

The Journey



and
its
End.

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It will be a cheer to him to hear from
any, who have received blessing
through its pages.



The Journey and its End.

WE are all journeying. The rich man rolling along in his carriage; the beggar hobbling along on his stick; the old man "peeping for his grave"; the child bounding to his play—ALL are travelling, but whither?

What will the end be? is the question asked in all things. Ten thousandfold more serious does the question become when it relates to eternity and its solemn issues. And it becomes still more serious when we consider that none of us know *when* the end of that journey—the journey to eternity—will take place.

The passengers on the ill-fated train took their seats without concern. Little did they think, as they sped on faster and faster, that a few more revolutions of the wheels were all that lay between them and—DEATH.

The passengers on the ocean-going steamer took possession of their cabins without concern. Little did they dream, as they pursued their way through mid-ocean, that a few more turns of the screw were all that lay between them and—DEATH.

But let us turn to a specially interesting case—a case you take the deepest interest in.

"Whose case is that?" you enquire.

We answer, **YOUR OWN.** Are *you* prepared for the end of life's journey? Nay; do not shirk the question. As you scan these lines you are nearing heaven or hell. At least God and the Bible say so, and your unconcern or unbelief will not alter facts.

We are all sinners, writer and reader alike; death is the wages of sin, and after death follows the judgment. But between the believer in Jesus and the unbeliever there is *a great gulf*. Thank God it is not yet "*a great gulf FIXED.*" You may believe the Gospel, you may receive Christ, and your whole life and being and eternity be altered.

This is the reason why this book is put into your hands. If unsaved, we beg you to give it a careful reading. It will tell you simply and earnestly God's way of salvation. It will bring before you "*a glad and glorious gospel.*" "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" (Acts 16, 31).

May God bless it to multitudes of precious souls, is the earnest prayer of the Compiler.

THE ANT-LION.



I WAS going into a deep forest alone on foot, with my blanket, food, and cooking utensils on my back. The day was very hot, and I sat down to rest. Every leaf was still, and the only sound was the distant murmur of a water-fall away in the forest.

Very soon I noticed something that caused the sand to fly up not far from where I was sitting, and after a few moments I satisfied myself as to what it was.

It was a small insect that had burrowed down into the sand, and with its tail or some other apparatus, I could not see exactly, he was throwing up the sand thick and fast.

How it flew! In a very few moments he had a hole about the diameter, and twice the depth of a large coffee-cup. The sand was dry in a few moments, and of course would very readily roll down into the centre. I had read of this creature, but had never seen one before. He was a little dark-looking fellow, and now he put himself into the very centre of his den, burying himself completely out of sight, except his horn, as it appeared sticking like a rusty needle out of the sand.

This was the ant-lion, and soon I had a specimen of his skill and power. A little red ant came running along seeking her food in her usual busy way. So she climbed up on the rim of this sandy cup and peeped over to investigate. Presently, suspecting danger, she turned to scramble off. Alas! it was too late; the sand rolled from under her feet, and down she went to the bottom; when in an instant that little black horn opened like a pair of shears, and 'clip,' the poor ant had lost a leg. And now the poor thing struggles to climb up, but one leg is gone and she finds it hard work.

The little monster does not move or show himself. He knows what he is about. The ant has got almost to the top and liberty when the sand slips, and down she goes. 'Clip' go the shears, and another leg is gone. She struggles hard to rise, but she gets up but a little way before she slips again, and a third leg is off. She now gives up the struggle, and the lion devours her in a few minutes, and then with a flip of his tail throws the skin of the ant entirely out of the cup, and the trap is now set for another victim. A fly crept down to see what was smelling so good, when 'clip,' he had but one wing, and here was the second course.

I found several such dens with the skins of the dead all around, but the inside looked pure and clean. There was no lion in sight, but the destroyer was there. The dead are shoved out of sight.

O ant-lion, you are a preacher to me! I now see how it is the feet of the sinner slide as they walk over sandy places. They go to the hotel. It is all fair and inviting. But 'clip,' they are crippled. They will soon roll back and take another glass, and every time the destroyer cripples them. They go to places of sin, to the ball, the opera, the billiard table, the racecourse, and know not that the dead are there! Ah, every fall makes the next easier, and the probability of escape less and less.

O ant-lion! I wish all could see thee, and learn from thee, so cunning and blood-thirsty, so cruel to thy victims, and withal so remorseless, so like the devil—that roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

WHY ?



FAMOUS Alpine climber, Mr. Harold Spender, tells of an unexpected climax to one of his feats.

With two companions he had scaled one of the most difficult peaks, and descending found refuge from the storm and night in the cottage of a goatsherd. The three men, half-frozen, and exhausted with the long and terrible strain, but glowing with triumph, crouched before the fire.

The goatsherd's wife, a dull, old woman, stood looking at them silently for a while, and then pronounced a single word :

"Pourquoi ? " (Why ?)

Spender declares that he and his companions looked at each other with an expression of surprise on each face. They had risked health and strength, and life itself. "Why ? " What had they gained ?

There was no answer. The one word struck, as if upon a blank wall, awakening their consciousness of useless struggle and suffering and danger.

The snow fell outside, and the mist shut out the hills. They did not talk to each other. Each was asking himself "Why ? "

There are other heights in the world, besides those in the Alps, which men try to scale to as little purpose.

The man who gives his life to the gathering of millions ; the young wife who spends her husband's hard-earned wages in aping women of fashion ; the college boy who is struggling to show his manliness by leading the fast men of his class ; the religious hypocrite who desires to be thought pious by his fellows—all are climbing barren heights, at the top of which is neither profit nor honour.

Most of us have tried some of this Alpine-climbing in our day, till some honest discerning soul like the goatsherd's wife stood in our path with the searching and solemn query—"Why ? "



MY DESIRE.

KEEP me ever in the brightness of Thy love, my Lord,
Let Thy peace my heart indwelling joy afford :
And if ever called to pass through death's dark shaded vale,
Let Thy love my heart possessing be its mail.
When this earth with all its splendour shall have passed away,
Heaven's my portion, Christ's my Saviour, He's my Stay.

THE BRAHMIN AND THE MICROSCOPE.



SOME years ago a missionary in India was showing a Brahmin a beautiful microscope which had just arrived from England. The Brahmin was intensely interested in the wonderful things that he saw. At last the missionary focussed a drop of water, and bade the Brahmin look at it. To his surprise and horror he found that the microscope revealed the presence of life. He beheld little creatures swimming and wriggling in the water.

Now a Brahmin is under a pledge not to take life, and refrains from eating animal food. When he saw these little creatures in the water it distressed him greatly, for did he not every time he drank water break his vow and his caste—a truly terrible thing to him? “Does it speak truth?” he asked. On being told that it did, he exclaimed, “And I break caste, and I a holy man!”

He left the mission compound in a terribly excited state. What was he to do? Would he confess to his co-religionists that he had broken caste, and refuse to drink water again? A happy idea struck him. He would buy the microscope, and get rid of that which was such a trouble to him.

Next day he paid the missionary a visit, and enquired if he would sell it. He met with a refusal, as the missionary did not want to part with it. But the Brahmin persisted, and day after day he sought out the missionary and preferred his request. At last the missionary, wearied with his importunity, and knowing that he could procure another, consented to part with it.

The price being paid, the Brahmin took it into the compound, the missionary following. To his surprise the Brahmin raised it up over his head, and violently dashed it to the ground, thereby breaking it, and then stamped upon it. He then confessed that he had been miserable since the day he had seen animal life in the water, and now he was relieved that he had destroyed that which had caused him such unhappiness.

How this incident illustrates the attitude that many adopt towards that spiritual microscope, the Word of God: It tells us that we are sinners, under the wrath of God, exposed to His holy judgment. Even the most religious of men is found under the searching scrutiny of the spiritual microscope to be no better than the rest of mankind. It declares that “There is no difference for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” (Rom. 3, 9.)

The natural heart does not like this. It is enough to make a man miserable once he is convinced of its truth. The enemy of souls then comes in. He has his agents, alas! who are ready enough to assert that there are mistakes and contradictions in the Bible, and thus destroy God's testimony in the soul.

The Brahmin might destroy the microscope, but that did in no wise alter the truth that there was animal life in the water that he drank. The truth remained, though he foolishly did his best to deceive himself. Nor will the truth of the Bible be altered because men choose to believe a lie. Far better face the truth that this spiritual microscope points out, for, if it at first makes you miserable, it is to make you for ever glad, for does not the same book tell us of God's love, of the atoning death of Christ, of forgiveness of sins, salvation, eternal life for those who trust in Jesus? Does it not tell us of a Father's heart, of the joys of heaven, of home for the believer?

Wise man is he who, bowing to God's truth, seeks blessing and happiness through the Lord Jesus Christ.



COUNTERFEITS.



"Did you ever see a counterfeit five pound note?"

"Yes."

"Why was it counterfeited?"

"Because it was worth counterfeiting."

"Was the five pound note to blame?"

"No."

"Do people counterfeit scraps of brown paper?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because they are not worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"

"Yes; lots."

"Why was he counterfeited?"

"Because he was worth counterfeiting."

"Was he to blame?"

"No."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit Infidel?"

"No; never!"

"Why?" you ask.

The answer is obvious.

“I believe in the Forgiveness of Sins.”

“I WAS glad to see you at the preaching last night, Mr. G——,” said I to a man who was leaning over his garden gate, and watching my movements, as I went from house to house in a little village in the West of England. “I hope you got some blessing to your soul at the meeting,” I continued.

“Well, I like to go to such meetings.”

“Are you yet able to say, ‘My sins, which are many, are all forgiven?’”

“Oh, no! I cannot say that, and I don’t think anyone else can speak positively on that point.”

“What place do you attend on Sundays?” I enquired.

“I go across there,” said he, pointing to the parish church.

“Why, Mr. G——, every Sunday in your life you repeat in that ancient creed, ‘I believe in the forgiveness of sins.’”

“Yes, that is true.”

“Well,” I asked, “whose sins do you believe in the forgiveness of?”

He was silent for a moment, and then said thoughtfully, “I never looked at it like that, but I’ve never met the man yet, who could speak with certainty on that question.”

“You never have?”

“No.”

“Well,” said I, “you take a good look at me; you have seen him at last!” And he *did* look—literally *stared with surprise*.

He slowly shook his head, and said, “Don’t you think it very presumptuous, sir, to speak *so positively*?”

“Well, Mr. G——,” I continued, “I can quite understand your looking at this question *seriously*, for to be deceived upon that point, would be dangerous in the extreme.

“I suppose you would admit that it would be a very desirable thing to know with assurance the forgiveness of your sins?”

“Oh, yes; *I desire it myself*, and often pray earnestly for it.”

“Now, you say that you *believe in it, desire it, and pray earnestly for it*, and yet you do not know it. How is that?” I asked.

“I do not know, unless it is because I have not prayed earnestly enough, or else because I have not asked in the right way.”

“Well, dear friend, if that was the principle upon which we got the forgiveness of sins, I know two or three verses in the Bible that would have to be altered.” Again he looked surprised. I opened my Bible, and handed it to him, and said:—

“Will you read 1 John ii. 12, and mark carefully what it says. ‘I write unto you, little children, *because your sins ARE forgiven you for His Name’s sake*!’ Now notice, Mr. G——, here is a verse of Scripture addressed to the children of God, whose sins positively *ARE forgiven them*; not, as you would judge, *for the sake of their earnestness*, not *because they have asked in the right way*, but for His—*Christ’s*—name’s sake.

" Again, let us read Acts x. 43, '*Through His Name* whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.' Observe, it does *not* say, '*Through our prayers, whosoever asks earnestly enough* shall receive the forgiveness of sins.' Our forgiveness or remission is based upon God's estimate of Christ's atoning work, and not upon our earnest prayers.

" Why did Christ die, Mr. G—— ?"

" Oh, '*He died for our sins*' the Bible says."

" Yes, that is true according to 1 Cor. xv. 3; but why should He need to die for our sins? Why would not His holy life, His perfect obedience, His prayers and His tears have atoned for our sins?"

" Well, sir, I must confess I have never thought of all this. It has never been put to me in this way before."

" Now what I am anxious about is that you should see that, before *remission of sins* can be received by us, *atonement for sin* must be made to, and accepted by God.

" Sin is an offence against the holiness of God, and incurs the penalty of death and judgment. (Rom. vi. 23; Heb. ix. 27.)

" Now the only thing that can dispose of the question of sin is that which will meet the demands of holiness and righteousness in respect of sin. Hence we read, '*Without shedding of blood is no remission*,' (Heb. ix. 22) because, '*It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.*' (Lev. xvi. 11)

" Now blood is the witness of death, and death is the penalty of sin.

" If our prayers, however earnest, or our repentance, however deep, could be accepted by God as a settlement of the question of our sins, then the overwhelming sorrow and death of Jesus were unnecessary, for we could have repented and prayed without His dying. But Christ, in speaking peace to those troubled hearts in Luke xxiv. 46-47, said, '*It behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His Name.*' Paul, preaching to the Thessalonians, in Acts xvii. said, '*Christ must needs have suffered*;' and Peter tells us in 1 Peter iii. 18, the *reason* and *object* of that suffering, '*Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.*'

" How could He bring an unholy sinner into the presence of absolute holiness, without first removing every trace of sin that would be an offence to that holiness? So that, in order to fit us for the light and holiness of God's presence, '*the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*'

' Precious, precious blood that cleanseth
All who come to God;
This the sinner's only title—
Jesus' blood.'

" As a sinner, I am face to face with two stubborn, solemn facts:—viz., God cannot give up His holiness and wink at sin; and I cannot remove one single trace of the defilement of sin, that unfits me for the presence of His holiness. The question now arises, in view of these facts, *How then can I be brought to God?* (Job ix. 33.)

" The sweet story of the gospel brings a perfectly righteous solution of that difficulty. '*There is one Mediator* between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus.' Sent by the God we had offended, came Jesus, the Holy One of God, and on Calvary's cross took the place of the sinner; and being then and there made sin for us, God visited upon Him, without abatement, all the judgment due to sin and the sinner. Thus it was that He made full atonement to God for sin by His own blood.

"The question now is, Has that atonement, which Christ made, been accepted by God as a full settlement of the sin question ?

"The resurrection and present glory of Christ are the most conclusive answer to that question.

"Now, Mr. G——, from that glory God sends this wonderful message into a guilty world, 'BE IT KNOWN *unto you* therefore, . . . that *through this Man* is preached unto you *the forgiveness of sins*: and by Him *all that believe* are justified from all things.' (Acts xiii. 38-39.)

"If God says, '*Be it known unto you*,' it is hardly presumption to say it *may be known*; indeed, would it not be more like presumption to say, in the face of this Scripture, 'IT CANNOT BE KNOWN'?"

"If you had a bit of information that you *wished no one to know about*, I cannot imagine your paying the bellman to go round and publish it.

"To preach or publish it, is the way to make it known. Now, according to Acts xiii. 38, God *preaches*—proclaims the forgiveness of sins. He is delighted to *make known* to a world of sinners that Christ's atoning death has furnished Him with a righteous ground upon which He can offer *full, free, and eternal forgiveness to all*.

"Now the question you may ask is, Who receives, and is entitled to know, this forgiveness ?

"Again, Scripture is plain upon this point. Let us turn to Acts x. Let your eyes rest on verse 43 :—'*Whosoever believeth in Him* SHALL RECEIVE remission of sins.' Look also at Acts xiii. 39 :—'*All that believe* ARE justified [cleared] from all things.' Now, the point is not, Have you *prayed earnestly enough*, or *asked in the right way*? but, Have you *simply, really believed in Him*, Mr. G——?"

"Oh yes, sir, I do *fully trust* in Him!"

"Well then, dear friend, if the confidence of your heart goes out simply to Him, listen to what God says about all such :—THEY 'SHALL *receive the forgiveness of sins*.' And if God says 'they shall,' He does not mean us to understand that 'PERHAPS *they shall*.' Besides, He says, in Acts xiii. 39, 'All that believe ARE *justified* from all things,' and that not by our prayers or earnestness, but '*by Him*.'"

"I see it all now, *thank God!* What a relief! I can *honestly* say I do believe in Him."

"Then let God say all the rest, Mr. G——, and you believe what He says."

Now, my dear unknown reader, let me put a very serious question to you. What about *your sins* ?

To *live in your sins* is bad enough, but to *die in your sins* is a thousand times worse. "Be sure your sin will find you out;" (Numbers xxxii. 23.) but it will be a happy thing if it finds you out *at His feet*, with tears of contrition and repentance as it did the woman of Luke vii. 38, for of God Scripture says, "There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared."

"Our God . . . will abundantly pardon."

If you ignore and despise God's offered pardon now your sin will find you out at the great white throne. *Nothing can then save you* from the burning lake, to which your sins have exposed you. May the Lord trouble you about your sins now, if you have not already been; and if you are, may He graciously deign to use this little paper to show you how you may know that *your sins, which are many, may all be forgiven*.

My Heart is fixed, Eternal God !

Tune—St. Petersburg.

MUSIC BY E. S. K., 1870.

My heart is fixed, E - ter - nal God, Fixed on Thee; And my im - mort - al

choice is made, Christ for me. He is my Pro-phet, Priest and King, Who

did for me sal - va-tion bring; And while I live I mean to sing, Christ for me.

- 2 In Him I see the Godhead shine,
He is the Majesty Divine,
The Father's well-belovèd Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone
- 3 Let others boast of heaps of gold;
His riches never can be told;
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day;
My portion never can decay.

- 4 In pining sickness or in health,
In deepest poverty or wealth,
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons shall obey
And pass from this dark world away.
- 5 At home, abroad, by night and day,
Where'er I preach, or sing, or pray;
Him first, Him last, Him all day long,
My hope, my solace, and my song;
He sweetly leads my soul along.

THE BLOOD-MARKED DOOR.



URING the cruel and bloody persecutions in the Netherlands, a Spanish commander took an oath in the presence of his troops that he would slaughter the entire population of a certain Protestant town, and in due course the bloodhounds of Rome were let loose on the defenceless people.

Now it so happened that a fugitive seeking for a shelter saw a sight which was the indirect means of saving both his own life and the lives of others. He spied a number of soldiers as they broke into a house, the inmates of which they put to the sword. But on leaving it, they fastened up the place again, and one of them, dipping a cloth into a pool of blood, splashed it on the door, as a token to any who might follow of what had taken place inside.

Quick as his feet could carry him, the poor fugitive sped away to a large house in the centre of the town, where a number of his friends were concealed, and breathlessly told them what he had seen. At once it flashed upon them how to act. A goat was in the yard. Immediately it was killed, and its blood sprinkled on the door. Scarcely could they close the door again when a band of soldiers rushed into the street, and began to slay right and left. But when they came to the blood-marked door they made no attempt to enter! The sword—so they thought—had already entered therein and performed its work. Thus, whilst the many around were slain, all within the blood-sprinkled door were saved.

The gospel part of our story is not hard to detect. Feeble and imperfect the illustration is, yet it reminds us of those soul-saving words of God, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." Yes, "Christ, our passover," is indeed "sacrificed for us," and every true believer in Him knows that what has stayed the sword of divine judgment is His sheltering blood.

Reader, hast *thou* believed God's word about the blood? Hast *thou* dipped the hyssop of thy faith in the blood? Hast *thou* sprinkled thy heart's door with the blood?



NO MORE ! NO MORE !

I'LL give you a piece of good news to-day,
My sins are remembered no more !¹
For Jesus has taken them all away,
My sins are remembered no more !

As far as the East is away from the West,²
My sins are remembered no more !
And now my soul is at perfect rest,
My sins are remembered no more !

My transgressions were many ; my soul was black,
My sins are remembered no more !
For God has cast them behind His back,³
My sins are remembered no more !

You may search the depths of the deep, deep sea,⁴
My sins are remembered no more !
At the Judgment throne or Eternity,
My sins are remembered no more !

Let MEN remember and foes accuse,
My sins are remembered no more !
If God forgets, 'THEY may say what they choose,
My sins are remembered no more !

'They are forgiven, forgotten, and cleansed, and gone,
My sins are remembered no more !
'They are atoned for and covered by God's dear Son,
My sins are remembered no more !

(1) Heb. 10, 17.

(2) Psalm 103, 18.

(3) Isaiah 48, 17.

(4) Micah 7, 19.

Sins Covered or Uncovered.

"He that COVERETH his sins shall not prosper: but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."—(Proverbs 28, 13).

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is COVERED."—(Psalm 32, 1).

THE whole thing lies in a nutshell. The man who covers his sin will have them uncovered by God in the day of judgment, and condemnation must follow.

On the other hand the man, who uncovers them before God, will have the happiness of knowing that God has covered them in grace.

Now the choice is very plain.

Cover up your sins and God will uncover them IN JUDGMENT.

Uncover your sins and God will cover them IN GRACE.

You ask, What does it mean by covering sin? It means the refusal of a sinner to really acknowledge his sins in the presence of God. One man covers his sins by indifference, another by a false religion, using it like a cloak. Let all such rest assured that they will not prosper, but that their sins will assuredly be uncovered by God to their everlasting shame.

You ask, What does it mean by uncovering sin? It means a true confession of it in God's holy presence.

You ask, If I uncover my sin, what do you mean by God covering it? Surely that in virtue of the precious blood of Jesus shed on Calvary He can righteously forgive you all your sins, and cover them by the shelter of that precious atoning blood. When God buried Moses it was impossible for any to discover his body, and when God covers your sins it will be impossible for them ever to be discovered or uncovered.

Now, like a sensible man, weigh this all over in the light of eternity, and never rest till you know for yourself the happiness of the man whose sin is covered, for you may know it.

.....

WHICH IS THE SAFER?—A person may say, "But must I not feel?"

I reply, "You must believe."

The word "feel" casts me upon self. The word "believe" casts me upon God.

A STARTLING THOUGHT.—It is computed that every hour 2,570 people die who have not once been told about the Saviour of the world.



MONEY.

SOME years ago a newspaper offered a prize for the best definition of money. Out of perhaps hundreds who competed, the winner gained the prize by the following answer:—

“Money is a universal provider for everything but HAPPINESS; and a passport everywhere but to HEAVEN.”

The definition is well worth considering. Its very fullness and completeness as an answer but proclaims the poverty of that which all the world worships—money.

Without HAPPINESS in this world, or HEAVEN in the next, what have people got? The husk without the fruit, the shell without the kernel, the tinsel without the reality, and when all ends, and heaven is not to be our dwelling-place for ever, the very comforts of this life will but mock us in hell, as they really mocked us on earth.

The golden key is well-nigh omnipotent, but it has no power with Him, who says, “The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine.” God looks not on the hand, but the heart, “The Lord . . . saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.”

The dying millionaire gasped out as he expired, “Poor, wretched, miserable.” Money had given him neither happiness nor heaven.

What a contrast is the dying utterance of William Grimshaw, of Haworth, Yorkshire (1763); “I am as happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of heaven as if I were in it . . . I am quite exhausted, but I shall soon be at home for ever with the Lord—a poor, miserable sinner redeemed by His blood.”

“Whoso trusteth in the Lord happy is he.” (Psalm 16, 80.)



THE BLOOD

(A CONVERTED JEW'S TESTIMONY).



He said : " This is the Passover week among you, my Jewish brethren, and as I sat here, I was thinking how you will be observing it. You will have put away all leaven from your houses ; you will eat the 'motash' (unleavened wafers) and the roasted lamb. You will attend the synagogue services, and carry out the ritual and directions of the Talmud ; but you forget, my brethren, that you have everything, but that which Jehovah required first of all. He did not say, ' When I see the leaven put away ; ' or, ' when I see you eat the *motash*, or the lamb, or go to the synagogue,' but His word was, ' When I see THE BLOOD, I will pass over you.' (Exodus 12, 13). Ah ! my brethren, you can substitute nothing for this. You must have blood, *blood ! BLOOD !! BLOOD !!!*"

As he repeated this word with ever-increasing emphasis, his black eyes flashed warningly, and his Jewish hearers quailed before him.

" BLOOD !" It is an awful word, that, for one who reveres the ancient oracle and yet has no sacrifice. Turn where he will in the book the blood meets him, but let him seek as he may he cannot find it in the Judaism of the present.

After a moment's pause the patriarchal old man went on somewhat as follows : " I was born in Palestine, nearly seventy years ago. As a child I was taught to read the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. I early attended the synagogue, and learned Hebrew from the Rabbis. At first I believed what I was told, that ours was the true and only religion, but as I grew older and studied the Law more intently, I was struck by the place the blood had in all the ceremonies outlined there, and equally struck by its utter absence in the ritual to which I was brought up.

" Again, and again I read Ex. 12 and Lev. 16, 17, and the latter chapters especially made me tremble, as I thought of the great Day of Atonement, and the place the blood had there. Day and night one verse would ring in my ears : ' IT IS THE BLOOD THAT MAKETH AN ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL ! ' I knew I had broken the Law. I needed atonement. Year after year, on that day, I beat my breast as I confessed my need of it ; but it was to be made by blood, *and there was no blood !*

" In my distress, at last, I opened my heart to a learned and venerable Rabbi. He told me that God was angry with His people. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Gentiles, the temple was destroyed, and a Mohammedan mosque was reared up in its place. The only spot on earth where we dare shed the blood of sacrifice, in accordance with Deut. 12 and Lev. 17, was desecrated, and our nation scattered. That was why there was no blood. God had Himself closed the way to carry out the solemn service of the great Day of Atonement. Now we must turn to the Talmud, and rest on its instruction, and trust in the mercy of God and the merits of the fathers.

"I tried to be satisfied, but could not. Something seemed to say that the Law was unaltered, even though our temple was destroyed. Nothing else but blood could atone for the soul. We dared not shed blood for atonement elsewhere than in the place the Lord had chosen. *Then we were left without an atonement at all?*

"This thought filled me with horror. In my distress I consulted many other Rabbis. I had but one question: *Where could I find the atonement?*

"I was over thirty years old when I left Palestine, and came to Constantinople, with my still unanswered question ever before my mind, and my soul exceedingly troubled about my sins.

"One night I was walking down one of the narrow streets of the city, when I saw a sign telling of a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led me to open the door and go in. Just as I took a seat, I heard a man say, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' It was my first introduction to Christianity, but I listened breathlessly as the speaker told how God had declared that 'without shedding of blood there is no remission;' but that He had given His only begotten Son, the Lamb of God, to die, and all who trusted in His blood were forgiven all their iniquities. This was the Messiah of Isaiah 53; this was the Sufferer of Psalms 22. Ah! my brethren, I had found out the blood of the atonement at last. I trusted it, and now I love to read the New Testament, and see how all the shadows of the Law are fulfilled in Jesus. His blood has been shed for sinners. It has satisfied God, and it is the only means of salvation for either Jew or Gentile."



Divine Impossibilities.

WITHOUT
shedding of blood there is
no remission.

(See Heb. 9, 22.)

WITHOUT
faith it is impossible to
please God.

(See Heb. 11, 6.)

WITHOUT
holiness no man shall see
the Lord.

(See Heb. 12, 14.)

There is no having to do with God save on the ground of atonement, faith and holiness. Atonement is that work which satisfies God, and enables Him to righteously bless the sinner. Faith is the hand that accepts the blessing. Holiness is the evidence in the life that grace has truly reached and transformed the one who is moved. Salvation is God's gift, but there must be reality.

Divine Necessities.

EXCEPT
ye repent, ye shall all like-
wise perish.

(See Luke 13, 3.)

EXCEPT
a man be born again, he
cannot see the kingdom of
God.

(See John 3, 3.)

EXCEPT
ye be converted, and be-
come as little children, ye
shall not enter into the
kingdom of heaven.

(See Matt. 18, 3.)

Without repentance, new birth, and conversion, there is no blessing for the sinner. Have you repented? Are you born again? Are you converted? These are questions that test the mere professor, and find him wanting. What multitudes there are to-day—religious but Christless, professors, but not possessors. Alas! that the root of the matter should not be found in them.



A CONTRAST.

THE BELIEVER—

**"Blessed be God that ever I
was born."**

DEATH is the severest test to which any man can be put. If Christianity is false, its falsehood would be proclaimed then, if ever. But, on the contrary, it is then that it shines in all its real lustre, whereas infidelity makes an uncommonly poor show.

When the good Thomas Halyburton was about to die, he said:—"I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be meet to praise Him for ever. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in view of death itself! What a mercy that, having the use of my reason, I can declare His goodness to my soul! I bless His name; I have found Him, and die rejoicing in Him. *Blessed be God that ever I was born.*"

THE INFIDEL—

**"I wish I had never been
born."**

THE learned and courted infidel, the "brilliant Frenchman," Voltaire (born 1694; died 1778) has left us his view of life in the following words:—

"In man there is more wretchedness than in all animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative; other animals have it not. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate, and the globe contains carcasses rather than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself, and *I wish I had never been born.*"

The Sun and the Window.

THE sinner's faith adds nothing to the gospel, any more than the windows of our houses add to the light of the sun. The sun shines for everybody. My window lets the light into my room, so that I enjoy it and am warmed by it. In like manner the sun of divine grace is shining for everybody. Faith is the window which lets the light and warmth of it into the soul of a sinner. If you appreciate that grace and rejoice in it as the only thing that could possibly meet the need of your soul, you need have no question as to the nature of your faith.



CHRISTLESS professor of religion, in America, once wrote to a celebrated actor, saying he would like to see him perform in a certain play, if there was a side door in the theatre through which he could pass without being seen.

The actor's reply was a remarkable one. "Sir," he wrote, "there is no door into my theatre through which God cannot see."

You cannot hide your sins, there is no sepulchre of oblivion in which *you* can hide them. You cannot bury them. They are like the corpse in the weird story told us by the poet. The murderer cast it into a dark and flowing river, "but the faithless stream ran dry," and left the ghastly thing exposed to the light of day.

Again, in the shade of the forest he sought to hide it beneath autumnal leaves, but the earth refused to keep his secret, for one blast swept o'er the spot and bared the corpse again.

So, sinner, you will find that there is no place where your hand can hide your sins. In God's book they are recorded. His eye has been upon you throughout guilty years gone by. No secret has escaped His notice.



"ALWAYS ABOUNDING."

"Is your father, the doctor, at home?" I asked of a child.

"No, he's away."

"Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well,"—with a considering air—"you've got to look for some place where people are sick, or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere."

And I turned away with this little sermon in my heart.

THE MOTH COLLECTOR.



HE writer was spending a short holiday near the Needles, Isle of Wight, and was much interested in an account of how a certain nocturnal moth was caught by a London entomologist.

This gentleman made a special journey to Freshwater to collect some specimens of a species, which is said to be found in no other part of the British Isles except the South Downs near the Needles.

Shortly after sunset he proceeded along the top of the cliff, armed with a pot of syrup and a brush, and whenever he came to a thistle, he just daubed it slightly with the syrup and passed on.

About midnight he returned along the same path, but this time provided with a lantern, and as he stepped from thistle to thistle, his innocent victims were found clustering round the syrup, and fell, an easy prey, into the collector's hands.

What a solemn picture, I thought, of how Satan dupes his victims! He, too, stalks through the land with his pot of syrup, daubing the pleasures of sin with a delusive sweetness, and soon after, his victims, intoxicated with the poisoned draught, and hardened by the deceitfulness of sin, lose all consciousness of their terrible danger.

You, my unsaved reader, are like the nocturnal moth; you love darkness rather than light, and hate to be exposed to the searching rays that emanate from God's holy word, because it tells you that your deeds are evil.

The evening of life comes on; the darkness thickens round the soul. Sin, the sweet morsel upon which you have fed so long, is dragging you down into a lost eternity. At length a light shines upon you, poor deluded worldling. It is but the lantern of the grim collector—DEATH—who steps from thistle to thistle, fit emblems of the curse, and lays his cruel hand upon his victims. The light that dazzles and affrights them is not from Christ in glory, for upon Him their back is turned; it is but the reflection of the lurid flames of hell, the conscience awakened all too late, the danger perceived when escape is for ever impossible!

Oh, my friend, do turn away from the pleasures of sin, which satisfy but for a moment and then leave an aching void behind, and fix your gaze upon the blessed Son of God who can meet your every need.

You want to taste of life!

He bids you come to Him, and life eternal will be your portion.

You must have pleasure, you say?

At His right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Does your poor heart crave rest?

Listen, then, to His tender words: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!"

But mark! Before peace of conscience and rest of heart can be yours, it is necessary that you should have pardon for your many sins, and this, too, is only to be obtained at the feet of the One who shed His precious blood on Calvary's cross in order that a full and free forgiveness might be proclaimed to *you*.

"Be it known unto *you* . . . that through this MAN [Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and *by Him* all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts 13, 38-39).

Instead of the poisoned sweets of Satan's pleasures, may you taste the unending joys of the Father's house!



A DYING CONFESSION.

RICHARD BAXTER, the old Nonconformist divine, in spite of delicate health, arduous labours, and much persecution, wrote no fewer than one hundred and eighty-six theological works.

The dying confession of the author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest" disclaimed all merit in works. He wrote these memorable words:—

"God may justly condemn me for the best duty ever I did; all my hopes are from His free mercy through Christ; I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen? 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' Bless God that this is left on record in the Scriptures as an effectual prayer."

He found out this secret of the saint's everlasting rest, that it was found in Christ, and Christ alone. Not in works, or frames, or feelings, but in Him who did the blessed work, which silences all the thunders of Sinai for the believer, which settles all the claims of God, and vindicates Him in blessing the sinner. God is "just and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Rom. 3, 26).

What am I to believe?

A LADY once wrote to a servant of Christ, "Will you put it down in black and white what I am to believe? I have been told of many different texts; and they are so many that I am bewildered. Please tell me one text, and I will try to believe it." The answer came, "It is not any one text, nor any number of texts that saves, any more than the man who fled to the City of Refuge was saved by reading the directions on the finger-posts. It is by trusting **THE PERSON** and work of the Lord Jesus that we are saved." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts 16, 31.)



THREE INDISPUTABLE FACTS.

A YOUNG man stood in the open-air and challenged the crowd with three indisputable facts; facts which relate to every unsaved man and women in the world.

You had better face them now, when there is mercy, for, otherwise, they will force themselves upon your attention in the day of judgment.

- (1) You must die—**BUT WHEN?**
- (2) You must meet God—**BUT HOW?**
- (3) You must spend eternity—**BUT WHERE?**



"THE TRACK OF A GOD."

"How do you know that there is a God?" said a scorner to an Arab, whom he found praying at the door of his tent.

"How do I know that it was a man and not a camel that went past my tent last night?" replied the Arab. "I know him by his tracks;" and pointing over into the crimson West, where the sun was setting in a sea of crimson fire, he said, "There is the track of a God."

WAITING FOR—WHAT?

Reader are you waiting for anything before you become a decided Christian? Many alas! are waiting. Are you one? Let me press upon your conscience a simple question. Do not turn away from it. Sit down and answer it if you can.
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

ARE YOU WAITING TILL YOU ARE ILL?

Surely you will not tell me that this will be a convenient season. When your body is racked with pain, when your mind is distracted with all kinds of anxious thoughts, is this a time for seeking to make acquaintance with God?

ARE YOU WAITING TILL YOU ARE OLD?

Surely you have not considered what you say. You will serve Christ when your members are worn out and decayed, and your hands are unfit for work; you will go to Him when your mind is weak, and your memory failing: you will give up the world when you cannot keep it; you will set your affections on things above when you find nothing to set them on below. Is this your plan? Beware lest you insult God.

ARE YOU WAITING TILL YOU HAVE LEISURE?

When do you expect to have more time than you have now? Every year you live seems shorter than the last: you will have more to think of and to do, and less power and opportunity to do it. And, after all, you may not live to see another year. Boast not yourself of to-morrow, "now is the accepted time."

ARE YOU WAITING TILL YOUR HEART IS BETTER?

That will never be. It will always be corrupt and sinful—a bubbling fountain full of evil. You can never make it like a pure white sheet of paper, that you can take to Jesus, and say, "Here I am, Lord, ready to have Thy will written on my heart." Delay not. Go to Christ as you are.

ARE YOU WAITING TILL ALL AROUND YOU BECOME DECIDED?

You will wait in vain. Heaven only is the place where all are saints. Earth is the place where sin reigns, and God's people are a little flock. You must be content to journey with the few and swim against the stream. "Narrow is the way which leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." Tarry not for friends and neighbours: see that you are among the few.

A WAYSIDE SERMON.

IN the beautiful and historic Mohawk Valley, America, there stands a board, set up on posts, with the following words painted upon it:—

"Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'

"Without THE WAY there is no going.

(John 14, 6.)

"Without THE TRUTH there is no knowing.

"Without THE LIFE there is no living."

THE WAY excludes all other ways. It leaves no room for the rival claims of Mohammed, Brahma, or Confucius. It leaves no room for the way of works or reformation. It is worse than folly for one man to say to another, "Oh! you have got *your* way and I have got *my* way; as long as we are both sincere, and aiming for the same place, it will be all right in the end." Such reasoning is fatal. It discloses an utter lack of knowledge of THE WAY. In face of this Scripture see to it that you are right or else mistake will be fatal. Reader, if you do not know Christ, THE WAY, as your own personal Saviour, *there is no going to heaven for you.*

THE TRUTH excludes all other avenues of information. You must get to know by simple faith the Person of Christ, else you are not even on the threshold of truth. The infidel, the higher critic, are as foolish as the blind man who seeks the aid of a farthing candle by which to grope his way, when all the time the midday sun is shining in a cloudless day. He can see neither candle nor sun, but once let his eyes be opened, and he will dispense with his candle and rejoice in the light and power of the sun. So let a man know Christ, THE TRUTH, and he at once is brought to the Source of all light and warmth.

THE LIFE excludes the notion that a man can do works for God *before* conversion, thereby earning salvation or helping to that end. How can a man, "dead in trespasses and in sins," perform any meritorious works. The Lord had to say of the religious Pharisees, "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have *life*." *(John 5, 40.)* But once let a man know Christ, THE LIFE, and he will know what it is to live for God. To sum up, we cannot go a single *step* without Christ, we cannot know a single *truth* without Christ, we cannot *live* a single hour for God without Christ. "*Without Me ye can do nothing.*" *(John 15, 5.)* Grasp this clearly, and you will not rest until you can say that Christ is your own personal Saviour, your Lord and Master. Then you will know THE Way, THE Truth, and THE Life.

CAN WE KNOW?

“**B**E IT KNOWN unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man [Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.” (Acts 13, 38, 39).

“To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.” (Acts 10, 43).

“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, 26).

“To him that worketh NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.” (Rom 4, 5).

“Therefore being justified by faith, we HAVE peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (Rom 5, 1).

“There is therefore NOW no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.” (Rom. 8, 1).

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, HATH EVERLASTING LIFE, and SHALL NOT COME into condemnation: but IS PASSED from death unto life.” (John 5, 24).

“These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God; that ye may KNOW that ye HAVE eternal life.” (1 John 5, 13).

Surely these passages from God's word are sufficient without comment or addition to bring the assurance of salvation to the most trembling believer.

Cripple Tom, and his Texts.

IN one of the miserable East London homes, in a dark, wretched room at the top of the house, lay a cripple boy. He had lain there for over two years, greatly neglected and comparatively unknown. When quite young his parents had died, leaving him to the tender mercies of an aged relative.

Born a cripple, he had always been a sufferer; but, as long as he was able, he had swept a crossing on his crutches, or gone short errands to earn a few pence. But soon after his parents' death the boy had to take to his bed. Very ungraciously the old woman allowed him to occupy the top room in her house, which room he never left again.

