descended as far as he was able with safety; and after drawing his attention by a loud "halloo," said: "*If you pass this spot, you lose your last chance.* The tide is rising. Already the beach behind you is covered, and the waves are nearing the foot of the cliffs before you. By this path alone can you escape!"

The warning went unheeded, for the tourist thought he was able to make the turn in the road before the sea reached the cliff, but he misjudged the distance, and soon saw with alarm the danger of his position. He turned back, but the sea had already cut off his way of escape; he looked at the cliffs, which now were inaccessible; the waters were at his feet, he sought higher ground, but to

no purpose. At last a projecting rock was seen; he reached it, but the relentless waves came on. They reached him, and inch by inch increased, until they reached his neck. He uttered one despairing cry for help, but none was near, and the waters covered this victim of self-confidence. He *neglected* the warning and *perished*.

“There is a time, we know not when;
A point, we know not where;
That marks the destiny of men,
For glory or despair.”

The words spoken to Noah, “My Spirit shall not always strive with man,” surely hold good to-day. God, in His infinite love, waits to be gracious. In long-suffering mercy He lingers over a world of sinners, not willing that any should perish! He still says, “Come now, and let us reason together. . . . Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as snow” (Isa. 1:18). But “He will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger forever” (Ps. 103:9). The day of grace hastes to its close, and perhaps to-day—as you read these lines—you have reached your *last opportunity*. Remember, reader, the friendly warning which, alas, was unheeded: “*If you pass this spot, you lose your last chance.*”

In the book of Job (chap. 33:27,28), we read the words of Elihu: "If any say, 'I have sinned and perverted that which is right, and it profiteth me not,' He will deliver his soul from going down to the pit, his life shall see the light." In the same chapter we read, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." But at what a cost the ransom price was paid! The Son of God must come and bear the judgment due to sin, for a righteous God can by no means slur over sin; the full weight of judgment must be borne, or God's glory would be compromised. Looking back to Calvary we can say:

"The sin alights on Jesus' head,
'Tis in His blood sin's debt is paid;
Stern justice can demand no more,
And mercy can dispense her store."

Dear reader, lose not this *present opportunity* to be saved and blessed. Let the blessed Saviour of sinners be your heart's trust. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

—J. W. H. NICHOLS.

"Come unto Me; yes, come in all your sin,
Through Jesus' blood the vile may enter in,
May come to God, by perfect grace thus led,
Assured that for themselves that blood was
shed."

Neglect

There is nothing more detrimental to any prosperity, temporal or spiritual, than the blighting practice of *neglect*. Let the farmer neglect his property, and it will not be long ere shabby buildings and weed-covered fields will cry out against such folly. If the merchant neglects his business, it will not be many days before the sign, "Closing out sale," will be over the door. And if the reader has any difficulty in seeing the truth of this, let him try neglecting his own health for a time, and the years will not be many before a sorrowful retribution will be his experience. Surely it is plain, that if one persists in sowing the seeds of neglect, a bumper crop of the most obnoxious weeds will sooner or later be the inevitable result.

Now there are multitudes in this world who are marked for their thrift and diligence, and who steadfastly shun neglect of business or health, but when it comes to the question of their soul's eternal welfare they manifest a spirit of utter carelessness and indifference. If questioned about this unwise attitude, they will often readily confess that it is their desire to be saved eventually, but insist there is no need of immediate haste or attention. Thus they go on in folly; and, alas, many awake only when it is forever *too late*.

Neglect! Ah, a seemingly insignificant thing, and so easy to practise; yet it is everywhere admitted to be "the great thief of time," and invariably ends in ruin and disaster. Oh, that as you scan these lines you could at the same time see the myriads in all ages who have forever lost their priceless souls, eternal bliss and happiness, because of that withering and fatal habit of neglect! One old preacher wisely and truly said: "It is the recruiting-sergeant for hell," and no doubt more have gone down to the pit of endless woe because of it than anything else beside.

Reader, will you not pause and consider this? Yea, weigh it well. The Word of God asks a pertinent question to which no answer to this very day has ever been found. Let this come to you as direct from God Himself.

"How shall we escape; if we NEGLECT so great salvation?" (Heb. 2: 3).

—S. STEWART.

My Father's Business

"Good morning, sir; can you tell me where Litchfield Street is?"

The man in the auto, who was about to start, shut off the gas and lowered the window all the way.

"I am not sure," he replied; "but I think it is two or three streets north of here."

"Thank you; and may I give you a Gospel of John? Here is something of which we can be sure!"

