

THE  
GOSPEL



OF THE  
GRACE OF  
GOD



THE GOSPEL  
OF THE  
GRACE OF GOD



Edinburgh  
R. M. CAMERON, 22 ST GILES STREET

---

1879



# CONTENTS



	PAGE
THE DYING APPEAL . . . . .	5
“PUT ME ON MY KNEES” . . . . .	31
LONG HAVE I SOUGHT IT . . . . .	48
“PRIME ME UP TO DIE” . . . . .	64
“ARE YOU READY TO MEET GOD?”. . . . .	82
“HE PAID” . . . . .	88
THE GUIDE-POST . . . . .	91
“HE HAS RECEIVED ME!” . . . . .	96
“AND HAVE I NOTHING TO DO?” . . . . .	107
A WARNING VOICE . . . . .	115
“I’M EASY” . . . . .	120
TWO OPINIONS . . . . .	125



## The Dying Appeal



**A**T a crowded railway station, one afternoon, late in the year 18—, some of the Lord's people assembled to take leave of, and bid God-speed on her way to, one who, with her youngest daughter, was about to sail for a foreign land.

Those then to part had for some years enjoyed sweet fellowship in the things of God, whilst together they had learned much precious truth, and oft, "with one accord," had prayed for the conversion of each and all of the fatherless children of her who was now about to leave them.

A shade of sadness marked the party, for all felt, as far as earth was concerned, it must be a last farewell. The departing one had no hope of returning thither again, and none of us intended to visit the scene of her future sojourn. We sorrowed that we should see her face no more, but rejoiced in the hope of the Lord's speedy coming—that hope which bears the soul above the circumstances of the moment, and gives the silver lining to the darkest cloud. Those then to separate were knit together, not because of any human tie, but in that which is a closer, because an eternal bond—the love of God. They knew “the day is far spent, and the night is at hand.” They waited for the shout which will summon the redeemed to meet the Lord in the air, when “our light affliction, which is but for a moment,” will be exchanged for “the exceeding weight of glory.” Blessed hope! It distracts the heart from things of earth, it tempers the pain of separations, and the soul is glad because of the promise, “Yet a

---

*little while*, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Happy they who have this hope, and live waiting for the morn without cloud, when the long-looked-for Bridegroom of the heart will come to take His expectant people, His Bride, to share with Himself the joys of the Father's House! Then all will be for ever with the Lord.

But there was one in that cluster of friends, most dear to the heart of the widowed mother, in whom as yet this hope had no place. The absent Lord for whom we waited was unknown to him.

He was a handsome youth, little more than twenty years of age, in the full bloom of health and manly vigour.

His mother looked fondly on him, and then turning to me, said, "There is a bright future in store for my boy; I shall have all ready for him. He is to join me in six months. This bears me up in parting from him, for it seems such a short time till we shall be together again.

While he remains here will you care for him, as you have opportunity, and ask him to go with you to the gospel preaching, for I do pray his soul may be saved before he leaves this city?"

As she said this others pressed round, and soon the train started, bearing away the widowed mother and her young daughter.

For a few moments we watched the departing train, and her words recurred to my mind—"He is to join me in six months—it seems such a short time till we shall be together again." From my heart I prayed the fond mother's expectation might be realised; and yet I thought in six months what changes God might work, for "Man proposes, but God disposes." "A man's heart deviseth his way, but God directeth his steps." That mother and son *may* never again on earth embrace each other!

They never did!

Scarce three months elapsed ere the young man was laid on a sick-bed. There I saw him, no longer the sprightly vigorous youth, for his

---

fine features were wasted by sickness ; a cripple, and helpless, he lay unable to move. Truly, "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away ; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." I longed that his soul were stayed on the word of God, the sure foundation, of which Jesus says, "Who-soever heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon *a rock* ; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon *a rock*."

In his day of health and sunshine the pleasures of the world engaged the youth. He loved the world, and was courted by it ; so "the god of this world" blinded his eyes, and he thought little of eternal things. Once only since his mother left had he gone with me to the gospel preaching, and although he listened with marked attention, I could see God's gracious message

was not accepted, nor was the young man's conscience reached; yet God had set His love upon him, and He took a way of His own to accomplish the salvation of his soul. The widowed mother's earnest desire that her son should receive Christ before leaving E—— was granted, though for another end than that which she contemplated, when on the railway station she gave expression to her thoughts. She pictured his earthly future, and fondly hoped, before he entered a position of extensive usefulness, he might be born again, and thus have power to turn all to account for the glory of Christ *here*. The Lord in His infinite wisdom, had reserved for him another portion. God saved her son, that he might at once depart to be "with Christ, which is far better."

With the loss of health he was stripped of pleasures which had ministered to his happiness, and the once light-hearted youth became anxious as to the eternal welfare of his soul.

A servant of Christ, who lingered over him

---

watching for the entrance of his soul into life, had the joy of seeing him plucked as a brand from the burning, and through the words which he spoke, find peace in believing.

No sooner had the young man drunk of the water which Jesus gives (John iv. 14), than from him flowed those rivers of living water, of which the Lord says, "He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." He was filled with desire that others should know his new-found Saviour.

The day after he was saved he sent for a favourite attendant, whom he had long known—one who had rendered him many kind services. It is of her conviction, and subsequent deliverance of soul, that I desire to write, and not of the remarkable conversion of the widow's son, which can alone be fitly done by him who was the instrument of it,\* further than to show how

---

\* "The Young Doctor; or, Comfort my Mother;" a short sketch of J. L. H. M<sup>d</sup>F., by W. T. P. W., published by W. B. Horner, 27 Paternoster Square, London, gives this in detail.

the Spirit of God sent his dying appeal, as a barbed arrow, into the conscience of the nurse, which remained there till faith took wing into the presence of God. There her soul now rests in peace, under the banner of His love.