His mother had taught him to read and write, but, not knowing the truth herself, she had never told him of "Jesus and His love." Sometimes, however, on a snowy night when the wind was blowing hard and cold, the lad had crept into the Mission Hall not far distant, merely for the sake of getting a warm by the comfortable stove. Numb with cold, and weary in body, he took little heed of what he had heard on those nights; but now, lying alone day after day, there came into his mind the memory of it, and by degrees he was possessed with a great longing to know more about the things of God, and to have a Bible of his own. He knew that it was from the Bible that the speakers had gathered their knowledge, but that was all. So, summoning up courage, he one day consulted Granny about it.

His only encouragement in that direction was a laugh. "Bibles weren't in her line! What did a lad like him want with Bibles?" So the matter dropped for a time, but the lad's desire to possess one did not grow less.

One day, however, up the creaking stairs came noisy, boisterous Jack Lee, the only friend the cripple had in the world.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Got a new berth! Off north to-morrow! Come to say good-bye, Tom," he cried, all

excitement, seating himself on the bed, and wiping the perspiration from his brow; "but I've got a real beauty present for you, my lad," taking from his pocket something wrapped in a greasy bit of brown paper.

Tom raised himself on his elbows, not at all gladdened by the news he had heard.

"A bright new shilling for you, Tom, lad. And you're not to spend it till yer wants suffin real particular."

"Oh, Jack! you're good, but I want something now very particular."

"Yer do? what's he?"

"I want a Bible."

"A Bible! Well, I never! Spending all that on a Bible, when I had to scrape months and months to save it in coppers."

"Don't be angry, Jack," said the cripple boy. "I do so want a Bible. Please get it, Jack—now—this very evening, at Fisher's, afore the shop closes. Granny never would; she'd spend it in gin, if I let it get into her hands."

"What can yer want with a Bible, Tom, lad? Only scholars understands them there things," he answered rather crossly.

"Maybe so, Jack, but I'm hankering after one."

"Very well, lad, then I'll go, but I knows nought about Bible buyin'."

"Fisher has 'em at a shilling, for I saw 'em marked in the window when I used to go by."

Jack descended the stairs less rapidly than he had mounted them. But he got over his disappointment before he returned with a beautiful shilling Bible. "Fisher says I couldn't leave you a better friend, Tom, lad, the shilling couldn't be vested better; and, says he, 'It may be worth a thousan' pounds to the lad.' So 'pears there's suffin as we ought to know about."

Tom's joy and gratitude were unbounded. "I know it, Jack. I know it!" hugging the Book to his breast. "I'm happy now. Oh, how kind you were to save that shilling." So Tom got his Bible, and valued it and read it.

Do you?—you, reader—man, woman, boy, girl,—do you value and read the Book of God? If so, you will find out what cripple Tom discovered. And what was that? He found out he was a sinner—lost and in need of a Saviour, and he found that Saviour in Jesus. He trusted Him, confessed Him, loved Him, and was filled with a great longing to do something for Him. But what could he do? Tied to a bed of sickness, it seemed as if he could do nothing but lie still and suffer. But love is quick to discover ways of serving its Object, and so, looking to God for guidance and strength, the little helpless cripple said—

"It won't do to keep all this blessed news to myself;" so he thought and thought, until at last a simple work was decided on for the Master. His bed stood close by the window sill, which was low, and somehow he got a pencil and paper, and wrote out different texts, which he would fold, pray over, and then drop into the noisy street below, directed—

**"To the PASSER-BY—
Please Read."**

He hoped that by this means someone might hear of Jesus and His salvation.

Generally his texts were simple, gospel ones, but sometimes he wrote a text which had been given Him by the Lord for his own soul. This service of love, faithfully rendered, went on for some weeks, when one evening he heard a strange footstep, and immediately afterwards a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the room and took his seat by the lad's bedside.

"So you are the lad who drops texts from the window, are you?" he asked kindly.

"Yes," said Tom, brightening up. "Have yer heard as someone has got hold of one?"

"Plenty, lad, plenty! I picked up one last evening, and God blessed it to my soul. I have been a Christian for some years, but lately I got cold in soul, and God used your text and spoke to me by it."

"I can believe in God's Word doing anything, sir," said the lad humbly.

"And I am come," said the gentleman, "to thank you personally."

"No me, sir! I only does the writin'; He does the blessin'."

"And you are happy in this work for Christ?" said the visitor.

"Couldn't be happier, sir. I don't think nothin' of the pain in my back, for shan't I be glad when I sees Him, to tell Him that as soon as I knowed about Him and His great love I did all as I could to serve Him? I suppose you get lots of chances, don't yer, sir?"

"Ah, lad, but I have neglected them; but, God helping me, I mean to begin afresh. At home in the country I have a sick lad dying. I came to town on pressing business. When I kissed him good-bye, he said, 'Father, I wish I had done some work for Jesus'; and the words stuck to me all day long, and the next day too, until the evening when I was passing down this street your text fell on my hat. I opened it and read, 'I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.' (John 9, 4.) It seemed like a command from heaven."

Tears of joy were rolling down the lad's face. "It's too much, sir," he said, "altogether too much."

"Tell me how you managed to get the paper to start it, my lad."

"That warn't hard, sir. I jest had a talk with Granny, and offered to give up my ha'porth of milk she gives me most days, if she would buy me paper instead. You know, sir, it can't last long. The parish doctor says a few months of cold weather may finish me off, and a drop of milk ain't much to give up for my blessed Jesus. Are people happy as have lots to give Him, sir?"

The visitor sighed. "Ah, lad, you are a great deal happier in this wretched room, making sacrifices for Jesus, than thousands who profess to belong to Him, and who have time, talents, and money, and yield little or nothing to Him."

"They don't know Him, sir. Knowin' is lovin', and lovin' and tryin' to please Him is doin'. It ain't love without."

"You are right, Tom. But now about yourself. How would you like to end your days in one of those homes for cripple lads, where you would be nursed and cared for, and where you would see the trees and flowers, and hear the birds sing? I could get you into one not far from my home if you liked, Tom."

The weary lad looked wistfully into the man's kindly face, and after a few moments' silence, answered: "Thank'ee, sir; I've heard tell of 'em afore, but I ain't anxious to die easy when He died hard. I might get taken up with them things a bit too much, and I'd rather be a lookin' at Him, and a carryin' on this 'ere work till He come to fetch me."

"Well, my lad, then I will see that you have proper food and all the paper you need while you live. I will settle it with one of the Bible-women. Now, laddie, before I go I want you to pray aloud for me."

There was a bright light on the poor, pale, upturned face, as he said in a tone of the deepest reverence: "Lord Jesus, I know your a listenin', and I'm much obliged to you for sending this gentleman here to cheer me in my work. Now, Lord Jesus, he's a bit troubled about not havin' lived for Thee in past days, will you help him to see to it that there's nothin' left undone in the comin' days; and please, Lord, make him go straight away and tell them other rich men of Thy love. Now, Lord Jesus, please bless this kind friend, all roads and always. I ask this for Thy name's sake." "Amen," said the deep-toned voice.

Then the gentleman rose and said farewell. Before leaving London he made every arrangement for the lad to be cared for, and then with a gladder heart he went back to his beautiful country home, and lived for Christ. As soon as he could he built a Gospel Hall on his own grounds, and preached Jesus to the villagers, and told them of his second conversion through the cripple boy and his text, many being led to Christ.

News of the dying lad reached them from time to time through the Bible woman, but it was not till winter had set in, and the snow had fallen and covered the earth with its crystal whiteness, that they heard that the dear lad had "gone to be with Jesus."

The same post brought a parcel which contained Tom's much-prized and much-used Bible. What a precious relic was that marked Bible in that beautiful home! for when the cripple boy's friend lent it to his youngest son to read—the careful marking, the short simple prayers written by the cripple lad on the margin, and his dying wish on the fly-leaf, written about a week before his death, that "this Holy Book may be as great a friend to someone else as it has been to me"—made such a deep impression on the youth that he got converted, and gave himself to the Lord, and later on to mission work in foreign fields; and out in Central Africa he has shown that worn-out Bible to many a native Christian when telling them about cripple Tom and his texts.

Reader, young and old, have you learnt to know the Lord Jesus as your personal Saviour? If not, He waits to be gracious—to be to you, little child, and to you, grown-up man and woman, all that He was to cripple Tom.

If you do know Him, are you seeking to serve Him?

If a dying lad, in suffering and destitution, could joyfully deny himself the little sip of milk, which cooled his parched lips, and partly fed his weary body, surely it is possible for us to suffer a little, deny ourselves a little, and work a little for the blessed Saviour, who has loved us and given Himself for us.

A Personal Matter.

"CHRISTIANITY," said Martin Luther, "is a religion of personal pronouns." How true this is! It is not, *We* are all sinners, but—I am a sinner.

It is not, Jesus is a Saviour, but—Jesus is MY Saviour.

If you have not made it a personal matter like this, my reader, you are not saved.

A young man in the West Indies once said to me, "I believe all you say, and I like your meetings, but I am not saved. How is it?"

I replied, "Have you ever got into the presence of God, and said, 'O God, if there were not another sinner on earth I am one, and, as a sinner, I claim Christ as my Saviour, even though every other sinner refuse Him?'"

"Well," he said, "it is your very personal way of putting it that I do not like."

Ah! this was the secret. He had missed the blessing, because he refused to make it a personal matter.

Reader, have *you* made it a personal matter yet?



THE WIDOW'S DREAM.

THE widow slept; and while her eyes
Were closed in slumber, a dream
she dreamed,

Filling her soul with sweet surprise,
So strange and yet so true it seemed.

The morning dawns and the widow
wakes,

"It could only have been a dream,"
she cried,

"How swift a journey the spirit takes!
I thought at first I had surely died."

Her scanty store for a scanty meal,

She carried in to a neighbour's near:

"I should like the warmth of your fire
to feel,

And to eat my morsel in comfort
here."

"Ay, ay! come in, there is always room,
And put thy chair in the old man's
nook,

And tell him something, to chase his
gloom,

Out of thy favourite holy book.

"Thou hast a scanty breakfast." "Nay,
It is enough," she quickly cried,

"The promise fails not from day to day,
I know my Father will still provide.

"And if so be He should want me home,
It is a token that's easily read:

Whenever He means to bid me come,
And not before He will stop the
bread."

"You're happy, Nancy," "Ay, Ay," she
cried,

"And so would you be if you were me,
There's never a sinner for whom Christ
died,

Whose life on earth should unhappy
be.

"And yesternight I was dreaming, too,
A happy dream you would like to hear:
A dream, I know, which is mostly true:
I wish the end might be true and
near.

"I thought I stood by a river-side,
And far away on the other shore
Was the golden city, its gates flung
wide:

But there was no one to take me o'er.

"I saw the shining ones in the street;
Heard their harp strings music pour,
I saw them waiting my soul to greet:
But there was no one to take me o'er.

"I thought I saw where the Saviour's
throne

Shone in the midst of that city fair;

Oh! how I longed to be up and gone:
And suddenly, suddenly, I was there."

She ceased; and after a pause they
said,

"And what did you see in that city
fair?"

No answer, the spirit to heaven had flown:
And suddenly, suddenly, she was there.

The Lord will Provide.

IN some way or other
The Lord will provide:
It may not be MY way,
It may not be THY way,
But yet in HIS OWN way
The Lord will provide.

"That Everlasting Eight."

THE banks of the Thames, the approaches to the bridges, the bridges themselves, to say nothing of the water, were all crowded with an excited people.

The sun shone, flags fluttered in the breeze. Vehicles on land, and boats of every description on the water, as well as thousands of pedestrians, all strove for the vantage points from which to view the great event of the day.

Life, limb, honour, fortune, name, all were alike at stake among that holiday crowd.

An old gentleman living in one of the pretty villas on the bank of the river, too ill to be out of his room, was harassed by the hoarse roar of the excited half-frantic crowds, the noise and babel penetrating the silence of his room.

He ground his teeth in sheer rage at the annoyance, and again and again he muttered to his nurse, "Oh, that everlasting eight!"

When we heard this little incident, we were compelled to repeat, and to think deeply while we repeated, "Oh, that everlasting eight!"

The "eight" of our thought was not the "eight" of the old gentleman's imprecation. His eight was that of the oars in the great national boat-race of Oxford and Cambridge. The voices of the mighty throng of spectators was the roar that filled his ears, and troubled his weak nerves in his quietude.

The "eight" of our thought were the eight letters of that momentous word, ETERNITY.

Louder than the roaring of the race crowd, may the voice of God make us know the truth of that everlasting eight. Eternal things are at stake in connection with those eight letters.

Every man and woman is racing over the wide, rushing, thronged river of this life. There are two banks to that river. There are two sets of watchers. Two voices strive to pierce the soul as it races on.

The flesh cries, "Enjoy yourself." The world cries, "Join with me." The devil cries, "I will give you good wages." But behind these soul-deluding cries, the flesh is muttering, "I will deceive." The world is saying, "I will defile." The devil is saying, "I will destroy." God cries, "Come now, let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (*Isa. 1, 18*). The Lord Jesus cries, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (*Mat. 11, 28*). The Holy Spirit cries, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts 16, 31*).

Which set of voices will you hear?

Oh! that E-T-E-R-N-I-T-Y—that everlasting eight—might lead you to decide for Christ now!



FORGIVENESS.

1. It is **SECURED** for us by the blood of Christ.
2. It is **RECEIVED** by us through faith.
3. It is **ASSURED** to us by the word of God.

How simple, how encouraging, how graciously lovely, are these closing invitations to the thirsty on the closing pages of Holy Writ?

"I WILL GIVE"—"FREELY."

"LET HIM TAKE"—"FREELY."

Satisfied with Thee, Lord Jesus.

Tune—Lövenörn.

MUSIC BY E. S. K.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are printed below the staves. The first system covers the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system covers the next two lines. Dynamics like *f* (forte) and *p* (piano) are indicated above the final notes of the second system.

Sat - is - fied with Thee, Lord Jes-us, I am blost. Peace which pass-eth

un-der-stand-ing, On Thy breast, No more doubt-ing, no more tremb-ling, Oh, what rest !

2 Occupied with me, Lord Jesus,
In Thy grace ;
All Thy ways and thoughts about me
Only trace
Deeper stories
Of the glories
Of Thy grace.

3 Taken up with Thee, Lord Jesus,
I would be ;
Finding joy and satisfaction
All in Thee :
Thou the nearest
And the dearest
Unto me.

4 Listening for Thy shout, Lord Jesus,
In the air !
When Thy saints shall rise with joy, to
Meet Thee there.
Oh, what gladness !
No more sadness,
Sin nor care.

5 Oh! to praise Thee there, Lord Jesus,
Evermore !
Oh! to grieve and wander from Thee
Nevermore !
Earth's end story
Closed in glory
On yon shore !

The Conversion of Judson.



THE following extract is a striking example of the weakness of infidelity in the presence of death. Its subject is Adoniram Judson, the famous missionary, who gave his life to Burmah.

"It was 1804; and young Judson, advancing to early manhood, had not escaped the contagion of that infidelity which, receiving its form and impulse from France, was sweeping over America like a flood and bearing away in its destructive current many of the youth at the universities, who imagined that doubting was an evidence of superior intellect, and of independence of spirit.

"In the class above him was a young man of the name of E—, amiable, talented, witty, with agreeable person, and fascinating manners, but a confirmed deist. Admiration for his talents and accomplishments led in due time to sympathy with his scepticism, and the son of the stern old Puritan avowed himself as decided an unbeliever as his friend.

"He was too manly not to reveal his infidel sentiments to his father, who treated the information with the severity of one, who had never doubted; his mother listened with tears, expostulations, and prayer, to whose influence the young unbeliever found it more difficult to be indifferent. He set off on a tour through the Northern States, with vague purposes of literary ambition, unquiet in spirit and miserable.

"Late one evening he stopped at a country inn, and asked for accommodation. The landlord mentioned with regret, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, and, to all appearance, dying. Judson replied by assuring him that, beyond pity for the sick man, he should, have no feeling whatever; and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his uneasiness would not be increased by the nearness of the object.

"Nevertheless there were sounds issuing from that neighbouring chamber which would not let him rest. It was not so much the movements of the

watchers that disturbed him as the groanings of the sufferer in the still and solemn midnight, joined with what the landlord had told him, that he was probably in a dying state.

"And now his home education and early impressions proved too strong for his scepticism. Was the dying man prepared? he asked of himself; and he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness? Especially the clear minded, intellectual, witty, E—, what would he say to such consummate boyishness? Still his thoughts would revert to the sick man, who lay so near him, in that dread ordeal. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality? or was he shuddering on the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a freethinker, educated by Christian parents, and prayed over by a Christian mother.

"The landlord, he remembered, had described him as a *young* man; and in imagination he was forced to place himself on the dying bed, though he strove with all his might against it. At last morning came, and the bright flood of light, as it poured into his chamber, dispelled, as he tried to think at the moment, all his superstitious illusions.

"As soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord, and enquired about his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead!' was the reply. 'Dead!' 'Yes; he is gone, poor fellow! the doctor said he would probably not survive the night.' 'Do you know who he was?' 'Oh! yes; it was a young man from Providence College, a very fine fellow; his name was E—!'

"Judson was completely stunned. It was his clever and admired infidel associate who had first whispered infidel doubts into his ear. 'Dead!' he thought within himself, 'lost! lost!'

"That day he discovered he could not do without Christianity—he felt its truth; and, abandoning his scheme of travelling turned his horse's head homeward. It was the turning-point also of his life. He was converted to God."

How can I believe I am saved till I feel it?

FEELING flows from faith, not faith from feeling. Take an illustration. A fond mother gets a letter from an unknown hand. It comes from a medical man in New Zealand, and the burden of it is the pleasing tidings that her only son, just recovered from a dangerous illness, is on his way home. How happy the news makes her! Indeed, so intense is her emotion that she even weeps for joy. But where did the feelings of gladness spring from?

She knew that her son was coming. How did she know he was coming?

She believed the doctor's letter.

Why did she believe the doctor's word?

She had heard how kind he had been to her son, and she knew he would not try to deceive her.

So you see there were four distinct things in connection with it.

1st. She got the letter.

2nd. She believed it, because of who it was that sent it.

3rd. She knew her son was better, and on his way home, because she believed the letter.

4th. She felt happy about it, because she knew he was well in health and coming home.

Do you not see that the happy feelings come last, while you would put them first? She did not say, 'I know he is coming home, because I feel so happy;' but, 'I cannot help feeling happy, since I know my boy is coming.'

And have we not got God's letter, telling us of Christ's accepted work, and what is true of those who trust in Him? Faith accepts the glad message and rejoices.

JESUS DID IT—on the cross.

GOD SAYS IT—in His word.

I BELIEVE IT—in my heart.

I believe it (not because I feel it, but) because God says it; and God has said it because Jesus did it.

"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).

Faith boldly puts her Amen to what God says, **BECAUSE** God says it.

May my reader do the same.

THE DYING SOLDIER.



THE battle of Sedan was at its height. A thick cloud of smoke hung like a funeral pall over the contending armies. The roar of artillery was perfectly deafening. The day wore away and the evening drew on. As the cool night wind blew over the battlefield, and the golden glow yet lingered in the west, the air was filled with the groans of the wounded and dying.

As departing souls were passing into eternity and many a wounded soldier was praying for death to call him away, a small party of men were picking their way amidst the weltering heap of corpses. They wore the uniform of Prussia, and the burden which they were carrying was a wounded comrade. "Put me down," said

he, "do not take the trouble to carry me further, I am dying, comrades ! Hark the bugle sounds the charge ; put me down." Unwillingly they did so and returned to the ranks. A few minutes, which must have seemed hours to the sufferer, passed, and an officer came that way, and seeing the poor fellow, he stopped and said kindly, "Can I do anything for you ?"

"Nothing, thank you, sir," said the poor sufferer, striving to raise his hand to the salute.

"Shall I get you a little water ?" continued the kind-hearted officer, touched more than he liked to show.

"No, thank you, sir, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you ? Shall I write to your friends, or send any message to tell them of your death ?"

The tears stood in the soldier's eyes. "I have no friends, sir, that you can write to. And yet there is one thing for which I should be much obliged. In my knapsack here, sir, under my head, you will find a Testament. Will you open it at the 14th chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter, you will find a verse that begins with 'peace ?' Will you read it ?"

The officer stooped down and with trembling fingers opened the knapsack. He took out the well-worn Testament and searched for the chapter. His eye lighted on the verse. He glanced at the dying man ; the light of faith and hope gleamed in that upturned face. The officer turned aside to hide a tear. That bright hope which buoyed up the soldier reminded him of the last moments of his own mother. He looked again at the verse ; it was the very one which her dying lips had repeated—and here amidst the roar of artillery and the din of war, he must read those solemn words. He steadied his voice and read, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid."

The reading of that verse scarcely occupied a minute of time ; yet the thoughts of both reader and listener roved over years long passed away. The dying soldier was far from the battlefield and again in the little German village where he had passed his boyhood. How well he could remember his dear pastor, long gone to that home to which he was following him. Soon the soldier would meet his friend in heaven and would be able to tell him how he—the roughest and wildest boy in the village, over whom that pastor had shed many a tear, and for whom he had often prayed—had been brought by the Good Shepherd into the true fold. Such was the picture which filled the

soldier's soul as he looked back. As he looked forward the glory dazzled him ; bright angels seemed pressing around him ; Jesus looking down ; the battlefield seemed far away, as the loving voice he knew so well—that of his Saviour and his God—whispered, ' Come up hither.'

And what of the officer ? The words of Jesus rang from his lips—those lips which had not read a verse from the Word of God for many a long year, and he thought of that mother, whose hope had been in the Lord, and whose death he could never forget. He remembered the long course of years since—how the memory of her counsel had faded away, how he had joined in the laugh and sneer against the Word of God, which he now held in his hand, and had often declared " that soldiers had nothing to do with religion ; no time to attend to their souls"—and yet here was he, on the battlefield, with the despised New Testament in his hand reading to a dying man. What would his gay and infidel companions in Berlin say could they see him thus ? A feeling of shame filled his soul and burnt in his cheek. But it passed away as he looked on the dying man, and saw that his heart was full not of a " fearful looking for of judgment," but of " joy and peace in believing."

" How strange it is," thought he, " there must be something which I do not know in a religion like this." The Prussian officer, as he looked again on the radiant face, thought, " Well, a religion which can make a man smile joy as he lies on the cold ground on a battlefield in the agonies of death, is a religion worth having."

The dying man raised himself on his elbow, and gazed at the officer as if reading his thoughts. " Thank you, sir," said he. " I have that peace ; I am going to that Saviour. God is with me. I want no more. Keep it, sir," he continued, his voice sinking so low that his listener had to bend down his ear to his lip, " keep the Testament, it led me to Jesus, it will lead you." The spasm of death caught his voice, and fluttered across his face, and he fell heavily back into a pool of blood.

The young officer placed the book in his breast pocket as he hastened to rejoin his regiment. " If I am spared," said he, " I will know this peace for myself."

The soldier of the Sedan was safe in Christ, and so now is that Prussian officer. A small gravestone stands on the battlefield of Sedan, with the name and regiment of a private soldier. It was put up by an officer high in command who keeps that grave sacredly, and on it are carved the words, " He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."



BLESSED DYING.

A FRIEND remarking in the hearing of Philip Jenks, just before he died, " How hard it is to die !" he replied, " Oh, no ! no ! easy dying ! blessed dying ! glorious dying !" Glancing up at the clock, he said, " I have experienced more happiness in dying two hours this day, than in my whole life. It is worth a whole life to have such an end as this. I have long desired that I might glorify God in my death ; but Oh ! I never thought that such a poor worm as I could come to such a glorious death."



How did the Jew know his Sin was forgiven?

"Or if his sin, wherein he hath sinned, come to his knowledge: he shall bring his offering, a kid of the goats, a male without blemish: and he shall lay his hand upon the head of the goat, and kill it in the place where they kill the burnt offering before the Lord: it is a sin offering. And the priest shall take of the blood of the sin offering with his finger, and put it on the horns of the altar of the burnt offering, and shall pour out his blood at the bottom of the altar of burnt offering. And he shall burn all his fat upon the altar, as the fat of the offering of peace offerings: and the priest shall make an atonement for him as concerning his sin, AND IT SHALL BE FORGIVEN HIM." (Lev. iv. 28-30.)

SUPPOSE you had met the Jew returning from the priest, and you had asked him, how he knew that his sin was forgiven him, what would he have said? Would he not have said, "I know my sin is forgiven, because God says so? My sin came to my knowledge; and I could get no rest to my spirit until the blood of my sin offering flowed. This hand *has been* laid on the head of the goat. It thus became my substitute. It was killed—I saw it bleed and die—its blood touched the horns of the altar—it was poured out at the bottom of the altar—the atonement was made for my sin—and God said, 'And it shall be forgiven him.' Thus, by those words of God, I know, with the utmost certainty, my sin is forgiven."

* * * *

Now this was a shadow of good things to come; a type of the great atoning sacrifice of Jesus, the sinner's Substitute; who died, "the Just for the unjust," to bring us to God. Ah, my unconverted reader, you are still going on in sin, *blinded* by Satan! Your sin may seem a very light matter—oh, you think, God is not so particular. You say, "God will never cast me into the lake of fire; I am not so bad." But when the Spirit of God convinceth of sin—when man's sins cometh to his knowledge—then there is no rest, day or night. The most fearful, the

blackest sins, have been committed, in ignorance of their full, fearful character—the very murder of Jesus. Peter says, "I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers." (Acts 3, 17.) And Paul, speaking of himself, says, "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained mercy *because I did it ignorantly* in unbelief." (1 Tim. 1, 13.) When Saul's sin came to his knowledge, he was three days and nights, and ate nothing. O my reader, has your sin ever come to your knowledge, in the presence of God? Do you feel something of its fearful vileness? Have you not loved the world that murdered Jesus? Yea, have you not long rejected Him? May God bring you into the light of His presence now, while there is mercy. For most certainly, your sin shall come to your knowledge, either *now*, before the mercy seat; or *hereafter*, before the judgment seat. There will be no sin offering then; no mercy then; no forgiveness then; but the awful weight of sin, in that place where the fire shall not be quenched. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Be not deceived. But perhaps my reader says, "This is no comfort to me. The weight of my sins is more than I can bear; they crush me down, down, down. I can get no relief. I know that without shedding of blood there is no remission. I

don't doubt the blood of Jesus has been shed; but how am I to get to know that *my sins are forgiven*? That is the question of all questions to me."

* * *

Remember the Jew; how did he know that his sins were forgiven? Laying the hand on the victim, showed identification—or substitution. In each offering, where blood was shed for atonement, this took place. In the burnt offering it was so. "And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering; and it shall be accepted for him, to make an atonement for him." (Lev. 1, 4.) And so with the peace offering. (Lev. 3, 2.) And so with the sin offering, in this chapter before us. (Lev. 4.)

* * *

Now, though man could not reach his hand to heaven, and put it on the head of the Son of God (Oh, who could even have thought of such a Substitute?), Jesus could, nay, Jesus has come down from heaven, and freely offered Himself, the sinner's Substitute. He has put forth His hand, and identified Himself with, and for, the vilest of the lost. Yes, look at Him going up to Jerusalem. See Him give His hand to be nailed to the tree—His body to be broken on the cross! Yea, He was made an offering for sin. Oh! hear His dying cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" His precious blood has been poured out. Full, infinite atonement has been made. God hath accepted Him for the justification of every sinner who shall believe God, who raised up Jesus from the dead. All this is done. It is finished.

Now I ask, with all reverence, Is not the blood of Jesus of as great value as the blood of bulls and goats? And is not what God says, about the blood of Jesus, as true as what He

said about the blood of bulls and goats? Many learned teachers (blind leaders of the blind) deny this. For whilst the blood of a goat gave the certain knowledge of sin forgiven, to the Jew, they say that the blood of Jesus does not give this certainty. Is this your estimate of the sacrifice of Jesus? Yea, it is exactly the thought of every unbelieving heart. Is it not this that keeps you, my harassed, anxious reader, in such bitter bondage? Oh, how fearful, to lower the sacrifice of Christ below the blood of a goat! Why, there was no value, in itself, in the death of bulls and goats. These only pointed forwards to the one sacrifice, of infinite and everlasting value; through the value of which, and on the certainty that it would be offered, God pardoned the sins of every believer, from Adam to the Cross. (See Rom. 3, 25.)

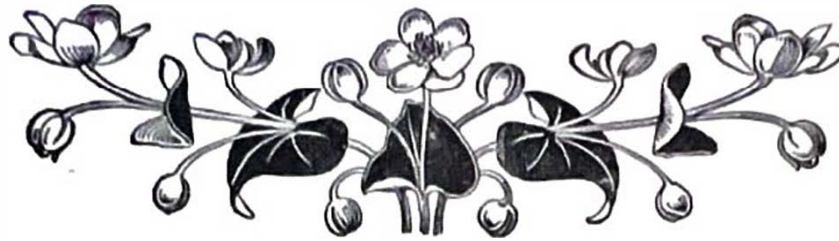
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God proclaims forgiveness through that blessed Jesus. "To Him give all the prophets witness, that THROUGH HIS NAME, WHOSOEVER believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (Acts 10, 43.) And again, "BE IT KNOWN . . . that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts 13, 38.)

* * *

Now, if the Jew knew that his sin was forgiven because God said so, then if you do believe God about the blessed Jesus, do you not see that you must be forgiven, for God says so? He says, "whosoever," and "all who believe are justified." Can you not, from your heart, now say, "I have believed! I do believe, that Jesus died for me." Then praise the Lord, and tell everybody you *are* forgiven. God says so. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

"Blest Lamb of God, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till every ransomed saint of God
Be saved to sin no more."



GOD'S GIFT.

GOD'S GIFT IS CHRIST HIMSELF.

"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).

GOD'S GIFT IS LIVING WATER THROUGH CHRIST.

"If thou knewest the GIFT of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink: thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."
(John 4, 10).

GOD'S GIFT IS ETERNAL LIFE.

"The wages of sin is death; but the GIFT of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."
(Rom. 6, 23).

GOD'S GIFT IS FAITH.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the GIFT of God."
(Eph. 2, 8.)

GOD'S GIFT IS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"They which receive abundance of grace, and of the GIFT of righteousness, shall reign in life by One, Jesus Christ."
(Rom. 6, 12.)

GOD'S GIFT IS THE HOLY GHOST.

"Repent and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the GIFT of the Holy Ghost."
(Acts 2, 38.)

Reader, there is only one of two things you can do with a GIFT—accept it or reject it. It is Impossible to buy it, or else it would be a purchase; to earn it, or else it would be your due. There is only one God-honouring course you can take, that is, RECEIVE IT. Accept then God's gift in simple faith, and the blessings of the gospel are yours. All God's gifts are in His blessed Son. It is Impossible to receive one without Him. Receive Him and you receive all.



GOSPEL-HARDENED.

THE rough man, who swears at, and scorns God's mercy, is hard in his way; his hardness is like that of the rock which the blow of the hammer breaks in pieces; but the gospel-hardened heart is like a lump of india-rubber, which, hit it as you will, only flings back the stroke of the hammer. It is this india-rubber kind of hardness, this respectable, religious-hardness of heart which is so difficult to overcome, and which repels, which flings back, the blows of the gospel.



"Why won't you let us alone?"

FOUR of us were travelling on a steamer in the West Highlands of Scotland. At the stern of the boat a lady was feeding the seagulls which followed in its wake. One of our number gave her a gospel booklet, and one also to her husband by her side. Presently she threw it overboard, and the gentleman followed her example. We expostulated with them, saying that the booklets spoke of the Lord Jesus, and we pointed out to them what a solemn thing it was so to act.

"Oh, I only wanted to see how the gulls would like it," said the lady. "But you will have to answer for this yet one day," we replied. Her husband, with face turned white with rage, and with a look which I shall not soon forget, here broke in, saying, "Why won't you let us alone?"

What a terrible thing if God had taken them at their word, and let them alone!

And, friend, if God were to let you alone, what would be the consequence?

**"It is the thought of
Resurrection that haunts me."**

IN the terrible days of the French Revolution, a hundred years ago, they caused an inscription to be placed over the entrance to the graveyards and cemeteries—

"DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP."

This is what the ungodly would like to believe, but in reference to such a matter it is a sad thing to believe a lie. We may dread the truth—it may fill our souls with terror—but it is surely the best and wisest thing to look it fully in the face.

A dying infidel manifested signs of fear as the end approached, and some of his friends, such as they were, encouraged him not to be afraid of death, for it would soon all be over. He replied, "It is not death I am afraid of; it is the thought of resurrection that haunts me."

Reader, remember that "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." (Rom. 14, 12).

The Eagle at Niagara.

A GENTLEMAN standing by Niagara saw an eagle swoop down upon a frozen lamb encased in a floating piece of ice. The eagle stood upon it as it drifted towards the rapids. Every now and again the eagle would proudly lift its head into the air to look around him, as much as to say: "I am drifting on towards danger, and I know what I am doing; I will fly away and make good my escape before it is too late."

When he neared the falls he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped for his flight; but alas! alas! while he was feasting on the dead carcase his feet had frozen to its fleece. He leaped and shrieked and beat upon the ice with his wings until the ice-frozen lamb and eagle went over the falls and down into the chasm and darkness below.

What a graphic picture of the sinner, who, intending to stop before he goes too far, finds out that he is "holden with the cords of his sins." (*Proverbs 6, 22.*)



Your Title to Salvation.

IN the year 1888 a very aged Christian died in Lincolnshire. He was converted in 1813, and served as a local preacher for fifty years. He had walked in his Master's service, at the lowest estimate, about 16,000 miles.

Yet he had no better title to salvation, after those many years of service, than the day he took the first step in it. No doubt in 75 years he had been safely brought through many a trial, saved from many a snare, helped in many a difficulty; and no doubt had learned a great deal, both of himself and his Master, that he didn't know at the beginning, but the *blood alone* was his title for heaven at the start; the *blood alone* his title at the close.

His growth in grace during those long years would depend upon the measure in which he walked in the fellowship of the Spirit; but unless you could add to the value of the precious blood, his title to glory *could not* grow. Impossible.

All his faithful service for Christ did not add one iota to the value of the finished work of Christ, or to the efficacy of the sprinkled blood, but were indeed the evidence that grace had touched and reached his heart.

"WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?"

A COACHMAN, whom I met in the Channel Islands the other day, told me how he got peace with God. For years his wife, who is a Christian, took him here and there to hear the gospel preached. He knew the plan of salvation well, and became increasingly anxious to have peace with God, yet never seemed to get any further than desire.

"About three months ago," he said, "I stopped behind at the close of a gospel meeting, and told the preacher what I wanted."

The preacher said to him, "Did the Lord Jesus die for *you*?"

"Yes, I believe that," he answered.

"And was he raised for *you*?"

"Yes," he replied.

"What more do you want?" was the preacher's earnest question.

At once the scales fell from his eyes, he appropriated to himself the blessing by faith, and he went away rejoicing in salvation. The Lord Jesus had died for him, and was raised for him, what more did he want? Surely nothing! And what more do you want, anxious reader. And what more can you have? Surely nothing.



“HIS FATHER SAW HIM.”

“I do earnestly remember him still.” (Jer. 31, 20).

“Doth not He see my ways, and count all my steps?” (Job 31, 4).

“Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.” (Psalm 33, 18-19).

“When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him.” (Luke 15, 20).

“*HIS Father saw him!*” Ah! those eager eyes
Had watched through many a dark and lonely night—
Watched 'neath the silence of the midnight skies,
Till the dawn flooded them with sound and light!

“*His Father saw him!*” After weary years
Of passionate yearning for the well-loved face;
Now to behold him, through joy's sudden tears,
And feel the rapture of his son's embrace.

“*His Father saw him!*” All those years of sorrow
Lost in that moment of ecstatic bliss!
Peace for the past, and joy for all the morrow
Given in the gladness of the father's kiss!

Is this a story but of earth's poor love;
Has it no deeper meaning to impart?
Has it no sweeter answer from above?
Does it not manifest our Father's heart?

Whose is the love so quenchless in its burning?
Whose is the patience, which delights to wait
For the slow footsteps which are home returning—
For the lost sinner, who is coming late?

Whose are the lips which utter no complaining—
Never reproaching the repentant one—
Gives an embrace which knows no half-refraining,
Shouts the acknowledgment of “This My Son?”

Whose is the heart, that so divinely yearning,
(Father and God, 'tis Thine and Thine alone!)
Sees the first step the sinner takes returning,
Runs to embrace, and bids him “Welcome home?”



THY EXCEEDING LOVE.

○ SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heav'n above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

NOTHING TO DO.

I HAVE heard them say in the village, that you preach that we don't need to pray for salvation."

The speaker was a young lady, who had remained behind after a gospel address to be spoken to personally about her soul's salvation. Earnest and sincere she was, for whilst her language indicated surprise and astonishment at such preaching, her manner was one of deep anxiety. Tears were freely coursing their way down her cheeks.

I replied, "You see this Bible in my hand. It was given to me by a dear friend. It is a valuable book. Probably it was the most expensive he could buy. Supposing, when he offered it to me as a free gift, I fell upon my knees, and earnestly prayed him to give it to me in language like this: 'Oh! Mr. So-and-so, do give me that Bible; I know it is far too good for me, and I am not worthy of it; but do give it to me, and I will try to merit it!'

"And when again he pressed upon me the gift, suppose I burst out into tears, and still more earnestly pleaded for the Bible, what would you think of such strange conduct as that?"

The young lady replied, "I would think you were mad; or that you were insulting him."

"Exactly," I replied, "and that is the way many people are doing with God, when they earnestly pray month after month for salvation. They don't mean to insult God, but nevertheless that is what they are doing. 'The gift of God is eternal life.' 'Without money and without price,' are the gospel terms."

In words something like these, we talked her difficulty over, and the result was, thank God, that her eyes were opened, and she accepted salvation as a free gift from the hand of God that very evening.



SUNSHINE.

"Keep yourselves in the love of God."—(John 21.)

DON'T you feel cold and dreary in this dark room?" said a visitor to a poor sick girl, lying in a dark, blank, cheerless hut. "Not at all," was the reply.

"But," said the other, "you never get any sun through that window. Sunshine is everything. I should die without the sun."

"Oh," said she, with a sweet smile, "my Sun pours in day and night, not only through the window, but through all the cracks in the

wall." Then noticing the look of surprise, she whispered, "Jesus—the Sun of Righteousness—He is ever shining on me, and makes my soul warm and bright."

*"No human voice may cheer me,
No earthly listener hear me;
But, oh! one Friend is near me,
The kindest and the best;
Whose smile can banish sadness,
Whose presence fills with gladness
The solitary breast."*



A Preacher of the Old School.

MANY preachers are giving up the old ideas about the fall and total depravity of man.

People are not often plainly told now that they are guilty sinners before a holy God. The sermons of our forefathers—who used to press this so constantly upon their hearers—are looked upon in many quarters as relics of the Dark Ages, only fit for the old curiosity shop. There is, however, one Preacher left of the Old School, and he speaks to-day as loudly and as clearly as ever. He is not a popular preacher, though the world is his parish, and he travels over every part of the globe, and speaks in every language under the sun. He visits the poor; he calls upon the rich; you may meet him in the workhouse, or find him moving in the very highest circles of Society. He preaches to both Churchmen and Dissenters, to people of every religion and of no religion, and, whatever text he may have, the substance of his sermon is always the same. He is an eloquent preacher; he often stirs feelings which no other preacher could reach, and brings tears into eyes that are little used to weep. He addresses himself to the intellect, the conscience, and the heart of his hearers. His arguments none have been able to refute: there is no conscience on earth that has not at some time quailed in his presence: nor is there any heart that has remained wholly unmoved by the force of his weighty appeals. Most people hate him, but in one way or another he makes everybody hear him.