As he took it, he said, "That's my father's business."

I answered him, "That's my FATHER'S business also. It is my Father's business to make known to lost, guilty sinners the precious gospel of salvation through His Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "Oh," said he, "my father is a Methodist minister."

"And what about yourself? Are you saved? Are you trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour?"

His reply was that which many another would give—perhaps you would do so. "Why, I don't just know if I am saved; I hope to be. I sing in the choir and am doing the best I can. I hope I am."

But, friend, if you are only doing the best you can, you will spend eternity in hell. There is only one way of salvation and that is through the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Singing in the choir, doing the best you can, having a minister for a father, will not save any one. Only personal faith in Christ

saves sinners. Your best is no more fit for God's holy presence than your worst. Both alike are the product of a sinful nature, and are unclean before God.

A man who is doing the best he can is never sure of salvation. He can only *hope* to be, and his hope is worthless. Like a house built on shifting sand, it has no sure foundation. It will not stand. God has said, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. 3: 20). He says too, not of our sins but of our good deeds, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64: 6).

The Lord Jesus Christ did not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. He came to seek and to save the lost, even those who had done their worst, not their best. He died for the ungodly, for sinners, for His enemies (Rom. 5: 6, 8, 10).

"Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9: 22).

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you" (Exod. 12: 13).

"It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17: 11).

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

"Being now justified by His blood we shall be saved from wrath through Him" (Rom. 5: 9).

—F. L. FRENCH.

The Great Gospel Sheet

The gospel is for all. None are excluded from its benefits save those who exclude themselves. It is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek." It is sent to the nations of men generally, to Jews and Gentiles alike.

This universality of the gospel was difficult for a Jew to learn. He could understand that favor might be shown to his own nation, but outside of that people, all were unclean and unsuited for the blessing of God. Thus it was that when Peter, the apostle, was about to be sent to preach the gospel to a Gentile he was given a special vision to prepare him for the service. In this he was taught that all sinners are alike before God, and that His salvation is needed by, and provided for, everybody.

He was in prayer upon the housetop about noontide. Speaking to God thus he was in a fit condition to be spoken to by God. Becoming very hungry food was being got ready for him, and while he waited for it he fell into a trance. Then in a vision he saw heaven opened to his view and a great sheet descending to earth and coming to him, "Even to me," as he said afterward.

Observing it closely he discovered that in that great sheet there were animals of many kinds together. Those that were clean according to the law, and those that were unclean, the tame and the wild, quadrupeds, birds and creeping things,

all were enclosed in the same great sheet. Then a voice bade him rise, and kill, and eat. To this, as a good Jew, he demurred, saying that he had never eaten aught that was common or unclean. The solemn reply to this objection was, "That which God has cleansed call not thou common."

Three times the strange sheet was lowered, and finally was removed out of sight, being taken up to heaven with all that it contained.

Greatly perplexed as to the meaning of what he had seen, and earnestly considering the matter, the Holy Spirit informed the apostle that three men were asking for him and that he was to go with them without any misgiving. These visitors had come from Cornelius, a captain in the Roman army, a Gentile, who needed to hear the good news of the gospel. Obeying the vision, Peter went at once, and proclaimed the message of peace to the Roman captain and all gathered in his house at Cæsarea. The result was the blessing of the whole company who heard him.

Now let us be like Peter for a little, and carefully consider this great sheet, and see what it may teach us concerning the gospel of our Saviour-God.

It was a great sheet. So the gospel is great in every way. It is great in origin, being of God Himself. It was in great love that He gave His only-begotten Son. It is great in its cost. The sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus were needed if any were to be saved. It is great in width. It takes in "whosoever will." It meets the greatest sinner's great need. It is great in result. It saves from perishing, and confers everlasting life.

“It came from heaven.” So the gospel coming from God is heaven-born, not earth-made. It tells of God's way of blessing and salvation for sinners. It shows how He, Himself, has found a way, a righteous way, in which sinners of every kind may be saved. Christ has died, His precious blood is the ground on which we can be justified before God. Because God has been glorified in Christ's finished work, God has glorified Christ at His right hand. And now from that glory the Holy Ghost has come, and the gospel is being proclaimed by His servants.

“It came even to me,” says Peter. And we may rejoice that the message of mercy has come to each of us. **“Even to me,”** a sinner undone and lost. From heaven, from God to me. To me, just where I am in all my need and ruin and, it may be, in deepest, darkest self-despair. It is suited to all, and sent to all for the salvation of all. The sinner owns his need, he takes his place as lost and ungodly, and finds that salvation is for him just as he is.