The young man asked the nurse to come by his bedside, and to kneel there. The door was shut, and by his request they were alone. The daylight was waning, for night was closing in, but heaven's brightness reigned in the soul of the dying one. By faith he gazed on the glory of God, which now shines in the face of Him "whose visage was so marred more than any man," and by the Spirit of God the brightness of that light was reflected in this new-born child of grace. "Put your hands in mine," he feebly said, and then summoning all the strength he could, he uttered these words:—"I am saved now; I thought I was too great a sinner to be saved: but yesterday I learned from——," speaking of the Lord's servant, whose words were blessed to him, "that it is because I am

such a sinner that God can save me. I have taken my place as a lost sinner, a good-for-nothing man, before God. I believe that Jesus died for *me*, because He died for the lost, and now I am saved. I wish you to meet me in heaven. I am dying, but I am going to be with Jesus. Now, promise me you will not rest till you are on the way to heaven also. You are not too bad to be saved; none are! I thought I was, and this made me so long in getting the peace I now have. Just believe you are lost, and that Jesus died for you, a lost one, and God *will* save you."

With great effort he had spoken these words, and then a fit of sickness seized him, and except to give repeated assurances of the peace in which his soul rested, he said little more during the few hours he remained alive.

He passed away, not to go to the bright earthly home his mother was preparing for him, but to be with Jesus, who said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a

place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." He sleeps and waits *with* Jesus; and to the bereaved mother, who waits *for* her Lord, the Comforter would say, "Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

"Our earthen vessels break ;  
The world itself grows old ;  
But Christ our precious dust will take  
And freshly mould.

"He'll give these bodies vile  
A fashion like his own ;  
He'll bid the whole creation smile  
And hush its groan.

"When cloudless morning shines  
We shall his glory share ;  
In pleasant places are the lines,  
The *home* how fair !"

I was asked to visit the nurse, and did so the Wednesday after his precious remains had been laid in their quiet resting-place. This was done in the presence of hundreds of youths who had studied with the young doctor, and these, with

---

many of the friends of his family, waited to hear the Gospel, which was preached as they stood around the open grave, in the hope that any who were "dead in trespasses and sins" might hear the words of Him "who is the Resurrection and the Life," and be quickened into newness of life.

I found the nurse in a little room in the hospital, preparing to leave for another engagement, where her sphere of usefulness would be greatly extended, and for which the Lord was about to fit her in a remarkable way. The words of the dying young doctor had deeply impressed her, and when I named him the tears streamed over her cheeks. She could only speak of him in broken sentences. Then it was she told me the words of his dying appeal, and it gave me an opportunity to press upon her the danger of delay in the matter of her soul's salvation. I pled with her to yield her heart at once to Christ, and asked if she had yet entered the path of blessing the young doctor

sought for her, but she said, "Oh no, Madam, I can't say I am saved ; I am still a poor unforgiven sinner."

"But," I inquired, "what was it Dr M. asked you to do? Did he not say you must come to the Saviour of the lost, as he had done?"

"Yes," was her reply.

"Well, then," I said, "do you believe yourself to be lost? God is holy, and tell me, can He see anything good in you? Let us take our Bibles and look into the sixth chapter of Isaiah, and learn what the Prophet said of himself when he saw the seraphims covering their faces with their wings, in the presence of the glory of God, and heard them crying one to another, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.' He could only say, 'Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips.' Now, if the Prophet got such a sense of his vileness, will not God require that you and I should be in the dust before Him, and own our utter worthlessness?"

---

“It’s no trouble to me,” she replied, “to own that. Many a day I have felt what a poor vile thing I am, but I never thought of having to meet God till that night when the dear young doctor, at such cost to himself, pled with me. Ah, Madam, it required all the strength he had to say what he did, and he seemed so afraid I should go to hell! Since that night I have felt I can’t meet God, and that I *am* going to hell. *All* the unsaved will go there. I am unsaved, on the broad road, and, worst of all, I can’t get out of it. I am *lost!*”

“Yes, Nurse,” I said, “the unsaved are on the broad road, and it does end in hell. They are far from God. Banished ones! But you must not think you cannot get out of the path that ends in destruction, for Scripture says, ‘Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.’ God and the Lord Jesus Christ, in the counsels of eternity, planned the way by which man could be again in the presence of God and be happy there. God willed the

blessing, and Jesus met the desire of His Father, and said, 'Lo, I come to do thy will.' The Son carried out the purpose of God. He, who ever dwelt in the bosom of the Father, came to earth in humiliation, was born of a woman, lived a lonely stranger on earth, revealed to man the heart of the God of Love, and at length died the cursed death of the Cross.

'There from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flowed mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?'

"On that Cross of Calvary peace was made, and every sinner who now believes the value God sets on that blood-shedding of His Son is saved and brought to God. He is 'made nigh by the blood of Christ' (Eph. ii. 13).

"But, Nurse, how thankful Dr M. would be if he could hear the last word you uttered, 'lost.' You *have* owned you are lost ! It was when he took that place that Jesus met him, and let him know he was saved. You *are* now on ground where God can save and cleanse you from every

---

sin. Look with me for a little at Lev. xiii., where we get the priest dealing with the leper. In the word of God leprosy is the type of sin. Let us read the 12th verse : ‘ If a leprosy break out abroad in the skin, and the leprosy cover *all* the skin of him that hath the plague from his head even to his foot, wheresoever the priest looketh ; than the priest shall consider : and behold if the leprosy have covered *all* his flesh, he shall pronounce him *clean* that hath the plague.’ Had the leper at that moment looked at his own body, he would have seen it was all diseased, and he must have raised the cry, ‘ Unclean, unclean,’ and taken his place ‘ outside the camp,’—that spot figurative of the place of distance in which man is by nature from God—but then it was the priest pronounced him *clean*, and the leper had to believe *the word* of the priest, and not what he felt or saw himself to be.