He is neither refined nor polite. Indeed he often interrupts the public arrangements, and breaks in rudely

upon the private enjoyments of life. He lurks about the doors of the theatre and the ball-room; his shadow falls sometimes on the card-table; he is often in the neighbourhood of the public-house; he frequents the shop, the office, and the mill; he has a master-key which gives him access to the most secluded chamber; he appears in the midst of legislators and of fashionable religious assemblies; neither the villa, the mansion, nor the palace daunt him by their greatness; and no court or alley is mean enough to escape his notice. **His name is DEATH.**

You have heard many sermons from the old Preacher. You cannot take up a newspaper without finding that he has a corner in it. Every tombstone serves him for a pulpit. You often see his congregations passing to and from the graveyard. Every scrap of mourning is a memento of one of his visits. Nay, he has often addressed himself to you personally. The sudden departure of that neighbour—the solemn parting with that dear parent—the loss of that valued friend—the awful gap that was left in your heart when that fondly-loved wife, that idolised child, was taken—have all been loud and solemn appeals from the old Preacher. Some day very soon he may have *you* for his text, and in *your* bereaved family circle and by *your* graveside he may be preaching to others. Let your heart turn to God this moment to thank Him that you are still in the land of the living—that you have not ere now *died in your sins!*

You may get rid of the Bible. You may disprove—to your own

satisfaction—its histories; you may ridicule its teaching; you may despise its warnings; you may reject the Saviour of whom it speaks. Yes! the day *may* come when the rising tide of infidelity will cover Great Britain to such an extent that it will be as difficult to find a house with a Bible as it is to-day, through God's great mercy to us, to find a house without one.

You can get away from the preachers of the gospel. You are not compelled to go to either church, chapel, or mission room; and you can cross over to the other side of the street if there is an open-air meeting. It is in your power to burn this, and every other such book that comes into your possession. Yea! the time *may* come when infidelity and priestcraft will combine to make the preaching of Christ by lip or pen a criminal offence.

But if you get rid of God's Word and of God's servants, what will you do with the old Preacher of whom I have spoken? Have you some plan to superannuate him—to put him on the retired list? Will you compel him by force to suspend his itinerations? Or do you hope that a few more years of scientific culture and modern thought will have such an effect upon him that his doctrines and practice will be quite changed? It is true that most preachers are more or less affected by the spirit and opinions of the age they live in, but *this* old Preacher has gone on in perfect indifference to the changing events and opinions of the whole world for nearly six thousand years. All histories—both sacred and profane—give the same account of him, and all experience confirms it, so that it is against reason to expect that he will change in his old age.

Dying men and women, consider the prospect that is before you. Your little day will soon be passed. Your pleasures will have an end.

Your occupations will be laid aside. Your wealth and honours will be worthless to you in the solemn hour when your body is reduced to a few handfuls of dust. After all, you "**must needs die.**"

Consider this matter, I pray you. Must there not be a cause for it? Is it by mere accident that a creature with such powers and capacities should come to so ignominious an end? There is but one answer to these questions, and as long as the old Preacher goes on his rounds he will continue to proclaim it. Listen! "**By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.**" (Rom. 5, 12.)

Yes! the conclusion is forced upon us—there must be something wrong. We cannot think of fourteen hundred millions of graves being dug every thirty years on this planet of ours, as one whole generation after another passes down to the gates of death, without having the thought that there is something fearfully wrong.

THE FALL OF MAN

is no mere theological dogma, but a fearful reality of which the world's history and the stern sad facts of our own experience bear terrible witness. **Sin** is not simply an ugly word in the Bible or on the preacher's lips; it is a dark, foul reality which blights and curses the world by its presence. Nor is there any exception to the scope of its ravages. "**Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.**" (Rom. 5, 12.) My reader is implicated in this matter. There is a great difference between the careless spectator in a court of justice, and the criminal in the dock whose life is at stake. The latter is your position. **You** have sinned: upon **you** the sentence of death has passed, and very soon it will be said of **you** as it was said of eight old men in Genesis v.—"**he died.**"

When will you die? Do not think this a foolish question. You count your money: you reckon your

profits: you calculate your dividends: it is quite as important to number your days! How will you find out? Turn up the Life Assurance tables. Yes! that is the average. A person of your age has the probability of living so many years. But let us consider a moment! That is an average, is it not? Which means that some live longer and others a good many years shorter. Some have died—very suddenly, too—just about your age. It is possible, is it not, that you may die very soon? A young man went to a divinity professor and asked him how long before death a man ought to be prepared for it. The reply was, "About five minutes." The young man turned away with relief, making up his mind to see life, sow his wild oats, enjoy the pleasures of the world, and then turn to God at the end of his days, "Stop," said the professor; "**when** are you going to die?" "I cannot tell," replied the young man. "Then you had better be prepared for death **now**; you may not have five minutes to live."

How will you die? The first Napoleon, when life was passing away, insisted that his boots should be put on. He would die, like a soldier, in his boots. We were lately told in the newspapers how a great ecclesiastical dignitary died in the splendid robes of his religious office. Queen Elizabeth died crying, "Millions of money for a moment of time." How will you die?

Sad, sad indeed, if that word comes true of you which was thrice repeated to some very respectable people a long time ago—"YE SHALL DIE IN YOUR SINS." (*John 8, 24.*) One second after your death it will be a matter of no consequence to you whether you died in a palace or in a cellar. Little will you care whether you have a national funeral in Westminster Abbey, or your poor body is tossed by uncereemonious hands into a pauper's grave. But your whole eternity will hang upon the state in

which you die. If sin works such havoc, and sins have such fearful consequences in this world, what must they entail in the next? Men reap as they sow in this world, but God does not definitely execute judgment upon sins in this life. "**After death the judgment.**" In this world you can, in a sense, avoid God. Many live "without God in the world." But death dissolves all connection with the things of time by which God can be excluded, and beyond death you must *have to do with God*.

The dying infidel, Col. Charteris, said, "I would give £30,000 to have it proved to my satisfaction that there is no such place as hell." His conscience was waking up to proclaim it in that solemn hour that sins must be followed by the judgment of God. Where death leaves you judgment will find you, and the issue of that judgment will be final and for eternity.

How will you die? The Holy Ghost has written a short but solemn epitaph in Hebrews x. 28. God forbid that it should ever be true of my reader! Here it is:—

"DIED WITHOUT MERCY."

An innocent man might plead for justice, but *the sinner's* only hope is *mercy*. If the offender does not receive the due reward of his deeds, it must be on the ground of *mercy*. The transgressor can only be pardoned at the *mercy-seat*. Hence the penitent's cry is, "God be *merciful* to me a sinner"; he is conscious that nothing but *mercy* will do for him. Your only chance is *mercy*. Oh! how sad, how complete, how irretrievable will be your ruin, if you die "**without mercy**"!

There is another epitaph—short but blessed—in Hebrews xi. 13. Look at it!

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH."

Yes! though the dear men thus spoken of lived in a dispensation of comparative darkness—though they

had not a love-provided Saviour, or a fully finished atoning work to rest upon—yet in the starlight of types, symbols, and promises they trod the path of FAITH, which is now lighted up for us by the glory which shines in the face of the seated Saviour on the throne of God, and as they lived so they died—"IN FAITH."

God has not been indifferent to the ruin of His creature, whose sin has brought death upon him. There is no denying the fact that "the wages of sin is death"; but it is equally true that "**the gift of God** is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Romans 6, 23.) "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**." (1 John 4, 9.) The holy Son of God has

DIED IN LOVE

upon the cross. Yea, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, **Christ died for us**." (Rom. 5, 8.) The old Preacher never spoke so loudly, or in such solemn tones, as when Jesus went to Calvary. Divine love would bless the sinner, but divine holiness could not make light of the sin. The full penalty of guilt—the wages of sin in all its dark and dread reality—passed upon the sinless Substitute. He took our place in death and judgment, that we might have His life and His place of acceptance and favour before God.

"Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious, human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!"

You may die *unsaved*; you will not die *unloved*. The Son of God is for you: Christ died for **you**: eternal life may be **yours**. The love of God—the work of Christ—the Spirit's strivings—all urge you to turn from the world and its delusions, which end in **death**, to the Son of God whose soul-assuring words are—"He that heareth My word, and believeth

on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not* come into judgment; but *is* passed **from death unto life**." (John 6, 21.)

Love's pleading voice echoes every solemn warning of the old Preacher, but adds in compassionate tenderness the gracious inquiry, "**Why will ye die?**" It is true that you can never regain the paradise of Eden, or reach that tree whose fruit would give perpetuity to your present life on earth. But the love of God has revealed a fairer and brighter scene than Eden; a more glorious paradise than that of man's innocence has been opened up by the death of Jesus. The joys of heaven, the endless festivities of the Father's house, the love of the Father's heart, and eternal glory in companionship with the Son of God, may all be **yours**.

Nor are the Christian's blessings all in the future. He is brought to God *now*, and knows God as the Source of all his blessing; he has the Holy Ghost; he walks by the Spirit in fellowship with the Father and the Son, and tastes thus of heaven's delights before he gets there; death casts no shadows on his blessings for they are wrapped up in One who is alive from the dead, and connected with a scene where death can never come; in spirit he lives already on the other side of death: in short, he *has* passed "*from death unto life*."

Then, if he "falls asleep" and is "absent from the body," it is to be "present with the Lord." Death is no loss to the child of God, but an infinite gain. It frees him from the presence of sin, and from a body which groans under the bondage of corruption, and he departs to be "with Christ, which is **far better**."

Best of all, Jesus is coming soon to receive His own to Himself, and at His shout the dead in Christ shall rise first, and then we which are alive and remain shall be changed and caught up into glory *without dying at all*. (See Philippians 3, 20, 21; 1 Cor. 15, 51; 1 Thessalonians 4, 16, 17.)

“IT IS FINISHED.”

SEE that child standing at his mother's side. He has been disobedient, and his mother is scolding him. But while she speaks the tears start to the little fellow's eyes, and he sobs, “Mother, I am sorry; please forgive me.”

At once she stoops and kisses him, and says, “All right, my boy, I'll forgive you; never mind.”

Do you think that God can forgive a sinner as that mother forgives her child? Never! Before He could print the kiss of forgiveness upon the brow of a single sinner, a mighty work must be done to show His abhorrence of sin, to vindicate Him from the charge of having tolerated it in His universe, and to meet all His claims with regard to it. The zealous religionist realizes somewhat of this, when he devotes his life to works and observances, hoping thereby to satisfy God.

Others, knowing that such a task must prove fruitless in the end, give a place to their Saviour in their work of salvation, but yet attempt to share in the work themselves. “Christ,” say they, “has done His part, and we must do ours. We must strive to live pure lives, and hope that His merits will atone for our short-comings.”

It is not till we realise that we have not an atom of power either to save, or help to save ourselves, that we can understand the joy and relief brought to the soul by the blessed news that the work is already finished. Oh! reader, listen to, and rest on, the words of the dying Saviour, “IT IS FINISHED.”

Still further joy results when the soul appropriates that finished work, and learns the value that GOD attaches to it. The rising of Jesus from the dead proves this. Such an one has moved off the shifting sand of his own doings on to the firm foundation of the mighty work that is sufficient to uphold the glory of God.

In short, he rests where God rests, and he is as **SAFE** as if he were in heaven already. Relying upon the finished work of Jesus he can triumphantly sing:—

“I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand;
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.”

Works! Works!!

WORKS! Works! *A man get to heaven by works! I would as soon climb to the moon by a rope of sand.*

Such was the utterance of the renowned George Whitefield in the last sermon he ever preached, the subject being, "Faith and Works." Did he then despise, or preach against, good works in their proper place? Surely not. Did he not rather enforce the necessity of good works as the best and truest adornment of the Christian profession? Many of his printed sermons show how much he valued them as such, *but not as the foundation of a sinner's peace with God*. All the power of his preaching was used to demolish such a rotten foundation, and such an insecure resting place.

A MODEST DEMAND.

That cold, calculating, American philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, said in a letter to Whitefield, "He that by giving a draught of water to a thirsty person should expect to be paid with a good plantation would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth."

Though he was a life-long friend of Whitefield's, yet he never, so far as we know, saw himself as a lost sinner in the sight of God, nor did he ever profess to accept or follow Whitefield's Saviour. Yet he was shrewd enough to see the utter folly of any person expecting that God would take him to heaven at last because of good done to some of his fellows on earth.

THE OFFERING REFUSED.

If one thing has been more prominent than another in the minds of religious men for the past six thousand years it has been the subject of doing. It began with Cain, who brought the first-fruits of the ground on which the curse of God rested whereby to gain acceptance with God. *God refused an offering in which there was no blood*. Religious men think, as Cain did, that something must be done to satisfy God, if thereby they may possibly avert His righteous wrath, and secure the favour of His love. They seem to forget that God could address them as He addressed Israel, "In all your doings YOUR SINS DO APPEAR."

Nothing seems to suit the human mind better, and until a man is emptied of the pride that is natural to him, he will not give it up. Man in his fallen state is so proud that he refuses to be saved absolutely for nothing.

Now the point of the very greatest importance to the sincere seeker for salvation is — Does the gospel ever present God as demanding legal obedience from man as a condition of salvation?

Does it not, indeed, show the very opposite? Is not Paul's most masterly epistle to the Romans all to this purpose? Does he not with one stroke of his inspired pen sweep away such a thought when he says, "They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; *there is none that doeth good*, NO, NOT ONE?" (Rom. 3, 12.)

FILTHY RAGS—NO OFFERING FOR GOD.

Does not the evangelist-prophet of the Old Testament join with Paul when he says, "We are all as an unclean thing, and *all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags*." (Isaiah 64, 6.) No wonder that the apostle Paul at the end of Romans 3, where he has left on record the most terrible picture of man's ruin ever drawn, says, "*Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay: but by the law of faith.*"

Until a man is justified or cleared of all charge of guilt, he is still regarded by God as in his sins, and therefore not at peace with God, and in that condition he is manifestly unfit to stand before God. That being so how could he ever be happy in heaven?

Honest reader, make no mistake on this point. It is the rock on which many split, and make eternal shipwreck. The mistakes made in time cannot be undone in eternity.

NO JUSTIFICATION BY WORKS.

There is such a thing as being justified before God, but not *by works*. Works justify us before men, but not before God. If the best garment that a man can weave with his own shuttle be only as filthy rags in the sight of a thrice-holy God, it is vain utterly to attempt such a thing.

When you come to the point, like a drowning man going down for the last time, that you feel you can do nothing, then there is hope for you. As long as you think you have some strength to save yourself there is no hope for you. You must come to the place of being absolutely lost and entirely strengthless. *There* God can meet you.

GOD'S WAY OF BLESSING.

Listen, "To him that *worketh not* but believeth on Him that justified the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. 4, 5.)

Listen again, "The just shall live by faith." "Faith cometh by hearing."

If a man could be saved by his own doings he would be well satisfied with himself, and would sing for ever in heaven of his own worthiness. But this can never be.

If a man is saved absolutely by the grace of God, through the finished work of Christ alone, he will sing for ever of that grace and of Christ's worthiness. May that portion be yours.



Why did he wear it?



EARS ago a great prince lived in India.

He was a man of handsome features and imposing appearance, and was decked all over with jewels of immense value.

One jewel he always wore—a magnificent diamond—which hung from his crown and rested upon the middle of his forehead. People thought he wore it because it added to the brilliancy and splendour of his dress. But that was not the real reason.

I will tell you why it was. That prince, with all his wealth and magnificence, was a leper, and the awful disease, working in his frame, had shown itself in one spot, right in the centre of his forehead, and the reason that he wore the splendid diamond was in order to hide his leprosy from the eyes of others.

My reader, is that diamond like your character, like the outwardly blameless moral life by means of which you are covering up your sin, and hiding your true condition from the eyes of your fellowmen? Perhaps all, who know you, think that your life is worthy to be held up as a pattern to others; but, mark this—you are not deceiving God! He sees through the fair, external covering of religion; and He takes note of the secret workings of your heart; and from what He sees there, He proclaims the fact that you are a moral leper—a sinner.

But, thank God, there is cleansing for us, cleansing which He has provided for the foulest sinner.

Where is this cleansing to be found? In the precious blood of Christ. That, and that alone, can cleanse away the sinner's guilt. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1, 7.)

Have you, my reader, proved the cleansing virtue of that crimson tide?

In Heavenly Love abiding.

Tune—Spring Tide.

MUSIC BY E. S. K.

In heaven - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And
safe in such con - fid - ing, For no - thing chang - es here. The
storms may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But
God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

- 4 Ere yet another morning
My spirit may be free,
As absent from the body,
At home, O Lord, with Thee;
O sleep, O rest, how precious!
As, guarded by Thy care,
I'm waiting for Thy promise
To meet Thee in the air.
- 5 The Lord Himself, o'en Jesus,
Amid the ransomed throng,
Its glory, joy, and beauty,
Its never-ending song,
O day of wondrous promise,
The Bridegroom and the Bride
Are seen in glory over:
For ever satisfied!

" BE NOT DECEIVED."

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6, 7).



VERY sudden death, wasn't it?"

"Yes, very."

"And somewhat remarkable that he should have fallen *just at that particular time.*"

"To what do you refer?"

"Why did you not see the report? He was personating Mephistopheles, and was in the act of carrying Faust down to the pit when he staggered and seemed to want something to hold on by. So an eye-witness told a friend of mine. And next he fell on the floor of the trap, and died in a few minutes."

"Yes, that certainly was an odd time in which to die. Some of these religious people talk about seeing the hand of God in it; they, of course, are sure to use a thing of this kind to illustrate their tenets."

"Oh, yes! there are plenty who will want to point the moral; but no doubt the man had a weak heart or something of that sort, and the extra exertion just at that particular time was too much, and the weak part gave way. Of course, one would not choose to die while in the act of personating the devil—carrying down a man who had sold himself to him for so many years of pleasure to be gone through first—but it has to come sometime, and this was that actor's time no doubt."

"Of course; but, by the way, did you hear about the scene at the grave?"

"I heard that there was something irregular, but didn't happen to see the report."

"Why, the clergyman fainted while reading the burial service, and they say it was just at the time when he should have spoken that part about the committing to the grave in a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection; and a fellow-actor had to finish the reading. Of course my religious friends think this is a kind of double argument."

"Oh! of course *they* wouldn't overlook *that*. A pure coincidence, or perhaps the parson had known the man, and was overcome at the suddenness of his death. Anyway, the play goes on as usual, and somebody else is now playing the same part, and *he* hasn't died yet, so that will tone down your friends' 'judgment' views."

Just so, my reader, but "be not deceived;

GOD IS NOT MOCKED."

We will not offer any opinion as to the point discussed above, but we *do* say, let it be a warning note to you. You, perhaps, are going on, thinking of nothing but pleasure and amusement. This man died in the act of affording amusement to a large audience. You know that your time to leave this scene must come. This man's time came just at the moment when neither he himself nor any one else expected it; yours may come similarly.

Are you prepared to face it? What are you sowing? What yield do you expect from the wild oats of amusement, and the tares of worldly pleasure?

God says, "He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." (Gal. 6, 8.) What are you going to reap?

Be not deceived. These are evil days—days in which the devil is busy deceiving; days in which men deceive and are deceived. What is before you? Do you say that the death at such a time of the man referred to above, and the

incident at the grave, and so forth, were mere coincidences? We give you no opinion, but we *do* say that the time comes when God *does* show His hand, though He is wondrous in long-suffering.

NOAH PREACHED for over a hundred years, and there was no sign of coming judgment; but the set time having come, "all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered." (*Gen. 7, 19.*)

IN THE DAYS OF LOT the sun rose as usual on the morning of Sodom's doom, but ere evening, "the Lord . . . overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities." (*Gen. 19, 24, 25.*)

PHARAOH SAID, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." (*Exod. 5, 2.*) But the time was not far distant when "Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore." (*Exod. 14, 30.*)

NEBUCHADNEZZAR SAID, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of *my* power, and for the honour of *my* majesty?" (*Dan. 4, 30.*) And the predicted "voice from heaven" said, "The kingdom is departed from thee." Nebuchadnezzar fell.

BELSHAZZAR WENT ON AND ON, pleasing himself, and by-and-by had a feast of feasts, but in the very midst of it he had to hear the words of the prophet - "Thou hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of His house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, thy wives and concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, . . . AND THE GOD IN WHOSE HAND THY BREATH IS, AND WHOSE ARE ALL THY WAYS, HAST THOU NOT GLORIFIED," . . . "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain." (*Dan. 5, 23, 30.*)

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Eighteen hundred years ago the apostle Peter wrote, as inspired by the Holy Ghost, "There shall come in these last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." (*2 Peter 3, 3, 4*) And we see in these last days plenty of these scoffers, as one of the evidences to us that the last days are here.

"BE NOT DECEIVED, GOD IS NOT MOCKED." *Men* are deceived, they *think* that God is mocked. Be not deceived.

Let this striking incident which has just happened within a few minutes' walk of where the writer now sits, whether a mere coincidence or not, speak to you. God has said that "there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," (*Acts 4, 12.*) but the name of His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save us from that doom, the realities of which men parody for amusement.

Do you believe in this Name? Do you know this One? ARE YOU SAVED?



SHALL I EVER WAKE AGAIN?



THE speaker was a young man in a surgical ward of a London hospital. He was about to undergo an operation under chloroform, and as I sat on his bed, half-an-hour before the knife was to do its work, he exclaimed, "I should not care, if only I *knew* that I should wake again? What! if I never wake again? I have been thinking of that verse the chaplain read this morning at prayers, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'"

He's Altogether Lovely.

HAVE you heard the angels' story of a Saviour come to earth?
How the shepherds saw the glory of the infant Jesus' birth,
When the bright light shone around them, they obeyed the heavenly
call,
And in swaddling clothes they found Him, midst the cattle in the stall?

Have you heard the Master weeping o'er the sinful hearts of men,
With a love that knows no sleeping, calling loudly unto them?
As the hen beneath her feathers soothes the little ones' alarms,
So Jesus runs and gathers all who want Him to His arms.

Did you never hear how Jesus gave to wearied hearts sweet rest?
How He cured from all diseases those who came to Him opprest?
The poor dying thief He pardoned, and the woman at the well,
For no matter how sin-hardened—Oh! His love can break the spell!

Have you been to sad Gethsemane, and viewed that prostrate form
Of Jesus with the enemy bowed down beneath the storm?
Have you seen those blood-drops falling? heard that agonizing groan,
As He prayed, His Father calling, "Not My will, but Thine be done?"

Have you felt in Calvary's fountain the deep drawing of His love,
When He died on yonder mountain your Redeemer from above?
There's forgiveness in His precious blood, forgiveness in His prayer;
There's forgiveness through our pardoning God—forgiveness free as air!



“HE'S LEFT ALL.”

TWO friends met on the street.
They had just heard of the sudden death of a mutual
acquaintance, possessed of much of this world's goods.

“What has he left?” enquired one.

“He's left ALL,” was the abrupt and unexpected reply.

Yes; and when you come to die, my unconverted reader, you will leave all—your friends, your home, your pleasures, your money, your all.

But stay, there is one thing, unsaved friend, you would give worlds to be able to leave behind, but you cannot—YOUR SINS.

If only I were one of His Sheep.

A DEAR girl on a bed of sickness was most anxious to be saved. A friend, knowing her distress, sent her a scripture text card through the post. Slowly she read:—

"I give unto them [My sheep] eternal life and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."
(John 10, 28.)

As she sank back on the pillow, she said, "If I were only one of His sheep I should be happy." However as the card fell on the coverlet it turned over, and displayed a text on the other side. Taking it again she read:—

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim., 1, 15.)

"Oh!" she said, as this glorious gospel verse enlightened her soul: "If I'm not a sheep, I'm a sinner, and Christ Jesus came to save sinners." There she trusted Him, there He received her, and putting her upon His strong shoulders, she learned that the blessed Saviour of sinners is the Shepherd of the sheep, and in perfect safety He keeps all whom He saves.



Where will you be in Eternity?

WHERE will you spend eternity? Oh, prepare for it. Leave it not till the last hour. Leave it not till your death-bed: you may never have a death-bed. Leave it not till you get more time: you may never get more time. Leave it not till you get old. Leave it not till the Spirit strives more powerfully: He may never strive again. Leave it not until to-morrow: you may never see to-morrow. NOW—this very hour—now as you read these lines, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," who paid the ransom price for your soul's deliverance, "and thou shalt be saved." (Acts 16, 31).

The Biggest Fool in the Village.



A PRIZE was once offered in a certain village for the biggest fool that could be found in it. Search was made, and a sick man was discovered who refused to tell his doctor the truth as to the symptoms of his disease. The judges were unanimous in awarding the prize to him, and I am sure had we been there we should have agreed with their verdict.

Such a fool as this I have not met in my day. As a rule people are ready enough to tell the whole truth to their doctor, if by so doing they can help him to diagnose their case correctly and prescribe an effectual remedy; but I have met people who have been guilty of folly of a far worse character. There are thousands of soul-diseased sinners who refuse altogether to acknowledge the truth about themselves. Are you one of them?



AN UNPLEASANT FACT.

THE celebrated missionary, Dr. Moffat, was once preaching the gospel to a wild African chief named Macaba, and a number of his warriors. They listened with rapt attention as he spoke of the love of Jesus in dying for sinners. But when he spoke of the resurrection of the dead, Macaba seemed startled, and cried: "What, the dead raised? Will those who have been killed in battle be raised?" "Yes," was the answer, "the dead shall be raised."

"Father," replied the chief, "your words have been like honey to me—they have done my heart good, but I don't like to think that 'the dead shall be raised.'"

"Why don't you like to think of the dead being raised?" enquired Moffat.

"Because," he replied, lifting his hand into the air, "this hand has slain thousands, and shall I see them again? Must I meet them at the judgment throne? Never!"

Ah! here was the secret; he dreaded the future as he thought of the past. His sins made him afraid of the resurrection and the judgment throne.

But what of you, my unsaved reader?



ONE SIN.

NEXT to me once sat a gentle little girl of eight or ten years. The company around us were in animated conversation, and we two alone seemed out of it.

Turning to her, I said: "Child, can you tell me how many sins it would take to shut one out of heaven?"

She replied thoughtfully, "Could God allow *one* sin in heaven any more than a thousand?"

"No," I said. "One sin in Eden spoiled it all, and all the earth beside. All the misery all over the earth is the fruit of that one sin in Eden. If God allowed one sin in heaven it would ruin that too."

"Why, then, did you ask me that question?" she said.

"Because, my child, I want to ask you another—Have *you* ever committed *one* sin?"

Instantly her eyelids drooped, and she remained silent. In a moment,

however, I saw a large tear running down her cheek, and softly she said, "Yes, more than one."

"Could you," I said, "put your finger on *one* that you remember?"

Another while of silence, and then, with evident pain, she said, "Yes; some time ago I denied what I knew to be true. I wanted to avoid difficulty."

"Well then," I said, "by your own confession you have committed at least one sin, and you said what I believe is true, that one sin would shut us out of heaven as well as a thousand. *You* then are shut out already. What are you going to do?"

A change of countenance here came over her like a flash. Her eyes, yet full of tears, looked straight in my face as she said with reverence, "The Lord Jesus died for *me*; He is my only hope."

I could only add, "That will not fail you, sweet child, at the gate of heaven, so it may well give you peace now."



HOW AND WHEN.

"Whoso heart the Lord openeth,"—(Jas xvi. 14.)

YOU ask me *how* I came to Christ?
I do not know.

There came a yearning for Him
in my heart

So long ago.

I found earth's flowers would fade and die,—

I wept for something that would satisfy;
And then— and then somehow I seemed
to dare

To lift my heart to Him in prayer.

I do not know— I cannot tell you— *how*;

I only know *He is my Saviour now.*

You ask me *when* I came to Christ?

I cannot tell.

The day, or just the hour I do not now
Remember well.

It must have been when I was all
alone,

The light of His forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin,
I think— I think 'twas then I let
Him in.

I do not know—I cannot tell you—
when;

I only know *He is so dear* since then!



"**T**HERE never was such affliction as mine," said a poor sufferer, restlessly tossing in her bed in one of the wards of a city hospital; "I don't think there ever was such a racking pain."

"Once," was faintly echoed from the next bed.

The first speaker paused for a moment, and then in a still more impatient tone resumed her complaint.

"Nobody knows what I pass through; nobody ever suffered more pain."

"One," was again whispered in the same direction.

"I take it you mean yourself, poor soul, but——"

"Oh, not myself, not me!" exclaimed the other; and her pale face flushed up to the temples, as if some wrong had been offered not to herself but to another. She spoke with such earnestness that her restless companion lay still for several seconds, and gazed intently on her face. The cheeks were now wan and sunken, and the parched lips were drawn back from the lips as if by pain; yet there dwelt an extraordinary sweetness in the clear grey eyes, and a refinement on the placid brow such as can only be imparted by a "heart acquaintance" with Him who is "full of grace and truth." "Oh, not myself, not me!" she repeated.

There was a short pause, and then the following words, slowly and solemnly broke the midnight silence of the place: "And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand, and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked saying, Hail, King of the Jews. And they spit upon Him, and took the reed, and smote Him upon the head. . . . And they crucified Him. . . . And they that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads. . . . And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, . . . My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

The voice ceased, and for several minutes not a syllable was spoken. The night-nurse rose from her seat by the fire, and mechanically handed a cup of barley water, flavoured with lemon-juice and sugar, to the lips of both sufferers. "Thank you, nurse," said the last speaker. "They gave Him gall for His meat, and in His thirst they gave Him vinegar to drink."

"She is talking about Jesus Christ," said the other woman, already beginning to toss restlessly from side to side, "but," added she, "talking about His suffering can't mend ours—at least, not mine."

"But it lightens hers," said the nurse.

" I wonder how ? "

" Hush," and the gentle voice took up the strain.

" Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed."

The following day as some ladies visiting the hospital passed by the cots, they handed to each a few fragrant flowers. The gentle voice was again heard, " If then God so clothe the grass, which to-day is in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith ? "

A few days passed slowly away, when on a bright Lord's day morning the nurse noticed the lips of the sufferer moving, and leaning over her she heard these words, " Going home ! I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." Her eyes closed, and the nurse knew that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. A moment more and all was over ; the soul had gone to dwell in the city where " there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Thus did the remembrance of her once-dying Lord cheer the heart of this lonely woman, gilding her bed of death with light. Friend, is her Saviour precious to your soul ? There is no love like His, so full, so sweet, so free. Have you tasted it ? In love to sinners like us He bore the Cross with all its grief and shame, with all its cloud and judgment, that " whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (*John 3, 14-16.*) Have you believed ? If so, how good to know that everlasting life is yours, and that ere long the dark shadows of the night of weeping shall have passed away for ever ! Then you shall see His face, and be with Him and like Him for evermore.




ETERNITY.

Lines written on an old clock tower in a village in Bucks.

**" TIME'S on the wing—how swift he speeds his way,
Hast'ning to sink in one eternal day ;
Pause, passing trav'ler—what thy destiny
When death unveils its vast eternity ?
Live then to Christ—in Christ eternal gain ;
No Christ, no hope, but everlasting pain."**

THE REAL THING.

“HRISTIANS? No, thank you! Don't talk to me about religious people. I know them too well. Would not trust a Christian for anything. The greatest rogues will profess religion, if they think they can make money out of it. Piety won't go down with me!”

It was Sunday morning, on board a steamer off the Spanish coast. The sight of a young man reading his Bible had attracted the attention of one of the passengers, a middle-aged gentleman, who, after some conversation, expressed himself as above.

POOR LOGIC.

The hearer was hardly surprised, for the sentiment is common, and the logic about as good as could be expected under the circumstances. He had often met with similar objections, and endeavoured to answer them with the civility we may always show, even when we cannot feel respect. However, to examine the difficulty will be of more use than to reproduce the conversation.

You will remember—perhaps you have been careful to remember—that some professing Christians are inconsistent. Have you considered whether their conduct is in consequence of their creed, or in spite of it?

How do you know that those you so readily quote were really “children of God by faith in Christ Jesus?” We read of one test only, “Ye shall know them by their fruits;” and had they stood that test their names would not have figured in your black list. Because some rogue has fancied godliness a way of gain, we do not suppose that his rascality results from his religion. To do so would be confounding cause and effect.

THE REAL THING.

We find a man declaiming excitedly against diamonds. He reckons himself one of the knowing sort, and thinks he has a good case against the precious gems. He tells us diamonds are a fraud; he has examined them, and found them out. They are soft and dull, and fail to cut glass and the like.

Rather surprised, we take a look at his specimens. Imagine his astonishment at finding them nothing but glass. “Why, good friend,” we say, “these are not diamonds at all. You have made a great mistake. What you are running down as the imperfections of the diamond are nothing more than the familiar qualities of glass. Why did you not get hold of *the real thing* before you talked so loudly?”

Yes, that is it. Examine the real thing, and change your tone. The genuine article is all round you, if only you have eyes to see and wit to appreciate it. No superficial observer can hope to discover the loveliest flowers of God's garden. They blossom in obscurity, and their fragrance gladdens but a small circle, for their beauty is not for the crowd, but for the Master.

Yet, on the page of history are some who, "by manifestation of the truth," do commend themselves to every man's conscience. Read, and—learn.

Read of One who went about doing good, for God was with Him, and find the inconsistencies in His conduct, the blemishes in His character. Or, if you find *none*, as a humble believer in the Lord Jesus, follow in His steps, and you will be much better than a critic—an *example* of Christian conduct.

"I MAKE NO PROFESSION."

"As for me, I make no profession," one will say. Perhaps that is just as well; but is it your only qualification for judging those who do? We visit an asylum, and find a lunatic tearing up Bank of England notes.

"Don't talk to me about Bank notes," he says, "give me a good honest sheet of white paper that makes no profession. I have seen too much of forgery to believe there is anything genuine."

We try to explain that the value of the note is not intrinsic, but according to the estimate of it at the bank, that the blank sheet promises nothing, and performs as much; that the existence of the false does not disprove the reality of the true, or diminish its value; but our arguments are wasted on the inmate, in consequence of his peculiar mental condition.

WHAT HAS THE CRITIC PROVED?

But when the candid critic has settled, to his own satisfaction, that professing Christians do not live up to their principles, what has he proved? Only that Christianity is more excellent than its professors, and that, in a world of inconsistency, there is still room for himself to be the bright exception that proves the rule. He has told us nothing that can detract from the glory of that glad message, which is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

THE LOVE OF JESUS.



THOU knowest the sun by his
glory,
Thou knowest the rose by her
breath,
Thou knowest the fire by its glowing,
Thou knowest *My* love by death.



JOYFUL JOE:

Or, THE CROSS—THE SETTLEMENT OF SIN.

"**B**UT if you were to die to-night, where would you go to?" said I to him.

"To heaven, I hope?" was his reply.

"But why do you hope to go there: many won't—in what do you differ from others, that entitles you to that hope?"

"Well, I do all I can that's good, and I try to live the best way that I can, and I believe in God, and I hope I'll go to heaven when I die."

"Yes, all very good; but you know 'the devils believe and tremble,' and they are none the better for it."

"True," he said, rather staggered at the idea, and struck with the possibility of his ground not being altogether so firm as he had thought it was. "But," he added, after a little pause, "the devils believe and tremble; they do not believe and serve."

"Well, and do you believe and serve?"

"I do."

"You serve God? How long have you served God?"

"Oh, this long time!"

"How long?"

"These many years now."

"How many?"

"Oh, a good many—perhaps a dozen or thirteen."

"But have you ever been converted?"

"Well, I can't say as to that, exactly, but I have served God now these many years; that I'm sure of."

"But Judas Iscariot served also. The Lord Jesus chose him as an apostle; and sent him out to preach the Gospel, and to cure diseases, and do many similar things along with the other apostles; and we know that he was a traitor after all, and has gone to hell."

"Oh! I hope not. I hope no person has gone there, nor ever will go there. That's an awful place, and it's an awful thing to say of anyone. I would not say that of anyone. I hope God is too good to send anyone there. Oh! no; I wouldn't say that of anyone."

"But do you believe there is such a place as 'everlasting burnings?'"

After a pause, he replied, thoughtfully, "Yes, I do; for the Book says it; and if I did not believe in 'everlasting fire,' I could not believe in 'everlasting life,' for it is the same Book that tells me of the one that tells me of the other also. I must believe it."

"Well, and if you had your deserts, which would be your proper portion, eternal life or eternal judgment?"

"Eternal judgment; I know that, if I had my deserts, for there's not a wickeder living man in the town than I have been."

"And how then are you to escape it, if you deserve it? How do you expect to get to heaven?"

"Well, I just do the best I can, and pray to God, and believe, and hope He will have mercy on me when I die, and overlook my sins."

"That He won't. He couldn't do it," I replied.

Looking at me with a mixture of amazement, curiosity, and contempt at my ignorance, he replied in a most cynical tone, "Then there's no salvation for me."

"No," I calmly said, "not in that way."

"Then how am I to get it? Let me hear your way."

"Now," I said, "look here; suppose you owed a bill, say £10, at a place of business, and you could not pay it. And suppose there were different partners in the firm; we will call them, for example, Mr. William and Mr. Henry, etc. Now, if you went in one day to make known your poverty, and found Mr. William making up the books, and he said to you, 'Well, Joe, I know you are a poor man, and cannot pay the money; I will overlook your account in the book, and not charge you with it.' Would that not make you very happy? and you would come away in great peace and tell the wife that it was all right now that Mr. William had overlooked your account, and you need not pay the money?"

"I would, to be sure."

"Now, suppose next day you met one of the other partners, Mr. Henry, say,

and he said, 'Joe, you owe us £10; you would say, 'Yes, but Mr. William has overlooked the account and I haven't to pay it.' 'Oh, but,' says Mr. Henry, 'Mr. William has no power to do any such thing, he is but one of the firm, and *the firm* demands it, so get ready to pay or go to prison,' where would your peace be then?"

"I confess it would be gone in a moment."

"To be sure it would. But suppose, instead of that, Mr. William had said, 'Joe, you are poor and cannot pay; I will pay for you,' and he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out £10, and popped it into the till for you, and said, 'There, Joe, the money is paid; I will give you a receipt, and put *paid* to your name in the book;' would you then be afraid to meet the rest of the firm, with the receipt in your pocket?"

"No; that I would not."

"Well now, Joe, God could not *overlook* your sin. His righteousness demanded the payment of the debt; but what justice demanded grace provided; and in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, God has shown how 'He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth on Jesus.' The Cross is not the *overlooking* but the *settlement of sin*. The debt is paid, and 'being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

'Bold shall I stand at that great day,
For who ought to my soul shall lay;
While by Thy blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and fear.'