All manner of animals were in the sheet, four-footed ones, the domestic animals such as sheep and oxen. These may picture for us the outwardly correct, the more moral among men, the law-abiding, and quiet-living. These were in the sheet. Yes! They needed the gospel as much as others. Nicodemus, the religious leader of the Jews, and John and James, the fishermen, and Lydia, the purple-seller, these needed salvation, or could not see the kingdom of God.

Wild beasts of the earth were there — the opposers of the truth, the hardened and infidel, a Saul of Tarsus, the chief of sinners, who

breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples, who sought to stamp out the name of Jesus from the earth, who scorned and hated the Son of God, with Newton, the African blasphemer, and all such. These wild ones were in the sheet. The gospel was for them.

“Birds of the air” were therein. These may speak to us of those who have been Satan’s agents to rob others of the truth, and yet who at last have bowed and owned the claims of the Lord of glory. Those who have exalted themselves against the knowledge of God, and allowed their tongues to assault the heavens. For these there is room in the gospel sheet, and many such have found their place in it, and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ they have received eternal life.

“Creeping things of the earth,” may speak to us of mere professors who have, for gain or glory, outwardly acknowledged the claims of the Saviour—the mere lip-Christians, hypocrites, who have crept in among the true believers. There was room in the great sheet even for these crawling deceivers.

Yes, thank God, there is room for all! Just as in the ark built by Noah there was accommodation for all the animals which came to him, for the elephant and for the emmet, for the camel and for the cricket, for the raven and for the dove, so there is in the gospel provision for everyone.

Three times over the sheet was lowered and raised; a threefold witness was given, a full testimony of the grace of God. Cornelius heard the message and at once believed it. He got in

to the gospel sheet. And the story is told for our blessing. The gospel comes to us that we may give up all other trust, and step in by faith and be blessed.

The sheet was knit at the four corners. This speaks of safety for all inside the sheet. None who come to Christ will be refused at any time, He will never, no, never, cast one out of the gospel sheet. His loved ones shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of His hand. His is an eternal salvation. Once He died to atone. Now He lives to keep, and saves "to the uttermost" those who come to God by Him, that is, He saves all the way to the glory of God.

Those in the sheet were cleansed by God. They had been taken up by Him and were made clean in His sight. They were born again, they were washed from the pollution of their sins, and their hearts were purified by faith. To the believer the Holy Ghost is given to produce holiness of walk and newness of life, while they wait to be forever with the Lord.

Finally, it was taken to heaven. The gospel of God leads to the glory of God and all in the gospel sheet will have their home in the Father's house for ever.

Have you stepped in? Step in now. It may be you have heard the gospel oftentimes and that you have meant to be saved some day. Let the fact that the sheet was finally taken to heaven be a warning to you. The gospel will not sound for ever. It comes once again to you by this paper. It may be the last time you have the invitation of grace. Obey the gospel now. Step in.

—INGLIS FLEMING.

The Salvation of a Sailor

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.”

The above words, so well known to us, rang out on the silence of the night in the ward of one of the workhouses in Hull, England.

They came from the lips of a man named Robert Scott, known to the police and public as the noted cycle thief.

This poor man, having passed through the hardships of a sailor's life in the great war, was admitted to the workhouse infirmary suffering from consumption, and as he told the writer of these lines, he was “just waiting for six-foot,” meaning the grave.

But how came he, a sinner (who, in addition to the crime mentioned above, had left his wife and children to shift for themselves), to be singing, “Jesus, Lover of my soul?”

Oh, story of mercy and love, Jesus did love his soul, as He also loves the souls of all His poor creatures, which great fact God's servants have to “persuade men” to believe, as they themselves were persuaded.

Robert Scott was no exception, for when the

gospel was presented to him, he mocked, and said he wished to have nothing to do with "sky-pilots."

The writer, in great sorrow, after warning him of the result of refusing Jesus Christ as his Saviour, left him on his death-bed to await the "six-foot."

But God's word had had its blessed effect upon his fellow-sufferer in the next bed, who with his friends were deeply moved.

The next visiting day came, and the poor dying man was again approached in gentle persuasion. But he turned his back, and would not listen. But the visitor softly whispered, "Robert Scott, you have had a hard life, but God loves you."

Two days after this the writer received the following note, written with shaking hand: "Will you kindly come and see me? I should like to have a word with you before I pass away.—R. Scott."