“ The priest also saw the leper was diseased from head to foot, just what God sees the

unsaved soul to be—full of sin, and guilty before Him ; but He can say to the one who agrees with Him as to his utter worthlessness, ‘clean every whit,’ or ‘thy sins are forgiven,’ because His eye ever rests on the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, which cleanseth from *all* sin. ‘When I see the blood,’ said Jehovah to Israel, ‘I will pass over you.’ God’s declaration must be rested in, and fully accepted, though the soul may and does abhor itself in the sense of its own vileness, —man’s nature does not improve, and all effort to improve it is vain. ‘That which is born of the flesh is flesh,’ but God gives the sinner who believes His word a new nature. With this nature, led and strengthened by the Holy Ghost, the saint worships, serves, and enjoys God, and in his everyday life yields the fruit of the Light. The old nature which he still has must, with its desires, be denied, so that the deeds of the flesh may not appear. He is no longer a captive to sin ; and, having become a servant to God, to do His will, the beauty of holiness should shine in

---

all his ways, and the peace of God, which passeth understanding, will keep his heart and mind.”

The attention of the nurse was wrapt in what I said. I felt it a solemn thing to be in the presence of a soul passing from death to life. God evidently was working, for His word was desired, but Satan was watching, ready to catch away the seed which was sown in her heart. I looked to the Lord to send the suited word, His own message, for that soul, for He knew, as I could not, what her state was. “All things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him, with whom we have to do.” He heard, and as she gave vent to her thoughts, the word was supplied, which fully satisfied her. “Every spark of light the soul receives,” as one has said, “is a ray direct from the glory of God.” Let us think of this, and in labouring for souls, seek to hold ourselves, emptied of all thoughts of our own, sanctified vessels to do God’s work, counting on the promise, “It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall say.”

At length the nurse remarked, "I know I am lost, and I believe that Jesus died for the lost."

Here I interrupted her by saying, "Then, you *are* saved, for it is written, 'He that believeth *hath* everlasting life.' You *have* passed from death unto life!"

"Oh, no!" she burst forth, "I am not saved yet."

"But," I asked, "how can that be, for God says you are saved, and you believe His word, do you not?"

She thought a little, and then answered, "I will tell you why I do not believe I am forgiven. I love the memory of the dear young doctor far more than I love Christ; and how could God save me with a heart like that?"

"Then," I said, "if you had a heart full of love to Christ you would be sure you are saved, would you not?"

"Yes," she said, "I would have better reason then to say so."

---

“Well,” I added, “you will never have the assurance *you* seek. I have been saved for some years, and the more I know of Christ the less I think of myself, or of any love in me to my blessed Lord; but supposing you could have the feelings you desire, then they would be your Saviour; and that which is written in the 13th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the 38th and 39th verses, cannot stand as the truth of God. Hear His word—‘Be it known unto you, that through *this man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him (not your love to Him) all that believe are justified from all things.’ Ah, Nurse, you must let *Christ* be your Saviour, and not any measure of love in you to Him.”

“I know very well,” she rejoined, “it is only His work that can put away my sins, but I must love Him, surely.”

“Oh yes,” I replied, “but God will beget the love in your heart, when you have taken your place as His child, and believe your sins *are*

forgiven. Then the Holy Ghost will dwell in you, and it is the Spirit's constant work to take of Christ, and show Him to the believer. It is occupation with Christ that begets love in the heart to Him ; but that is God's work, not yours. We read (Phil. ii. 13), 'It is God which worketh in you.' What He now wants of you is to surrender yourself wholly to Him, and keep steadfastly looking on Christ. God will watch the springing up and growth of the seed He has sown in your heart, and desires you to run the race set before, looking off unto Jesus."

Still I saw she was not satisfied. She was not fully committed to the *Grace* of God. I repeated the Scripture, "Herein is love, *not* that we loved God, but that He loved us, and gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins," and added, "God knows the heart, sees we have by nature no love to Him, but He loved us notwithstanding, and did all that was necessary for our salvation. You must accept *His* love, and continue to think of it. Own to

---

God you have none ! Jesus said to His disciples, 'Continue ye in My love' (or in thoughts of My love to you)."

No more was needed ; that word of Scripture, "Not that we loved God, but that He loved us," had set her free. "I see it all," she said, "how simple, and how very wonderful ! All grace ! Then I cannot be too bad. God knows all about me, and yet He loves me, and *has* saved me."

"Yes," I replied, "and 'there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ,' or as the hymn beautifully puts it—

““No condemnation !” Oh, my soul !  
’Tis God that speaks the word,  
Perfect in comeliness art thou,  
Through Christ, the risen Lord.

““No condemnation !” Precious word !  
Consider it, my soul ;  
Thy sins were *all* on Jesus laid,  
His stripes have made thee whole.’

“God is now for you, and will ever be so. Who then can be against you ? Keep trusting

in Him moment by moment. 'As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him' (Col. ii.). It was simple trust in the word of God that delivered your soul, and gave you quiet joy before Him, and you must continue to trust God, else your soul will not keep full of joy. The Lord Jesus is to be the object of all your joy, and He never changes. 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever' (Heb. xiii. 8). Precious words! Whatever your path may be, He will prove all-sufficient for you. The Apostle Paul was filled with joy, though his circumstances were most dire. He was shut up in a prison, and its walls resounded with his praises at midnight. This shows us there is no place or time in which the believer may not be full of joy. In myself, 'I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all, but Jesus Christ is my all in all.' This is the secret of comfort for the soul."