Thus I went on to tell him the story

of the Cross, and as I looked up, I saw his hand stealing over the bed to get his handkerchief to wipe away the big tear-drops that were rolling down his cheeks, as he was trying to stifle his emotion, but perceiving that I had noticed him, he said in a broken voice, "You must really excuse me, sir, for I cannot help it; but there's something in that, that touches me. I haven't grit* any this many a long year, for my heart is as hard as a stone, but somehow that touches me, and I cannot help it," and then he fairly broke out—"I see it all; well I was blind, but the Cross settled it, and it is not overlooked but settled. I thank God, I thank Christ, I thank you, sir. Oh! but there are many blind that do not see the way, and those that teach them are as blind as themselves. No one ever told me that before, and I never heard it. Oh! I am thankful that I lived till to-day, for if I had died yesterday I would have been lost, for I was on the wrong road, and many hundreds beside me, but now I see that the Cross has settled it all. Thank God! Thank God! I'm not afeard to die now," and he sobbed right out.

His joy was so manifest and abiding that one of my daughters called him "Joyful Joe," and the name stuck to him.

Reader, are you *joyful*, knowing that the Cross has settled all the claims of justice, and that all that is left for you to do is to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

(Acts 16, 31).

* Wept.



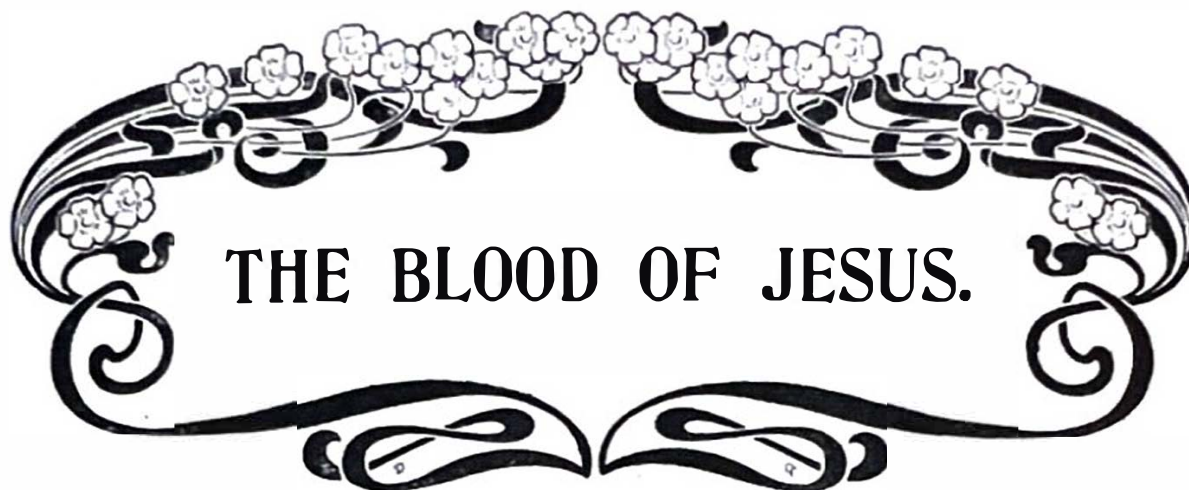
WHAT IS THE UNPARDONABLE SIN?

THE Lord Himself distinctly answers that question in Mark iii. 29, 30: "But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation; *because they said, He hath an unclean spirit.*"

In Matt. xii. 28, the Lord says: "I cast out devils by *the Spirit of God*." They said: "This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by *Beelzebub the prince of the devils*." (v. 24) So that in reality they were calling the Spirit of God the prince of devils! And this was the

blasphemy for which there was no forgiveness, ascribing the miracles of Jesus to the agency of the devil.

Now, it is evident that if a man still wants Christ to be his Saviour, whatever his backslidings may have been, he has not committed *this* sin. How could he want one, whom he believed to be energised by the very power of Satan, to be his Saviour? Why, if you knew of such a person you would not trust him with the charge of one of your horses for a single hour, much less trust him with the salvation of your soul for eternity!



THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

THERE IS NO FORGIVENESS WITHOUT IT.

“Without shedding of *blood* is no remission.” (Heb. 9, 22).

IT SATISFIES THE HOLY CLAIMS OF GOD.

“When I see the *blood*, I will pass over you.” (Exodus 12, 13).

IT MAKETH ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL.

“It is the *blood* that maketh an atonement for the soul.” (Lev. 17, 11).

IT REDEEMS THE BELIEVER.

“Redeemed—with the precious *blood* of Christ.” (1 Peter 1, 19).

IT CLEANSSES FROM ALL SIN.

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

IT JUSTIFIES THE BELIEVER.

“Being now justified by His *blood*.” (Rom. 5, 9).

IT HAS MADE PEACE.

“Having made peace through the *blood* of His cross.” (Col. 1, 20).

IT BRINGS THE BELIEVER NIGH TO GOD.

“Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the *blood* of Christ.” (Eph. 2, 13).

IT IS THE BASIS OF COMMUNION.

“The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the *blood* of Christ?” (1 Cor. 10, 16; also see 1 John 1, 7).

NOT CHURCHES, BUT CHRIST.

IT was a Sunday morning when our steamer touched at St. Thomas, a Danish West Indian island. After two weeks or more at sea, the chimes of the church bells floating across the lovely harbour were welcome sounds.

At six o'clock the passengers were sitting at the dinner table in the saloon. A gentleman, a Mexican mine-owner, said, with a derisive laugh, "Those people at St. Thomas must be well saved with so many churches."

That man had seen enough of life, or shall we say enough of death? to make him think. Five friends in one house had died of yellow fever in his arms. One morning in Peru he got up early for a ride. Two or three miles from the city his horse trembled violently. He slipped off to hold its head, and looking down in the valley he saw dense clouds of dust where the city was. He returned, and found the house, in which he had hoped to have breakfast in ruins, and the bodies of two white men—friends of his—and two black servants crushed beneath the fallen masonry. One-third of the city, visited suddenly by this awful earthquake, had died in almost less time than it takes to narrate it.

Yet this man, sickly and ill, with his jaundiced eye, could find time to scoff at God and His ways.

"Those people at St. Thomas must be well saved with so many churches," he jeered. Now, he misunderstood the

whole plan of salvation. Not by churches, but by Christ is there salvation. Not by baptismal waters, but by the precious blood is there cleansing. Not by sacraments, but by the Saviour is the way of life.

Friend, let me ask you, what of yourself? Are you irreligious, like the scoffing Mexican mine-owner, or religious, like the people of St. Thomas? It matters little; if you are without Christ, you are unsaved, unconverted, unforgiven.

Oh! the folly of the scoffer, when his scoffs are to be answered for at the bar of Him whom he mocks. "Fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

Oh! the folly of the religious sinner. Content with outward forms and ceremonies. Busy weaving the fig-leaf aprons of a Christless religion. Busy manufacturing "filthy rags" as a fit dress to pass the scrutiny of Him, before whom the very heavens are unclean.

Listen! The work of atonement is all done. Jesus, God's Son, has died at Calvary. The gates of heaven are open wide, and the invitation is full and free.

"There is NONE OTHER NAME under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (*Acts 4, 12*).

Not churches, but Christ; not works, but faith. This the Person and this the means by which salvation can be ours.

PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

AN infidel loudly and excitedly declared the divinity of Christ was a myth—that when the historical Jesus, the Galilean peasant, died, there was an end of Him.

Very quietly, but effectively, replied a Christian, "I have enjoyed His friendship for forty years now."

Such testimony awakens a responsive chord in the hearts of thousands. It did so in the writer's.

For well-nigh thirty years has he known Christ as his Saviour and Lord. No amount of infidel argument can shake the believer in Christ, who has thus made a personal acquaintance with Him. Christianity *must live* for its Founder lives—a glorified, accepted Man in God's presence. Oh! reader, there's only One can satisfy your heart, and that is Jesus. Trust Him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts 16, 31*).

A Letter on Religion without Reality.

DEAR FRIEND,—I want to tell you that I have at last found what I have long been looking for—Peace with God ; and as this is a possession above all price, and as I long that others may enjoy it, I write to put before you this solemn question—

Have you Peace with God ?

True peace of mind depends on whether you have or have not settled the great question about your soul with God.

For many years I thought to settle it by leading a better life than some of my friends ; and, by considerable exertion, I contrived to avoid some of the grosser sins which I saw others fall into. I went even further, for I attended church regularly, making a point of going to evening service, teaching at the Sunday School, taking the sacrament, &c. When I had an opportunity, I read the Bible to sick people, generally feeling a little better afterwards, and on sundry occasions I spoke very seriously to men who I thought were really going to perdition.

Although I could not quite agree with Mr. T——, who had given up the world, and although I might go to some parties which he might not quite approve of, still I thought it would be very unreasonable if, after all my good deeds, I was to be damned in the end. In fact, I thought it was impossible that God could treat me so badly, when I saw so many others so much worse than myself ; and yet the Word of God told me that "*all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,*" and that "*whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.*" (James 2, 10).

I did not like this, and could not quite understand it ; but, fortunately,

it broke my peace of mind, and I was not at rest, for I saw that some people had got hold of something better than I had.

About a year and a half ago I met a dear friend who showed me that in God's sight I was undoubtedly "guilty of all." He showed me, further, that I was a sinner ; and, whether I was a great sinner or a little sinner, it mattered not, for (as he said) the punishment of sin was death, and thus eternal death was hanging over me. But he showed me, also, that Christ's death was sufficient, in God's sight, to atone for all my sin ; and that, if I only relied on this, I should be saved, independently of my own wretched good works, which could not even *help* to save me. All this was a sad blow to my castle of good deeds, in which I had so long been fortifying myself.

Satan, however, told me that I must first give up many things which I might think were wrong. I found that I could not give them up. Satan then told me I could not be saved. Alas ! I wanted *pardon* and *life*. Then I thought I would come to Christ just as I was, trusting Him to save me from eternal death in the first place, and leaving the future entirely in His hands.

At once, He took me *as I was* ; and, I may here add, has ever since nourished and cherished me as a member of His body.

For a long time I wanted to *feel* something, but I found I had nothing to do but to believe on His death as sufficient for all my sins, and to rely on His word ; and, the moment I did so, I found in the Word of God that I had everlasting life, and, consequently, could never perish, for I stood "justified from all things."

(Acts 13, 39). This relieved me of my

load ; my life was at once changed from one of servitude to one of gratitude, and, being "justified by faith," I now had "peace with God," through my Lord Jesus Christ.

In fact, until then, I was religiously and respectably going to hell.

Can it be possible that you are in the same condition at this moment ?

You stand *now* either amongst the *saved* or the *unsaved*. The difference is distinct as the sky-line of an eastern horizon. Your unsettled account of sin is the real bar to your peace of mind. I tell you that the smallest sin you ever committed involves the punishment of *death eternal*, for the holy God cannot admit one with the least spot of sin into His presence. Death and judgment are also the full and only punishment of all your sins, from your cradle to your grave. But Christ's *death* is, in God's sight, a sufficient punishment for these very sins. *Can you take it as such ?* If you can only rely on Christ now—that is, on His death, as satisfying all God's claims against you—even as you read this, without waiting to be sorry for your sins, or until you are better, Christ's death will be set

down to your account. He will give you at once a life that is everlasting, and then you can never perish, for you are passed from death unto life. He says so in John 10, 28, and 5, 24.

The Lord had laid upon Him all my iniquities. He went with them all, as my Surety, into the prison-house of death. I might be in doubt as to whether He paid enough for all my sins, if He were still in the tomb ; but the prison-doors are opened, and He is risen, and has gone to appear in the presence of God for me. God is satisfied ; the uttermost farthing is paid. I dare not doubt it, for God says it ; and there is now no longer any condemnation against me, a poor sinner ; for "*he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.*" If God is satisfied by the death of His own Son, with regard to sin, you are doubting His word, and putting dishonour upon Christ, so long as you remain unsatisfied.

And now, dear friend, I pray God to dispose your heart to think seriously of these things, and may He allow you no peace until you find peace in resting your soul on Jesus as *your Saviour*.—Yours faithfully,

* * *

SURRENDER FIRST.

A FRENCH officer, whose ship had been captured by Nelson, was brought on board the latter's flagship. He walked up to the great admiral and offered him his hand.

"No," said Nelson : "your sword first, if you please."

There are people to-day who would take Christ's hand. They say, "Jesus is such a noble character ; we are enamoured of Him ; we will walk with Him."

Nay, nay ; not so fast. Your sword first ; give up your rebellious will ; admit your guilt ; then Christ will take your hand with a grip that He will never relinquish.

You must know Him **FIRST AS SAVIOUR**, before you may hope to know Him as Friend.

"Ye MUST be Born Again."



WHEN Nicodemus came to Jesus by night to ask his questions, he was met by these words, which admit of no mistake of meaning, "*Ye MUST be born again.*"

No one can be admitted into the kingdom of heaven who is not born again. Thousands, whose lives are as heartless as their theology is vague, will tell you that we become inheritors of the kingdom of heaven by baptism. It is false. Many rest upon this delusion.

It is comfortable for a man of the world, or for a woman, whose highest pleasures consist of her novels and jewels, to believe that by the sprinkling of a few drops of water upon their baby-faces they unconsciously became children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. It may be comfortable, but it is an awful delusion. No; it must be a new beginning—something vital and of God. "*Ye MUST be born again.*"

Whitefield, that great preacher of the last century, whose trumpet-voice proclaimed so earnestly and with such success the gospel of God on both sides of the Atlantic, is said to have preached from this text over one thousand times. Let us recall two scenes.

WHITEFIELD AMONG THE MINERS.

At Kingswood, near Bristol, Whitefield addressed again and again thousands of rough miners in the open air. Tears poured down the black faces of the colliers. The great audiences are described as being drenched in tears. "How can I help weeping," he said to them, "when you have not wept for yourselves?" And they began to weep.

We can imagine how the words, plain in their meaning and universal in their application, "*Ye MUST be born again,*" sounded in commanding force and power again and again upon the ears of those rough listeners, with results such as are described

WHITEFIELD IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

From Kingswood, with its miners, to Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room in the West End of London is as wide a contrast as one can well imagine.

The latter has been well described thus:—"What a singular assembly from time to time! the square, dark face of that old gentleman, painfully hobbling in on his crutched stick—face once so handsome as that of St. John, now the disappointed, moody features of the massive, but sceptical intelligence of Bolingbroke; poor worn-out old Chesterfield, cold and courtly, yet seeming so genial and humane, coming again and again, and yet again; those reckless wits, and leaders of society, Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, and George Selwyn; the Duchess of Montague, with her young daughter; Lady Cardigan, often there, if her mother, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, were but seldom a visitor. Charles Townshend, the great minister, often came with his friend, Lord Lyttleton. There you might have seen even the great commoner, William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham; but we can understand why he would be there to listen to the manifold notes of an eloquence singularly resembling, in many particulars, his own."

Such is the historian's account of these remarkable gatherings, and we easily gather that the great preacher would not hesitate to tell high-born ladies, statesmen, and peers the plain and naked truth. God's truth is of universal application. He is no respecter of persons. "*YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN,*" was as applicable to them as to the Kingswood miners.

And God's servant, if true to his Master and message, would not shrink from declaring the whole counsel of God. Hence it is no surprise that Whitefield was sometimes painfully personal, and that the Duchess of Buckingham should write to

the Countess of Huntingdon in great anger: – “The doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinged with impertinence. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding.”

A SCENE OLDER, YET NEARER.

But let us turn from these interesting scenes of last century to that scene so much older, yet so much fresher. Well nigh nineteen centuries have rolled on since these marvellous words fell from the lips of Him, of whom it was said: “*Never man spake like this Man.*” They must have astonished Nicodemus, teacher of Israel as he was, who stole under the cover of night to ask questions of that infinitely greater Teacher. “*Ye must be born again.*”

And these words are as fresh to-day as then, as sweeping in their universality, as personal in their intense application. “*Ye MUST be born again.*”

A PERSONAL QUESTION.

Reader, we turn from Whitefield and his titled lords and ladies, from his rough uncultured miners; we turn from Nicodemus and his questions, and would in the name of Him, who said, “*Ye MUST be born again,*” ask *you* a pointed personal question: *Have YOU been born again?*

We do not ask if you have been baptized. Have *you* been born again? We do not ask if your attendance at the church is regular. Have *you* been born again?

You must either be born *twice*, or die *twice*. There is the *second* birth, and the *second* death.

“*Ye must be BORN AGAIN.*” (John 3, 7.) “*And death and hell [HADES] were cast into the lake of fire. THIS IS THE SECOND DEATH. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.*” (Rev. 20, 14, 15.)

Your name may be written on the roll of church-membership. Is it written in the Lamb's book of life?

See to it that your hopes for eternity are not based upon a mere dream of superstition, which will pass away when you most need its comfort—the memory of which can only mock you in a long, lost eternity.

The One who said, “*Ye MUST be born again,*” also said, “*I am THE WAY, THE TRUTH, and THE LIFE,*” and declares that, “*Him that cometh TO ME, I will in no wise cast out.*”

Trust here and now that precious Saviour, and you will have a sure Foundation in Him for all your hopes.



TO-MORROW.



HAVE nothing to do with to-morrow,
My Saviour will make that **His** care;
Should He fill it with trouble and sorrow,
He'll help me to suffer and bear.

I have nothing to do with to-morrow,
Its burdens then why should I share?
Its grace and its faith I can't borrow,
Then why should I borrow its care.

THE OLD GREEK STATUE.

LONG ago there stood, by the wayside in one of the old Greek towns, a statue of curious design. The epigram, which has been preserved, was in the form of a dialogue. It ran thus:—

"What is thy name, O statue?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but for a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

Unsaved reader, apply the application to your own case. Delay no longer the question of your soul's salvation. "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6, 2). To-morrow may be too late.

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



UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES.

WHAT! will you not believe anything you cannot explain? Have you finger-nails? You say, "Yes." Then explain why on the tip of your finger there comes a nail? You cannot tell me. You believe in the law of gravitation; explain it if you can. I can ask you a hundred questions about your eyes, about your ears, about your face, about your feet, that you cannot answer, and yet you find fault that I cannot answer all the questions you may ask about

this Bible. I would not give a farthing for the Bible if I could understand everything in it. I should know that the heights and depths of God's truth were not very great, if with my poor finite mind I could reach everything.

But there is one thing about which there is no difficulty. It is as easy to understand as A.B.C. I mean the way to be saved. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," are the plain simple words of Scripture.

“He Knows.”

Tune—Clonskeagh.

MUSIC BY J. C. T.

know not what shall be - fall me, God hangs a mist o'er mine eyes : At

ev' - ry step in my on - ward path He makes new scenes to rise,

And ev' - ry joy that He sends me is a sweet and a glad sur - prise. And

ev' - ry joy that He sends me is a sweet and a glad sur - prise.

- 2 I see not a step before me
As I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future He will clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
Will brighten as I draw near.
- 3 It may be that the future
Is less bitter than I think,
The Lord will sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink —
Or if Murah must be Murah
He'll stand beside the brink.
- 4 Oh, blessed, happy ignorance !
Tis better not to know,
It keeps me still in those tender arms

That will not let me go—
And hushes my soul to rest
On the heart that loves me so.

- 5 And so I go on not knowing,
I would not if I might ;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light ;
I'd rather walk with Him by faith
Than go alone by sight.
- 6 My heart shrinks back from trials
The future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what my dear Lord chose ;
So I drive the coming tears back
With the whispered word, 'He knows.'

A PARABLE.

(By Christmas Evans).

"I WILL relate to you a parable of truth. In a familiar parable I will tell you how it is with some of you, and, alas! how it may be in the end. I will tell you what happened in a Welsh village, I need not say where. I was going through this village in early spring and saw before me a beautiful house. The farmer had just brought into the yard his load of lime; his horses were fat, and all were well-to-do about him. He went in, and sat down to his dinner, and as I came up a man stood knocking at the door. There was a friendly look in his face that made me say as I passed, 'The master's at home; they won't keep you waiting.'

"Before long I was again on that road, and as soon as I came in sight of the house, there stood the same man knocking. At this I wondered, and as I came near I saw that he stood as one, who had knocked long; and as he knocked he listened. Said I, 'The farmer is busy making up his books, or counting his money, or eating and drinking, knock louder, sir, and he will hear you.' 'But,' said I, 'you have great patience, sir, for you have been knocking a long time. If I were you I would leave him to-night, and come back to-morrow.'

"'He is in danger and I must warn him,' replied he, and knocked louder than ever.

"Some time afterwards I went that way again, and there still stood the man, knocking, knocking, knocking. 'Well, sir,' said I, 'your perseverance is the most remarkable I ever saw! How long do you mean to stop?'

"'Till I can make him hear,' was his answer; and he knocked again.

"Said I, 'He wants for no good thing. He has a fine farm, and flocks, and herds, and stackyards, and barns.'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'for the Lord is kind to the unthankful, and the evil.'

"Then he knocked again, and I went on my way, wondering at the goodness and patience of this man.

"Again I was in those parts. It was very cold weather. There was an east wind blowing, and the sleety rain fell. It was getting dark, too, and the pleasantest place, as you all know, at such a time, is the fireside. As I came by the farmhouse I saw the candlelight shining through the windows, and the smoke of a good fire coming out of the chimney. But there was still the man outside - knocking, knocking! And as I looked at him I saw that his hands and feet were bare, and bleeding, and his visage as that of one marred with sorrow. My heart was very sad for him, and I said, 'Sir, you had better not stand any longer at that hard man's door. Let me advise you to go over the way to the poor widow. She has many children, and she works for her daily bread; but she will make you welcome.'

"'I know her,' he said. 'I am with her continually; her door is ever open to me, for the Lord is the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless. She is in bed with her little children.'

"'Then go,' I replied, 'to the blacksmith's yonder. I see the cheerful blaze of his smithy; he works early, and late. His wife is a kind-hearted woman. They will treat you like a prince.'

"He answered solemnly, 'I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'

"At that moment the door opened, and the farmer came out, cursing and swearing, with a cudgel in his hand, with which he smote him, and then angrily shut the door in his face. This excited a fierce anger in me. I was full of indignation to think that a Welshman should treat a stranger in that fashion. I was ready to burst into the house, and maltreat him in his turn. But the stranger laid his hand upon my arm, and said, 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.'

"'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'your patience and long-suffering are wonderful; they are beyond my comprehension.'

"It was dark; the smithy was closed; they were shutting up the inn, and I made haste to get shelter for the night, wondering, more and more, at the patience and pity of the man. In the public-house I learned from the landlord the character of the farmer, and, late as it was, I went back to the patient stranger and said, 'Sir, come away; he is not worth all this trouble. He is a hard, cruel, wicked man. He has robbed the fatherless, he has defamed his friend, he has built his house in iniquity. Come away, sir. Make yourself comfortable with us by the warm fireside. This man is not worth saving.'

“‘Smite him, Lord!’ I cried in my indignation; ‘Then perhaps he will hear Thee.’

the day of judgment he shall hear Me when I say, Depart from Me, thou worker of iniquity, into everlasting darkness, prepared for the devil and his angels.' After these words I saw Him no more. The wind blew, and the sleety rain fell, and I went back to the inn.

"'Christmas, man !' cried my landlord, 'get up ! get up ! You are wanted with a neighbour, who is at the point of death !'

"His wife was wringing her hands, his children were frightened out of their senses. 'Pray! pray for me!' he cried. 'Oh, Christmas, man! cry to God for *me*! He will hear *you*; *me* He will not hear!' I knelt to pray; but it was *too late*. He was gone."



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"I SHOULD SO LOVE TO LAY MY CROWN AT HIS FEET."

THE following cutting from a well-known London Daily will interest many:—

"One of the chaplains of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, had been preaching on the second coming of the Lord, and afterwards, in conversation with the preacher, the Queen exclaimed: "Oh! how I wish that the Lord would come in my lifetime!"

"Why," asked the chaplain, "does your Majesty feel this very earnest desire?"

The Queen replied with quivering lips, and her whole countenance lighted up by deep emotion—

"I should so love to lay my crown at His feet."

How intensely solemn are the words of Scripture, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha [that is, accursed at His coming]." (1 Cor. 16, 22)
He is coming, and coming QUICKLY. Are you ready?



ACCEPTANCE.



A POOR woman in deep distress of soul said, "I am afraid God will never accept me."

"He never will," was the unexpected answer. A look of blank astonishment took possession of her face. "He never will," continued her visitor, "but He has accepted Christ."

Faith can say, "He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

(Eph. 1, 6)



MY MOTTO.



"FOR a Christian the secret of peace within, and power without, is to be always and only occupied with CHRIST."

ONLY TWO.



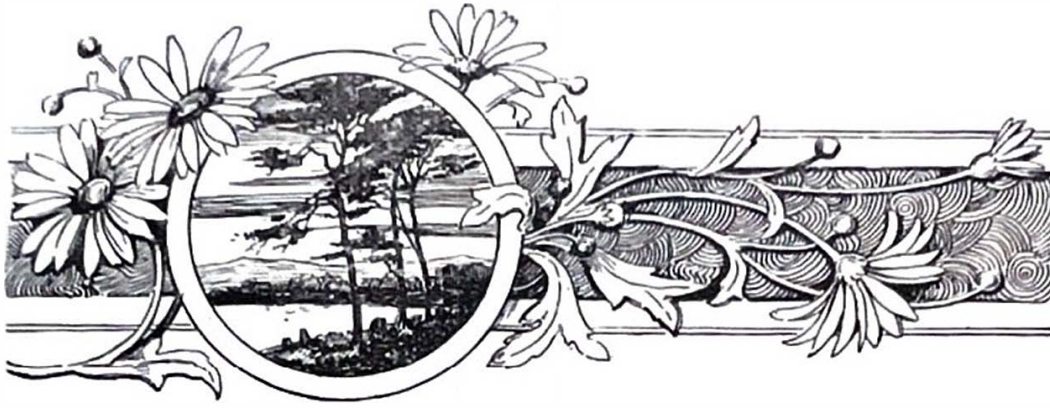
ONLY TWO WAYS. So the Bible tells us—one broad, the other narrow; one leading to destruction, the other to life; many tread the one; few, the other. Reader, which is *your* way? They are well defined. "Wide is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. . . . Straight is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (*Matt. 7, 13-14.*)

ONLY TWO CLASSES. Many sub-classes, no doubt, but only two in God's sight. The difference between them is very plain. "He that believeth on Him [the only begotten Son of God] is NOT CONDEMNED, but he that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY." (*John 3, 18.*) The former class is on the narrow road; the latter on the broad. To which do *you* belong?

ONLY TWO SIDES. Which are *you* on? Christ says: "He that is not with Me is against Me." (*Matt. 12, 30.*) The old cry of "Christ or Barabbas" has not died down yet. Its terms may alter, but its meaning is ever the same. Christ or the world. Christ or self. This world or the world to come. The issue is very plain. Which side are *you* on?

ONLY TWO DEATHS. The death of the righteous and the death of the wicked. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." (*Rev. 14, 13.*) "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." (*Ezekiel 33, 11.*) The brightest spot in this world is the death-bed of a triumphant Christian; the saddest sight in this world of sad sights is that of a sinner, passing into the gloom of an eternal night without the shelter of the precious blood. If the Lord does not come, one of these two deaths will be yours. Which would it be, if you were to die this moment?

ONLY TWO PLACES—Heaven and hell—in eternity. To which are you travelling? Time carries you swiftly on. Once you cross time's boundary, "the great gulf fixed" is set up for ever, and then mistakes are irrevocable and indifference fatal. Heaven will be the home of the ransomed of the Lord, of those, who have trusted Christ and received Him as their Saviour. This alone is their title. Alas! the unbeliever seals his own doom. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." (*Psalms 9, 17.*)



The Lord is Coming !

WHEN ? It may be to-day ! The Word of God does not tell us ; but we read that “ the coming of the Lord draweth NIGH ” (*James 5, 8.*), and again :—“ Surely I come QUICKLY.” (*Rev. 22, 20.*)

WHY ? In order to take His blood-bought ones, dead and living, to be where He is. Hence we read that “ the dead in Christ shall rise first : then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, . . . and so shall we ever be with the Lord.” (*1 Thes. 4, 16, 17.*) And again,—“ I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.” (*John 14, 3.*) Notice, the word “ ye ” excludes mere professors such as the “ Foolish Virgins ” of Mat. 25.

HOW ? “ The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.” (*1 Thes. 4, 16.*) “ Behold, I come quickly.” (*Rev. 3, 11.*) Thus He comes in Person—“ the Lord Himself.” He does not send an angel. He who ascended is the same as He who returns.

WHERE ? The meeting-place shall be in the air, and not on earth. The Lord shall descend ; they shall “ be caught up . . . to meet the Lord in the air.” Such is the appointed trysting-place !

WHITHER ? To the Father’s House on high, the heavenly Home of the children of God, to the many mansions above, and the joys of the eternal presence of the Lord. (*See John 14, 1–3.*) Then He shall see the fruit of His agony on Calvary, and divine love shall have its glorious consummation. How blessed is the Prospect !



EARLY one morning in December, 1890, I climbed the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh for the first time, with the aid of two swarthy Arabs. The sun was shining brilliantly, and a marvellous panorama opened out from the top of that stupendous pile.

What struck me most forcibly was the sharp line of demarcation which divided the smiling, verdant valley of the Nile on the one hand, from the brown, barren desert stretching westward to the horizon on the other.

This could scarcely be observed from the dead level below, nor from the gentle undulations of the desert's edge, but once the height was reached, all was clearly defined.

So, spiritually, there is a clearly marked dividing line between the saved and the unsaved; between those who are alive to God, and those yet unconverted—dead in trespasses and sins.

True, from the dead level of human thought this is scarcely discernible, but once we climb the height of God's revelation, and see as He sees, we perceive the vast desert of an unregenerate world stretching away to the horizon; but, thank God, we see also the verdant valley, with the mighty river winding along in the distance, a lovely picture of the river of God's grace, bringing life, and peace, and joy to the multitudes who dwell on its banks.

Reader, may I ask, where do *you* dwell?

There is no middle ground, so that you are either still in the barren desert, at a distance from God, and going on to eternal perdition, or else you have tasted of the water of life, and are basking in the sunshine of eternal love. Which is it?

"I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life." (*Deut. 30, 19.*)



GRACE.

"DO not be afraid of full grace. Be well sure that does not mar holiness; whatever deadens the conscience does, but this does not. Would a child's sense of a mother's love weaken its desire to please her? And as to power, which we need, in grace alone it is found; then press consistency with our calling as much as you please, you cannot do better. Fellowship in the heart with Christ keeps the sense of our standing in Christ steady, and is the saving power of the heart practically in our walk. May He—oh! may He keep us near Himself."

"Mutual Agreement."

"WELL, is it all settled?"
"No, indeed; I wish with all my heart that it were," was the sad reply I got to my query. The speaker was a tall well-dressed young man, of some five-and-twenty years, who was coming out of a door of a large and crowded hall in the south of London, where I had been, one Monday evening some years ago, preaching the Gospel, speaking of the Lord's second coming. His grave and intelligent face was marked by deep emotion, and denoted the soul-exercise he had passed through as he had been listening to the tale of grace which the Spirit of God had unfolded that night, followed by solemn appeals to the unconverted, in view of the possibility of the Lord's immediate return, and the certain eternal woe that must be the fate of the unprepared, and hence unsaved, soul.

Arrested by my question, he stood still, as if inviting further converse; so I went on, "But if you wish the matter settled, why is it not settled?"

"I really don't know; but I fancy I don't understand it."

"Tell me, now, do you take your place as a really lost sinner before God, and are you anxious to be saved?"

"Indeed I do. I am most anxious to be saved."

"Are you willing to receive Jesus as your Saviour, just where you stand?"

"I am most willing. I wish heartily I could say He were my Saviour. I am quite prepared to receive Him."

"Do you think He is willing to receive you?"

"Ah! that is just the question. If I were only sure of that, I should be at rest."

"Oh, my dear fellow, rest assured on that score; I can answer for Him as to that. Have you never read, 'This Man receiveth sinners'?" was my rejoinder. More followed, but still he saw not the truth; so, fancying that he might be in business, and that an illustration might help him, I said, "Are you in business?"

"Yes."

"What line?"

"Woollen goods—wholesale," he replied, rather astonished at the sudden change from things eternal to earthly matters.

"Suppose I turned up at your warehouse to-morrow, would you be prepared to do business with me?"

"Certainly."

"Well, suppose that I come wanting so many bales of cloth of a certain quality and price, would you be prepared to sell them?"

"Most decidedly."

"And when I have agreed to take, and pay for, and you to sell, and deliver these goods, what would you say about the matter?"

"I should call it settled."

"And settled, what by?"

"Mutual agreement," was the reply.

"Exactly so! I agree to take, and you to deliver. Now, see: here you stand and tell me you are willing to receive the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and God's Word says He is willing to receive you, a 'sinner.' What do you call that?"

"I should call that mutual agreement also," was his slow but firm reply.

"Yes; Christ is agreed to receive you, and you are agreed to receive Him. Are you not at one in this matter? Are you not both of the same mind?"

"Dear me, how simple it is! I see it all clearly now, thank God. I just receive Christ simply by faith, and He receives me?"

"That is just it, and exactly as it is put in John 1, 11, 12, 'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as *received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that *believe on His name*: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.' You believe on His name, don't you?"

"Yes, I most sincerely believe in the name of the Lord Jesus."

"Then God says that is how you receive Him; and receiving Jesus,

you become a child of God; for again it is written, 'Ye are all the children of God *by faith in Christ Jesus*' (Gal. 3, 26). The moment you believe in Him really, you receive Him, and become a child of God."

The cloud disappeared from his face, the anxiety departed, his eye was lit up with a new-born joy; and, seizing and wringing my hand most warmly, he went on his way, saying, "Thank God. Thank you, too. I see it all. It's so simple. It's mutual agreement. He receives me, I receive Him, and now I'm a child of God. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

Reader, can *you* say it is settled?



Ere Another Morning's Light.

CHRIST is coming, are you ready?
Would you like to hear His shout?
Will He find you watching daily?
Ever on the bright look-out?
For He may be here to-night,
Ere another morning's light.

Yes, He's coming, coming quickly,
And we do not know the day;
So we must be ever watching
For the Morning Star's first ray,
For it might be seen to-night,
Ere another morning's light.

What a joyful, joyful meeting
That will be, when in the air,
We shall hear our Saviour's greeting,
And behold His face so fair;
And this might take place to-night,
Ere another morning's light.

He will come Himself to meet us,
His the voice that we shall hear,
'Tis our absent, blessed Jesus,
Even now to us so dear;
If His shout were heard to-night,
Would you hear it with delight?



“God says I am Saved.”



NOT long since, I was asked to visit a young girl about seventeen years of age, who had injured herself, and was thought to be dying. I had known her for some time, and was aware that she was very delicate, but, on calling, learned that she had fallen out of bed, and had received an injury to the back of her head, which, it was judged, would eventually prove fatal. Being under the care of another surgeon, I had nothing to do with her treatment; so, after making a few inquiries as to her bodily suffering, which was great (especially when moved by others, for she was almost completely paralysed), I began to speak to her about the state of her soul.

“Are you quite happy?” I said.

“No, sir.”

“Why? Are you not saved?”

“I am not sure.”

“But why are you not sure? Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?”

“Yes, but I don't *feel* saved.”

“Do you feel *lost*?”

“Yes, I do,” and she now began to weep.

“Why do you know you are lost?”

“Because I am a sinner, and God's Word says so.”

“Then you believe His Word, do you?”

“Oh! yes, sir; indeed I do.”

“Well, then, His Word says, ‘Look unto Me and be ye saved.’

Do you believe that?”

“Yes.”

“But are you looking to Jesus?”

“Yes, sir; but I don't *feel* as I should like to.”

“Granted; but does it say, ‘Look unto Me, and *feel* saved?’”

“No.”

"What then?"

"Be ye saved."

"What?"

"Be ye saved."

"When is that, to-day or to-morrow?"

"When I look."

"But are you looking?"

"Yes, I am really looking to Jesus."

"Then, are you saved?"

She paused a moment, and then firmly replied, "I don't feel it, but God says I am saved. I see it now."

The next moment her eye lit up, and her pallid face told the tale of a new spring of joy having been opened to her.

"Well," I said, "if any one were to come in, and ask you now if you were saved, what would you say?"

"I would say 'Yes.'"

"And if they asked you how you knew it and were sure of it, what would you say?"

"I would say that I do believe in Jesus, and God says in His Word that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life; and though I don't feel it, I do believe what God says."

"Then you rest your soul on Jesus and on God's Word?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and I could die happy now. I'd like to go at once to Jesus."

"You have no fears?"

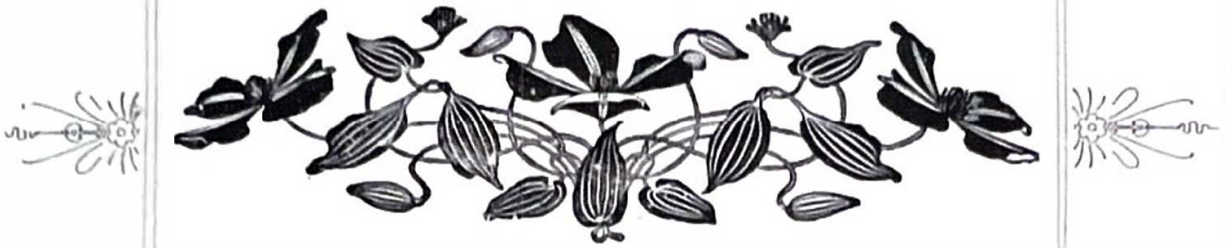
"No, none."

"No doubts?"

"No; why should I? I see it all clearly. I'm only a poor sinner—and Jesus died for me—and I believe in Him—and God says I'm saved, and so I know I am."

I had a little more conversation, and called two days after to find her truly filled with "joy and peace in believing." Her face shone with the joy the knowledge of God alone can impart. Leaving town for a few weeks, I found, on my return, that she had lingered about a month, giving a constant bright testimony of Christ to all about her, and, full of quiet calm rest and joy in Christ until the end, had at length passed to be for ever with Him.

Reader, what about you? Do you know that you are saved?



AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION.

YES, Sir, I consider it nothing short of down-right impertinence for any person to button-hole me, and ask me if I'm saved. I consider it a question between God and myself, and no one has a right to intrude upon me with such questions."

Hold hard, friend, not quite so fast. You would take it kindly if any person asked after your health. You would not reply that it was a matter between yourself and the doctor, and that no person had a right to ask such a question. Of course not.

Yet another consideration. The Bible says:—"BE READY ALWAYS to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." (1 Peter, 3, 15.) Anyhow, you are not ready to give an answer. The fact that you are so reluctant to speak on so important a matter is very suspicious. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I am afraid little comes out, because little has got in. If you were saved, you would be READY, and that ALWAYS, according to the Bible, to say so, and give the ground of your assurance as well.

Moreover, in the matter of salvation the Scriptures make much of CONFESSIO. "Whosoever shall CONFESS ME before men, him shall the Son of Man also CONFESS before the angels of God: but he that denieth Me before men shall be denied before the angels of God." (Luk^s 12, 8, 9.) "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.)

There is no room in the Bible for those people, who mean to be saved on

the quiet, and get to heaven without anyone knowing it—who want the crown, but shirk the cross.

THE FACT OF THE MATTER is this, that standing on your dignity, when you are spoken to about your soul, shows your desire to be left alone, and not troubled.

Look at that poor, blind woman in the Shetland Islands. She has got off the beaten track, and is feeling the ground with her stick. Nearer and nearer she draws to the edge of the cliff. Would it be a neighbourly act to let her go on unwarned, and not interfere? Yet you, my unconverted reader, are blind, hurrying on as fast as time can carry you to the precipice of hell. You may not believe it. That is all the greater proof that you are stone-blind about eternal realities, or else you would be aware of the awful risk you are running.