You may be sure no time was lost in answering this request; and on arriving I found a *new* R. Scott; not a scoffer now, but a pleader and weeper; one who said, "Oh! I am a sinner, but Jesus is my Saviour." And now, instead of waiting for "six-foot," he desired to live to tell others of his Saviour. He now hated sin, and appealed to Jesus to keep him from it. And it was a joy

to me to hear my friend and brother in Christ ask for the Bible which lay upon the table in the ward, to which his and my gracious Saviour had led him, and which he said had not been opened by anyone in the ward. He wished me to see that he had marked Job 19: 25, 26.

Blessed assurance, he *knew* that his Redeemer lived, who had once died for him, and that "in his flesh he would see God!"—the God he now knew as the One who had so loved him as to give His only Son to die for him.

Well might he sing, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," at a time when others wished to sleep. But he so desired them to know his Saviour, who had awakened him from that death-sleep in which are all who have not met his Saviour, all who are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. 2: 1).

And so he passed away to meet Him whom he had found before it was too late.

Is this the end of R. Scott? Oh, no. While in this life he had expressed a wish for his visitor to bury his body, and so, in company with his fellow-sailors and officer, his body was borne to the grave to await "the first resurrection," for "in his flesh he would see God;" and as we sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," many a tear was shed by these "men of war," the officer also breaking down; and during the preaching of the

gospel words were heard on all sides, "I will believe."

Though Robert Scott's body was laid in the grave, his spirit was with his Lord (2 Cor. 5: 8), because he believed in Christ as his Saviour.

Someone remarked, "What a terrible career the man has had!" and it was my privilege to say, "His sins, which were many, are gone. The Blood of Christ has washed them away, to be remembered no more."

Reader, are your sins gone, to be remembered no more? Can you say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"? If not, let me persuade you to "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16: 31). Give to me, a fellow-sinner, saved through sovereign grace, the joy of leading you to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of poor, vile sinners.

To those of my readers who are saved, I would affectionately say, "Tell them, oh, tell poor sinners, of Jesus and His love. Warn them of 'the wrath to come.'"

Now "to Him" who "is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, be glory both now and for ever. Amen." (Heb. 7: 25; 2 Pet. 3: 18).

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

—E. C. TAYLOR.

Cancer

It is estimated that over 100,000 people die from cancer in the United States annually. Very much money and time have been spent in attempts to discover a cure for that dreadful disease, but so far nothing has been found which can effectually check and heal the awful ravages it makes when once it has taken toll of the body. The way in which some have found relief, when discovered in time, is by cutting away this dreadful growth.

A certain Doctor described it thus: "It so happens that certain cells embark upon the mission of establishing a community of their own, independent from the rest of the body, but at the same time drawing all nourishment from the body."

Now, all diseases are but pictures or types of a far worse condition which man is suffering from, and God would in this way press upon us the fact that man has gone away from Him.

We find in the 3rd chapter of Genesis how man became estranged from God, and hid himself from His presence, and in chapter 4 we find him embarking upon his mission to establish himself away from God in the land of Nod—"the land of wandering."

But God would not let man live thus away from Himself without seeking to bring him back. The first time God sought hiding, wandering man was in the garden of Eden itself, when we hear that voice (which has been heard so often since): "Where art thou?" Reader, has that voice ever sounded in your soul? Have you ever been conscious of the fact that you are away from God? Let me then say, as an ambassador for Christ,

upon the authority of His Word, that He wants you back again. Can you not hear the love and affection in this Voice — not that of an angry judge, but of a Father who is seeking His lost child: "Where art thou?" Have you ever discovered that you were thus lost and away from God, away from Christ, whose desire it is to bless you no matter what your past may have been? "Come now" is His invitation to all.

When man had thus estranged himself from God we find that his condition becomes more manifest. He resorts to violence, and in that way the evil of his wicked heart comes out. God remonstrates with him in such a gracious way before he puts forth his hand to slay his own brother; and even after he had done the dreadful deed we hear that same loving Voice saying: "What hast thou done?" He would bring home to man's conscience and heart the fact that being away from Him—being in that estranged condition—cannot but result in wicked deeds. Indeed, we read in Gen. 6 that the earth was filled with violence. It is the inevitable outcome of being away from God. The fruit manifests the nature of the tree. God exhausts every resource in seeking to recover man from his desperate condition. He has been calling to sinful man ever since: "What hast thou done?" Is it not true that we all have heard that voice when we were conscious of having sinned? How comforting for the anxious soul to know that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." Yes, He calls many times, but from many (as Cain) there is no response. "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and

ye would not." Thus spoke the Son of God as He wept over Jerusalem ; and how fitly it describes the world's attitude toward God's invitation for everyone to come that they might have life everlasting.