We knelt together to praise the Lord for His gracious dealings: grace that had met and

---

blessed the youth, now "safe in the arms of Jesus," and grace that had caused his dying appeal to awaken her, who now gave thanks to the God of her salvation—her Father. Several of the Lord's people saw the nurse before she left the city, and to all she made a good confession of Christ. She asked us to pray that she might be used in blessing to others. I have since heard of and seen her. She labours in the hospital, over which she is matron, to point the sick and dying to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Young believer, is not your heart stirred to seek the salvation of the lost by the blessed results which flowed from "the dying appeal" of this babe in Christ? Well might he have pleaded the weakness of his frame as an excuse for silence, but his heart was filled with the blessing he had received, and in the quiet of his sick-chamber, on the very night after his conversion, he sought to unfold to a perishing soul the glad tidings of salvation. He abounded

in the work of the Lord, and this narrative shows his labour was not in vain. He simply told what God had done for his soul; and he warned of coming judgment. This may be done by the youngest, the feeblest saint, and if the heart is full, works will not lack wherewith to make known the way of life. God owns the simple testimony that comes from the heart.

But before I close I would say a word to the unsaved. Heed the warnings God may send you. As a child of Adam, you are under judgment. At any moment you may be beyond the sound of mercy. The Lord may come, or you may be cut off from the land of the living, the place of hope. Your soul will never die, and you must give an account for every deed done in the body. Can you face the judgment? Think of it before the door of mercy is closed for ever.

To-day Jesus says to you, a banished one, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

“Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him!” To the unsaved how terrible will that sight be—to *you*, if you die as you are. In that day you will call to the mountains and rocks to fall on you and hide you from the wrath of the Lamb, but in vain. Then will you seek a shelter. No nook of safety will be found—no place on which to pillow your weary head, and weary you will be, for “There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.” *To-day* Jesus offers rest to the weary soul, and shelter to every banished wandering one. “Come unto *me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” These are His own words, and the sacred volume closes by telling of His coming again, and sends a last appeal to you, who cannot yet join with the redeemed in their cry, “Come, Lord Jesus!”

“Surely, I come quickly,” is His word of cheer to His waiting ones. “I am the bright and morning star.” As such He will come when

the night of this world is gone, and the dawn of the day of glory come. Now "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

"Return, O wanderer, to thy home !  
The Father calls for thee ;  
No longer now an exile roam,  
In guilt and misery.  
Return ! Return !

"Return, O wanderer, to thy home !  
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come—  
Oh, then for refuge flee !  
Return ! Return !

"Return, O wanderer, to thy home !  
'Tis madness to delay ;  
There are no pardons in the tomb,  
And brief is mercy's day.  
Return ! Return !"

R.

“Put Me on My Knees;”

OR

“If I Never Knew You Had Died  
for Me.”

---

**I**T is very interesting to trace the various ways in which our gracious God meets sinners, and which we may be sure is caused by the different conditions of soul in each one, which His eye alone has seen, and therefore He alone *can* and will meet them.

I was much struck with the case of an old woman, who was past eighty years of age, and to whom I was led in the following way.

I was visiting an unconverted woman, and found her perfectly indifferent to the lovely

---

message of God's love to the sinner in the gift of "His only-begotten Son." I was leaving the cottage, but before doing so I gave some little books to her, and also to a friend of hers, who had been sitting busily working, and apparently quite unconcerned, while I was reading the Word and talking to the one I had gone to see; but, to my surprise, the friend (Mrs W.) said to me, "I should like you to see my old mother, and she would dearly like to see *you*, if you could only make her hear you; but," she added, "I think she would hardly hear a peal of church bells quite close to her, she is so deaf."

It certainly did not sound very encouraging, but at the same time I had a conviction that I was to go to her, and at once said I would, the Lord willing, go the next day.

Accordingly I did go, but not before I had lifted up my heart to the One who could as easily unstop the deaf ears *now* as He did when on earth; and I prayed that, if *He* sent me to this aged one, He would allow her, in spite of

---

her deafness, to hear and receive His message of love.

I soon found the little cottage, and on entering (after having knocked in vain for a reply), I found an old woman, with snow-white hair, sitting alone at a little table, on which were spread out a few little books. She smiled at me, and offered me a chair. I took one, and seated myself close to her side, and lifting up my heart again to the Lord for help, I put my lips close to her ear, and said very distinctly, “Are your sins all forgiven?”

To my surprise—for it is astonishing how often we ask in faith, and yet *when* we get the answer it seems as if we did not really expect it—she said, clasping her two thin hands—

“*That* is what troubles me. I have been wanting to be saved these last forty years, and, do what I would, I never could tell *how* to be saved. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?” and this poor troubled soul cried bitterly.

I smiled, for I saw that the tender Shepherd

was going to take His poor sheep in His arms, and give her rest that day, and that He had bid me go for Him, to tell her He had done the work, and it was *all* finished, and therefore she might rest and be satisfied in Him. “Well, what do you want the Lord Jesus to do? Do you wish Him to die again? to go through all that agony in the garden, that bloody sweat? to be crowned with thorns, to be mocked, spit upon, all over again?”

“No, surely not,” she replied, looking amazed in my face.

“Then tell me how do you think your sins can be got rid of?”

She wrung her hands as she said—

“I have prayed and prayed, over and over again, to God and to Jesus Christ, begging that I might be forgiven, and I have gone on for forty years, and it seems no nearer! What must I do?” she said, looking so pleadingly in my face, with the tears running down her wrinkled cheeks.