Shall we be accused of impertinence, if we thus address you; or will the kind Christian, who thrusts this pointed question within your hand, be accounted insolent? Whether or no, we cannot forbear asking you in true kindness, are you converted? Is your soul saved for ever? Are you ready to meet God? Oh! face these plain questions as you love your soul, and care for its immortal destiny.

Don't be like the Gadarenes, who prayed the Saviour "that He would depart out of their coasts." God says, "My spirit shall not ALWAYS strive with man." Take care, it may be said of you, as it was of Ephraim, "Let him alone." (Hosea 4, 17.)

God wants your blessing, and sends to you the message of forgiveness and salvation. Trust in Christ. He alone can save.

“ I WILL THINK SERIOUSLY ABOUT IT.”



SUCH was the answer a man made me the other day, when, at the close of a gospel meeting, I asked him if he was saved.

I believe he said it seriously and earnestly, and it was certainly better than blank indifference and unconcern.

Most would have thought the answer satisfactory, but it was far from that.

For instance—suppose a man falls into the deep current of a swift river. He is unable to swim. Just as he passes you, you throw a rope to him from the bank, and you call to him to lay hold of it. It is his only chance. A moment more, and he will be swept beyond its reach.

Instead of seizing it with the proverbial grip of a drowning man, he replies, “I will think seriously about it.” What conclusion do you come to? That the man does not know his danger.

Or suppose a doctor is hurriedly called to the bedside of a man who has been suddenly and alarmingly seized with illness. The doctor is a most skilful man. He prepares some medicine, and says, “This is the only thing that can save you. I don’t know whether I am in time with it, but your only chance lies in taking it **NOW**. Every minute is precious. Drink it off at once.”

The patient replies, “Doctor, leave the medicine where I can reach it. I will think seriously about it.”

What conclusion do you come to? That the man does not know his danger.

And what conclusion can we come to, when a guilty sinner on the road to hell, with death and judgment before him, can say of the good news of the gospel, “I will think seriously about it?”



THE TWO LOOKS.

.....

EARLY one morning, in a remote part of the county of Norfolk, a poacher, fatally wounded, was carried to a little rustic cottage by a terrified comrade. It appears that they had both been roaming through the woods, during the night, in search of game. Towards day-break there had arisen a little dispute between them. The man who was carrying the gun thought it prudent to return home, while the other seemed equally determined to pursue the poaching still longer. It ended in a struggle for the possession of the gun, and in the struggle the loaded firearm exploded, shooting one poor fellow through the body.

But let us return to the cottage where the dying man is laid. What a saddening spectacle it is! Not that I would occupy you with the *natural* side of things that presented themselves there. Distressing, beyond description, must they have been to all present, but especially to the wounded poacher himself. All his earthly hopes, plans, and prospects had been rudely dashed to the ground in an instant. A few more beats of his enfeebled heart, and all will be over with him for this world. But it was neither bodily suffering nor earthly disappointments that occupied the poor man's mind in that solemn hour.

Two great and weighty realities stare him full in the face, filling

his soul with horror and dismay. Beside them everything else seems to fade into insignificance and pass out of sight.

Not only do these ponderous realities occupy his *mind*, but the very walls of the cottage are made to re-echo with the expression of them, as, in anguish unutterable, he cries aloud, "*My sins, my sins, and the judgment-day!*"

A woman, standing by, partly in kindness to the poor sufferer, and perhaps with the desire of getting him to cease this oft-repeated and heart-piercing cry, offered him a drink of water. This, however, only seemed to intensify his bitter anguish, and he exclaimed, in tones never to be forgotten by those who heard him, "*Water can never quench my thirst! MY SINS, MY SINS, AND THE JUDGMENT-DAY!*" And thus he passed away—passed into eternity. What an end of life's short journey!

Now, reader, notice; this man looked in two directions. Backward, he saw his *sins*, forward, the *judgment-day*. Well might he then make those cottage walls ring with his shouts of soul-agony. But has it ever struck you that every one must sooner or later face those two realities? and *you*, reader, no exception to the rule.

The true Christian has *already* looked them full in the face, and that in the presence of God. Neither his sins nor the judgment they deserve cause him one moment

of anxious fear. What dread, think you, has a poor debtor, either of his debts, or of the county court, if he knows that some friend has already paid those debts, and *that friend the county court judge himself?*

And why need the believer tremble when he thinks of his many sins, and their just judgment? Christ bore his sins upon the Cross, and suffered the penalty due to them. (*1 Peter 2, 24; 3, 18*). The work of redemption has been finished. God declares Himself satisfied, for Christ is risen from the dead, and the glory of God has welcomed Him back. And beside all this, the Son of man, appointed by God to execute judgment (*John 5, 27*), is the same Son of man, who was "lifted up," and who bare our sins on Calvary's tree. (*John 3, 14*).

Now listen to the words of this same Jesus while here below: "Verily, verily, *I say* unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and *shall not come into condemnation*; but is

passed from death unto life." (*John 6, 28*). What precious words they are!

But again I turn to *you*, unsaved friend, and once more assure you, that *you* will give these two looks some day. Think, for a moment, of standing at the great white throne, with all your lifetime of guilt in the books against you, and feeling deeply conscious that the eye of God is upon you! Is it not high time to awake, then? God still speaks.

Consider it soberly, dear friend. The long-suffering of God has taken you by the hand, and walked beside you for many a day. But you may be very near to the last entreaty—very near to parting company with it for ever.

Then *you* will be *left*, left to face your sins, left to bear their judgment; forsaken of God and man, to think in hell for ever of your shameful treatment of all His kindness, and the rejection of His blessed Son. May God deliver you from such a fate! Why not *now* turn to Christ and live?



THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

"**W**HAT is your business?"

"Oh! it is just to speak a little about the soul and its eternal interests. But I see you are busy."

"Well, yes, I am, very."

The preacher put out his hand to say "good-bye," and, drawing close to the astonished man, whispered solemnly in his ear—"Suppose I had been death?"

The Five go Together.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John 5, 24).

IN this verse we have five precious things. Please to take particular notice of them :—

HEARETH, BELIEVETH, HATH, SHALL NOT, IS. And mark *the five go together*, you cannot have *two* and leave *three*, or *three* and leave *two*. *They go all together*. God says, "Here, poor anxious soul, here is a bundle of blessings for you." Now, just read the verse again, and be sure you don't miss anything out of the bundle.

But I think I hear some poor, dear, anxious soul saying, "Oh ! yes, Sir, I know all that ; I've read that verse over and over again ; but still I'm no better—it's no use going over it any more, I don't feel that I'm saved !"

"I'm very thankful, indeed, for that."

"Thankful, Sir, because I can't say 'I'm saved ?'"

"No ! but thankful you can't FEEL saved. You see, you are trying to put into the bundle what God leaves out, and leaving out what God puts in. FEELING SAVED is not in the whole verse. "Faith cometh by hearing." (Rom. 10, 17) and, in this verse, Jesus puts HEARING first ; then BELIEVING ; then HATH ; then SHALL NOT ! then IS. You want to leave out the BELIEVING and substitute FEELING. So I am thankful, as I said before, that you don't FEEL SAVED ; for if you were to get some nice *feelings* you would run away with the idea that you were saved, and if asked, 'Are you saved ?' you would reply, 'Yes.' 'How do you know ?' 'Well, I've felt a change, and I'm very happy.' Then the first time the dark clouds sailed across your sky your feelings would go, and then you would have lost your Saviour. Thus you would make a Saviour of your FEELINGS instead of CHRIST. Now, please don't put in what God leaves out, and don't say you know all about it, for I'm sure you don't know these five precious things that go together. Let us look at the verse closely.

"Well, look here, have you 'heard' the Word ?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And believe on Him that sent Him ?"

"Yes, Sir, I do believe."

"Well now, please, tell me what you believe ?"

"I believe that God sent Jesus to take my place, and He died for me."

"Do you ?"

"Yes, I do."

"Now, you are sure you do ?"

"Quite sure."

"Then you have HEARD ?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you BELIEVE ?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then, what is the third thing ?"

"'HATH everlasting life'"

"Then, have you got everlasting life ?"

"Ah ! well, Sir, but you see that's just what I cannot say, if I could only feel sure about that point I should be all right."

"Well, what do you think would make you feel sure ?"

"I scarcely know, Sir."

"Look here, supposing you owed the rent of a house and couldn't pay it, and I go and pay every farthing of it and bring you the receipt. What would make you sure as to the rent being paid?"

"Oh! the receipt, of course."

"Quite so, and you would FEEL happy because you KNEW your rent was paid, and should the landlord again demand the rent, you would not speak to him of your *feelings*, but produce the *receipt*. And God is holding out His receipt to you, and you are shutting your eyes to it, and wanting to FEEL it, instead of reading and believing it."

"You have HEARD?"

"Yes."

"You BELIEVE?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then God says, you HAVE, not you HOPE to get. 'HATH everlasting life' is His word, and that is not all, you 'SHALL NOT come into condemnation' or judgment. That has all fallen on Jesus, and the believer is in Him, and 'there is therefore NOW NO CONDEMNATION to them which are IN Christ Jesus.'"

"You will never stand before The Great White Throne to be judged for your sins, all your judgment was borne by Jesus on the Cross, and He has so settled that question, that God has raised Him from the dead. 'The Man in the glory' is the proof that the debt is paid, and thus you can never come into judgment, for your sins are all gone."

"But that is not all, even, for we get another thing, 'IS passed from *death* unto *life*.' You were in a state of death, 'dead in trespasses and sins.' (Eph. 2, 1.) But now you ARE passed from death unto life; not WILL do so by and by, but, 'IS passed.' How glorious! Quickened together, raised up together, made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. (Eph. 2, 5-6.) What a bundle of blessings, and any poor sinner, that has HEARD and BELIEVED, gets the other three also, for they all go together."

"Now, anxious one, would you like the five?"

"Yes, Sir, I would."

"Will you take them?"

"Yes, I will."

"Then, here they are for you."

"'HEARETH My word.' Have you heard?"

"Yes, I have."

"'BELIEVETH on Him that sent Me.' Do you believe?"

"Yes, I do."

"'HATH everlasting life.' Have you it?"

"Yes, I see I have."

"'SHALL NOT come into condemnation.' Will you be condemned?"

"No, I am sure I shall not, I see it now."

"'IS passed from death into life.' Are you thus passed?"

"Yes, I see I am."

"Then you take the five in all together?"

"I do."

"And you are saved?"

"Yes, Sir."

"When?"

"Now."

"How do you know?"

"God says so in that verse, Sir."

"And you are now perfectly satisfied with His word?"

"Yes, indeed I am."

"Well, 'Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.' " (Rom. 10, 11).

A TRUE WITNESS.

**THE Holy Scriptures bear witness that every
True Believer in the Lord Jesus Christ:—**

IS FORGIVEN.

(1 John 2, 12; Col. 1, 14; 2, 13).

IS JUSTIFIED.

(Acts 13, 39; Rom. 3, 24-26; 1 Cor. 6, 11).

IS RECONCILED.

(2 Cor. 5, 18; Col. 1, 21).

IS SAVED.

(Eph. 2, 8; 2 Tim. 1, 9; Titus 3, 5).

IS A CHILD OF GOD.

(John 1, 12; Rom. 8, 14-17; 1 John 3, 1-2).

HAS ETERNAL LIFE.

(John 3, 36; 6, 24; 6, 47; 1 John 4, 9-13).

IS SEALED WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT.

(Eph. 1, 13; 4, 30).

IS COMPLETE IN CHRIST.

(Col. 2, 10).

IS PERFECTED FOR EVER BY HIS ONE OFFERING.

(Heb. 10, 14).

**IS MEET FOR THE INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS IN
LIGHT.**

(Col. 1, 12).

IS ONE WITH CHRIST.

(1 Cor. 6, 17; Eph. 5, 30).

IS LOVED BY THE FATHER AS HE IS LOVED.

(John 17, 23).

**HAS A LIVING SAVIOUR AT THE RIGHT HAND OF
GOD.**

(Rom. 8, 34; Heb. 7, 24).

IS KEPT BY HIS MIGHTY POWER.

(Heb. 7, 25; 1 Peter 1, 5).

SHALL NEVER PERISH.

(John 10, 28, 29).

SHALL NEVER BE PLUCKED OUT OF HIS HAND.

(John 10, 28, 29).

SHALL NEVER BE SEPARATED FROM HIS LOVE.

(Rom. 8, 35-39).



“That Little Word ‘Alone.’”



IN 1540, in the heat of the Reformation controversies, Joachim II., Elector of Brandenburg, said to his ambassadors who were about to proceed to the religious disputation at Worms, “See that you bring back that little word ‘Alone’: do not dare to return without it.” Both parties were prepared to confess that salvation was to be received “through faith in Christ Jesus,” but the Reformers added the little word “alone”—salvation “through faith in Jesus Christ alone.” And so this word became the pivot of the contendings of the Reformation period.

It may be that round this “little word,” the conflict between the Spirit and our own self-righteousness is being urged. We are willing, perhaps, to trust Christ, if we may add to that reliance a trust in ourselves, in our good works or in our religious emotions. But this cannot be. Christ’s merits stand alone. Calvary is God’s eternal attestation to our ruin, as well as to His perfect satisfaction for sin.

“To him that worketh NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.” (Rom. 4, 5).

ONLY ONE LIFE.

WE cannot do with our lives what an artist does with his pictures. He goes over his work again and again, retouching here, obliterating there, until the ideal perfection is reached. We paint on a rolling canvas. As fast as our work is done, it is wound on the cylinder to be unbound no more till the judgment seat.

“EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW.”

(Rom. 14, 11).

CHARLES Lamb, the sceptical poet, was telling what he should do if the world’s greatest men suddenly came into the room. Among others Shakespeare was named. “Ah! we should all rise and uncover if Shakespeare came in.” “And Christ?” With a hushed voice, he stuttered out, “You see, we should all kneel.” He spoke the truth for once.

WHOSOEVER.

**The
WHOSOEVER
of Guilt.**

"WHOSOEVER shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." (*James 2, 10*).

**The
WHOSOEVER
of Forgiveness.**

"To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name **WHOSOEVER** believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (*Acts 10, 43*).

**The
WHOSOEVER
of Eternal Life.**

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that **WHOSOEVER** believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (*John 3, 16*).

**The
WHOSOEVER
of
Condemnation.**

"And WHOSOEVER was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."
(*Rev. 20, 15*).



GREAT DISCOVERIES.

"HOW can you prove the divinity of Christ?" a young backwoods' preacher was asked. "How can I prove the divinity of Christ?" he replied. "*Why, he saved my soul,*" was his triumphant reply.



"What is the greatest discovery you ever made?" asked a young man of the celebrated Sir James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic. He replied, "The greatest discovery I ever made was that I was a great sinner, and that Jesus was a great Saviour."

The Saviour's Voice.

Tune—Ardmore.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. W. T.

The Sav-iour's voice has reached my ear In ac - cents low and sweet, It

tells me of His wond-rous love, It brings me to His feet; There

sins and wretch - ed - ness con-fessed, I am by Him for - given and blessed. *Last verse.*

2 His voice now thrills my inmost soul
With joy nought else can give;
I long to catch His whispers low,
To me it is to live,
Down at His feet to hear His word,
And learning thus to know my Lord.

3 Oh! let us hearken for His voice
With eager, listening ear;
Well may our burning hearts rejoice
To know that He is near;
And He His secrets will make known
To those who seek His face alone.

4 That still, small voice, which now His own
Rejoice so much to hear,
Will one day sound in trumpet tone
In accents loud and clear;
When He will come into the air
His waiting Bride on high to bear.

5 Yet once again and He will speak,
And all the world shall hear;
In vain from Him to hide they'll seek
In overwhelming fear;
His voice of thunder worlds shall shake
While heaven and earth their place forsake.

The Question of Questions.

SUPPOSE I want to rent a house. I see a notice in the window of a likely house to the effect that it is for sale or to let.

I knock at the door, and enquire of the man who opens it, "Have you the letting of this house?"

"Yes, Sir," he replies.

"Very well, then, I would like to rent it; but before I do, I want to know how many bricks there are in the chimney, who built the cellar, and how many pounds of nails there are in the whole building."

What would you think of such questions? Yet there are foolish men who ask such questions about the Bible. They want to know who was Cain's wife? who was Melchisedec's father? and forty thousand senseless questions of no earthly concern whatever.

If men and women will come to this book, and ask, "What must I do to be saved?" they will obtain a simple and divine answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts 16, 31.*)



"Washed to Deeper Stain."

STAYING one day in an inn in one of the valleys of Northern Italy, I noticed that the floor was dreadfully dirty. I had it on my mind to advise the landlady to scrub it; but when I noticed it was a mud floor, I reflected that the more she scrubbed it the worse it would be.

So with man. His corrupt nature admits of no improvement. There must be a new nature implanted, or man will only be "washed to deeper stain." "Ye must be Born Again," is a plain statement of Holy Writ. Ours is not a case of mending, but of making new.



THE MOTIVE FOR GOOD WORKS.

.....

THREE motives may be assigned for the performance of good works.

The first is in order to get the blessing.

The second, to retain it when I have got it.

The third (and this is the gospel motive) is to serve, in loving gratitude, the One who died to secure the blessing for me, and who lives to keep me for the blessing.

The writer once noticed a striking inscription carved on the end of a beautiful row of cottages in Leicestershire. It was to this effect :

For the poor relatives of Thos. C——.
Good behaviour alone to entitle possession.
When in possession,
Disorderly behaviour to cause instant
removal.

Here was an illustration of the first two motives above named, and, alas! either with one or both, thousands are found to-day.

But what is the motive in such service? It is **SELF**. If I am working to get salvation, for whom am I working? For myself.

If I am working to keep it when I have got it, for whom am I working? For myself.

Then what kind of service ought I to render? "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again." (2 Cor. 5, 15.) And what is the motive for this kind of service? It is love, as the previous verse will show; for "the love of Christ constraineth us."

"That's my Home, Sir."



WHEN distributing gospel tracts at a village in the Yorkshire dales, some dozen miles from any railway station, we entered the dwelling of a dear old saint of God, eighty-four years of age, who lived alone. One room was all she occupied, and every thing in it bespoke the most abject poverty; for if the contents of her apartment had been knocked down at the hammer, the whole would not have fetched much more than five shillings.

Being desirous of cheering and comforting my aged friend, I remarked to her :

"Well, Margaret, soon we shall have done for ever with the trials and difficulties of the way, and be fully happy with the blessed Lord Jesus Christ up yonder."

"That's my home, Sir," said she.

Finding I had begun much below the mark, I sped on, with the view of helping her if possible, and said :

"Yes, Margaret, soon we shall be in that bright *home*, the Father's house above, with the Lord Jesus, and around Himself, rejoicing ever in His presence."

"I live there, Sir," was her bright and smiling reply.

Finding myself still very considerably in the rear, I with quickened step hastened forward, if it were possible, to offer a little help and cheer to my advanced sister in Christ.

"How blessed it will be, Margaret—will it not?—when we and all the redeemed, from every clime and of every age, are gathered around the blessed One, who has loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood; and when we are praising Him together in the glory for ever!"

"I sing there every night, Sir," was her overwhelming and joyous reply.

Thus our expectations were far more than realised; for, instead of helping her, we were cheered and helped ourselves.

Christians, can you say, "We glory in tribulations?"

A SHARK STORY.

A LITTLE over a century ago, when pirates roamed over the seas between the Southern States and the Spanish Main, the brig "Nancy" was pursued by His Majesty's Ship "Sparrow." She was strongly suspected of being engaged in illicit trade and piracy, but when captured, not a scrap of incriminating evidence could be found among her papers. It was thought that she would have to be released, but the question was referred to the authorities at Kingston, Jamaica, into which port she was brought.

Meanwhile, another vessel, a tender of His Majesty's Ship "Abergavenny," had been cruising in the same waters. One day, off the coast of Hayti, the officer in charge noticed a dead bullock surrounded by sharks. He gave orders for the bullock to be towed alongside the boat, and by this means the men succeeded in catching one of the sharks. It proved to be an unusually large one, and when opened, a parcel of papers,* tied round with string, was discovered in its stomach.

These papers were found to relate to the doings of a ship called the "Nancy," and thinking that they might serve a useful purpose, the officer preserved them until he reached Kingston, which was his next port of call, arriving there just as the case of the "Nancy" came before the authorities.

Imagine the consternation of the "Nancy's" captain and crew, when, jubilant at the prospect of release, they were suddenly confronted by papers containing indisputable evidence of their misdeeds, papers which they had thrown overboard when pursued by the ship of war, and which they fancied were buried in the depths of the sea.

Imagine, likewise, your consternation, my unsaved reader, when sins, committed long ago and clean forgotten, as well as sins concealed but unforgotten, *find you out* and confront you!

Does not the thought of it beget within you the desire to flee for refuge to the Saviour? The sins of those who trust in Him will never confront them thus. They will never be charged to their account. God has not only forgiven them but has declared that He will *remember them no more*. They were laid upon the Saviour. He was confronted with them, and willingly took them and answered for them beneath the rod of the sin-hating God.

But for those who "neglect so great salvation," what remains? Exposure, discovery, confusion of face, judgment, wrath, the lake of fire!

* NOTE.—The papers referred to in the narrative given above, which were taken from the shark's stomach, are to be seen to this day in a glass frame in the "Institute of Jamaica," in the city of Kingston. The head of the identical shark, which swallowed the papers, lies in the "United Service Museum," London.

“The Blood of Jesus can do all.”

(A R.O. Priest's Testimony).

Translated from the French.

IN 1864, there was sent to the tribunal of Alar del Rey a chest, containing the lifeless body of a man, a well-known citizen of that town, who had suddenly disappeared. Search brought about the arrest of two women on suspicion of having murdered him. At the trial they confessed, and were condemned to death. I was among the priests designated to assist those unfortunate women in their last days, and I had to pass two nights and a day in the chapel which receives all those condemned to death. Thence comes the Spanish expression “Enter into chapel,” which announces to the culprits the fate awaiting them.

One of these women was specially confided to my care. Her despair was painful to witness. The thought of death, and the prospect of meeting God without having the means of *redeeming* her crime by some good works, tortured her frightfully. In vain did I speak of the confession she had just made, of the cruel death by which she was about to expiate her offence, and specially of the absolution she would receive from my mouth; all that brought only a fleeting look of alleviation on her agonised face, and she ceased not to wring her hands, repeating:—

“Who can tell me *that is sufficient* to obtain my pardon? . . . Oh, what can I do to obtain pardon, miserable and lost as I am?”

Time passed; the night was coming to a close, and the morrow's sun would shine on the poor creature's lifeless body. I had done all I could think of to console her, and felt terribly the insufficiency of human words in presence of such anguish. At last, and without then understanding the full force of my words, I said, “*But the blood of Christ ought to count for something!*”

“Ah!” said she, seizing with the avidity of a drowning man the cord I

held out to her. “Yes, the blood of Christ ought to count for something!”

“Not only,” replied I, “can that blood do *something*, but it can do *all*, for the blood of Jesus, the Son of God, *cleanseth us from all sin.*”

“Is that true?” she said.

“Yes,” was my response; “the Apostle John affirms it in the name of God!”

“Oh! why did you not tell me *that sooner?*” said the poor woman; and I was surprised at the expression of calm on her pale face.

After a minute's silence, she replied:

“The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; but what must I do that it may wash away *mine also?*”

“My daughter,” replied I, “look to Jesus on the cross, and pronounce the words breathed from His Divine lips with His last sigh: ‘Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit!’ Jesus died thus; you must so die, and none will be able to snatch you from God's hand.”

She threw herself on the damp flags of the sombre chapel, repeating:—

“Pardon, through the blood of Jesus, which purifies! Receive my spirit, O Lord!”

Some time after, I was with her beside the fatal gibbet; the terrors of judgment to come again seized her.

“But I have sinned, and I am about to appear before God! Oh! what will become of me?”

“Dear friend,” said I, “you can do nothing, but *the blood of Jesus can do all.*”

“And, as if this assurance revived her courage, she ceased not to murmur:

“The blood of Jesus has washed away my sin; I commend my spirit into His hands.”

A few minutes after, human justice was satisfied.

In 1889, crossing one of the principal streets of Madrid, I was accosted by a stranger, who, with a bow and some

friendly words, handed me a little book. I asked of what it spoke; he replied: "Of the precious blood of Christ!" and moved rapidly away. As I observed its title, *Certainly for you also there is a Saviour!* someone said to me:

"Are you not aware that that is a Protestant book, and that you risk excommunication if you are found reading it?"

Alarmed by these words, and little desirous of becoming a victim of the Holy Office, I tore its pages and scattered them far. I continued my way with the sense of relief a man experiences on being delivered from some evil ready to overwhelm him. But though satisfied with the turn of this little adventure, the grave, gentle voice of the stranger still resounded in my ears. Those words, "the blood of Christ," had awakened old memories. All the details of a sombre story of crime, judgment, and the gallows passed vividly before me; at last they drew from me the question, "Since this woman was consoled by the assurance of the virtue of Christ's blood, *why* have you torn the book that recalled that truth?"

I retraced my steps, but the leaves had been scattered by the wind. I found only a little fragment of the red cover, and I re-read with emotion the title, *Certainly for you also there is a Saviour!*

And continuing my serious reflections, "In short," said I to myself, "did you deceive that woman on the threshold of eternity in giving her the hope of

pardon in the shed blood? Your words, were they, then, mere commonplace consolation, memories of cold and barren studies, and to which in reality you yourself attached no importance? And yet that word comforted her in the dark passage, with eyes towards the invisible world, and as on the threshold of eternity, she again called them to Jesus, and commended her spirit into His hands. And would this cry remain unanswered? And would the flames of hell give a cruel denial to that bright faith, to that simple trust? No, no; that is impossible, that cannot be, that Word is true! But if so, why do you repulse it for yourself, and seek your own pardon by other practices, and by other means?"

I could not turn away my spirit from that serious consideration, and the words of the little tract resounded unceasingly in my ears until, a few weeks later, I repaired to a Protestant chapel, when the preacher's text was:— "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*" (1 John 1, 7).

My conversion dates from that day, and those words which formerly my lips alone addressed to the poor condemned one have, by the grace of God, become the foundation of my joyous hope, and, I dare to say, of a calm and deep assurance.

"Until I saw the blood, 'twas hell my soul was
fearing,
And dark and dreary in my eyes the future was
appearing;
But when I saw the blood, and looked on Him who
shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once, and I with
transport read it."

THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION.

HOW happy to serve a Commander that never lost a single man yet, who makes them all "more than conquerors," who takes an individual interest in each one, for He died for each one. He needs no "identification ticket" to be sewed into each man's coat, for He "calleth His own sheep by name," and wears their names upon His own breast. He would not have even the strongest of His followers to grapple with the foe in their own strength, but to learn that He is their all-sufficiency, and that one look to Him from the weakest will be enough to drive the strongest foe from the field defeated.

Extract from a letter from South Africa during the Boer War. Jan., 1900.

I HOPE SO !



NOBODY, whether he be a believer on the Lord Jesus, or an unbeliever, has any right to use the words, "I hope" with regard to the matter of his soul's salvation. Yet I suppose no answer is so frequently given to the question, "Is it all right with you?" as the familiar "I hope so," unless it be the equally foolish, "I don't know."

(1). First as to believers. The Scriptures assure such that they—

ARE saved. (*Eph. 2, 5-8*).

ARE forgiven. (*1 John 2, 12*).

ARE justified from all things. (*Acts 13, 39*).

ARE children of God. (*Gal. 3, 26*).

Therefore, if you are a believer, and yet speak with uncertainty as to these things, your words imply distrust of God's words. Your "I don't know" contradicts the apostle John's "*we know*" in 1 John 3, 2, and the apostle Paul's "*we know*," in 2 Cor. 5, 1. For all believers are privileged to say—

WE KNOW we have eternal life. (*1 John 5, 13*).

WE KNOW we are of God. (*1 John 5, 19*).

WE KNOW Him that is true, and that we are in Him that is true. (*1 John 5, 20*).

ALL IS CERTAINTY AND FACT.

There is no room left for any to use the words "I hope" in this matter. God does not ask for our HOPE as to what HE WILL DO, but for our FAITH as to what HE HAS DONE.

It is with *facts*, not promises, that we in this age have to deal. In Old Testament times it was not so. Abraham, David, and others had many great and precious promises to rest upon. God had promised to send a Saviour, and it was then right and proper for men to "*hope* and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." (*Lam. 3, 26*). This "*hoping*" went on to the time of Simeon, of whom we read in Luke 2. It was in his day that God fulfilled His word, and sent salvation in the person of the Lord Jesus. Simeon beholding Him, recognised in Him the fulfilment of the divine promise; his hope was realized, and he prayed: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

The long-looked-for salvation was actually come, promise was turned into fact, and the cherished hope was exchanged for present

possession. How foolish it would have been for Simeon to continue to talk about "hoping" after all this had taken place! and yet many in our day are guilty of like folly. The very idea of connecting "hope" with accomplished facts is absurd.

NO ROOM FOR "HOPING."

If I were to tell you, "I have been for a walk," asking you to believe it, where would be the room for "hoping?" If you wished to cast a doubt on my truthfulness you might say, "*I hope* it is true," but however allowable this might be as regards a fellow creature, it would be quite out of place when the one who makes the statement is God Himself. Now God *has* made positive statements about all who trust His Son, and if you are among that number, they concern you. Here are some—

HE HATH saved us. (2 Tim. 1, 9).

HE HATH delivered us. (Col. 1, 13).

HE HATH blessed us. (Eph. 1, 3).

HE HATH made us accepted. (Eph. 1, 6).

HE HATH given us His Holy Spirit. (1 Thess. 4, 8).

These cannot by any stretch of language be called "promises." They are present realities, actually true of all who have accepted Christ as their Saviour. How can people in view of all this, talk about "grasping the promises" in connection with salvation?

No doubt there are many precious promises of untold value, upon which the saint of God may centre his hope "sure and steadfast." We have the hope of glory by-and-bye, including the salvation of the body, we have the hope of the Lord's return to cheer us, we have the promise of being with Him for ever. But with regard to the salvation of the soul, we are invited to believe that God *has done* great things for us, and not to look forward to aught that the future may bring.

NO HOPE FOR THE UNBELIEVER.

(2). Now as to *unbelievers*. *They* certainly have no ground for hope! What could they hope for?

It is said in Eph. 2, 12, that they have *no hope*. Not a glimmer. Not a chance of salvation, if they continue neglecters of Christ.

Perhaps one says, "I have known a man get well even after the doctor has pronounced him past hope of recovery. 'While there is life, there is hope,' you know."

My friend, let me speak earnestly and solemnly to you. It is, of course, true, that "while there is life there is hope," but when will your life end? You cannot tell. Then turn to Christ at once, for in Him only, is there hope. Once you pass the border line between time and eternity, the great gulf is *FIXED*, and hope is left behind for ever.

JUSTIFICATION

The source of it—GOD'S GRACE.

"Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."
(Rom. 3, 24).

The ground of it—CHRIST'S WORK.

"Being now justified by His blood." (Rom. 5, 9).

The instrument of it—FAITH.

"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. 5, 1).

The evidence of it—WORKS.

"Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only." (James 2, 24).

What justification means.

It is that act by which God accounts the believer righteous in His holy presence. He is cleared by virtue of the death of Jesus of every charge of guilt.

Scripture amply proves this :—

"To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is reckoned for righteousness." (Rom. 4, 5).

"By Him [Jesus] all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts 13, 39).

Nothing can be plainer than this.

The source of it—GOD'S GRACE.

If only the anxious sinner got one real idea of what God's grace means it would relieve him once and forever of connecting His blessing with his own merit or goodness, or worthiness in the least degree. Grace is so foreign to the natural heart of man that it is difficult to find words to express it. It is as difficult as putting God's great ocean into man's tiny teaspoon. God's grace is unmerited favour. It expresses itself in the fact that God's attitude towards the sinner is irrespective of anything favourable in the sinner. It is blessing without conditions. Queen Elizabeth once wanted to attach conditions to a free pardon, but was met by the indignant response, "Grace that is fettered by conditions is no grace at all." Our repentance cannot demand the blessing. Our good works lay God under no obligations to bless us. God's grace is the outcome of His own goodness, and His love is the great spring, the original cause of it all. What wonder that justification is outside of all our powers to obtain. It is God's pure sovereign gift.

The ground of it—CHRIST'S WORK.

If the believing sinner is to be justified God must do it *righteously*. THE WORK OF CHRIST SECURES THIS. All the claims of holiness and righteousness were met at the cross of Calvary. Hence the believer is justified by the blood of Jesus. It is the bulwark and glory and necessity of the gospel that God "is just and the Justifier of Him which believeth in Jesus." (Rom 3, 26) "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter 3, 18). Oh! the rest of conscience that is the happy portion of the believer when he learns that every question of righteousness and holiness has been settled once and for ever at the cross, and that believing in Jesus he has a perfect standing before God. It has often been said that the work of Christ :—

- (1) SATISFIES GOD.
- (2) SILENCES SATAN.
- (3) SAVES THE SINNER.

The instrument of it—FAITH.

How may I get the blessing? is the anxious enquiry of many. By simple faith, is the answer. Alas! people stumble over the very simplicity of the gospel. "If only I could *feel* it, I should be sure," says many an anxious soul. But we don't act like that in the ordinary affairs of life. For instance, suppose most unexpectedly you received a letter from a well-known firm of lawyers, announcing that a vast fortune had been left you by a distant relative, I could imagine your saying, "Well, I am a wealthy man now, but I don't *feel* it." You would, however, *know* that you were a wealthy man. Faith in the letter would lead you justly to that conclusion, and your not realising it, or, in other words, your not feeling it, would not alter your knowledge that you were a rich man.

On the other hand, suppose you woke up one morning and astonished your friends by announcing that you were *sure* that you had a large fortune, because you *felt* you had, I can imagine their looking scared and sending for the doctor at once to see if you would not be safer in a lunatic asylum.

Remember feelings always *follow* faith, *but are absolutely unreliable as a ground of assurance*. Do you believe in Christ? Are all your hopes in Him? If so, then surely this is enough for you. "All that believe *are* justified from all things."

You only need one good title deed to an estate, and surely this one text is amply sufficient to give you peace and assurance.

The evidence of it—WORKS.

In the common affairs of life it is seen over and over again how intimately faith and works are linked up. In fact they are never divorced. For instance, a husband goes to a foreign land in search of work. He succeeds, and sends a sum of money to his wife, to enable her to settle her affairs in the old country and to take steamer to the country where he is. If the wife has faith that her husband wishes her to join him, her faith will express itself by her taking active steps to that end; in other words, she will express her faith by her works.

So with the scriptural illustration in James II. The apostle Paul writes:—"Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness." Abraham had faith in God, and God justified him on that ground. Years after his faith was put to the test. God told Abraham to offer up his son—the child of promise. The writer, James, says—"Was not Abraham, our father, justified by works, when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar?" And he adds, "And the scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness."

James does not contradict Paul.

For here he distinctly affirms that Abraham's works *confirmed* his faith, and his imputed righteousness. How was that? Simply that Abraham confessed to a faith in God. The time came when God put that faith to the test for Abraham's own good, and as an example for us all. Abraham proved that he had faith in God by doing what He told him without question, though it seemed contrary to nature to extinguish the light of his eyes upon the sacrificial altar, and to put to death the son in whom all his hopes of the fulfilment of God's promise were wrapped.

So with the believer. He proves by his works that he has faith in God. Has God blessed him and given him a hope of heaven? Then he will be a stranger and pilgrim in this world. He will prove by his good works that he has faith in God.

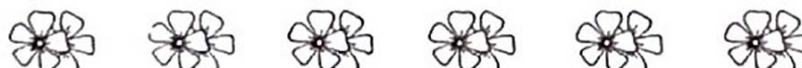
"Not of Works," and "GOOD WORKS."

Two verses in close proximity in Ephesians II. put the relations between "*not of works*" and "*good works*" very beautifully. We read, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, *not of works*, lest any man should boast. For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus *unto good works*, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." (Verses 8, 9, 10)

Fellow-believer, let us see to it that our works—the evidence of our faith—justify us, yet let it ever be clear to our soul, "To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness"; and let our "*good works*" be, as James puts it, *the fulfilment* of this.

NO MIDDLE POSITION.

EITHER in your sins or in Christ, you must at last appear before God. It is simply impossible for you to occupy a middle position. When the ancient world was overwhelmed by the waters of judgment in Noah's day, there were those who were inside and those who were outside the ark. There was no middle ground to stand upon. To be inside the ark was to be safe; to be outside the ark was to perish. As it was then, so it is now; and so shall it be in the coming storm of judgment. We therefore make no apology when we ask the momentous question, Where are you? If out of Christ, make haste to be saved. "Flee from the wrath to come."



MY SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

SOMETIMES my heart o'erflows with song,
And then to others how I long,
To tell the Saviour's love to me,
That made me His eternally.

For I am saved,—with Christ to be—
"The Son of God, who loved me."

Sometimes my heart is sore distress,
And all around is but unrest,
But oh! His changeless love to me,
My joy and rest shall ever be.

For I am saved,—with Christ to be—
"The Son of God, who loved me."

Sometimes my thoughts to mansions soar,
Where I shall dwell for evermore,
Yet 'tis His wondrous love to me,
Which makes those mansions dear to be,

For I am saved,—with Christ to be—
"The Son of God, who loved me."

The Resurrection of Christ.

A WORD TO BELIEVERS.

A Foundation Truth.

"If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins."
(1. Cor. 15, 17.)

The great proof of God's satisfaction with the atoning work of Jesus.

"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." (Acts 5, 31.)

The evidence of the believer's justification.

"Who [Christ] was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. 4, 25 & 5, 1.)

The pledge of the believer being glorified.

"But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." (Rom. 8, 11.)

A WORD TO UNBELIEVERS.

The assurance of judgment to come.

"He [God] hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man [Jesus] whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."
(Acts 17, 31.)

A man might foretell his own death with great accuracy, for it is quite within his own power to bring it about. The Lord Jesus Christ foretold not only His death, but likewise His resurrection. This proved His divinity, and the above Scriptures show how much hang upon it.

In fact the resurrection of Christ will profoundly and for ever affect every single person in the world—it will profoundly affect YOU.

It can be summed up thus:—

(1.) The resurrection assures the believer of full salvation.

(2.) The resurrection assures the unbeliever of judgment.

Of what does it assure YOU?



THREE REASONS AGAINST INFIDELITY.

A well-known preacher relates the following:—"I once met a thoughtful scholar, who told me that for years he had read every book he could find assailing the truth of Christianity, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things.

"First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of light or hope upon the darkness. They shall not take the light away and leave me stone-blind.

"Second, I had a mother. I saw her go into the dark valley, where I am going, trusting in the Saviour's love, and leaning upon His unseen arm, as calmly as a child goes to sleep upon its mother's breast. I know that was not a dream.

"Third, I have three motherless children—daughters. They have no earthly protector but myself. I would rather see them die, than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it all the teachings of the gospel."

Precious testimony to the enlightening and saving influence of the gospel, "which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Now that time is so short, and the realities of eternity fast approaching, why should you linger? Has not the love of Christ been plainly declared on the cross? Believe me when I tell you that there is only one step between you and death, and but one between death and your eternal destiny.



SAVED!