The history continues: "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod." My reader, are you dwelling there ? This is where every unsaved man or woman is dwelling—dwelling in independence of God. Like the cancer which draws all its sustenance from the body, but refuses to return anything, like a parasite, feeding upon its benefactor, with no gratefulness in return—so is the natural man.

Then Cain builds a city, establishing a community of his own, away from God. His children follow in his footsteps. They became great inventors, endeavoring to make themselves comfortable and happy away from God. This has been continued ever since, only on a larger scale. How strange that man should make a choice like that when it might have been altogether different ! This condition went on for many years, for God's patience is wonderful ; He is gracious toward all, not willing that any should perish. But the time came when He announced that He was going to judge the whole thing ; not improve it, but cut it off in judgment. This independent system, which the Scriptures call "the world," this dreadful cancer which has been all the time receiving good things from God, and returning nothing, but using these very blessings to build up its own wicked system, inspired and urged on by the god of this world—Satan himself—how will this end ? Has God announced what He is

going to do with it? Yes, He has done so. But is He going to cure it with any of the different kinds of patent medicine which the modern preacher is advocating to-day? No, there is only one thing He can do: judge the whole thing as He did when the world was cut off by the flood.

But then the question is: Will any be saved through all this? Yes, as many as wish to be; as many as will enter the Ark of God's providing. Just as then God manifested His long-suffering toward men by waiting 120 years before the judgment was actually carried out, so now He has waited for many centuries, waiting for men to repent. The Ark of God's own providing is none other than Christ. And, dear reader, if you will come to Him as you are, you will no longer form part of that ungodly system which is defying God, and will defy His rights and claims, until it is unsparingly judged. God grant that you may no longer entertain the vain thought that the world is getting better, and will at last in some way be perfect. God will set all things right, but it will be in judgment; and those who neglect His great salvation or despise His grace will receive the just retribution of their sins, and will be banished from His presence forever, beyond hope of recovery.

"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh" (Prov. 1:25, 26). This is God's description of those who refuse His grace. But those who come in their lost condition to Him, owning it to Him, of them He says: "But whoso hearkeneth unto Me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil" (Prov. 1:33). Reader, may the portion of the latter be yours.

—J. F. PAULSEN.

Almost---but Lost

Soon after the World War, Lord Selbourne, of Great Britain, in unveiling a Memorial to the sailors who lost their lives in a submarine disaster, said:

"I think we are able to say we know exactly how the accident to our submarine boat occurred. It is just one of those accidents which never can be eliminated from the chances of a naval career. The gallant young officer in charge of the boat had a perfect machine at his disposal, and machinery which enabled him very rapidly to scan the whole horizon; but you will see, if you think of it, that when a boat is submerged, however perfect the machinery for scanning the horizon may be, only a portion of the horizon can be seen at a given moment.

"Now, of course, it is obvious that what an officer in a case like that ought to do is, at frequently recurring intervals, to scan the whole horizon; and no one knew that better than the young officer in charge of the boat. But he had had his orders to look out for a cruiser called "Juno," and torpedo her if he could, and I think that, in his extreme anxiety to get a sight of this cruiser on the section of the horizon from which he knew she must come, he forgot too long to scan the rest of the horizon.

"Then what followed? That, I think we can tell you also exactly, because we have recovered from the wreck the remains of the optical tube and a part of the conning tower, and the marks

on it are such that I think we can exactly re-constitute the accident.

"This young officer, with his glass fixed on that section of the horizon to which I have alluded, suddenly saw looming in the field of vision the bows of a great ship. He rapidly turned his tube in the direction, and saw that the ship was right on top of him.

"Then, instantly, without a moment's hesitation, he did the only thing open to him—he made his submarine dive; and to show you the tragedy of the thing, how long do you think we calculate that there was between the crew and safety? We believe that three seconds more would have cleared the submarine---three seconds more would have taken her under the ship, and she would have been saved. Those three seconds were just missing, and so the submarine was run down and perished."

LOST, by *three seconds!* Valuable lives and property lost, because the officer in charge did not realize how near the enemy was! Lord Selbourne speaks of "the tragedy of the thing" that there were only *three seconds* between the ship's company and safety, *but they perished*, leaving loved ones to mourn their loss, ushered into eternity with no time to think!

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," were the words of King Agrippa, but *almost* is unavailing. You, my reader, may have been—may be at this moment—near the blessing of soul salvation, but if you miss your golden op-

portunity, the memory that once it might have been, will be the bitterest drop in your cup of eternal woe.