---

"Now, listen to me and I will tell you, for I know the Lord Jesus has bid me come to you to-day, to let you know what *He* has done. Why did Jesus die on the cross?"

"To save sinners," she replied.

"Yes, that is true; but there is something more than that. God said, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die;' so you see we must *all* die, for we have *all* sinned."

"That's true," she murmured to herself.

"Well," I proceeded, "then the Lord Jesus came down here to this wicked world to be a man, and to die instead of us, to bear the punishment we deserved for our sins; as the little hymn says:—

'So out of pity Jesus said,  
I'll bear the punishment instead.'

And to do this He had to leave all the beautiful glory in heaven, and come down to this earth; and then He went on to the cross, and allowed wicked men to nail Him there; and all our sins were then laid upon Him, as we read in Isaiah liii.,

'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' We could not do it, for if we forgot one sin, that very sin would be enough to cast us into hell! We could not be where God is unless we were as 'white as snow,' without one spot of sin.

"And now, just think, God, who is the one we had sinned against, is the *very one* who gave His own Son to die for us, and that is why it says, 'God *so* loved the world that *He* gave His only-begotten Son' (John iii. 16).

"Do you believe that God gave Jesus to die for sinners?"

"Yes, I do indeed," she replied.

"Aren't you one?"

"Yes, I *know* I am."

"Then, must Jesus die *again* for you? or was that *once* enough? Should you like Him to go through it all a *second* time? all that shame, and mocking, and even spitting in His dear face! that horrible cross! the spear in His side!" . . .

---

She would not let me go on, for she broke in with these words—

“Put me on my knees.”

“Why?” I asked, for she was unable to move from rheumatism, and was very weak from heart disease.

She again said—

“Put me on my knees; I never knew *this* before.”

I gently lifted her off her chair, and placed her on her knees on the brick floor, kneeling by her side. She at once burst forth, as nearly as I remember, in these words:—

“My blessed Jesus, I *never* knew you had died for me! Oh, I do thank Thee for bearing all the heft (weight) of my sins! all that dreadful death for me! I want to praise Thee, but I can't; my heart is too full; . . . and so I am Thy sheep . . . blessed Jesus!” She then was very faint, and said, “Now, *you'll* tell Him for me, *my* heart is too full to speak.”

I could and did, indeed, praise the Lord that

she had believed His Word, and that now she had "eternal life," which He promised to all those who *believe*.

It was, indeed, remarkable that, a short time after this day, a dear Christian lady went to see this aged sheep of Christ, and found it utterly hopeless to try and make her hear, so she only sat and listened to her simple confession of what the Lord had done, and so beautifully taking it from *Himself*, and overlooking the mere instrument in His loving hands.

"Excellent news came to me," she said, "telling me all the heft of my sins was gone. Jesus had died for *me*, and He has taken me to be one of His Sheep."

Her daughter told me she was murmuring to herself constantly during the night—

"And so, my blessed Jesus, you have taken me to be one of Thy Sheep. My blessed Jesus, you have taken away all the heft of my sins." And she is now with Him for ever.

What a marvellous thing it is that, with our Bibles before us, we can allow Satan to blind our eyes to the precious statements made by God himself as to how we are to be saved. I believe, if people only for a *moment* saw what *hell* is like, that awful “lake of fire,” where there is nothing but “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,” “the worm that never dieth,” “endless torment,” “blackness of darkness for ever,” *for no Christ is there!* but the company of the devil (the most miserable of all the lost ones), and his angels, and all the *filthy* and *abominable*, as well as the outwardly moral, and the delicate and refined who were without *Christ* here, unsheltered by His blood, and therefore had no place amongst the saved ; oh, I do believe, if any who may read this little paper had but *one* look into that terrible abode of the *lost*, they would diligently ask and *seek* to know how they could be saved.

Dear friend, I would say to you, “*Escape* for your life !” There may be but a moment before

your eternal destiny will be fixed, and where? Shall I (imperfectly I know it *must* be) draw aside the veil, and give you a little view of heaven?

*Christ* is *there*, and He *alone* fixes every eye. He is all glorious in majesty, “crowned with glory and honour;” each one who is around His throne is like Him, in a body of glory like His.

“Hark! ten thousand voices crying,  
‘Lamb of God!’ with one accord;  
Thousand thousand saints replying,  
Wake at once the echoing chord.

‘Praise the Lamb,’ the chorus waking,  
All in heaven together throng,  
Loud and far, each tongue partaking,  
Rolls around the endless song.”

Yes! there is “fulness of joy” there! and “at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore!” To be dwelling for ever in the unclouded brightness of His presence, to hear His voice of love, to see His smile of joy, to have us with Him! Oh! what a *contrast* to that abode of *sin* and woe!

Reader, to which are you hastening?

A little boy of three years old once was imagining he was a preacher, and said a very remarkable thing. It was this: “Would you *like to go to hell?* I should not, and I am not going *there*, but to be with Jesus, because He died for me, and He says so, and that is why I know it.” Oh! if you would only be as simple as this little child, and say, “He says so, and that is why I know it.” Would you like to be saved? then I can tell you plainly how you may not only be saved, but also *know it*. You and I shall agree in this, that it is *God* we have sinned against—year after year, month after month, day after day—then it is from *His* hand I look for my punishment. Well, I have to learn what *He* means to do, for I *deserve* my sentence, *death*, and *none* can tell me but Himself. Where do I find His message?—*In the Bible*. It is *His Word* to the poor sinner, just the same as if He *spoke* it to *me*. It is a wonderful message, “God *so* loved the world, that

---

He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him *should not perish*, but have everlasting life."