IT was early morning, at the pretty watering-place of E—, a bright summer's morning. The blue sea rippled and sparkled underneath the blue sky, and the sun shone cheerily down, but as yet there were but few people astir.

The beach was almost deserted, save by here and there a straggler who thought the fresh cool morning hours too precious to be missed.

Had there been any watchers, they might have seen a swimmer strike out boldly to sea, through those rippling waves. A strong swimmer he was, and every stroke told, and put the shore at a greater distance from him. He was alone, and a stranger to the place, having only arrived there the evening before.

Had he asked the fishermen, they would have told him of strong and dangerous currents, they would have warned him of risk, and counselled him to care; but he was in the very prime of manhood's strength, and he never thought of danger; so on the swimmer went, and never turned his head to see how far he had left the shore behind, till at last, a little wearied, he rested a little and thought of returning. Then he found he had been carried out far beyond his thoughts or intentions by the strength of the current, and that between him and the shore there was a long distance. "It is time, indeed, to return," he said to himself, and struck out once more for land.

But the Lord's eye was on him, and He had something to say to him alone

on the face of the deep ere he touched the land again.

I have said he was strong and a bold swimmer, but now he found he had wind and current both against him, and his utmost efforts made no appreciable headway against them. For long he battled on, but the shore was still far off, too far for any cry of distress to reach it. He raised himself and shouted; no answering voice, no friendly shout replied. Still he struggled on, till, worn out by his exertions and utterly exhausted, he felt nothing but a watery grave was before him. His strokes got feebler and more unsteady each time, and he knew he was losing the little way he had made and was being drifted seaward. Then he ceased struggling, turned on his back, and gave himself up for lost.

There and then the Lord spoke to his soul. He had been religiously brought up; nay more, Lord's day after Lord's day, from the pulpit of a fashionable church, he had preached to a large congregation Bible truths as to the way of salvation. He had made Scripture his text, and discoursed ably from it. He had read prayers in public and in private. He had visited in his parish, and administered the sacrament to the dying. He had lived a careful life, and attended to every rite; and till this moment he had been on very good terms with himself, fully persuaded that a life such as his was fit to bring to God.

Now, with death and eternity before him, his soul awoke to find he had no

hope for eternity; he had never met God, he was not ready to die,—he had one thing lacking, he had no link with Christ.

Horror and agony seized him. The noise of the waves seemed to be roaring this verse into his ears again and again, "Lest when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

He felt he had preached a Christ he did not know, and told others of a salvation he himself had not got. His whole life came before him, with its outward ceremonies and its inward hollowness. The life he had so prided himself in he loathed now as only mockery of the God who had said, "My son, give Me thine *heart*."

He felt he had given Him his time and his money, but never his heart; and had thought to merit heaven by these poor gifts. Now he saw them at their true value, "dead works." Now he saw that "without faith it is impossible to please Him," that the work that could save his soul must be done for him, and done by another,—that the righteousness he had prided himself in, God looked on as "filthy rags," and his offerings to God had been like Cain's, bloodless offerings, and "without shedding of blood there is *no remission*."

It was not concerning his body, but his soul, that he cried there on the mighty deep, there alone with God on the waves, a great cry, "*Lord, save me, or I perish; God be merciful to me a sinner, a hypocrite, save me!*" Even as he cried the answer came, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all sin*; whosoever believeth on Him shall *not perish*, but have everlasting life."

Faint and weary, with the natural life almost gone, the once strong man murmured, "Lord, I believe that precious blood was shed for me;" and with that murmur, life, and peace, and rest, came to his soul, and then utter unconsciousness.

"Father, father, look ahead; what is that on the waters,—surely it's a man?" said the young son of the skipper of a fishing smack, which was putting in towards the shore. One moment the father looked in the direction his son indicated, the next he sprang to an oar, calling out to the

little crew, "Row for very life, men, there's a fellow creature perishing." The men rowed with a will, not waiting even to ask a question; rowed in silence, bending all their energies to the task. The skipper looked ahead, saw the body of a man sink once and rise again, rise farther from the shore and nearer to the boat; sink a second time, and this time he concluded it would rise almost close to them if they made a desperate effort. "Bend to your oars, men," he cried, "for one last pull, and then stop; it is now or never." They did so. When, next the body rose, it was within arm's length of the boat. Strong arms were stretched out to grasp it, and more than one was prepared for a plunge.

They saw that the man was apparently lifeless; he could not help himself; if he were to be rescued, it must be entirely through the work of those in the boat.

It was no easy task. Had there been more sea on, it would have been an impossibility to bring that apparently lifeless body into the boat. But they managed it, and then took every means in their power to restore animation, making all possible haste towards the shore to get more efficient help. By the time they reached it, they had the satisfaction of seeing the man they had rescued show some signs of life.

Plenty of willing hands were found to carry him ashore, for it was a living breathing man they carried, and not a corpse,—a living man in two ways, possessing now not only merely natural life, but eternal life.

A week later, in that same fishing smack, the one that had been lifted into it from the waves in utter helplessness was sitting, in the calm of a summer's evening, telling the skipper and his crew, with some others of the fishermen who had gathered round, the story of what the Lord had done for his soul only a week before, when death and judgment to follow had threatened him.

The men listened intently. He was an object of special interest to them; for had they not saved him from a watery grave?

He spoke to them of Jesus the Saviour, of the impossibility of our doing anything to save ourselves; the work must all be done by Him, or we

must be lost; and he read to them these verses from God's Word:

"But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved); . . . For by grace ye are saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. 2, 4, 5, 6).

He illustrated his meaning by referring to his own condition. "When you saw me in the water that morning, was I in need of salvation, skipper?"

"Ay, ay, sir, indeed you were, as much in need of it as ever I saw any one yet."

"Could I help myself?"

"No, sir, you were o'er far gone for that, you were like dead."

"Did I feel my need even?"

"No, sir, no, you were past feeling."

"Then I owe everything to you and your brave men?"

"Well, sir, if we had not been by it would have gone badly with you."

"Exactly; did I pray and beseech you to help me or save me, or take me into the boat?"

"Why, no, sir, you couldn't have done it, and we didn't need it; we should have been worse than brutes to see a fellow-creature perishing, and not put out a hand to save him."

"Just so; I did not pray you to save me, I did not help you to save me; *you* did all the work, and *I* got all the good. I never even lifted a finger for myself. Now, my friends, do you not see how it is with the Lord and us? He does all the work, and we get all the good. We, dead in sins, could do nothing for ourselves. We do not even ask Him to come and save us. He came unasked, took our sins on Himself, the sinless One, suffered in our stead, and now offers salvation as His free gift; that is, *He took our place*, and offers us His place. You risked getting into my place in order to bring me into your place that morning."

"Oh, sir," said the men in concert, "don't say any more about that; you make too much of what we did. But we see what you mean, sir, it's very plain; we think God has taught us all a lesson by this."

"One word more, my friends, let me say about your act. Do you think, however long I live, I shall ever forget that morning, ever cease to be thankful to the brave men who rescued me from a watery grave? Do you not think I shall always carry about with me feelings of gratitude and love for the men who did so much for me? Nay, do not mind my saying it," he continued, as the men disclaimed having done anything but what any one would do, "I must feel and express my gratitude to you, and this is how it is with us to the Lord. When I know He has saved me at such a cost, I cannot go on just as I did before, as though it were all nothing. I want my life to show out my gratitude and love and praise; I want to be a friend of Christ, as I am your friend to-day."

The men were silent; there was a reality about the whole thing which deeply touched them, and every head was bowed and reverently uncovered during the few words of prayer that followed,—earnest supplication for their souls. In more than one case there was complete surrender to Christ at the time; and the whole of the fruit unto life eternal of that morning's incident, will perhaps never be known till "the day" declares it.

Reader, what must you do to be saved, beyond believing in Jesus?

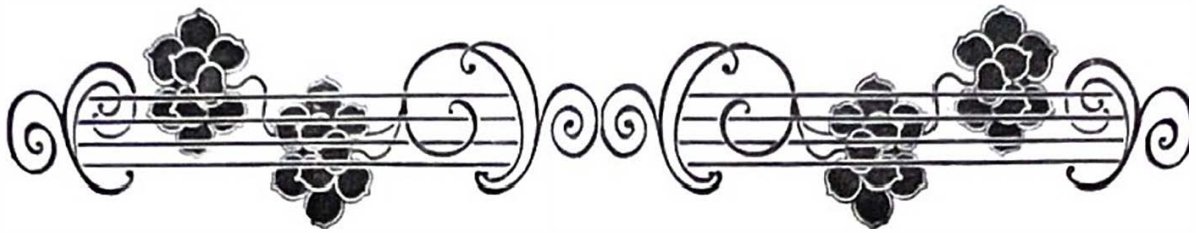
*"Nothing either great or small;
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago."*

*"On I have been at the brink of the grave,
And stood on the edge of its deep, dark wave;
And I thought in the still, calm hours of night,
Of those regions where all is over bright;
And I feared not the wave
Of the gloomy grave,
For I knew that Jehovah was mighty to save."*

*And I have watched the solemn ebb and flow
Of life's tide which was floating sure tho' slow;
I've stood on the shore of Eternity,
And heard the deep roar of its rushing sea;
Yet I feared not the wave
Of the gloomy grave,
For I know that Jehovah was mighty to save."*

*And I found that my only rest could be
In the death of the One who died for me;
For my rest is bought with the price of blood,
Which gushed from the veins of the Son of
God:*

*So I fear not the wave
Of the gloomy grave,
For I know that Jehovah is mighty to save."*



SHE FELT SHE COULD TRUST HIM.



IT is said of a devoted Christian nobleman—the late Earl of Shaftesbury, that one day he noticed a little maiden standing in perplexity and fear on the corner of a crowded London street, and eagerly scanning the faces of the passers-by.

Evidently she was wanting someone to take her across the road in safety.

As soon as she caught sight of the old statesman she gave one keen look at him, which seemed to satisfy her, for, immediately stepping forward, she asked him if he would please take her over.

He did so, with care and gentleness, and then asked her, “Why did you choose me, my child, to do this for you?”

“Oh, sir,” said the little girl, “when I looked into your face, you looked so kind that I felt I could trust you.”

Reader, have you ever, in faith, looked into the kind face of Jesus, and felt in your heart that you could trust Him? You stand at “the parting of the way,” but Jesus can and will take you across the crowded thoroughfare of Time, if you will only trust Him.

Difficulties and dangers there are. Many, constant, and terrible they may be, but day by day, Jesus is able to keep you safely through them all.

Will you trust Him?

FORGIVEN.

IN the Evergreen Cemetery near New York there stands a gravestone. Upon it is carved one solitary but charming word—**"FORGIVEN."** No name, no date, nothing but the one word is to be seen.

Could as much be truthfully engraved upon your gravestone?



What are you doing for Christ?

IT was only a tract in the cottage, left with a friendly smile;
But the woman's face grew brighter, as she bent to her daily toil;
And the messenger given so kindly was placed with care away,
To read in the quiet evening at the close of the busy day.

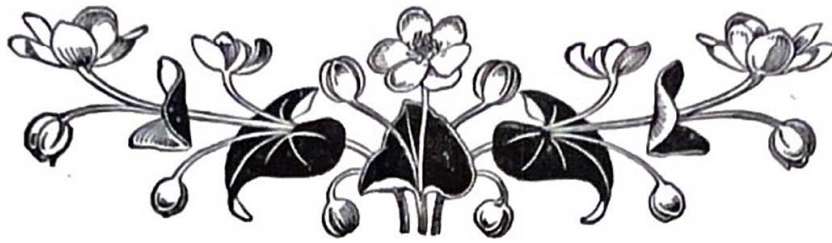
"Only a kind word spoken of the home and the rest above,
Of the wonderful patience and mercy, and the gift of an infinite love;
And the man, so hard and callous, heard of this grace so free,
And felt with a new emotion, then surely *God* cares for *me*.

"Only a short little visit to the weary one, sick and lone,
To smooth the ruffled pillow, and to speak in a gentle tone;
And the sufferer grew more quiet at the sound of a soothing prayer—
For the light of heaven came gleaming through the shadows settling there.

"Only the work of a district, one short little hour in the week;
Not very long for labour, not many words to speak;
But the angel of mercy is passing, with the caller, from door to door;
And the fruits of the heavenly mission remain for evermore.

"Only one life for service, one talent to lay at His feet;
And efforts and prayers are needed, and workers in every street:
For eyes are grown dim and heavy, which a smile of love would light,
And some are far from the Master, and perishing in the night.

"It was only a tract in the cottage, but its message was clear and plain;
And the voice of Jesus was calling, and He did not call in vain;
And one more sheaf was gathered, another soul was won.
It was but a little service, but the Lord pronounced, 'Well done.'"



SALVATION.

I HAVE a Saviour. He is in heaven and I upon earth. He has saved, is saving, and will save me from all that He can find to save me from, until, having saved me from and through all, He will safely deliver me up faithfully to Him who entrusted me to Him, to be my Saviour, even His Father and God. Possessed of such an One I need have nothing in my own hand.

"I have a Saviour! Yes! I have not only a Saviour-God, but God has given to me the Christ, His Christ, and He is my Saviour.

"In what details, O God! my God! (in and through Jesus Christ) wilt Thou this day enable me to work out, with fear and awe, the deep sense of Thy presence and nearness upon me, my own deliverance?

"For verily it is Thou only that energisest in us the being, willing, and acting energetically, according to Thine own pleasure." (See Phil. 2, 12-13).



THERE IS A GOD.

THERE is a God," all nature cries,
I see it painted on the skies,
I see it in the flow'ring spring,
I hear it when the birdlings sing,
I see it in the flowing main,
I see it on the fruitful plain,
I see it stamped on hall and snow,
I see it where the streamlets flow,
I see it in the clouds that soar,
I hear it when the thunders roar,
I see it when the morning shines,
I see it when the day declines,
I see it in the mountain's height,
I see it in the smallest mite,
I see it everywhere abroad,
I feel—I know, there is a God.



“The Fountain.”

Tune—Beddington. C.M.

MUSIC BY A. F.

Lord Jes - us Christ, what grace is this? Which gives our hearts to know

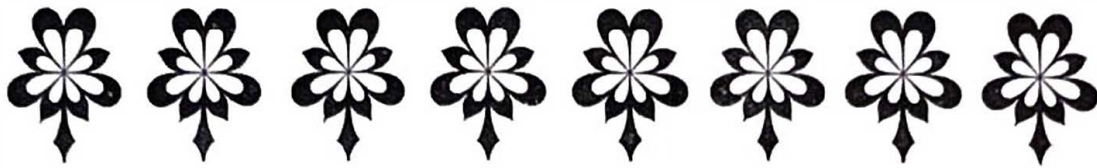
The Foun - tain of e - - ter - nal love, Whence liv - ing wa - ters flow.

2 Forests of darkness all around,
Mountains of evil frown,
Sweeter those living waters taste,
To those by Jesus known.

3 Close to that hidden Source of Life,
His loved ones safe abide,
Nor can the stormy winds that beat
Remove them from His side.

4 He spreads His wings, they rest from fear;
He bids their hearts rejoice!
He tells them of His endless love!
They know their Saviour's voice.

5 Lord Jesus Christ, Eternal Son,
We bless that grace divine,
Which gives our hearts to know Thyself,
Which saved us to be Thine.



Noah's Carpenters.

"YOU don't look at all like a patient, Miss Emmie," I said, as a fresh, rosy-checked girl of seventeen, the very picture of health—the daughter of Christian parents—came one day into my consulting room.

"No, Doctor. I'm not come for advice, but mamma said that she thought you would help me with a little subscription;" and at the same time she produced a collecting-book, entitled "Indian Vernacular Society."

"What is the object of this society?"

"Oh, its object is to teach the little boys and girls in India to read the Bible in their own language; and I am doing all I can to help it forward," she answered most eagerly.

"A capital idea," I replied. "I suppose, then, the real object is that the children may hear of Jesus, and be brought to believe in Him, and thus be saved, and know that they are?"

"Exactly so."

"Well, I hope the Lord will use this effort to the blessing of many of them," I replied; "but before going further, may I ask you, Miss Emmie, did you ever hear of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters! No; who were they?" she replied, rather uneasily.

"They were people who may have helped to build the ark, by which others were saved, and yet never got in themselves."

"I never thought of them before."

"Very likely. But do you not think you are somewhat like them? Here you come trying to help other people to be saved, and yet, so far as I have ever heard, you are not saved

yourself. Tell me, do you think you have ever yet come to Jesus yourself, and had your sins washed away? To put it plainly, are you saved?"

This query was followed by a lengthened silence; her face flushed crimson, her eyes filled, and then, with a burst of tears, she replied:

"No, I know I am not saved. I see, I have been like Noah's carpenters."

The bow drawn at a venture had truly entered the joints of the harness, and she was from that moment a spirit-wounded and convicted sinner. A long and interesting conversation followed, which I need not relate. We looked at the Word of God, and she found out to her utter dismay and distress, that all her own righteousnesses were but as filthy rags in the sight of God, and that she was an utterly lost soul, needing cleansing and pardon. In this awakened state, after prayer with her, she left me.

Some weeks rolled by, and I was wondering what had been going on in my young friend's soul, when she again came at my consulting hour. Her pale anxious face betrayed what her words soon confirmed, viz., that since we parted she had passed through days and nights of deep soul-anguish.

"Mamma said she thought I might come and see you again, for I am so miserable and wretched I don't know what to do;" and, indeed, she looked all she said.

"I am most glad to see you, Miss Emmie. I suppose to-day you want something for yourself, not for others?"

"Yes. I am most anxious to be saved, if I only knew how to come

to Jesus ; but I am so wicked, and my heart so hard, and I feel so dead."

"You must just come to Him as you are—in all your sins—for He has said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' Just believe Him simply. Take Him at His word."

"I do believe on Him, but I don't get any good from it. I don't feel any different."

"You must not look at your feelings ; you must just hear what He says, and give heed to His word. Now, look at this verse," and I turned to John v. 24. "Mark what Jesus says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto *you*, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.' Now, tell me who is speaking here ?"

"Jesus."

"And to whom is He speaking ?"

"To me."

"Well, do you hear His word ?"

"Yes."

"And do you believe Him that sent Him ? Do you believe that God sent Him to save you, to die for you, and to wash away your sins ?"

"Yes, I truly believe He did."

"Now, then, see, you have complied with the two conditions given, you have *heard* and *believed* ; listen to the three blessed consequences that the Lord says belong to the one that *hears* and *believes*. Such an one '*hath everlasting life*,' that is a present possession. Inasmuch as you *hear* and *believe*, what does Jesus say you now possess ?"

"He says I have '*everlasting life*.'"

"Good. Stick to that. But there is more in the verse. He says he that *heareth* and *believeth* '*shall not come into condemnation*.' That, you observe, provides for the *future*. There can be no condemnation for the one who believes in Jesus, because He Himself, on the cross,

bore that condemnation. Now, since you have *heard* and *believed*, what does He say as to your future ?"

"He says I shall not '*come into condemnation*.'"

"If He says you shall not, do you think you ever can ?"

"No ; of course not. He would not tell me what is not true. He cannot lie."

"Exactly so. Thus you see He meets the present and the future in this verse. Nor is that all. We all lay in death ; we were each one '*dead in trespasses and sins*,' and out of that state we pass the moment we hear His voice, for He quickens us by His word ; and so He adds here that the one who *hears* and *believes* '*is passed from death unto life*.' Nothing could be simpler or more blessed."

"Yes, I see it now. I have heard and believed, and, therefore, I have '*passed from death unto life*.' Oh, how simple it all seems now !" and the pent-up feelings again got relief in a shower of tears, not now tears of conviction and distress, but those joyous, gladsome tears that will flow down the cheeks of a redeemed, pardoned, blood-washed sinner, when God's grace is tasted and enjoyed. I prayed with her, and thanked God for His grace in saving her ; and she left full of peace and joy in believing."

Many years have elapsed since my young friend found Jesus, but I rejoice to know she holds on her way, a bright, happy witness of the Lord's grace, and is an earnest labourer for Christ, and true soul-seeker in her own quiet sphere."

Reader, where about are you ? Are you a Noah's carpenter or a real genuine Christian ? Let not this hour pass away and leave you as it found you. Did it find you unsaved ? As you value your soul, let it not pass away and be for ever a witness against you and your belief. Be persuaded to come to Jesus now. Then shall your future be bright and joyous, for you will be saved, sanctified, and satisfied."

SOUL-EXCHANGE.

"GIVE me your soul, and I'll give you drink," says Satan.

"Done," says the Drunkard.

"Give me your soul, and I'll give you pleasure," says Satan.

"Done," says the Pleasure-lover.

"Give me your soul, and I'll give you money," says Satan.

"Done," says the Miser.

"Give me your soul, and I'll give you the race-course and gambling-table," says Satan.

"Done," says the Man of the World.

"Give me your soul, and I'll give you fun and frolic, jolly days and boon companions," says Satan.

"Done," says the Prodigal.

"Give me your soul, and I'll give you superstition," says Satan.

"Done," says the Devotee.

"Nay, give me your soul, and I'll give you an imitation of Christianity itself, such as none can detect the counterfeit. I'll spare you its cross, its reproach, its lack of worldly favour by imposing external devotions. I'll make your coat so like the real pattern that you'll pass muster before men, and of course before God also," says Satan.

"Done," is the response of multitudes.

And thus the soul is bartered away, according to taste or choice or fancy; but bartered to the Devil for the merest trifle. Sorry choice! Poor exchange!

But it shows how little man knows the worth of his soul.

Satan can buy for a trifle; Jesus could not buy but at the cost of His life! What did Satan ever do for you? What true counsel did he ever give? What sacrifice did he ever make? In what path of peace, or joy, or light, or purity, or truth, did he ever lead you? How has he proved his friendship? Ah! he is God's enemy; he is the world's enemy; he is your enemy!

But what has Jesus done? He "gave Himself." Heaven's bright home He left for the manger, the wilderness, the shades of Gethsemane, the cross of Calvary. What did He not leave for you? "He died for us." He could redeem and save your soul at no lower cost than that of His own blood—the blood of One who was both the Son of God and Son of Man. Thus He declared the value of your soul—its infinite value. Estimate, if you can, the value of that blood, and you will know the worth of your soul.

Now, dear reader, what is your choice to be? The Devil and his clever delusions, or Christ and the salvation of God? Your imperishable soul trembles in the balance! Eternity lies before you. Then make your choice, I pray you.

Do you hope to go to Heaven?

WHAT multitudes of people will tell you that they hope to go to heaven when they die, but when pressed to give any reason why this should be so they cannot give anything but the vaguest answer.

Suppose I knew a coachman, who had held his situation for a number of years, but for some misbehaviour had received notice to quit. In another couple of weeks, he must leave his situation, and I enquire what plans, if any, he has for the future. He replies with calm assurance, that when he leaves his present place he intends to go to Buckingham Palace, and he has every reason to believe that the King will receive him as an honoured guest into his palace for the rest of his days. We enquire with astonishment as to what grounds he has for such a hope, and he only replies in the vaguest manner, and murmurs something about the King being so kind-hearted, and surely he will not turn him away. We begin to think that his trouble must have unhinged his mind, and reflect on his folly in supposing, that when he had lost his place as a *servant* through his misbehaviour, he was likely to be received as a *guest* with the King.

You smile at the illustration and tell me that you cannot imagine how any one could be found so foolish. But

stay a moment. This folly is being perpetrated on every hand. And when it is in connection with eternity, we are entitled to call it folly indeed.

YOU HAVE NOTICE TO QUIT. You are a dying man. You must leave this world. Why? Because you have misbehaved yourself, you are a sinner. Now don't you think it is the height of folly, when it is explained to you, to imagine that, being under notice to quit, because you have misbehaved yourself as a *servant*, you should be received by the King of kings as a *guest* in the heavenly palace. This is the more so when you reflect that the holy One who has given you notice to quit, the One you have sinned against, is the God of heaven.

No, my friend, understand clearly you will never get to heaven in that dreamy, vague sort of way.

Before God can receive any sinner there he must be cleansed from his sins, and that can only be by his receiving the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." Only by the merits of Christ will you enter heaven, and only by trusting Him for yourself will those merits be yours. Do not rest until you can read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

NO FUNERALS ALLOWED.

AT the entrance of a semi-private road, in a South London suburb, stands a notice board with this inscription:—

**"No funerals, hawkers, or other
objectionable traffic allowed."**

That funerals are "objectionable traffic" we all admit; but no number of notices will serve to banish them from that road. It may stop them coming in, or passing through, but come out they certainly will, as one by one the dwellers in that road take their last journey to the grave.

Here Lie the Earthly Remains
OF
JOHN BERRIDGE,
LATE VICAR OF EVERTON AND AN ITINERANT
SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST,
WHO LOVED HIS MASTER AND HIS WORK, AND
AFTER RUNNING ON HIS ERRANDS MANY
YEARS, WAS CALLED UP TO WAIT
ON HIM ABOVE.

I was born in sin, February, 1710.
Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1780.
Lived proudly on faith and works for
salvation till 1784.
Admitted to Everton Vicarage 1785.
Fled to Jesus alone for refuge, 1786.
Fell asleep in Christ, January 22, 1793.

READER, ART THOU BORN AGAIN?
NO SALVATION WITHOUT A NEW BIRTH.

JOHN BERRIDGE was one of the most devoted preachers in the eighteenth century, and the above inscription was placed on his tombstone at his own request.

Like thousands in our day, he made

ONE GREAT MISTAKE.

For twenty-six years he laboured and prayed, preached and strove, vainly hoping that in this way he could avert the wrath of God against his sins. Multitudes are fondly dreaming of getting to Heaven at last in the same way, by faith and works. "Believe on Christ," they say, "and do the best you can;" and thousands of pulpits are occupied by men who preach this very thing, while the Word of God says, "But to him that worketh *not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth

the *ungodly*, his faith is counted for righteousness." (*Romans 4, 5*).

And, dear reader, for *twenty-six* years Mr. Berridge tried this way, and at the end of that time found himself far from the kingdom of God. Lost and helpless, he looked to JESUS *alone* for salvation, and found what works and prayers could never give a guilty sinner—peace with God. "Therefore, being justified by *faith*, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (*Romans 5, 1*).

And reader, if you this moment cease from your own works and rest on the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, and His *finished* work, you too will have peace; you will be immediately justified; and, knowing this, you can labour with a right motive: and like good John Berridge, you will love your Master and His work, because He first loved you.



The ground of our acceptance with God.



PREACHER of our acquaintance, who had spent long years in the hopeless endeavour of reaching a kind of perfection in the flesh, at last got set free, and thus expressed himself: "I used to think that I must try to be good enough to be accepted; but now I see that it is Christ who is good enough to be accepted, and God accepts me in Him." If our behaviour had anything to do with our title to acceptance, then a flaw in our behaviour would necessarily mean a flaw in our title. But, thank God, the truth is that our behaviour flows from the knowledge of our place of acceptance before the Father, and not that our acceptance is based upon our behaviour.



Three things well worth knowing.

AN old man once got up in a meeting, and said, "I've been forty-two years learning three things."

I pricked up my ears at that: I thought that if I could find in about three minutes, what a man had taken forty-two years to learn, I should like to do so.

The first thing that he said he had learned was that he could do nothing towards his own salvation.

The second thing that he found out was that God did not require him to do anything.

And the third thing was that the Lord Jesus Christ had done it ALL, that the work of salvation was finished, and that all he had to do was to TAKE it.

Have YOU learned these three things yet?

Coming To-morrow.



ONE evening the thoughts of the waking hours mirrored themselves in a dream.

I seemed to be out walking in the streets, and to be conscious of a strange vague sense of *something* just declared, of which all were speaking with a suppressed air of mystery. There was a whispering stillness around. Groups of men stood at the corners of the streets and discussed an impending something with awestricken voices. I heard one say to another, "*Really* coming? What, *to-morrow*?" And the other said, "Yes, to-morrow, He will come."

It was night. The stars were glittering down, but the same sense of hushed expectancy pervaded everything. There seemed to be nothing doing, and each person looked wistfully on his neighbour, as if to say, "Have you heard?"

Suddenly, as I walked, an angel form was with me, gliding softly by my side. The face was solemn, serene, and calm. Above the forehead was a pale, tremulous radiance of light, purer than any on earth. Yet, though I felt awe, I felt a sort of confiding love as I said, "Tell me, is it true? *Is* Christ coming?"

"He is," said the angel. "To-morrow He will come."

"What joy!" I cried.

"Is it joy?" said the angel. "Alas, to many in this city it is only terror. Come with me."

In a moment I seemed to be standing with him in a parlour of one of the chief palaces of the city. A stout, florid, bald-headed man was seated at a table covered with papers, which he was sorting over with nervous anxiety, muttering to himself as he did so. On a sofa lay a sad-looking, delicate woman, her emaciated hands clasped over a little book. The room was, in all its appointments, a witness of boundless wealth. Gold and silver, and gems, and foreign furniture, and costly pictures, and articles of *vertu*—

everything that money could buy—were heaped together. The man seemed nervous and uneasy. He wiped the perspiration from his brow and spoke.

"I don't know, wife, how you feel, but I don't like this news. I don't understand it. It puts a stop to everything that I know anything about."

"Oh, John," said the woman, turning towards him a face pale and fervent, and clasping her hands, "how can you do so?"

And as she spoke I could see, breaking out above her head, a tremulous light, like that above the brow of the angel.

"Well, Mary, it's the truth. I don't care if I say it. I don't want to meet—well, I wish He would put it off! What does He want of me? I'd be willing to make over—well, three millions to found a hospital, if He'd be satisfied and let me go on. Yes, *I'd give three millions to buy off to-morrow.*"

"He is my best Friend!"

"Best Friend!" said the man, with a look of half-fright, half-anger. "Mary, you don't know what you are talking about. You know I always hated those things. There's no use in it; I can't see into them. In fact I *hate* them."

She cast on him a look full of pity. "Cannot I make you see?" she said.

"No, indeed, you can't. Why, look here," he added, pointing to the papers, "here is what stands for millions. How can I rejoice? I'd give half; I'd give—yes, the whole, not to have Him come these hundred years."

She stretched out her thin hand towards him, but he pushed it back.

"Do you see?" said the angel to me, solemnly; "between him and her there is a 'great gulf' soon to be 'fixed.' They have lived in one house with that gulf between them for years. To-morrow she will rise to Christ as a dewdrop to the sun; and he will be left to call to the mountains and rocks to fall on him."

Again the scene was changed. We stood together in a little, low attic, lighted by one small lamp—how poor it was!—a broken chair, a rickety table, a bed in the corner, where the little ones were cuddling close to one another for warmth. Poor things—the air was so frosty that their breath congealed upon the bedclothes as they talked in soft, baby voices. “When mamma comes she will bring us some supper,” said one. “But I’m so cold!” said the little outsider. “Get in the middle, then,” said the other two, “and we’ll warm you. Mamma promised to make a fire when she came in, if that man would pay her.” “What a bad man he is,” said the oldest boy; “he never pays mother if he can help it.”

Just then the door opened, and a pale, thin woman came in laden with packages.

She laid all down, and came to her children’s bed, clasping her hands in rapture.

“Joy! joy! children! Oh, joy! joy! Jesus is coming! He will be here to-morrow!”

Every little bird in the nest was up, and the little arms around the mother’s neck; the children believed at once. They had heard of the good Jesus; He had been their mother’s and their Saviour, and their Friend through many a cold and hungry day, and they doubted not but that He was coming.

“Oh! mother will he take us? He will, won’t He?”

“Yes, my little ones,” she said, softly smiling to herself; “He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom.”

* * * *

Suddenly again, as by the slide of a magic lantern, another scene was present.

Again I stood in a brilliant room full of luxuries. Three or four women were standing pensively talking with each other. Their apartment was bestrewn with jewellery, laces, silks, velvets, and every elegance; but they looked troubled.

“This seems to me really awful,” said one, with a suppressed sigh; “what troubles me is, I know so little about it.”

“Yes,” said another, “and it puts a stop so to everything!”

There was a poor seamstress in the corner of the room, who whispered, “For ever with the Lord.”

“I’m sure I don’t know what that can mean,” said the first speaker, with a kind of shudder; “it seems rather fearful.”

“Well,” said the other, “it seems so sudden—when one never dreamed of any such thing—the change all at once from this to that other life.”

“It is bliss to be with Him,” said the poor woman. “Oh! I have so longed for it.”

“The great gulf,” again said the angel—“soon to be fixed.”

* * * *

“Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.”
Are you ready?

Reader, prepare—“prepare to meet thy God.” Believe and be saved, for “he that believeth not shall be damned.” “The Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not.”

FACT, FAITH, AND FEELING.

THERE are three men going along one after another. The first is Mr. Fact. He walks along with a bold, undeniable step; no one can stand against him; he is a stubborn fellow. Next to him follows Mr. Faith, looking at Mr. Fact with admiration; and next behind him is Mr. Feeling—he always follows Mr. Faith. But suppose Mr. Faith turns round and looks at Mr. Feeling, where is Mr. Fact? Faith cannot see him at all.

WHAT IS MEANT BY BELIEVING?



HERE are multitudes of people, who believe all *about* Christ and the gospel, but who have never believed *on* the Lord Jesus Christ, or do not, as Heb. 10, 39, puts it, "believe to the saving of the soul."

A medical friend of the writer's visited Mount Vernon, in the United States, the old home and burial place of General Washington. He got into conversation with an old coloured man, who had been a slave in the Washington family. The dear old man was a Christian, and in the course of conversation he put the matter very forcibly. He said, "There are a mighty lot of professors in America, Sir, but if you were to cut their heads off there would be nothing left." This was his graphic way of explaining that with such there was nothing in the *heart*, no real conversion, no real believing to the saving of the soul.

Faith and Credence are two very different things—the former affects the heart, the latter the mind—the former, the result of a soul finding out its deep need of a Saviour, the latter the mental assent to the great facts of Christianity, which cannot be well denied.

Let me illustrate the difference. Suppose I am walking with a friend down one of the principal streets of a large city. My friend says to me, "Do you see that large house at the corner with the brass plate?" I answer, "Yes." "Well, that is where the great heart-specialist of the city lives. Indeed, patients come from all parts of the country to consult him. He is a most successful man."

Just as my friend tells me about this celebrated physician, he comes out of his house, and steps into his carriage, and I am privileged to see him. His face and whole look bear out my friend's remarks. Intellectuality and kindliness mark his appearance.

But my heart happens to be as sound as a bell. I believe all my friend has told me *about* the doctor, but the information is of no importance to me for I don't need his services.

But suppose a few weeks after the conversation I am stricken down with sudden heart-seizure. I immediately think of the doctor, send for him, put my case unreservedly into his hands, and, with the blessing of God, recover. I now *know* the doctor, *know* his skill, and when I speak of him I do so with warmth, for my heart is grateful to him for his attention. In short, I have believed *on* the doctor,—before, I only believed *about* him.

Now every sinner is in need of Christ; all are stricken down with the terrible disease of sin. Now, friend, have you ever come as a needy sinner to Christ and received Him as your personal Saviour, have you received from Him salvation? If you have not, I don't care what you may believe *about* Him, you have never believed *on* Him, you have never believed to the saving of the soul.



The Thief of Eternity.

SUCH is procrastination.

An American preacher relates the following illustration of this:—A bright boy heard and was deeply impressed by the text, "My son, give Me thine heart." Satan whispered, "Time enough yet," and he put it off.

Ten years later a brilliant collegian heard the same text under circumstances which seemed to make that the time of his salvation. Again the tempter whispered successfully, "Time enough yet."

Twenty years later a statesman listened to the same text from the lips of an aged bishop, and felt it was a message for him. This time the tempter said, "Visit foreign countries before you decide."

A traveller in Paris was stricken with cholera. But his greatest suffering was agony of soul because he was not prepared to die. His last words were, "Too late." The boy, the collegian, the statesman, and the traveller were one.



PEACE WITH GOD.

PEACE PROCURED.

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross." (Col. 1, 20).

PEACE PROCLAIMED.

"Christ—came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them which were nigh." (Eph. 2, 17).

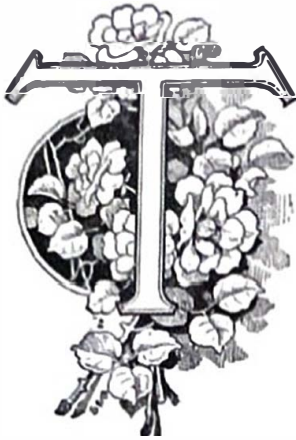
PEACE POSSESSED.

"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Romans 5, 1).

PEACE PERSONIFIED.

"He is our peace." (Eph. 2, 14).

Nazareth's Great Physician.



HE men stood moodily in the street of a village of Samaria—ten broken-hearted despairing men.

The Eastern sun lit up mountain and valley with a splendid glory. But what charm had this for them? The sunshine had faded out of their lives, the sun of their hopes had set for ever.

The carol of singing birds sounded sweetly from bush and tree. They turned impatiently away. What had they to do with singing?

The music had died out of their hearts long ago.

The sound of children's laughter came ringing up the street, and reached them where they stood. Tears dropped from the eyes of ten stern hard-faced men, for the sound awoke old memories not yet dead, touching hearts almost turned to stone, but not quite.

There, amid the sunshine, the singing of birds, the laughter of children they stood—ten wretched outlaws, outcasts, pariahs—ten blasted, blighted lives.

Thus *the ten lepers* stood.

Through the village gate streams slowly a little band of strangers. The dull eyes of the ten turn listlessly towards the group for a moment, and then as listlessly turn away.

Presently ten dull ears catch the sound like an angel's whisper—a Name is borne to them on the evening breeze—a wondrous Name, that of Nazareth's Great Physician—JESUS.

And now from twice ten eyes a strange light gleams, the light of new-born hope, and from ten lips a living, piercing prayer leaps forth—"Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." And instantly, without delay or question, the answer comes—"Go, *show yourselves unto the priests.*" The word of grace goes forth, and with it power divine, for "*It came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed.*" (Luke 17, 14.)

And the ten stepped out of the shadow of their misery into the brightness of a new life; the sun shone on the hills and valleys of Samaria as they had never seen it shine before.

And the birds still sang; but to the ten they sang as they had never sung before.

And the children still played and laughed, and as they laughed, the cleansed ten laughed too, a joyous, gladsome laugh, for had they not met Jesus, and had not He turned their sorrows into joy, and their night into morning?

And Jesus meanwhile journeyed on with face set towards Jerusalem—the City of the Cross—towards the place where His heart shall be broken in the leper's stead; but as He journeyed, that

heart gathered sweet refreshment from the thought that He had lifted the shadow off ten lives, and had flooded ten weary hearts with a joy that had never been there before.

Blessed, precious, Saviour! Reader, have *you* met Him yet? Has He turned *your* sorrow into joy, *your* night into morning? Has His blood cleansed away *your* guilt, and is His love flooding *your* heart with its heavenly sunshine? Jesus said—"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." (John 6, 37.)

A WORD TO BACKSLIDERS.

THERE are two classes of backsliders, well illustrated by the Apostles Judas and Peter.

Judas made a great profession without an atom of reality in it, and consequently an awful exposure took place. There are many degrees of likeness found to him, but they all agree in this—*profession without reality*. I would shrink from instituting a full parallel with many, for there are thousands, alas! who are deceiving themselves as well as others, many who imagine that they are on the road to heaven, when they are on the road to hell. Many honestly believe that observances of religion and blameless life will save their souls. Awful delusion!

Now the sooner such backslide from a false profession the better. Indeed such are more honest without any profession at all.