“Near to the gate which stood open wide,
Close to the port, but not inside.
Almost persuaded to give up sin,
Almost persuaded to enter in.
Almost persuaded, but counted the cost,
Almost a Christian—and yet lost.”

—J. W. H. NICHOLS.

PRESUMPTION — A TRAGIC STORY

A godly truckman, who is now with the Lord, was often heard to pray in the meetings which he attended — “Cleanse Thou me from secret faults, keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins: let them not have dominion over me.”

A sad accident which happened at the station to which the truckman was in the habit of bringing goods seemed to explain his use of the Psalmist's words in prayer so frequently.

A man worked in the shunting yard, who appeared to know the Bible well, but instead of this knowledge leading him to the Saviour he used it to impress others with his cleverness, and to argue and quibble over points which he thought would embarrass them.

One night as the shunter was on his way to work a Christian worker happened to meet him, and said, “I feel very anxious about you, it will be a terrible thing for you if, after all you know about the great salvation, you should die in your sins; you will be without excuse.”

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The shunter was ready with his answer as usual, and smilingly said, "Don't you worry about me, Mr. N., I mean to be an 'eleventh hour' laborer, and will come in among you some day. You know the Saviour said He would give the same wages to the man who began at the eleventh hour as to the men who had worked all day."

"You are putting a wrong meaning on that story," said Mr. N., "but I will only ask you this question: How will you know when your eleventh hour has come?"

"Oh, that's all right, there's no hurry yet," said the shunter, and he went off smiling to his work.

Now comes the tragic bit: within one hour from that moment the poor fellow was lying dead in the yard; a fatal slip, and he fell among the wheels of a truck and was instantly killed.

Mr. N. was deeply affected by the incident, and he realizes more keenly than ever the importance of urging instant decision for Christ on those who have not accepted the Saviour.

We shrink from quoting Proverbs 29:1; but it is God's truth, and though other men who neglect the great salvation as the shunter did still live and provoke God to His face, yet we know enough to make us shudder at what may happen; and we join now with the old truckman and pray, "Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins: let them not have dominion over me."

"Oh, be earnest! death is near;
Thou wilt perish ling'ring here:
Sleep no longer, rise and flee;
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee!"

* *

“Suddenly Destroyed and that Without Remedy”

(Prov. 29: 1.)

How vividly were these words fulfilled when sixteen persons were killed and over fifty injured in a fire that swept the barricaded “Study Club” in Detroit, Mich., during a midnight rendezvous of revelry and merriment.

Over two hundred persons had assembled at the popular resort for an evening’s entertainment. Eating, drinking and making merry was the programme. The orchestra was playing a final encore preparatory to closing, when some one saw a thin wisp of smoke near the floor and in the corridor leading to the front exit. The wisp became a cloud with a little flame which soon reached the dance hall. A thread of it touched the draperies. These were wax-covered to give a more lustrous effect to the brilliant scene. When the flames touched them the waxed drapes burned like tissue paper, with a succession of sharp reports. The fire escape exits were also draped with wax, and aflame. There was panic and pandemonium. The musicians dropped their instruments, and the scene of gaiety was followed by one in which madmen fought to escape with their lives. A few fought their way to the fire

escapes before the flames cut off their flight. Others made their way through the barriers of flame and smoke down the main corridor, only to die in a mad crush on the stairway.

There was not the slightest thought in the minds of any in that gay throng that Death, in one of his most horrid forms, lurked just around the corner, as the party was about to disperse in the early morning hours. Relentless, cruel Death! He would draw this night from the youthful, the gay, and carry to the grave, *this* night, unsuspecting, and—shall it be, unprepared?—souls to meet their God!

Who dreamed that the last dance of that fateful evening—that encore number—would be the *Death-dance* from Time into a long Eternity? Where was the slightest intimation that within ten minutes, yea, less, that be-jewelled company, surrounded by the tinsel and glamor of a modern ball-room, would be turned into a howling, fighting mob? Fighting for very life itself, they found that the *only* way of escape had been sacrificed to the tinsel that became a veritable death-barrier to them.

Reader, we do not write for those who were carried away by this frightful holocaust, but for you whose eye now scans this warning page. You have read the account—doubtless within a few

hours of its enactment. Horror and sorrow filled your soul as you read. Death struck hard in that midnight hour, even as on the night of Egypt's visitation, when the Destroyer unsheathed his sword and the firstborn of every unprepared household lay dead in the morning light.