Sinner, what a message! And it is to *you*, for it says, "Whosoever," which means *any* or *every* one who reads the proclamation of love. Now, what is it to "*believe?*" for that is the only condition God makes with the sinner. I will give you an example from the Word of God in Romans iv. 3: "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." What did he believe? *what God told him*, as you will see if you read the passage. Thus, we have only to believe what God tells us, and that is, He knows just what we are, as we find in Psalm liii. 2, "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were *any* that did understand, that *did seek God*; there is *none* that doeth good, *no, not one*." And in Romans iii. 22, 23, "There is no difference, for *all* have sinned." And *then* He tells us in His love that He gave Christ to die for

---

our sins (1 Corinthians xv. 3 ; John iii. 16) ; and why He must die (1 Peter ii. 24) : “ Who *His ownself* bare our sins in His own body on the tree.” Whose sins did He bare? *Those who believe in Him*—that is, believe what God tells them. Then you see it all comes from God’s side, and we have nothing to do but thankfully receive His gift of eternal life, and full forgiveness of all our sins, on account of what Christ has done for us.

If you owed a large debt, and had nothing to pay it with, your delight would be great if you found you had a friend who loved you enough to go to your creditor and pay it all for you : you would have nothing to do in the matter, for the simple reason that you *could* do nothing. Thus the arrangement must be made between your friend and the creditor. Just so in the case of your soul. There are all your sins, and you have nothing to give that could satisfy a holy God. Suppose you never sinned again? Well, that would not settle for the past sins.

---

Suppose you never ceased praying, fasting, doing good deeds? That would not put away sins, for "without shedding of blood there is no remission (forgiveness) of sins." And that blood must be "*precious* blood," "holy blood;" thus nothing but the precious blood of Christ could put away your sins, and that has been shed, and God is fully satisfied for everything that He had against those who believe in Him. And he only requires that you should believe what He tells you in His Word (1 John i. 7), "The blood of Jesus Christ, *His* Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And in 1 Peter i., "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." Then *again*, I would urge you to *believe God*, and, according to *His own* Word, you will have His "gift, which is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

But there is another side to look at; we have seen all that *we* get, and most blessed it is, by the death of Christ, and therefore let us see

---

what part our God, who gave His Son to die, had in it.

And I think we can only enter into this according to our appreciation of His holiness. His holy eyes had been for ages looking upon this earth, once so fair, when He pronounced it “very good;” but, alas! so soon defiled with sin, and all His perfect work marred and corrupt! And the man whom He had created in His own image become the servant of sin, and given up to every form of evil, and thus the one by whom came *death* (the penalty of sin), judgment, the lake of fire! And now the love of God led Him to give His Son to die for us, and the love of Christ led Him to humble Himself even to the death of the cross; and we see Him, from the cradle to the cross, always the opposite to the first man Adam, always having His Father’s glory before Him; for He alone could say, “I do always those things that please Him” (John viii. 29). And in John vi. 38, “I came not to do Mine own will, but the will of

Him that sent Me." Thus in every act and word He perfectly glorified His Father, so that our God could look on Christ as He walked this earth and say, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am *well pleased*." Our blessed Lord was the first man that God could look upon with pleasure, for of every one else it is said, "For all have *sinned*, and come short of the glory of God." Then Christ went to the cross, and bore all the wrath of a holy God against sin! Oh! if we only knew how horrible sin is, we should not wonder that God, who is altogether *holy*, must have that dreadful thing dealt with. And thus it was only Christ who could meet all the holy requirements of God, and at the same time have the same desire and will in it—going down lower and lower, step by step, even to the death of the cross, to carry out that purpose! So Christ endured all God's righteous judgment against sin, and everything was perfectly done, and God is fully satisfied about all that had been the consequence of

Adam's transgression, sin, *sins*, and all that was against us, cleared away, so that God's heart of love can unhindered flow out to the sinner and say, "*Whosoever* believeth in *Him* (Christ) shall *not perish*, but have everlasting life." And Christ is now seated on the Father's throne, "crowned with glory and honour," the work all done, God fully satisfied in the way it is done, and ready to receive the vilest sinner on the ground of that blessed work of His Son.

L. C. K.

Long Have I Sought It  
At Last My Soul Has Found Rest

---

**A**T last my soul has found rest. Long have I sought it, wished it, prayed for it, asked how to get it. At last I have found it. Strange as it may seem to *reason*, I have found it in another man's distress; in the cross of Jesus Christ.

His lovely youth, His subjection to His parents, His gentleness, His tender compassion towards all in sorrow, His unselfish wearisome service from morning till night, His nights spent in communion with His father, His patience towards them who persecuted Him, and His

---

holy indignation against them who dishonoured His Father, His gracious ways towards poor publicans and sinners, and His heavy blows at the consciences of Pharisees and Doctors; all this irresistibly drew me to Him. It made me admire Him, and knowing He always had God's favour (Matt. iii. 17), which I earnestly desired, I often burned in my soul to be able to do like Him. To this end I prayed much, and strove with God, but, alas! to become every day more and more alarmed by the fact that in spite of prayers and striving, of resolution, and trying again, I *could* not *do* nor *be* like Him; I *could not gain* God's favour. Like a man in a nightmare who tries to flee and cannot advance, I wanted to *be* like Christ, but I had been "shapen in iniquity, conceived in sin" (Ps. li. 5), and my will could not change it. I wanted to *do* like Christ, and my bad nature was in the way; I had no power. Thus there was no rest for my poor soul in all the beauty of Christ's life, but rather sorrow and shame. The man clothed

in rags feels comfortable enough all alone, but trouble overtakes him in the presence of another richly clad.