A girl came to me weeping one day, and said, "I'm the leading singer in the chapel choir, and have passed as a Christian for eleven years; but since your meetings, I have found out that I am only a *sham*. What am I to do?" I told her she might as well drop her mask, give up her false profession, for sooner or later God would take it from her, turn to Christ in reality and be saved. Thank God, she did so, and is now a rejoicing Christian.

But there is the backslider like Peter. Do I address one such? Peter was a true man, loved his

Lord, and found backsliding a painful course, and recovered himself by repentance and confession. You remember when you were converted, when you were happy. What has caused your backsliding? Intemperance, love of the world, love of money, sin allowed unjudged? The Lord desires your recovery. His everlasting love is set upon you. He will never give you up. He died for you. You are His, and His for ever. He looked on Peter, He looks on you: He sought Peter's recovery, He seeks yours.

You are dishonouring Him and grieving His heart by staying away. What has He done that He deserves such treatment at your hands? The longer you stay away the harder will it be to retrace your steps. Get into the Lord's presence, make a full confession of your sin and folly, and get right with Him. He will give you strength and show you what to do. But it must be *His* strength, for there is no strength in yourself. You have found this out, surely.

"Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee. Know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God." (Jer. 2, 19).

"Return, ye backsliding children, I will heal your backslidings." (Jer. 3, 22).

"Having loved His own which were in the world, *He loved them* UNTO THE END." (John 13, 1).

Grace makes no Conditions.

“ON one of the gala days at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, soon after the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, the general gaiety was arrested by the sudden seizure of a courtly stranger by the guard. His singular appearance had created suspicion, and being watched, he was found to be armed, and bent on mischief. The Queen, having ordered the guard to bring the prisoner before her, asked him—

‘Who are you?’

‘Marguerite Lebrun,’ was the reply.

‘Marguerite! Marguerite!’ cried her Majesty, in wonder.

‘Madam, I wear a beard, (tearing it from her face) and also a man’s apparel; but I am a woman.’

‘Loose your hands,’ said Elizabeth to the guard.

‘Nay, madam,’ replied the prisoner, ‘I mind not a rough hand; what is the pinching of an arm to one who carries a broken heart?’

‘Who hath broken your heart?’

‘Elizabeth of England. Madam, you have reft all that my heart did love—how could it help breaking? My mistress—my Queen—my chief beloved, Mary of Scotland—my husband, too—my all. Yes, lady—beggared and broken-hearted, you bid me speak—you bid me tell my errand. I obey. For years my husband and myself had been honoured in her service; we were with her when, madam, the horror of that scene was a dagger to my husband. I tried, I prayed, that the wound might stanch; but—but, lady, I am a widow. I lost a loving husband at Fotheringay. I felt my heart strings yield; but I vowed over both their coffins that I would live to revenge both, and I came here to fulfil my vow. A few steps more and I had succeeded. I have struggled hard against my purpose, but in vain.’

It cost the Queen a stern effort to retain her composure under such a speech; but she calmly asked—

‘What think you is my duty upon the hearing of such a case?’

‘Do you put the question to me as a queen or as a judge?’

‘As a queen.’

‘Then you should grant me a pardon.’

‘But what assurance can you give me that you will not abuse my mercy, and attempt my life again? Should I pardon, it should be based upon *conditions*, to be safe from your murderous revenge in future.’

‘Grace fettered by precautions—grace that hath conditions—is no grace!’

‘By my faith, my lords,’ said the Queen, ‘thirty years have I now reigned, and never before have I found a person to read me so noble a lesson. My good lords, shall I not bid her go?’

Some of her most trusted courtiers remonstrated against the act, but the Queen listened impatiently. Turning to the prisoner, she said—

‘Are you not a Frenchwoman?’

‘I am.’

‘Whither would you go, should I set you free?’

‘To my country and my kindred.’

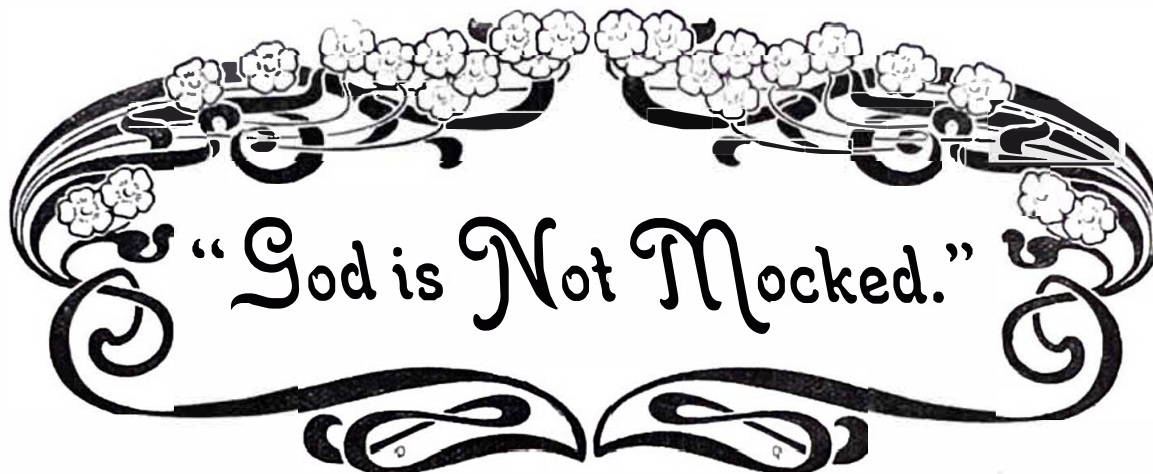
‘Marguerite Lebrun, I will pardon thee; and I do it *without conditions*. You shall have safe and honourable conveyance to your own country. My loyal guards, see that she is cared for.’

The pardoned woman looked with wonder and gratitude and admiration. For the first time during the interview she made an obeisance; and carried to her grave a reverence for the Queen that could *freely* forgive a great crime.”

* * * *

In this read a faint picture of the grace of God. It cost Queen Elizabeth but a few words to pardon the would-be regicide. God spared not His only begotten Son, but gave Him up to the death of the Cross in order that He might *righteously* forgive.

No wonder that to whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much.



A notorious infidel had a considerable following in a certain town. He was one of the braggart stamp, and seemed to revel in his outpourings of blasphemy against God. One day, in the height of his folly, he challenged God, if such a Being existed, to fight him in a certain wood. The day came, and he went defiantly to the wood, stayed a certain time, and returned home again apparently all right, and no doubt jubilant of his seeming success. But when in the wood there had alighted on his eyelid a tiny midge, which he brushed away, paying no attention to it. At night it swelled up, and blood poisoning setting in, he died. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." God sent one of His tiniest insects, and the boasting braggart fell before it.

NOTE. *This remarkable and striking incident is vouched for as strictly accurate. The compiler of this volume holds information as to the place and time of its occurrence, and there are witnesses of it alive to this day. It is worthy of being pondered over, especially in the fact that a long-suffering God did not strike the blasphemer dead upon the spot, but gave him warning and time for repentance.*



LOVE.

MANY years ago, when the Turks ravaged the South of Europe and threatened to conquer Germany, a young Christian was carried captive to the fortress of Belgrade. The governor, knowing that his prisoner was a brave and good officer, offered him rewards and honours if he would turn Mahometan. "I would not desert my earthly king to be made your sultan," answered the youth; "think you, then, I would desert the Lord of Heaven, who died for me, to embrace a false faith. Forsake Christ!—not if I were to be slayed alive."

"Ha!" said the governor, "you speak proudly, young man. Perhaps this spirit may yet be brought down."

"I speak not from pride, but from faith," the Christian replied; "the faith which Christ gave, and which Christ will maintain. The religion of Christ is humble, but it is firm."

"We will try if it cannot be shaken," said the governor.

Every cruelty almost that could be practised was made use of. It would hardly be possible to tell all the cruel sufferings laid upon him; but instead of embracing the religion of Mahomet he went on constantly telling his persecutor of the excellence of Christ, and shewing him how he was sustained and comforted by His blessed power.

The Turk thought that to degrade a man of his rank to a level of beasts of burden would crush his spirit; so he was harnessed with the oxen, and dragged the plough with them. But in answer to all the revilings and questionings of his tyrant, he replied: "If you knew the doctrine of Christ,

you would not act thus. It bids men to love even their enemies; and for sinners Christ died." But the Turk was hardened more and more. He had set his heart on the accomplishment of his purpose. Suffering, toil, hunger, and uncleanness were destroying his poor captive, when the friends of the young officer formed a plan for his deliverance.

A Turkish ambassador had been sent by his governor on a mission of importance. The friends of the Christian nobleman watched his return, waylaid him, surprised and scattered his guards, and seized his person. They shed no blood and took no booty, but carried the ambassador away, and kept him safely. A ransom was offered by the Sultan, but it was refused; a larger ransom was refused, and then the captors were asked what ransom they would accept. They offered to exchange the ambassador for the young officer who was held captive in Belgrade. The Turkish government thought the terms very easy, and ordered the young noble to be released. The cruel governor was obliged to convey him to the frontier, where the prisoners were exchanged.

Rich and poor rejoiced at his return, for he was much loved. But how changed was his appearance! His cheeks were pale and hollow, and his frame all worn and wasted. He had suffered for Christ's sake.

He spent two happy years serving God, and having the good report of all men, when war came again, and Belgrade was taken from the Turks. The governor was a prisoner. Perhaps he had been thinking of getting back his former captive; but to his horror he learned that he

was to be delivered into the custody of his young Christian adversary, whom he had yoked with oxen to the plough.

The young officer had distinguished himself in the siege, and for his sole reward and prize he had asked the disposal of the governor's person. Knowing how cruelly he had been treated, the leaders of the army supposed that a desire for vengeance was his object.

The former governor was confined in the fortress, but was not thrust into the inner dungeon.

When the young nobleman went to see his captive, he found him sitting with his arms folded, and a stern expression on his countenance, as if he expected the worst, and was ready to meet it.

"Do your worst!" he cried. "I am in your power, but I will obey the law of our prophet."

"And I," replied the Christian, "will obey the law of my Lord, which is—'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.' Your life and liberty are in my power, and as His servant I restore them to you."

The Turk thought it was on condition of his becoming a Christian.

"The doctrine of Christ is one of *love*," said the young nobleman; "no

Christian must persecute any one into his religion. I offer you life and liberty, just as Christ offers us salvation—freely; they are yours."

The Turk looked at him earnestly. "Do I understand," said he, "that you would give me life and liberty? Do you recollect me? Do you remember your sufferings?"

"Yes; but Christ's law is love, His doctrine is mercy, and His precept is forgiveness. Come, you are free!"

"It is too late!" cried the Turk. "The religion of Christ is the religion of God; there is no other religion of love and forgiveness. But I expected evil for evil, and cruelty for cruelty; and to save myself from your vengeance I have taken poison. It is certain, but very slow in its effect. I would spend the time that remains in learning more of the religion which has made you act as you have done, and to bear what you have borne; it must be divine." The distressed, yet happy Christian, had his former enemy removed to his own abode, and used the remaining time in preaching unto him Jesus. The result is known only to God; but it is recorded in the annals of the time and country that the dying Turk requested to be baptised, professing the faith of Christ, which once he had despised.



A Thought on Verbal Inspiration.

THERE are five passages of Scripture, which may be cited as giving no uncertain sound on the subject of Verbal Inspiration. (Compare Heb. 12, 27; John 10, 34-36; Gal. 3, 16; Gal. 4, 9, and John 8, 58). In the first the argument turns on the significance of a single *phrase*; in the second on the inviolability of a single *word*; in the third on the use of a singular instead of a plural *number*; in the fourth on the passive instead of the active *voice* of a verb; and in the fifth on the use of the present instead of the past *tense* of the verb.

Taking the five together, we are taught that "the Scripture cannot be broken," so far as to change a *phrase*, a *word*, the *number* of a noun, or the *voice* or the *tense* of a verb.

"Can you tell me where I am going?"

A CONTRAST.

SCENE I.

A YOUNG doctor lay dying. Fever had stricken down the best rider and athlete in the neighbourhood, and death was too plainly stamped on that handsome face. By his side sat the one to whom he was to have been married a few weeks later. His bright prospects were blighted, and he was very soon to enter eternity. What a moment for the young doctor, and for the one he so tenderly loved !

Listen to the despairing question from the lips of the man who had lived for pleasure, whose hopes were bounded by this world, and who had left God out of all his thoughts. "I want you to answer me one question. Can you tell me where I am going? *It is all DARK before me.*"

Alas ! alas ! his *fiancée* was dumb. Child of fashion, lover of pleasure, what answer could she give ? She would have given her fortune for the man she loved, but not one word of comfort could she give. It was all dark for him, and without one ray of light he passed into the darkness of eternity. She sat in mute despair by his side, and thus they parted.

From such a scene we may well turn, and ask *you* the question : *Eternity, WHERE ?*

*" Is it the broad or narrow way
Thy feet are treading day by day,
Bearing thee on so speedily
Into that vast eternity ? "*

* * * * *

SCENE II.

Twenty years have rolled by. Stand beside another deathbed, reader. You can recognise the still beautiful features of the once-courted child of fashion. But listen ! The feeble voice, suddenly grown stronger, clearly rings out the words :—

*" I heard the voice of Jesus say,
' Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad ;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad."*

What a contrast ! Instead of sitting in mute despair, unable to speak a word of comfort to the one to whom the future was all dark, all was now joy and peace and brightness as she lay dying herself.

Her fortune gone, her worldly friends gone, her health gone, what was it that made such a difference ?

Ah ! between the first and second scene, she had found in JESUS an Object for her heart, and instead of saying : *It is all dark*

before me, a light above the brightness of the sun, even the sunshine of the love of God, shone upon her and her future.

Listen to the message she sent to a friend, "Tell her it is peace, peace which passeth all understanding," and when her voice failed she would wave her hands, and whisper rapturously, "HOME SOON."

* * * * *

Reader, the two scenes are before you. If you died which would answer to your case? Would it be all dark or all light for you? Have you a prospect beyond this life? Can you call the Saviour yours? Are your sins forgiven, and are you assured of heaven?

Oh! if you cannot answer these questions with a glad, emphatic YES, let me beg of you not to delay this great question of your soul's salvation. "*Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation!*" (*2 Cor. vi, vi.*) Now you may come to Christ. He ready stands to bless. Hear his own words, "*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" (*Matt. xi, 28.*) Trust Him now.

Decide for Christ To-day.

IT'S coming to the bit now, and what will God do for you, and your salvation army?"

It was on the eve of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir that T—, an infidel soldier, uttered these words with a sneer, addressing them to his Christian comrade, B—.

The silent march began, the trenches were reached, and, sad to say, the scoffing infidel with the sneer upon his lips was one of the first to fall a victim to the shot from the enemy's guns, whilst God preserved the Christian soldier through all the dangers of the battlefield.

The private, who related the above to me, told me that when he saw the enemy being cut down on the one hand, and his own comrades falling dead or wounded on the other, the thought of eternity forced itself in upon his soul, and he cried in the heat of the battle—"O God, have mercy on my soul."

Reader, are you ready, if death were to swiftly come to you?

In deep earnestness and love for your precious soul, we would say—Decide for Christ to-day, for "*Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation.*"

Remember, eternity will find you in one or two positions. (1) Either in your sins, or (2) in Christ—which?

“FULL ASSURANCE.”

“**T**HAT is the very thing I am longing for,” may be the exclamation of the reader. Well, thank God, it is *not an attainment*; that is, it is not the result of *effort*. It does not come as the mysterious consequence of fastings, prayers, vigils, confessions, absolutions, or the like. It is not purchasable at the mart of works, charities, sacraments, or religious observances. It cannot be found in kirk or cloister, meeting or monastery, nor acquired by bestowal from the consecrated hands of bishop, priest, or presbyter. *It is God's free gift!*

“*Full Assurance*,” in all the deep and blessed wealth of that charming grace, comes from God Himself, apart from desert on the side of the recipient whatsoever.

But let us clear the ground as we go on.

The two words, “*full assurance*,” are found together thrice in the New Testament. We have first, the “*full assurance of understanding* ;” (Col. 2, 2,) then, the “*full assurance of hope* ;” (Heb. 6, 11.) and lastly, the “*full assurance of faith*.” (Heb. 10, 22.)

Doubtless the “*full assurance*” you seek is the last—that of *faith*.

Well, notice it is *faith*, not *feeling*. How many say, “Could I only feel saved, then I should be fully assured.” But such a thought is utterly wrong, and is really, though unintentionally, infidel.

For instance, if I said that I could not credit your words until I felt what you said to be true, I might as well call you a liar at once. Nay, it behoves me to accredit you with the truth, whatever my feelings may be. And how much more is God to be accredited!

Well, God speaks, the believer takes Him at His word, and has the “*full assurance of faith*.” Thus—“*He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.*”

Read that most precious verse again and again, not only because it has been blessed to immense numbers of

doubting souls, but rather because it contains the words of the Son of God. You may rely on its every syllable, and rejoice in the “*full assurance*” it conveys.

He speaks, you believe, and the word informs you what is yours. It is the gracious work of the Spirit of God, who loves to bear witness to the truth of Scripture.

But this is the “*full assurance of faith*” that causes such joy to the believer. Why should it not be yours, and that *now*? Now what about the other assurances? I remember being furnished by a good illustration of all three by a dear old Christain out in Nova Scotia.

“Suppose,” said he, “a man living in the backwoods was hastily called to New York. He is wholly ignorant of railways, engines and cars, but a neighbour tells him to go to the station, purchase a ticket, enter a car, and in due time he will arrive at his destination. He takes his friend at his word, and without a question in his mind starts fully persuaded that he will reach his destination. This is the ‘*full assurance of faith*.’”

“Having taken his seat in the car, he is told by some intelligent fellow-passenger all about the mechanism of the engine and road, etc.; then he begins to appreciate the skill and comfort of the wonderful means of transit. This is the ‘*full assurance of understanding*.’”

“Then he contemplates the certainty of the finish of his journey, and as he gradually nears the end, he enjoys the ‘*full assurance of hope*.’”

“Still it is the same assurance, viewed from different points—that of faith, understanding, and hope.”

So, too, possessing *faith's assurance*, the soul sets to work diligently, to learn the way, and appreciate the treasures of the grace and word of God, whilst *hope* cheers and sustains amid all the needed trials until the happy home is reached—the Father's house on high.

The moment you believe, you are entitled to “*full assurance*.” You start with that, and learn its grand foundation as you advance on *faith's journey*.

Brightness of th' Eternal Glory.

Tune—Bornholm, 8. 7.

MUSIC BY E. S. K.

The musical score is written for a two-part setting, likely for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the same parts. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The time signature is common time (C). The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating D major or B minor. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and simple rhythmic patterns.

Bright-ness of th' eter - nal glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un - - ut - tered lie ?

Who would hush the heav'n-sent sto - ry Of the Lamb who came to die ?

- 2 Came from Godhead's fullest glory,
Down to Calvary's depth of woe,
Now on high we bow before Thee ;
Streams of praises ceaseless flow.
- 3 Sing His blest triumphant rising ;
Sing Him on the Father's throne :
Sing till heaven and earth surprising,
Reigns the Nazarene alone.



Are you a Christian?

“**W**ELL, I suppose I am. Do you think I am a heathen? Of course I'm a Christian as much as you. I'm not a Jew, a Turk, or an infidel.”

“But, my friend, there are two kinds of Christians—real Christians and nominal Christians, true and false, professors and possessors, dead formalists and those who have ‘passed from death unto life,’ and ‘have believed to the saving of the soul.’ Which are *you*?—

A sham, a counterfeit,

or

A real, true Christian?”

“Well, I daresay I am as good as most, though I don't set up to be over pious; and I tell you what it is, I don't believe in canting humbugs, and those folks who make such a parade of their religion. Many of those who *talk* so much and make such a loud profession are the biggest scoundrels on earth. For my part I believe in doing as you would be

done by, and I keep my religion to myself. In my opinion, a man can be just as good at home as in a place of worship; and if he does his best, and says his prayers, he can't be far wrong.”

“Well, my friend, I agree with you in hating cant and hypocrisy; but I tell you plainly that, if you have no better idea of what it is to be a Christian than you have just expressed, *you are no true believer on the Lord Jesus at all.*”

“Well, that's *your* opinion, sir. And pray who are you to set up for being so much better than others, that you must go thrusting your tracts on people, and asking impertinent questions.”

“My friend, I'm just nobody but a sinner saved by grace. I was no better than others: but God had mercy on me, and opened my eyes to see, as the prophet Isaiah says, that, ‘We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.’ (*Isaiah 64, 6*). You may be a great deal better than I was.

But this I know, that even if you are the best man on earth you cannot be saved without becoming a real, true Christian."

"I tell you I *am* a Christian. I am a Church member, I have been baptised and confirmed, I take the sacrament regularly, am a Sunday School teacher, and a teetotaler. I pay my way, and do all the good I can. What more do you want?"

"It is no matter what *I* want, but *God* says that 'except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.' (Matthew 5, 20). Have you ever seen yourself a LOST SINNER?"

"No, I hope I am not lost."

"Then Christ is not *your* Saviour; for He came 'to seek and to save that which was *lost*.' (Luke 19, 10). Have you kept the whole law?"

"I've done the best I can, but of course no one is perfect."

"But the Word of God says, 'Who-soever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.' (James 2, 10).

"Well, according to that, every one must be lost."

"Exactly so! That is just what I want you to see—all the world is 'become guilty before God,' and 'by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight.' (Romans 3, 19, 20). Your church-membership, sacrament-taking, teetotalism, honesty, charity, and all your good works go for *nothing*; they are only '*filthy rags*' in God's sight.

So you see you are no Christian at all, except outwardly and in name."

"But I believe in Christ."

"So do the devils; for it says, 'The devils also believe and tremble.'" (James 2, 19).

"Well what more can one do? What must I do to be saved?"

"Is that *your* question? Are you really anxious? Do you see that you are guilty, ruined, helpless, LOST?"

"I do see that I want something which I haven't got; for I must confess I should not be satisfied to die as I am. I know I am not what I ought to be; and yet I try hard to be good."

"Let me advise you then, instead of trying any more, just to give up, and own to God that you *are lost*. For if you do not want to be LOST FOR EVER, you must own that you are lost NOW; and if you do, you will find that Christ is a Saviour for you, because He came to save the *lost*. (Matthew 18, 11). If you are really anxious to be saved, and cry out like the Philippian jailer, 'What must I do to be saved?'—receive the answer God sent to him, as God's answer to *you*: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved, and thy house.' (Acts 16 31). Come now to Him. Cry out 'Lost! Lost!' and He *will* save you. But do not call yourself a Christian until you can truthfully say—

**'Christ is mine,
and
I am His!'**

He 'loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*.'" (Galatians 2, 20).

The Lord will Provide.

"**N**O," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man. You can get someone else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"You think, then, there isn't any money in it?"

"There would probably be money in it; but it would come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls his 'home.' But I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"Not at all."

"I suppose the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well, yes, he did."

"And you caved in, likely?"

"Yes."

"What in creation did you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"The old fellow begged you hard, you say?"

"No. I didn't say so—he didn't speak a word to *me*."

"Well, may I ask, whom did he address in your hearing?"

"God."

"He took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit in the least.

You see, I found the little house easy enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of the door a cosy sitting room, and there on the bed, with her silver head high on the pillows, was an old lady, who looked for all the world just like my mother did the last time I saw her on earth. Well, I was on the point of knocking again, when she said, 'Come, father, now begin; I am all ready.' Down on his knees by her side went the old white-haired man—still older than his wife, I should judge—and I couldn't have knocked then for the

life of me. Well, he began. First he reminded God that they were still His submissive children, mother and he, and, no matter what He saw fit to bring upon them, they should not rebel against His will. Of course it was going to be hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless; and oh, how different it might have been, if only one of the boys had been spared! Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the coverlid, and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could ever be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated! But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the good Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their little house, which meant beggary and the almshouse—a place they prayed to be delivered from, if it could be consistent with God's will. And then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. At last he prayed for God's blessing on those about to demand justice."

Then the lawyer continued, more slowly than ever: "And—I—believe I had rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night than to stain my hands and heart with the blood of such a persecution as that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat that prayer. I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were told to make known our desires to Him. But, of all the pleading I ever heard, that moved me most.

You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer I am sure I don't know ; but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, uneasily, "I wish you hadn't told me about the old man's prayer."

"Why so ?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring. I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell me about it. I wish you had not heard a word about it, and another time I would not listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you are wrong again. It *was* intended for my ears, *and yours*, too ; God intended it. I remember my old mother used to sing—

*'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'*"

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the client, and he twisted the claim paper in his fingers.

Then, after a pause, he went on, "You can call in the morning, if you like, and—well, tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met."

"*In a mysterious way*," added the lawyer.

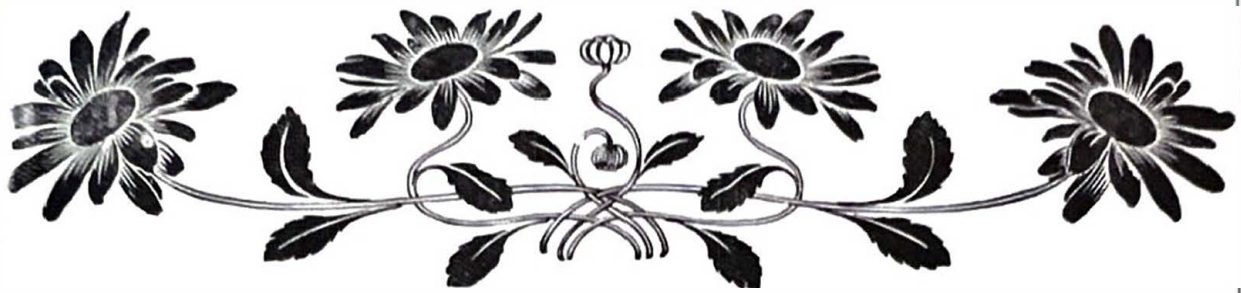


Janvrin's Tower : or Almost—but Lost.

IN the centre of one of the smaller Jersey bays a little island stands, surmounted by a ruin known as "Janvrin's Tower." Many years ago, so the historians tell us, a skipper of that name was forced to anchor his craft, with all his crew on board, just off that very spot on his return from a long voyage, because the plague had broken out on board. One by one the crew perished, and at last he himself died on the very spot where now stands the ruined tower that bears his name.

The pathos of the story lies, however, in the fact that barely a mile inland, in a sunny valley, nestled his cottage home, with wife and children. As Jersey hove in sight it was **ALMOST** home for him, and yet he missed it. He perished, poor fellow, in sight of home. **ALMOST—but LOST.**

Reader, you will never be able to say that you were not near to blessing. This is not the first gospel appeal you have read, and you are no stranger to the gospel. It is a familiar sound to you, and yet you have not believed it. You know the value of the precious blood, and yet you have never rested your soul upon it. The way of salvation lies plainly before you, and yet you have not trodden it. "Almost" aptly describes your condition. I pray God that it may not be "**ALMOST—but LOST.**"



A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

MANY a score of anxious souls have rested upon it, and not been disappointed.

When their eyes were opened to see the simple truth contained in it, the burden of their guilt was gone.

Rested upon what? you ask.

On a single clause of one verse.

Let us quote it. Perchance your eyes may see its meaning, and your heart be filled with the blessedness of it.

"HAVING MADE PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD OF HIS CROSS." (Col. 1, 20).

Suppose we examine these simple words, so as to bring out their meaning.

Who was it that made peace? Jesus Christ, God's own Son.

When did He make peace? Nearly nineteen hundred years ago, when He said, "IT IS FINISHED," and when all the waves of God's righteous judgment against sin rolled over His sinless soul.

How did He make peace? By yielding up His life in atonement to God, of which His precious blood-shedding was the witness.

With whom did He make peace? With a holy, righteous, sin-hating God—the One against whom we had all sinned.

For whom did He make peace? This is the question of all questions. For whom did He make peace? we repeat.

Reader, for **YOU**. Can you, will you, appropriate it, and in simple faith, say, "For **ME**."

The Most Wonderful Story in the World.

AND when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted His raiment, and cast lots.

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided Him, saying, He saved others; let Him save Himself, if He be Christ, the chosen of God.

And the soldiers also mocked Him, coming to Him, and offering Him vinegar.

And saying, If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself.

And a superscription also was written over Him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, **THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.**

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us.

But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing Thou art in the same condemnation?

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this Man hath done nothing amiss.

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.

And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit; and having said thus, He gave up the ghost. (*Luke 23, 33, 46.*)



THE SHEPHERD.



H! what can He do with the weak—

Where each for himself is the cry?

Where the young lions lack what they seek?

Where the feeble are ever pushed by?

Most sad was the question I asked,

As I sat me down lone and dejected;

But the answer was sent me unasked—

An answer I little expected.

"What then can He do with the weak?"

"Why He carries them," came the reply,

"In His bosom alone you must seek

For the feeble who on Him rely."

He carries the feeble and frail—

Just the ones that the world pushes by;

In His bosom when dangers assail,

He carries the feeble on high.

"What about the old ones?"

GOOD morning; I heard that you wanted to see me, so I have come to pay you a visit."



"Thank you, sir. The fact is, the other evening I went to hear the gospel preaching at the Tent, and ever since then I have been miserable. I want to get to heaven, but I don't see the way clear. That is why I wanted a talk with you."

"Well, James, if you want to be saved, and get to heaven, it is pretty clear that *something must be done*. You have committed many sins, and those sins must be wiped out before you can enter heaven."

"Yes, I know that. My past life has not been what it ought to have been, but I do feel that I should like to mend my ways and turn over a new leaf."

"But stay. Of course it is right that you should seek in every way to do that which is good, but turning over a new leaf will not blot out the old ones! The Bible says, 'God requireth that which is past.' You may try to turn over a new leaf, but what about the *past* leaves? They are still there. Good actions in the future cannot wipe out bad deeds in the past."

"That is what puzzles me, sir. I have always thought that, if a man did his best to lead a good life, nothing else could be required of him."

"Why, James, if from this moment to your dying day, you were able to live a life as holy and as free from blame as the life which the angels in heaven lead, that would not put away a single one of your sins. Not one!"

"Well, I am truly sorry for my sins. I often mourn over them, and resolve to commit no more."

"I daresay you do, but mourning and resolving are both powerless to wipe out the past. Now, look here. Suppose you get into debt at the grocer's shop, so deeply that he will no longer give you credit, but threatens to summons you for what you owe him. What should you do?"

"I should have to think it over."

"Well, suppose that while you are thinking it over, a thought flashes into your mind. 'Wife!' you exclaim, 'where's my hat? I'm going down to see the grocer.' So you put on your hat, and in a few minutes you reach the shop."

"The grocer greets you with a bow and a smile. 'Glad to see you, sir,' he says, 'I suppose you have come to settle that account of mine.'"

“ ‘ Well, not exactly that,’ you reply, ‘ but I have come to tell you two things. First, that I truly mourn and grieve that I have got so deeply into your debt, and that I am unable to pay you. Secondly, that I am resolved that from this time forward I will do better. Every pound of tea that I receive across your counter, every pound of sugar, and every article that I buy at your shop I will pay for there and then upon the spot.’ What do you think the grocer would say to that? ”

“ Why, he would laugh at me.”

“ Yes; and he would tell you that neither sorrow for the past, nor prompt payments for goods purchased in the future, can wipe out the *old score*, nor pay the debt that already stands against your name.”

“ Well, sir, that is reasonable enough. It puts things in a new light to me, for I quite see that nothing could satisfy the grocer, but to have the old debt paid.”

“ Then do not hope to satisfy God by turning over a new leaf. No, no! turn over some of the *old leaves*, James. Think about your past sins. Think of them in view of that meeting between you and God that *must* take place.”

* * * * *

Is the reader one of those, who is trying to get to heaven by turning over a new leaf, and seeking to live a better life? If so, my friend, you are on the wrong track altogether. You are leaving the *old leaves* and the past life out of your accounts!

If you are to get to heaven, *something must be done* to wipe out the *past*.

“ But,” you say, “ what is the ‘ something ’ that must be done? ”

Mark the answer! It is something that *you cannot do*.

But listen! God tells us, in the sweet story of the gospel, that the very thing, that *must* be done before you can be saved, has been done already! Done by One whom God sent into the world on purpose to do it! Done as God would have it done! Done for sinners!

Who has done it? Jesus.

Where did He do it? On the cross of Calvary.

What is it that He has done? He has done a mighty work, which has brought such glory to God that now He can write the word “ Paid ” across the *old debt*, and the word “ Forgiven ” across the *past life*.

Yes; instead of our having to turn over a new leaf, and “ do our best ” in order to get to heaven, we have just to come as poor, lost, ruined sinners, and rest upon the firm foundation of the finished work of Christ.

My reader, is that where you are resting? “ Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that *heareth* My word, and *believeth* on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not* come into condemnation; but *is passed* from death unto life.” (John 6, 24).

THE LOST PURSE.

SEVENTEEN years have passed since the following incident occurred, but the impression it left on my mind has not faded, nor ever will fade from my memory.

Located during my college course within five minutes' walk of an old friend, I often stepped in for a little intercourse after my lessons were ready for next day. So it happened on a certain Saturday afternoon, having no Sunday engagement to carry me into the country, I thought to spend an hour with my friend.

I found him in a fever of excitement, and elicited the following in explanation. He had paid his men in the city, closed his shop, and hurried to the train at Ludgate Hill, with his overcoat on his arm. As he jumped into the train he thought he heard something drop on the carriage floor: he looked down, but seeing nothing, took no further notice.

On reaching Walworth Road (his destination), he came in to dinner, and wishing to hand his wife some coin, went to his great coat, and then discovered he had lost his purse containing £20 in gold. He had just made the discovery as I stepped in.

He was a good man and true, but, Peter-like, very impulsive: hence, when I proposed we should have a word of prayer over the matter, he at once protested, "No, not now: there is a time for everything—*this* is the time for action."

"Very well; what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, I cannot make up my mind what is best to be done."

"That, I think, is a sufficient reason in itself for prayer."

"Perhaps, but I don't feel like praying just now. I think I'll go

at once to the Crystal Palace, the destination of the train in which I travelled, and see if honest hands have picked it up and handed it in at the terminus; and I'll telegraph to Moorgate, whence the train started, advising them of my loss."

As soon as he had gone, his good wife suggested that now we might have a little prayer together. We knelt, and pleaded that God would direct and overrule to the finding of this purse, and then rose with a calm assurance that all would be well. Turning to his wife, I said, "I think I will go into the City and see the officials at Moorgate Street."

"What for?" she inquired. "Charles has wired there, and no end can be served by your going."

"I cannot tell you why, but I feel it laid in my heart to go."

"Then I will go with you; for I am too excited to tarry alone just now."

We hurried to Walworth Station, and took return tickets to Moorgate Street, and up the first platform just as the G.N.R. train was signalled.

Already this train was in sight; but in our impatience we would not wait for it, but hurried down the steps again, and up to the central platform as a train was just stopping there.

Rushing to a carriage, we were about to enter, when my friend exclaimed, "That is a smoking compartment; we won't get in there," and opening the next, *there was the purse just under the seat!* Of course, we caught at it, much to the surprise of four gentlemen in the carriage, and walked off home, gladly forfeiting our tickets.

There are several things to be observed, rendering the finding of this purse remarkable. This train had gone to the Crystal Palace,

stopping at various stations *en route* on a busy Saturday afternoon, with the frequent interchange of passengers, yet nobody appears to have noticed the purse.

Had we worked for our train already in sight, we should have missed the purse. Moreover, had we aimed to catch this train, on its return from the Crystal Palace, the probability is we should have failed: for, most remarkable of all, we found this train was not timed to stop at Walworth—should have run express from Loughboro' Junction to Elephant and Castle; but the traffic being unusually heavy, the signal was against this train at Walworth, and stopped it at the platform just for the half-minute whilst we took from the carriage the missing purse.

When my friend returned from the Palace, I inquired, "Have you seen or heard anything of the purse?"

"No," said he, in a despondent tone, "and do not expect to. The traffic being heavy, and the purse containing hard coin only, the officials can hold out little hope of its recovery."

"Is this anything like it?" (holding up the purse).

"Where did you find it?"

"Where you dropped it." And as we explained this remarkable recovery, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes."

*"Oh! what peace we often forfeit,
Oh! what pain we often bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer."*

Christain, are you dependent and prayerful? Are you in the habit of "casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you?" (1 Peter 5. 7).



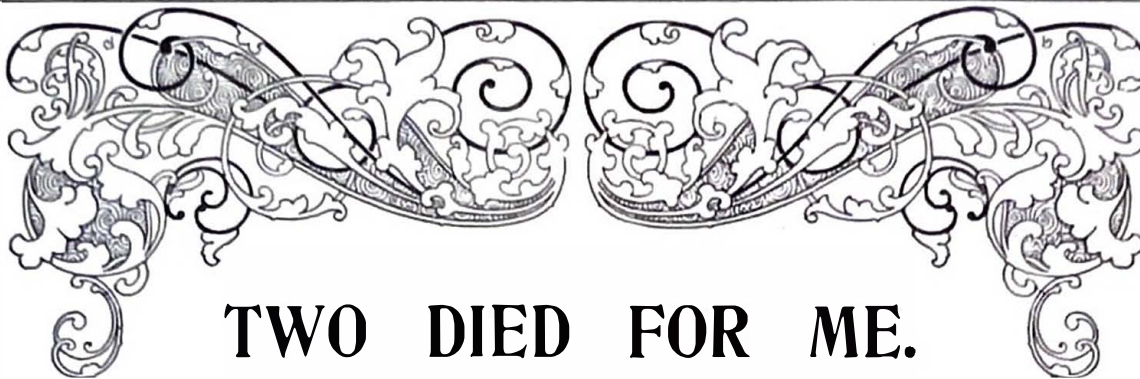
OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.

AMID the loud applause of a crowded audience, an infidel lecturer was labouring to prove the folly of believing in a living God.

When an opportunity was given for discussion, a man stepped forward, and narrated how he had once witnessed from a river's bank a boat borne down the current towards a dangerous rapid. In it was a man struggling to make the shore. All his efforts failing, frantically he cast away the oar, and cried to God for mercy. Marvellously he was rescued from the very brink of death.

Imagine the confusion of the infidel when the finger of the speaker was pointed at him, and amid breathless silence, he said—"And that was the man, who is now before you, attempting to prove that there is neither God nor eternity, neither judgment to come nor the need of salvation."

The pretended infidel withdrew, while in solemn silence the audience dispersed.



THE morning had broken bright and clear, and beautiful, after a wild night of fierce howling wind and driving rain. The wind had seemed to us like a hurricane sweeping by, relentlessly uprooting trees, hurling down chimney-pots, breaking or bending everything that opposed its mad career; and our hearts had ached as, above the noise of the raging storm, had come to us sounds of distress over the foaming waters, and we had known too surely that some vessel or vessels were battling with the waves, and that men, and perhaps women and little children, were facing the dread realities of eternity, and that, alone in the darkness, terror-stricken and despairing, many a one might be finding a watery grave.

When morning came I stood on the sea-shore; the storm had ceased, and now the sun shone brightly, the sea sparkled and gleamed as though studded with gems, the birds sang sweetly in the cornfields near at hand, and the storm and its accompaniments might have seemed only a hideous nightmare but for the scene on the shore. There were traces enough of wreck and ruin.