It is for you—yet alive—that these words are penned, that you may not trifle with a matter so eternally important. That monster, Death, is not yet through with his work. The grave is not yet satisfied; it never says, "It is enough." And when your eyes are closed to all around, and that insatiable tomb receives you and hides you forever from the world of light and song, what then? Will you die Christless, without God, without hope, with the wail of black despair wrung from your inmost soul?—"*The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!*"

"Ah then, alas, your day is passed,
Your day of grace is gone,
And you are left, sorely distressed,
A wanderer forlorn.
What can you do? Where can you go?
Oh, whither shall you fly?
Your soul is lost, *forever lost:*
No God to hear your cry."

Oh, reader, whither are you bound? Will you continue to make merry, heedless of the dangers

that surround your way? To go forward on the road of careless pleasure is to land, full soon, in utter destruction. Will you put off for some other day that which you should do to-day? Do you resolutely refuse to face the question of your soul's great danger — NOW? Your sins and Death and Satan all conspire to bring your soul to hell. But God who loves you, loves you with a love that is infinite, sent His only begotten Son into the world to die for you. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Repeated warnings, repeated pleadings, have been sent by the God of all grace.

"You cannot tell how oft, how well,
The warnings have been given.
But this you know, ah, yes, you know,
That you've rejected Heav'n.
Oh, awful thought, it comes unsought,
That God did oft invite,
And whispered, 'Come, for there is room,'
Will you His voice still slight?"

Ten thousand roads lead into hell and not one door leads out. The blackness of darkness forever will be the lot of all who, banished from the light of the blessed God, are bound hand and foot and cast there. The weeping, the wailing, the anguish of the "Study Club" will be as nothing in that awful hour. "The wicked shall be

turned into hell"—"where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

"Oh, what a weeping and wailing,
When the lost realize their fate—
They call to the rocks and the mountains,
They call, but their cry is too late."

Too late! Oh, reader, we linger to plead with you *now*, before you lay this aside, to come to Christ. Come just as you are, and just where you are, to this Friend of publicans and sinners. He loves you and yearns for your eternal salvation. "Come unto Me," He invites again and again, and His invitation is still available.

"He died. He lives, He reigns, He pleads,
There's love in all His words and deeds,
There's all a guilty sinner needs,
Forevermore in Jesus.

Though some should sneer, and some should blame,
Just go with all your guilt and shame;
Yes! go to Him, because His Name,
Above all names, is JESUS."

—F. B. TOMKINSON.

"HE DID IT;" **Or, The Man that Died for Me**

Shortly after the World War, when the boys were being sent home from that great conflict, a troop-train arrived at Winnipeg, Canada.

Hundreds of parents and loved ones were gathered at the depot to greet them, and anxiously awaited their arrival.

The boys fairly tumbled out of that train amid the welcoming shouts of their many friends, and were received by their family groups. It was a heart-warming sight to see sons thus restored to their parents again.

Some there were who were cripples for life; some with disfigured faces, others with empty sleeves, some using crutches, but all were received tearfully and thankfully.

As we stood and watched, we saw one soldier who was heavily leaning on a crutch carefully making his way from the car, yet at the same time leading a comrade who appeared to be blind. They make their way from the train, and we see a family group hurrying toward them—it is the one with the crutch they come to greet.

While the crippled boy is embraced by his brothers and sisters, his father and mother, the blind one stands helpless.

But at last as he raised his head from his dear mother's shoulder, the boy with the crutch reached over and grasped his blind comrade's arm, drawing him toward his mother with these words—"*He did it*, mother. He dragged me in when I lay helpless and wounded out there in

No-Man's Land—a shell burst and blinded him just as we rolled into our trench. He did it, mother; thank him!" And with tears streaming down her cheeks, the grateful mother clasped the blind one to her breast, thanking him for saving her boy.

This, my friends, is just one of the many stories of heroism that could be told, suggestive of vital, salvation truth. It reminds us of the words of the Lord Jesus Christ when He said—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Here was a man who risked his life and sacrificed his eyesight in saving his comrade from a horrible death in bullet-sprayed and shell-torn No-Man's Land; here was one who loved his comrade enough to face almost certain death to bring him to a place of safety. Such an act of heroism is commendable, and for its accomplishment the blind soldier wore a Distinguished Service cross.

Now in Rom. 5: 8 we read, "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, *while we were yet sinners*, Christ died for us." Can you understand such love as that?