But ah! the *Cross*, the *Blood of the Cross*! The instant I saw *that* I got rest, a rest to my soul like that of the bottom of the sea—in perfect peace though mighty vessels be torn on the surface by the violence of the waves; a rest which no one knows but the one who has it. One glance at Him as He bled and groaned on the tree, dear reader, gave me that rest, while it opened my eyes to a world of precious things. I at once saw and understood why God had commanded a brazen serpent to be “lifted up” on a pole, that all who were “bitten” might “look and live”—that is, might “believe and *have everlasting life.*” I saw the “stripes” falling on Him, the innocent one, that all who “believe on Him” might be “healed by His stripes.” I saw the curse of God’s holy law removed from upon me because He was *there* “made a curse for us.” I saw, I believed, I

was healed, and I ceased sorrowing. I saw God's love through the cross of Christ, and ever since my dearest thought is that of leaving this poor world and going to God. Truly "this is Eternal Life, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Ah! said I, eternal life is not gotten by trying to be or to do like Christ. It is gotten by His *death*. "He died that we might live." How sweet to me now is the Lord's Supper! Formerly I thought it needful to make my heart sorrowful there, but now I rejoice. I "show forth the Lord's *death*," by which I live.

But the Lord is dead no more. He purged our sins and then seated Himself at God's right hand. From thence He sent down the Holy Ghost, who makes known to all who are of God that not only their sins are forgiven through the blood of Jesus, but that they are adopted sons, and yet more than this, that they are the members of His Body, the Church, which is now

seated in Christ Jesus in the heavenlies (Eph. ii. 6, and Col. iii. 1). It is from *thence* I now love to look at the cross of Christ. And looking at it from thence the scene becomes such that one can well afford to lose sight for a while of the rest he has found in it, sweet and precious as that may be. Good and evil, God and man, are by it brought to the light. The full contrast is there established; God is at His best, and man at his worst. God had made man in His own likeness, placed him in Eden in the midst of blessing and innocence. Man had departed, turned things to Satan's praise, "grieved God at His heart" by his abominations, yet God loved him in spite of all. Holy and sin-hating by nature He could not tolerate evil, therefore man, now sinful, must be driven out of his presence. Yet He loves him; He calls after him even when he runs to hide his nakedness. He deals with him for four thousand years in every imaginable way; through judgments and mercies, by direct manifestations of His power

---

and faithful instruments, but all to no avail. His judgments have been slighted, His mercies abused, His power forgotten, His instruments hated. O wretched man, art thou not ten times worthy of everlasting wrath? And still God *loves* thee. After these four thousand years of man's failure, transgression, and rebellion, the declaration comes forth clear, simple, so that "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein;" "*God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.*" And for what did He give Him! "To put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. ix. 26). "To bear our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24). God's love for man had never ceased, but His holiness and man's sin could never meet. Sin in man compelled Him to keep man out of His presence, and man's sins called for His righteous wrath. Sacrifice alone could put away the sin of the world, and wrath divine could alone be meted out to Him when He bore our sins in His own body on the tree.

In this double aspect, as we view Christ on the cross, what a sight of God we get ! Such is His *holiness* that He cannot bless a world whose “very heavens are unclean in His sight,” not even smile on the sweet tender babe, without a vindication worthy of Himself. Sin is in all, and all are in sin, and God cannot have fellowship with anything in sin.

Such is His *righteousness* that not one soul, be he ever so sincere, anxious, and repenting, could draw nigh if God’s wrath, due him because of his iniquities, had not been fully poured on the Lamb of His own providing. Verily, now grace may well *reign*, and it *does* reign, but through *righteousness*.

Fellow-traveller to eternity, that is the plea on which God “beseeches” men to be reconciled to Him. Oh, what kind of a heart must man have to resist that plea !

O God, my soul adores Thee in all Thy majesty ! O Christ, my soul adores Thee as Thou now art seated on His throne whom Thou

---

hast thus revealed ! Knowing God thus, love, righteousness, and holiness must characterise all who are "followers of God as dear children." Beholding in the cross of Christ God's own way opened by Himself for sinners to come near, His holiness fully vindicated in it, His righteousness unflinchingly maintained, His love having free course in utmost dignity, self-importance ceases, self-occupation appears in all its foolishness and vanity, and God Himself fills the soul.

Verily, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. *But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit*" (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10).

Doubting, trembling, sorrowing, yet believing soul, cease trying to find joy in *thy* thoughts concerning the cross of Christ. See *God* revealed in it, worship and go thy way rejoicing.

God's estimate of man's moral worth and spiritual condition also plainly appears in the

cross: "We thus judge, that if one died for all, *then were all dead*" (2 Cor. v. 14). Such is the expression of God about man, "*all dead*," and He proves it by the cross when Christ was "tasting death for every man" (Heb. ii. 9). Reason may say that since Christ died for all men, all men will be saved. God says Christ dying for all men only proves that all are *dead*, truly "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1). Teachers of the law may moralise the world and feed its vain hopes by loud boastings of moral progress—there stands the cross staring them in the face, filling their bosoms in spite of themselves with the dread forebodings of a dark future. Transgression in Eden was to bring forth death (Gen. ii. 17). Abel owned it by an offering with blood (Gen. iv. 4); Cain *disowned* it by an offering without blood (Gen. iv. 3). God declares it has come over all by giving His Lamb for all (2 Cor. v. 14, 15).

There may be yet beautiful qualities in Adam's race, for Adam's race to look at, but nothing

---

for God. For "society"—this world—one man may certainly be preferable to another—the one respected, the other detested—but for God "there is no difference" (Rom. iii. 22), "the whole world lieth in wickedness" (1 John v. 19). Had man been only a "bruised reed" or a "smoking flax," Christ would have been sent to heal, not to die. But death was His mission; "for this hour am I come," and to death He must go, that by resurrection God might bring in another Adam, a new creation in which His soul can rejoice.