Sadly I gazed, and wondered as to how many had been saved from present death and how many had been saved from eternal death of those on board the wrecked vessels. As I thought this I was conscious that a sailor had come up close to me. I turned and asked him somewhat of the events of the night. He told me of the brave attempts at rescue, of their partial success; and then, as sorrowfully I spoke of the lost, he said to me very earnestly—

"Beg pardon, ma'am, you'll forgive a plain blunt question. Are you saved or lost yourself? I mean," he added, "do you know Jesus?"

Very sweet the question was, for I could assure the questioner that his Saviour was my Saviour too. And as we spoke a little of the One dear to both our hearts, and shook hands heartily, I asked him how long he had known this blessed Saviour, and what had brought him to Him.

"It is nigh on to five years since He saved my body from a watery grave, and my soul from the lake of fire," he said. "Never will I forget it, for *two* died for me."

"Two?" I questioned in astonishment.

"Ay, ma'am, two," he answered. "My Saviour died for me eighteen hundred years ago on Calvary's cross, and my mate died for me just five years since, and that brought me to know my Saviour."

Seeing I was interested, he continued:

"It was just such a night as last night that our vessel was driven on to a rock just off the coast of ———."

"We hoisted signals of distress and fired guns, and by-and-by brave men on shore manned the lifeboat and put out. We hardly thought it could live in such a sea, but they tried it, and God helped them to succeed. With difficulty we got our women and children in, and she put back to——. Once more, manned with another crew, she put out, and this time the passengers were got on board. Then we knew some of us must die, for if the lifeboat could put out again she would not hold all that were left, and the vessel must sink ere a fourth journey could be accomplished. So we drew lots who should stay. My lot was to stay in the sinking ship. What a horror of darkness came over me! 'Doomed to die and be damned,' I muttered to myself, and all the sins of my life came back to me. Still I was no coward. I made no outward sign,

but oh, ma'am, between my soul and God it was awful!

"I had a mate who loved the Lord. Often he had spoken to me of my soul's welfare, and I had laughed and told him I meant to enjoy life. Now, though he stood by my side, I could not even ask him to pray for me, though even then there was a moment's wonder that he did not speak to me of the Saviour. I understood it afterwards. His face, when I once caught a glimpse of it, was calm and peaceful and lighted up with a strange light. I thought bitterly, it is well for him to smile, his lot is to go in the lifeboat to be saved. Dear old Jim, how could I ever have mistaken you! Well, ma'am, the lifeboat neared us again; one by one the men whose lot was to go got in. It was Jim's turn, but instead of going he pushed me forward. 'Go you in the lifeboat in my place, Tom,' he said, 'and *meet me in heaven*, man. You mustn't die and be damned: it is all right for me.' I would not have let him do it, but I was carried forward. The next one, eager to come, pressed me on. Jim knew it would be like that, so he had never told me what he was going to do. A few seconds, and I was in the lifeboat. We had barely cleared the ship when she went down, and Jim, dear old Jim, with her. I know he went to Jesus, but ma'am, *he died for me!* Did I not tell you true, *two died for me?*"

For a moment he paused, his eyes filled with tears. He did not attempt to disguise them. They were a tribute to the love that had gone into death for him. Presently, when I could speak, I just said, "Well?"

"Well, ma'am," he said, "as I saw that ship go down, I said to God in my heart, 'If I get safe to land Jim shall not have died in vain. Please God, I *will meet* him in heaven. Jim's God must be worth knowing, when Jim died for me that I might get another chance of knowing Him.'"

"Was it long," I asked, "before you found the Saviour?"

"It was not long, though it seemed so to me then. I did not know where to begin. The thing always before me was Jim going down in that sinking ship with the quiet smile of peace I had seen on his face; waking or sleeping it was before me. At first I thought

more of Jim than of the Lord, and when the men wanted me to go back to my old ways and to the drink, I said outright to them, 'I could not do it, mates. Jim died that I might get another chance of going to heaven.' I know I cannot get there that way, and I vowed poor old Jim should not die for nothing.' So when the men saw I meant it, they left off asking me, and so I got left to myself. Then I thought I would get a Bible, because I had seen Jim reading it, and he loved it so, and before I began to read it I just said a bit of a prayer. I was very ignorant, and I told the Lord so, and that I did not know the way to get to heaven and meet Jim, and I asked Him to show me the way."

"And He did?"

"Ay, ay, ma'm, that He did. I did not know where to begin to read in the Bible, so I thought I would just begin the New Testament and read straight on till I found out how I was to be saved. But, oh! I had an awful time of it at first. When I came to the fifth and sixth and seventh chapters every line seemed to condemn me, and I said to myself—'It is no use, Tom: there is no chance for you. You have been too bad,' and I shut up the book. Then Jim's last words came over me again, 'Meet me in heaven, man.' So I thought Jim must have thought there was a chance for me, and he knew about God and his Bible and about my life too. So I opened it again, and read on, and on, and on. I was always at it whenever I could get a few minutes.

"At last I came to the part about the two thieves and the Lord saving the one, and I thought, 'there is a man almost as bad as I am.' So I dropped my Bible and fell down on my knees. and said, 'Lord, I am as bad as that thief; will you save me just like you did him?' My Bible had dropped down open, and as I unclosed my eyes after praying this they fell on these words—'Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.' I took them as my answer. I did not think I was going to die. I almost wished I was, but I thought Jesus had sent me these words to tell me He had forgiven me. So I went down on my knees again and thanked him. Of

course I was very ignorant, but bit by bit I saw just the way of salvation; at first I had only come to the Saviour, and I never doubted He had saved me before I saw the way.

"You will wonder, perhaps, how I could be so ignorant, but I had no pious parents. I was an orphan, and went to sea very young, and never read my Bible, so I thought people got to heaven by turning over a new leaf and saying long prayers, and some day I meant to begin to be good. Then Jim died for me, and that set me thinking in earnest. Well, ma'am, it was not long after this day I have been telling you about that I discovered all about the way—how Jesus had died instead of me, and taken away all my sins by His precious blood, and how His blood was on me instead of my sins, and that was how I could be brought to God now and taken to heaven by-and-by, for 'the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and it is only

sin that keeps us away from God. At first, ma'am, it was Jim's watery grave that stood between me and my old sins, and since then, ma'am, it is another death—it is the blessed Lord's own death that comes between, for He died for those very sins; and so I feel as if I did not belong to myself at all. My earthly life has been bought for me by blood, and next to seeing the Lord Himself I do long to see Jim shine up there."

And now let me ask you, my reader, the same question my sailor-friend asked me—"Are you saved or lost yourself? I mean, do you know Jesus?" And if before God you can say, "I am saved by the blood of Jesus and safe for all eternity," then let me leave with you the verse that my morning's conversation left with me:—

"Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."



"TWO MAGNITUDES."

"**I** penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes—I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity."

These words were uttered before the Assembly of the Church of Scotland, nearly 80 years ago, by the great Scottish divine, mathematician, and philosopher, Dr. Chalmers. An opponent had quoted from one of his old pamphlets sentiments God in His grace had led him to see were wrong, and he gladly confessed his error.

My reader, are you making the mistake the great Scottish divine acknowledged he had committed, forgetting "the littleness of time," "the greatness of eternity?" Alas, do not the majority of men act as if time were eternity?

"Eternity, eternity,

How long art thou, eternity?

Ponder, O man, ETERNITY."

How can I be "always confident" when my state of soul is so variable?



A FEW years since the writer, in company with a few Christians, drove from the town of Penzance, in Cornwall, to the Land's End. Sitting on the box with the driver, the latter drew his attention to a church in the distance. "That church," said he, "we shall presently pass, and between this point in the road and reaching the church, we lose sight of it nine times over." This made the writer curious to put his statement to the test.

Presently we descended a small hill and entirely lost sight of the church. Once more we rose to the crest of the next hill, and once more the building could be distinctly seen. Again we dipped into the valley, the church becoming hidden from view; again we reached the summit, and beheld again the church. Thus we travelled on, sometimes losing sight and sometimes catching a fresh view, until we came within a few yards of the ancient pile, with its peculiar crosses, &c., full in view; having, as the coachman had stated, lost sight of the old building nine times over within that three or four miles.

But why are you telling us this? the reader may enquire. Only for the purpose of asking you a suggestive question; namely—

How often do you suppose the church went up and down in that short three or four miles drive?

"The church up and down!" you say. "Not once. The ups and downs were with **YOU**, not with the church."

Exactly. And, let us add, in the variable conditions of soul which you speak of, the ups and downs are with you, not with Christ. There are no ups and downs in God's thought of Christ's personal worth, or of the value of His sacrifice; and if He accepts you on that ground, there can be no ups and downs in your acceptance either. There is no change in Him above. He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;" and God "hath made us accepted in [Him] the Beloved." (*Ephes. 1, 6.*)

If you would know what God thinks of the believer, you must turn the eye to Christ; for "as He is, so are we in this world." (*1 John 4, 17.*)

ARRESTED.

"**Y**OU have no right to thank God for what's upon this table: it was provided and paid for by *me*, and no one else: besides, I don't believe there is such a Being:" and Henry H—struck the table fiercely with his clenched fist.

"I'll tell you what," he continued, "THERE IS NO GOD. If there is, here's an opportunity for Him to display His power."

Placing his watch on the table, he said, "I'll give God *five minutes*, and defy Him to His face to do His worst with me."

With one hand on the table, and the other held aloft, the bold atheist awaited the issue of his blasphemous challenge.

It was the custom of the H—family for all the members of it to meet together once a year.

On this occasion the meeting was at the house of the eldest son, Henry.

The aged father, a Christian, had just given thanks to God for the food they were about to partake of, when Henry started to his feet, and gave utterance to his daring and defiant words.

Amid deathlike silence the minutes glided slowly by.

One, two, three, four; at last the minute-hand tells the tale that Henry's five minutes have run their course.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed derisively. "What about your God now? WHERE IS HE?"

"Harry, my son," said the old man, "when you were a child I *gave you to the Lord, and I have never taken you back*. From the moment you put the watch on the table, Harry, I have been praying to God for you. You will be a converted man yet: I may not live to see it, but I KNOW that God will save your soul."

Years passed away, the aged Christian was called home to his rest. Henry became a confirmed drunkard as well as an atheist, a ringleader in the paths of folly, profanity, and wickedness.

Walking along the street one day, with a shilling in his pocket, he decided to invest it in two glasses of whisky and a quart of ale.

No sooner was the resolve formed in his mind than he strode quickly towards one of his favourite haunts. Suddenly he paused: swift as the lightning's flash the arrow of conviction entered his soul.

The long-forgotten past, his mis-spent life, rose up before his soul like a mighty mountain. His daring defiance of God, his father's memorable words spoken so lovingly and tenderly to him at the family gathering years before, were brought vividly to his remembrance. "O God! let my dear old father's prayer be answered: have mercy upon me, a vile and guilty rebel sinner!" was the prayer of his heart.

He turned round and hastened home, where, alone with God, he told out the anguish of his soul.

His wife had a Bible; he opened it, and read the record of God's love to guilty man. "And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. For when we were yet without strength, in due time CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, *while we were yet sinners, CHRIST DIED FOR US.*" (Rom. 8, 6-8).

Under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, whose mission it is to direct sinners to the Saviour's feet, Henry

H—— found "joy and peace in believing:" he passed out of death into life. (*John 8, 21*).

Perhaps you wonder, dear reader, why God did not take Henry H—— at his word when he uttered his impious challenge. Friend, come with me to Calvary.

See the earth wrapped in midnight darkness. (*Matt. 27, 45*). You think it strange that a holy God should bear with a poor worm of the dust, who dared to lift his puny arm in defiance of his Creator.

That terrible three hours' darkness explains it.

Jesus, the Son of God, out of pure love to guilty sinners, voluntarily entered that thick darkness, where, ALONE, He sustained and EXHAUSTED the judgment of God against sin!

Never before, in the history of man, had the appeal of the needy been made to God in vain. Yet listen: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken *Me*? . . . Our fathers trusted in Thee; *they* trusted, and Thou didst deliver *them*." (*Psa. 22, 1-4*.)

My unsaved reader, this is the language of the SINNER'S SUBSTITUTE, from amid the terrible gloom of Calvary.

This explains why God can now be just, and yet the justifier of every poor sinner who believes in Jesus. (*Rom. 3, 26*.) God has only *one way* of saving sinners. Are you still a stranger to God's salvation? Then, listen, dear friend, and BELIEVE.

"Through *this Man* [the Lord Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and *by Him* all that BELIEVE are justified from all things." (*Acts 13, 38-39*.)

The Hope "Sure and Steadfast."

HUMAN hope is neither sure nor steadfast.

Divine hope is both sure and steadfast. There are certain things the believer in Jesus has no right to hope for, indeed to hope for these things is blind unbelief. Such are the forgiveness of sins, justification, salvation. In the face of the following Scriptures what believer dare hope for these things.

"I write unto you, little children, because *your sins* ARE FORGIVEN you for His name's sake." (*1 John 2, 12*)

"By Him *all that believe* ARE JUSTIFIED." (*Acts 13, 39*).

"By grace ARE YE SAVED through faith." (*Eph. 2, 8*).

We dare not hope for *possessions*, but instead thankfully own them as ours through infinite grace.

But there are certain things the believer hopes for. He hopes to go to heaven, he hopes for the redemption of his body, he hopes for the Lord to come.

Now please weigh over this statement. A BELIEVER'S HOPES ARE AS SURE AS HIS POSSESSIONS. Just as surely as he has the forgiveness of his sins, is justified and saved, so surely shall he be in heaven and

have a body of glory like Christ's. Indeed he may be as sure of heaven as if he were there already. How is this? God-given hope is "SURE AND STEADFAST." (*Heb. 6, 19*).

Let me illustrate it. Suppose a lad of nineteen is addressed by his father: "Harry, my boy, I am so pleased with your attention to your studies and your success so far, that when you are twenty-one I shall give you a gold watch and chain."

Now could that hope be *sure and steadfast*. Certainly not. It is beset with contingencies. The father might die. The son might die. The rich father through unforeseen reverses might in two years' time be a bankrupt. He might change his mind. No wonder the word "hope" is synonymous with uncertainty and doubt.

But when God gives a hope is that beset with contingencies? Never! Can God disappoint the believer? Can He change His mind? "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." (*Rom. 11, 29*). Will the treasuries of grace ever be empty? Impossible. Then divine hope is "SURE AND STEADFAST."

CONFESSION.



YOU are a young convert. You have to come to Christ, and have been saved by Him. God knows this, and you know it ; but God wants you to let others know it. He wants you to own that you belong to Christ. This is what is meant by "confession."

There may be converts who do not openly confess Christ. Few will count them with believers, and even their kindest Christian friends may fear that there is no reality about them. Suppose you are sent to change a five pound note. You receive four sovereigns and a little disc of gold, in all respects like a sovereign, but unstamped. You would not take it because it did not bear the King's head. It might be standard weight, and just as valuable as a sovereign, but it could not pass as one.

"Show as well as go."

Confession of Christ is like the die-stamp. It does not make you a child of God and an heir of glory, but unless you own Christ you will not pass as His. It is all very well to go to heaven, but you should *show* as well as *go*. The Melbourne suburban trains have a board in front of the engine showing their destination. Let every one know, by your open, brave confession, which way you go.

There are two ways of confessing Christ :—first, *with the life* ; second *by the lips*.

We read in John 1, 4, that "the life was the light of men." This was true first of all in Christ when here, but if Christ is your life, that life in you will be light for those around you now. You can see nothing on a dark night unless there shines the moon or stars. The world is a very dark place, and Christians are lights in it. Why? *Because Christ is their life*. The life is the light, and the light is the confession by which the life is seen. If you do not shine, who can see you in this dark world? Travelling by the night express to Adelaide, we passed through a little town. How did I know this? Simply by the cottage lights which showed that life was in those humble homes. Let the new life proclaim all round by its brightness that you are in reality a believer.

Take your stand for Christ!

Boys, when you go to office or bench, for the first time, among strangers and new associates, take your stand for Christ at once. Keep close enough to Him to be at a long distance from an evil man, a foolish jest or a wicked story. From the side of Christ down to the company of fools who make a mock at sin (*Prov. 14, 9.*) is a deep descent indeed, and you will find the return difficult and sorrowful. Be careful what you laugh at. Christ, the living Bread which came down from Heaven, is your daily food (*read John 4.*) ; do not

let the ungodly suppose that you have a relish for their pig-wash. If Christ is your life, then say with Paul : "To me to live is Christ." (*Phil. 1, 21*).

Next, *confess Christ with your lips*.

I hope you did this soon after you knew you were saved. Did you tell your mother ? Does your brother know you are a Christian ? Out with it, dear young friend, do not keep your conversion a secret. Surely your Saviour deserves better returns than that. If you got off the wreck in the breakers why not tell of the lifeboat and crew that saved you ? If from the fourth storey of a burning house a brave fireman rescued you, would you be ashamed of the man who, at the risk of his own life, had saved yours ?

"What's your name, Doctor?"

It was on the battle-field. A soldier lay bleeding to death. Seeing a surgeon passing near, he faintly called, "Doctor, please." The surgeon dismounted, attended to the man, gave all possible relief, and ordered him to be conveyed at once to the hospital.

As he was leaving, the wounded man asked, "What's your name, doctor?"

"Oh, no matter."

"But, doctor, I want to tell my wife and children who saved my life."

Surely that was becoming gratitude, and do you not think the Lord Jesus deserves as much from you ? Would He not say to you as He did to another, "Go home to thy friends, and *tell* them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." (*Mark 5, 19*.) Tell it out, dear young believer. It will strengthen you. It will be a safeguard to you. It is more likely you will stand firm if you openly confess the name of Christ.

Is confession easy?

No, it is not. And it becomes no easier because it is postponed. To-day you may confess Christ with blushes and awkwardness, with blunders and stammering lips. Never mind ; better to confess Christ so than be silent. To-morrow it will be much easier, and soon you may be so strong in His strength that you cannot help saying with the Psalmist—"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." (*Psa. 66, 10*.)

After all, you will not have to lay down your life to seal your witness for Christ. If your confession brings suffering, it will not be like the suffering which many have endured before you. The history of confession is written in blood and flame, and tender boys and girls have their record on its pages.

During the recent massacre of Christians at Marash in Armenia, a lad was given the option of death or of denying Christ, and was instantly beheaded. When his headless body was taken to his mother to terrify her, and to convert her to Mahommedanism, she kissed the dead son's hand and said, "Rather so, my son, than living to deny our Lord and Saviour."

Do not be a coward, but follow in the track of such brave confessors, who are passing Heavenward, led by Christ Himself. You have countless blessings, may you not miss this one : "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me." (*Matt. 11, 6*).

“DECIDE FOR CHRIST NOW.”

“WILL YOU DECIDE NOW?” was the question I put to an elderly man; but no answer followed. His head was bowed in thought. I waited, and still waited, but no reply came.

“WHEN WILL YOU DECIDE?” was my next interrogation; but yet no response.

“WILL YOU DECIDE TWENTY YEARS HENCE?” Twenty years, twenty years, and the man already old!

“No,” said he; **“it is not likely that I shall live twenty years!”**

“THEN WILL YOU DECIDE TEN YEARS HENCE?”

“No,” said he; **“I dare not put it off ten years.”**

“THEN WILL YOU DECIDE FIVE YEARS HENCE?”

“No,” he replied; **“I dare not delay for five years.”**

“THEN WILL YOU DECIDE THIS TIME NEXT YEAR?”

“No,” said he; **“I might die before next year.”**

“THEN WILL YOU DECIDE THIS DAY NEXT MONTH?”

His answer was delayed.

It may be that the devil suggested that four weeks would soon roll round, and that he might safely wait that length of time; but at last, after mature consideration, he said—

“No, I should not wait a month.”

“THEN WILL YOU DECIDE THIS DAY NEXT WEEK?”

Again he said **“No.”**

“THEN WILL YOU DECIDE THIS TIME TO-MORROW?”


To-morrow, so near at hand! To-morrow, only a few hours away! To-morrow! **“No,”** said the old man. **“I ought to decide now!”**

WHY NOW? Age, wisdom, conscience, time, eternity, Scripture furnish the reason why. Their combined and unanimous, their long and loud and only cry is **NOW! NOW! NOW!**

Undecided reader, say when shall it be? When? It may be **NOW** or **NEVER**. God places a period before you. He says, **“NOW is the day of Salvation”**—nay more, He says, **“NOW is the accepted time.”** **DECIDE FOR CHRIST NOW!**

Jesus is Mine.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY S.S.



Dy-ing for my sins on the cross of shame, Pray-ing for His foes—see the Lamb once slain,



Mer - ci - ful com - pass - ion, praise His Name, 'Tis Jes - us Christ, my Lord ;



Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Jes - us is mine, Jes - us is mine.

- 2 From His wounded side flowed the cleansing blood,
From His broken heart rose the cry to God,
From His parched lips came the words of love,
To melt cold hearts like mine !
- 3 Sadly, sorrowing, tender, were the Saviour's eyes,
Weeping out their pity, as, behold, He dies !
How could I continue and that look despise ?
I'm yielded up to God.
- 4 Pardoned through His blood, all my sins are gone,
Dying in His death, all of sin is gone,
Rising in the life of the Risen One,
My raptured soul is free.



Thoughts for Young Converts.

"FOLLOW THOU ME." (*John 21, 22.*) This is our Lord's clear call. Take these three words, pray over them, let them be a controlling power in your life, and turn them into practice. Don't follow any fellow-Christian, or persuasion, or creed, or cause, but follow CHRIST. He will never disappoint or misunderstand you. Your fellow-Christians may. Don't copy them. They are only worth copying in so far as they copy Christ. But to copy them is as foolish as the schoolboy, who copies the copy of the head-line in his exercise book instead of always copying the head-line itself. Then follow Christ. How much for God's glory and your blessing lies wrapped up in those three simple yet far-reaching words.

"GIVE ATTENDANCE TO READING." (*1 Timothy 4, 13.*) The Christian is a man of one book. The Bible contains for him the whole revealed mind of God, and "is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." There is nothing so weakening and enervating to the young Christian as the reading of silly religious novels and the neglect of the Scriptures. Young believer, read your Bible. Read it regularly, prayerfully, systematically. You may read many books written by servants of Christ to great profit, but above all go to the fountain head of knowledge and truth—the word of God. It is a shame to find how ignorant many Christians are of the one book, which has brought them news of salvation and instructs them as to God's desires for them. It is humiliating to see a Christian fumbling in the New Testament for an Old Testament book.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING." (*1 Thess. 5, 17.*) Dependence becomes the Christian. In it lies his safety. The strongest Christian is the one who clings most. Turn everything into prayer. Make it the habit of your soul. "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep [literally, garrison] your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." (*Phil. 4, 6-7.*) Have your stated times for prayer; but at all times and in all places, and under all circumstances, let your heart turn to the Lord for help, support, guidance. A Christian who reads and does not pray becomes merely intellectual in the things of God; the Christian who prays and does not read is fervent but unintelligent as to God's mind; but the Christian who reads in the spirit of prayer will grow in the true knowledge of God, and be increasingly led out in effectual prayer.

"TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK." (*Mark 16, 34.*) I solemnly believe that a blight that rests on Christendom to-day is *idleness*. Dear young

Christian, if you were only converted yesterday, find something to do for Christ. Only let your work spring from real communion, and let the joy of the Lord be your strength. Do only that which you feel happy in doing. Do the first simple thing that comes to your hand, and don't wait for a grand beginning. You may never be called to preach to crowds, but you may read the Scriptures to an aged dying pilgrim, or put a tract into the hand of a passer-by. All truly great works have been growths. All honoured servants of Christ have begun simply and humbly. Don't dream of great things, but do little ones in a humble spirit. That will be a great beginning. The planting of the acorn is a small affair, and scarcely foreshadows the oak tree.

"MEDITATE UPON THESE THINGS." (*1 Timothy, 4, 15.*) If laziness is a blight, over-activity is equally to be deplored. Don't get into a restless state that cannot be content unless you are doing, *doing*, DOING. Don't get so pre-occupied with your own work, that you have no sympathy for other people's, and no time to care for your own soul. Whilst looking after the vineyards of others, don't allow your own to be covered with weeds. Find time, like Mary, to sit at the Master's feet and hear His words, and may you ever go from His presence, not in the fretful fever of service, but in the calm enjoyment of His love and the assurance that you are sent. If the Lord shall say, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" how happy will be your response, "Here am I; send me," and how joyful will be your service. The day of reward draws near. The Lord is coming quickly. Soon the day of need will be over; but oh! how privileged we are to serve such a Master, who does not send His servants at their own charges.



What your Salvation Depends upon.

WHILST visiting one day in a large town, where the Lord was saving many souls, I happened to meet a young person who for five months had been in a state of the deepest anxiety.

Many had spoken to her about her soul's difficulties. She had attended meetings to hear the gospel preached, but still she remained unhappy. At times it seemed as if her mind would give way under the severe mental strain. Seeing me approach the door of her house she invited me in. I had just come from visiting one who was also in deep distress about her soul's salvation, and in the course of our conversation happened to mention this.

"Oh, indeed, sir, I can sympathize with anyone like that," she observed, "for I have been for five months—since my last illness—in a similar state. Oh, if I could only know that I am saved it would be all right!"

"And so you *may* be at once," I answered; "for Christ has died and risen, and God offers salvation freely to all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. How do you expect to be saved?" I asked. "Is it by doing good works, by praying, or by getting better?"

"No," she said, "I cannot get better, and my works would never save me."

"Then do you believe that God is willing to save you as you are, in your sins, helpless, vile, and ungodly?"

"Yes, I believe He is willing to save me just as I am;" and she went on to relate how God had been showing her what she was in His sight. She had been praised by her acquaintances for her natural talents, and had been proud of herself in some respects; but she was now convinced that in God's sight she was only a poor, vile sinner, and that her "best state" was "altogether vanity." (*Psa. 59, 5*).

"Well," I said, "if you *know* yourself to be *lost* and *vile*, and that God is willing to save you while in that condition, what is there to hinder you believing the gospel, and being saved?"

"I don't know," she replied; "but I don't *feel* saved, and I should be dreadfully afraid to meet God."

"Tell me plainly, now," I continued, "What do you think your salvation depends upon?"

"I *believe*," she replied "*that my salvation depends upon my acceptance of the work of Christ.*"

This reply would to many believers have probably appeared quite sound; but it struck me that the answer seemed to account for this dear woman's deep distress.

"Ah," I said, "no wonder then *you* have no peace, such being your idea."

She seemed astonished, and I continued: "No, your salvation does *not* depend upon *your acceptance* of the work of Christ, but upon your believing that GOD HAS ACCEPTED *the work of Christ, as a full and complete satisfaction of all your sins from beginning to end.*"

Her expression seemed suddenly to change, as though a flash of light from above had entered her soul, and she gazed at me enquiringly. I continued:

"Supposing you had got into debt, having run up a large account at a neighbouring shop, and that you were pressed for a settlement, and were unable to pay, and that a rich friend of yours offered to discharge the debt for you: to whom would he pay the money, to you (the debtor) or to the creditor?"

"To the creditor," she replied.

"Yes," I said, "it is the creditor that is to be satisfied, is it not?"

"Certainly."

"And would not your peace of mind depend upon whether you believed that the *creditor had accepted* the money as a full settlement of your debt?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Now tell me, do you *believe* that God, your creditor, has accepted the death of Christ as a full satisfaction for all your sins from beginning to end?"

"I firmly believe that," she answered.

"And do you think He will ever *cease* to be satisfied therewith?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Then God can never again raise any claim against you on account of your sins, Christ having suffered the penalty."

"Never," she again answered. "I see it all now so plainly. I never looked at it in that way before. I have been thinking whether *I accepted* Christ properly or not, whether *I believed* aright, whether *I had the right faith*, and so on. Sometimes I thought I might be saved, and then again I doubted it, and I could not get peace."

"No wonder," said I. "A peace that depends upon the estimate *you* form of Christ's work, or upon *your feelings* about it, must always be an imperfect one, changing as often as that on which it rests; but God *always remembers* the blood shed on Calvary, is *always satisfied* with it, *always* has the One who shed it before Him, and He refuses ever again to open a question which was eternally settled by the Lord Jesus on the cross."

"Thank God," she said, "for making it all so clear to me! How blind I was not to see it before!"

And thus the clouds were riven and the darkness dispelled from this deeply-tried and anxious one; for "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (*Rom. 5, 1*).

What a comfort it is to know that God accepts the poor sinner who *believes in Jesus*, in all the value to Him of His precious blood, and in all the perfection of His adorable Person!

Believe in Him, then, at once, my reader, and trust God when He says, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."



A Frank Admission.

“**F**OR a spectacle ‘of hollow hearts that wear a mask,’ there was no better standpoint than the stalls of Covent Garden [Theatre] in 1899, with your face to the audience.”

So wrote the editor of a fashionable society magazine not many weeks ago.

What an admission! Pleasure-seekers, yet with aching hearts! Wealth, youth, beauty, title, yet hearts unsatisfied!

The mask was brilliant! Magnificent dresses, superb diamonds flashing in the light, laughter, animated speech, all this and more. You would have thought surely the heart was satisfied. All that money could buy in Vanity Fair was there, but all in vain. Even the man of the world could see through the mask, however misleading it was in outward appearances. Should we say, Even the man of the world? when no one knows better than he.

For the bitter drop at the bottom of the cup of pleasure is the knowledge that it all will come to an end. Growing old! Oh! how they hate that thought, and how the middle-aged devotees of fashion try to wear, with infinite pains and art, a mask that may make them look still young. Ah! that shady side of forty, and what that means to them! The race is to the strong and young, and growing old they are cast aside to make room for what is more attractive.

And still time carries them on in an inexorable march—to the grave. Stripped of their youth and beauty, ravaged by disease, the mask dropping away bit by bit, chilled by the hand of

death, how sadly they face the end. Gladly would they, in the bitterness of their spirits, avert their faces from the prospect. Gladly would they buy off death, if they could. Coronets, wealth, jewels, tears, entreaties, shrieks, all in vain.

And so the empty hollow heart, consumed with unavailing regrets, ceases to beat. No more fevered pulsations, no more passionate throbbings—the heart is stilled in death.

But the soul—the hollow soul! What of it? Ushered into the presence of God, where there are no masks, to give an account of its sins; and hollow and empty throughout eternity to bear its punishment.

We gladly turn from the sad humiliating spectacle, to point out where true lasting happiness can be found, and “hollow hearts” filled, aye, to overflowing. Many of us can sing:—

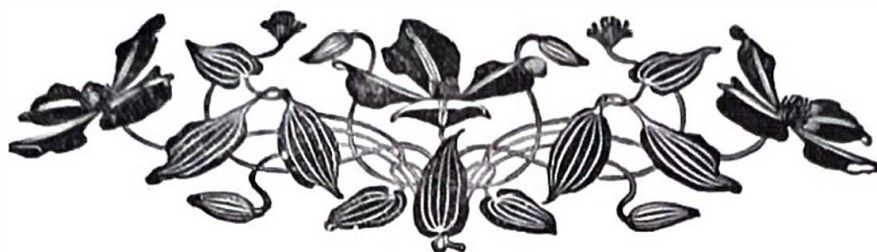
*“I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.”*

*“Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me!
There’s love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee!”*

There, and there alone, is the secret of happiness in life, brightness in old age, and joy in death.

Hollow-hearted, unsatisfied reader, we urge you earnestly to make the acquaintance of the Lord Jesus Christ. His work can clear your guilty conscience; Himself can satisfy your heart.

“Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.”
(Psalm 32, 1).



Whosoever means Anyone.



ANYONE means *anyone*. Now just let us read John 3, 16 together, and change the word *whosoever*: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *anyone* who believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." How strange that more souls do not take advantage of this message of mercy and receive eternal life! It is without money and without price—free—for anyone. Reader, if unsaved, do you take it, and take it now.

A TRUE INCIDENT WELL ILLUSTRATES THIS.

An old woman was dying, she had but a brief time to live. By her bedside 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. She replied that she 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 Bible, and ran away to enquire the meaning of the word *whosoever*. The first person she saw she stopped, 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 thin 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.

Allow me, dear reader, to draw your attention to this remarkable verse, and also to divide it for you. Please to notice the two sides:—

GOD'S SIDE.

"God so **LOVED** the world,
that He **GAVE** His only-
begotten Son,"

YOUR SIDE.

"That whosoever **BE-
LIEVETH** in Him should
not perish, but **HAVE** ever-
lasting life."

Remark, the *loving* and *giving* are God's side; the *believing* and *having* are your side.

Now do not follow the bad example of so many. They are trying to change sides with God; trying to do the loving and giving, and wanting Him to do the believing and having; that is, they are trying to love God and trying to serve God; then they hope He will believe in their earnestness and receive their good works, and give them eternal life on account of it all.

No, my friend, no. You are all wrong. You must keep your own side of the line, or you will never get the blessing. God has loved *you*, and given His Son for *you*; that is His part. Now do you really believe in Him with your heart? If so, then God says you shall not perish, and that you *have—now—here* in this world—everlasting life. "He that believeth on the Son **HATH** everlasting life." (*John 3, 36*). Then being delivered from your enemies, you can serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of your life. (*See Luke 1, 74-75*). Thus a godly life is the result.

CONTENTMENT.

"**T**HERE never was such a disappointing life as mine," said the *empty* bucket as it approached the well. "I never come away from the well full, but what I return empty."

"There never was such a joyous life as mine," said the *full* bucket as it left the well. "I never come to the well empty, but what I go away full."

Christian reader, do you always look on the cheerful side of things? Every cloud has a silver lining, and murmuring is mentioned as a serious sin in 1 Cor. 10. Besides which you know that your Father is doing the very best He can for you.

"YOU'RE A LOST MAN!"

YOU are an infidel—an atheist, as you say.

Well, I will not waste time or words in argument. You would not in this way be convinced, and there is a better way to meet you.

I will just relate a little incident, and then leave with you a few homely truths which you may consider at your leisure.

At the close of a gospel meeting some years ago, in the province of Ontario; an atheistical circus-man argued noisily against the Bible and its teachings. Supposing himself to be some great one, he withstood, with swelling bravado, the reasoning of the little group about him.

But suddenly his mouth was stopped in a very unexpected manner. Pushing his way through the crowd, the plain, unpollished preacher shouted in the showman's startled ear, "You're a lost man!" He attempted to reply, but again the preacher shouted, "You're a lost man!" He could not argue, for the preacher always cut him short by crying, "You're a lost man! You're a lost man!"

Bolling with rage, he left the room, determined to waylay and thrash the man who had so effectively shut him up. He missed him, however, and the words, "You're a lost man!" kept ringing in his ears the whole night long. By morning he was thoroughly aroused, and his atheism gone.

Awakened by the Spirit of God, he found himself to be indeed "a lost man," and in due time learned of One who died to save the lost.

And *you*, unhappy man, what shall I say of you? Just this, "**You're a lost man!**" Yes, lost; lost amidst a labyrinth of human reason; lost, and given over to the wanderings of the poor, dark mind of man; lost in nature's darkness, without one ray of light to guide your footsteps hurrying to the grave.

Your *sins*—what of them? God knows them all. Your atheism cannot blot them from His book, neither can your theories hurl Him from His throne. He will by no means clear the guilty, and at His bar your every sin will rise and be a voice to curse you from His presence.

Your *soul*—it will outlast the universe. It lives within you, and it shall outlive the stars. You cannot tear it from you like an aching tooth; sooner might you pluck the planets from the vaulted sky. It will live *on*, and ON, and ON for ever!!!

Hell-fire is no fable. Philosophers may reason and deny it as unjust; cunning priests may use it to extort the simple's gold; unfaithful men, who preach, may shun the subject as a relic of a bygone age, but God hath declared, "**The wicked shall be turned into hell.**" (Ps. 9, 17).

The sun may wane, grow dim, and cease to shine; the stars may die and disappear in darkness, but the fires of hell shall burn for ever in their retributive work. The lost shall through the eternal ages lie beneath God's righteous hand in judgment.

Unhappy man, I bid you turn to God! May His truth expose you, and the Holy Ghost convince you of your fatal folly.

I leave you with this word of inspiration:—"He that *belloveth* and is baptised shall be saved; but he that *belloveth* not shall be damned."

(Mark 16, 16).

“Thank God for that.”

“What a *world* of sin !”

* * *

“What a *house* of sin !”

* * *

“What a *life* of sin !”

* * *

THE lips that uttered these short sentences were closing in death. The life of the speaker had been entirely spent for “the fashion of this world.” Now she was leaving the world, all she could remember of it was “*sin*.”

These three solemn sentences were slowly repeated at short intervals, bringing the conviction of sin each time into a narrower and closer circle. There she lay on the very threshold of eternity, face to face with the consequences of her sin. It was now God's time to speak. A Christian whispered into her ears, “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” (Isa. 1, 18).

Again she spoke. She had, thank God, drunk in the message. “Thank God for that,” was her simple response.

She had nothing before her but “the wages of sin,” but now God was graciously reasoning with her about “the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son,” that “cleanseth from all sin.” (1 John 1, 7). Precious, precious blood of Jesus! And who would not thank God for that, and say, “Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift?” (2 Cor. 9, 15). Will you, my reader? The blessing will be then yours.



TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD.

A STUDENT at Cambridge was brought under the power of the gospel one night, and on leaving the place, said, “If I have any difficulty, may I call and see you?” “Certainly,” I replied.

The next morning he called and said, “I decided too hastily last night. I have been looking for some token that I am saved, but cannot find any.”

“Did I not tell you that you could see me this morning?” “Yes,” he said.

“Well, why didn't you ask for my watch as a token that I would keep my word? Why should you look for a token from God—can't you take Him at His word?”

A FINAL WORD.

READER, we make one last loving, earnest appeal to you.

YOU WON'T *blame a Saviour-God, if you perish in your sins*, "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.*) That word, "whosoever," encircles the whole globe, taking in the King upon his throne, the murderer in his cell, the high-born lady in her drawing-room, and the miserable tramp that begs his bread as he limps along the highway. But, best of all, it certainly includes YOU, so if you perish eternally you cannot blame the blessed God.

YOU WON'T *blame the Lord Jesus if you perish in your sins*, "for when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." (*Rom. 5, 6.*) His love in stooping so low, His grace in taking the sinner's place on Calvary's Cross, His blood-shedding and death—all leave you without the shred of an excuse. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (*Rom. 5, 7-8*)

YOU WON'T *blame the Holy Spirit*, for "the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man." (*Gen. 6, 3.*) The most solemn charge Stephen could make against his hearers in Acts 7, 51 was, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost"; and in Acts 24, as Paul reasoned in the power of the Holy Ghost of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, but alas! he cried to the preacher, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." We never read that the convenient season ever came. Friend, see to it that you resist not God's Holy Spirit.

YOU WON'T *blame the Scriptures*, "which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." (*1 Tim. 3, 15.*) They are so plain and unmistakable as to salvation that he who runs may read. What more plain than, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (*Acts 16, 31*), or, "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (*Acts 4, 12*), and a host of other passages? Believe me, if ever you find yourself in the lake of fire, which may God forbid, you will only be able to blame yourself for your folly in neglecting so great salvation. May God give you space for repentance, and may you seize the golden opportunity.

FRIEND, will you heed the message? It is the only one that can save you. Refuse it, and you seal your doom for ever. Farewell, unknown reader. We must part, but if my Saviour is yours, we shall surely meet on the shores of glory, and spend a blissful eternity together. Not otherwise.

Your earnest well-wisher,

THE COMPILER.

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