I am sure you can understand the love of a comrade that would lead him to risk his life for his friend, but God's love for poor, ruined, guilty sinners far exceeds any such love; the wonder of

God's love was that when He gave His Son to die for us we were *enemies*; notice again, *enemies* to the One who died for us, as we see in Col. 1: 21. "You who were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled." He who was "made sin for us" there upon Calvary's cross gave His life for His enemies.

As one who believes and trusts that One, who can say, "He loved me and gave Himself for me," I beg you to believe.

As the rescued soldier said, "HE DID IT!" for we are saved by grace, through faith in Another who did all the work of redemption while we were helpless. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5: 6).

None of us poor, guilty, ruined sinners could do anything to save ourselves, but we are saved if we believe in Him who died for us (in our stead).

Believest thou this?

Oh, believe it now! Then you too will say as did the rescued soldier, "Thank Him — He did it."

"Christ for my sins has suffered—

Yes, Christ has done it all."

—A. R. ANDERSON.

Backed Up Three-quarters of a Mile

Traveling over a newly-graded road near my old home in Kansas, I found one of my fellow-men with his automobile stuck in the mud. For half-an-hour I tried, by pushing and pulling, to help him out, but all in vain. Knowing it would be foolish for me with the same equipment to try what he had failed in, I was thankful to profit by his mistake and misfortune, and, as the grade was too narrow for me to turn my car on, I backed up three-fourths of a mile to get out to another road.

Unsaved reader, in this act do you think I was wise or foolish? I think you will say, "You acted wisely." Well, ahead of you, on your right hand and at your left, you see the wrecks of sin. The end of the road on which you are traveling to eternity spells destruction and despair, for our Lord says, "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment" (Matt. 12: 36). What son of Adam can do that and escape punishment? Not one. David could say, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified" (Ps. 143: 2). Again, "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark in-

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iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" (Ps. 130: 3). And He does mark iniquities. Yes, the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good, and,

"God must punish sin
With His displeasure sore,
Since He is holy, just, and true,
And righteous evermore."

Will you not then, I beseech you, in repentance and confession of sins already committed, turn to God to-day? To use the moral of my narrative, *Stop! Back Up!* You may ask, How can I back up? How can I erase or undo my sins? You cannot. In this, my illustration fails. You are helpless either to do or to undo anything. Your only help is in God, who has made provision for your need by laying help upon One that is mighty, even His dear Son who came to seek and to save that which was lost. 1 Peter 3: 18 puts it this way: "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins (that is *propitiation*), the Just for the unjust (*substitution*), that He might bring us to God (*reconciliation*). Some may say, I cannot understand those big theological words. Very well, leave them out and take the simpler ones of the text. Read it this way: Christ also hath once suffered for MY sins, the Just for ME

the unjust, that He might bring ME to God. And, in response to His invitation, come just as you are. Say, as did Rebecca to Abraham's servant, when asked, "Wilt thou go with this man?"—"I will go." Fall at the blessed Saviour's feet and say with another:

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul,
Guilty, lost and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole.

There is none in heaven,
Or on earth like Thee,
Thou hast died for sinners,
Therefore, Lord, for me."

That will be for you the beginning of everlasting life and eternal joy. Act at once. Do it now.

"To-day thou livest yet,
To-day turn thou to God,
For ere to-morrow come,
Thou mayest be with the dead."

—E. A. BUCHENAU.

CHRIST is compared to a great rock in a weary land. He bore the heat that we might sit in the shade.

The Message to the Dying

An old woman was dying. She had but a brief time to live, and by her bed-side sat a little girl reading the Scriptures to her. She was reading this chapter, John 3, and had reached verse 16, when the poor old woman's attention was arrested by the word "whosoever." She stopped the child and asked her what "whosoever" meant. The child did not know. Then said the woman, "Run as quickly as you can and ask the first person you meet." The girl put down the paper and ran away to inquire the meaning of the word "whosoever." She stopped the first person she met and said, "If you please, sir, can you tell me the meaning of the word 'whosoever?'" "Oh, yes, my little girl," replied the gentleman; "it just means 'anybody that likes.'" She thanked him and ran back to the old woman. As soon as she reached the bedside the poor dying creature raised her fast closing eyes and said, "Oh, have you found out yet?" "Yes," replied the girl, "I met a gentleman who said it just means 'anybody that likes.'" "Thank God," she replied, as she put her tired hands together and looked up to heaven, "Thank God! Then, I like, I like," and soon after she breathed her last, and without doubt passed away to be with Him who had been set before her as the Object of faith.

—From "*The Message that Moved Millions.*"