No wonder man's lofty looks make way for a chastened countenance when he sees God's thought of Him by the cross of Christ.

But if God's estimate of man be such, has not man himself proved God in the right by that same cross? Who crucified Christ? Did not the Jew deliver Him and the Gentile nail Him to the tree? And what had He done to make the excited multitude cry out, Crucify! crucify! and the cowardly governor deliver Him up to

the cruel soldiers! Had He not healed the sick, opened the blind eyes, cleansed the lepers of Israel? Had he not given bread even to "dogs," delivered a poor Syrophenician's daughter, healed a centurion's servant? Had He not given Cæsar his dues? Had He not toiled for years day and night for the people? Why, then, all this malice, this bitter hatred and cruel cross? Ah! wicked Cain, where is thy brother, the gentle, loving, unresisting Abel? What hast thou done with him? Was not the exposure of thy unrighteousness by his righteousness the cause of thy hatred against him, and of the murder which crowned it? Methinks thy unrighteousness is bad enough in itself without killing the one who exposes it. And thinkest thou that because God did not interfere at the time He did not see the transaction? Hear now His Word: "*The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground.*" Poor guilty world, the day is fast coming when thou too shalt answer, "My punishment is greater

---

than I can bear." Eternity shall echo nothing else from *thee*.

Thus, abandoned to his own will, man manifests himself in spite of himself. The Jew keeps out of the judgment-hall for fear of defilement while he demands the death of the very God he pretends to fear. The Gentile, under cover of protecting the good, sends two thieves to death while he lets a murderer loose, and crucifies Christ to further his popularity. Such is the world, the world of the past, the world of the present—the herd of swine Satan is hurrying down the precipice.

But should we follow on as we view the cross, we should not stop short of every purpose of God, for in it every one originates. No wonder men with their boasted progress are every day becoming more ignorant of those purposes; they are every day more and more robbing the death of Christ of its import. Does God wish to show His love to the sinner? He does it by the cross. His hatred of sin? by the cross. Is a poor sin

ner crying out for mercy? He points him to the cross, and makes him sing for joy. Does he, on the contrary, prop himself up in his own righteousness? He points him still to the cross, and asks, What means that, if you have any goodness to draw near by?

And these are but *a few* of the heavenly things seen in the cross, while “in Him all the fulness was pleased to dwell; and having made peace by the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile *all things* unto Himself; whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven” (Col. i. 19, 20).

O poor, poor, perishing world! when I picture to myself thy countenance at the sight of Him whose cross has opened such an account with thee, I can but weep for thee, and entreat thee to pause and consider while it is yet the day of grace, the day of salvation, the time when God, through the cross, falls on the neck of any broken-down prodigal who “comes to himself” and says from the depth of his soul, “Father, I

---

have sinned against heaven and before Thee ;”  
the time when He kisses him *upon that confession*,  
and gives him a seat at His table with “ the best  
robe ” to cover him.

P. J. L.

---

His be “ the Victor’s name,”  
Who fought the fight alone ;  
Triumphant saints no honour claim,  
His conquest was their own.

By weakness and defeat  
He won the meed and crown ;  
Trod all our soes beneath His feet,  
By being trodden down.

He Hell in hell laid low ;  
Made sin, He Sin o’erthrew ;  
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so,  
And Death, by dying, slew.

Bless, bless the Conqueror slain,  
Slain in His victory ;  
Who lived, Who died, Who lives again—  
For thee, His Church, for thee !

O BLESSED Saviour, is Thy love  
So great, so full, so free?  
Fain would we have our thoughts, our hearts,  
Our lives, engaged with Thee.

We love Thee for the glorious worth  
Which in Thyself we see;  
We love Thee for that shameful cross,  
Endured so patiently.

No man of greater love can boast  
Than for his friend to die;  
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain!  
What love with Thine can vie?

Though in the very form of God,  
With heavenly glory crowned;  
Thou didst a servant's form assume,  
Beset with sorrow round.

Thou wouldst like wretched man be made  
In everything but sin;  
That we as like Thee might become  
As we unlike had been.

Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In every beautiful grace;  
From glory into glory changed,  
Till we behold Thy face.

O Lord! we treasure in our souls  
The memory of Thy love!  
And ever shall Thy name to us  
A grateful odour prove.

O LORD, Thy love's unbounded—  
So sweet, so full, so free—  
My soul is all transported,  
Whene'er I think on Thee !

Yet, Lord, alas ! what weakness  
Within myself I find,  
No infant's changing pleasure  
Is like my wandering mind.

And yet Thy love's unchanging,  
And doth recall my heart  
To joy in all its brightness,  
The peace its beams impart.

Yet sure, if in Thy presence,  
My soul still constant were,  
Mine eye would, more familiar,  
Its brighter glories bear.

And thus, Thy deep perfections,  
Much better should I know,  
And with adoring fervour  
In this Thy nature grow.

Still sweet 'tis to discover,  
If clouds have dimmed my sight,  
When passed, Eternal Lover,  
Towards me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright.

“Prime Me up to Die”

OR

“Perfect Love Casts Out Fear”



**I** STOOD between two beds in the ward of a large hospital. On one lay a child of God, whose progress I had watched since the day of her conversion. She sent for me, that, from her own lips, I might listen to a confession of departure in soul for a season from the Lord ; but hear also of His love, who, as the Father of her spirit, had laid her on that sick-bed, that her backsliding heart might be recovered, and her conscience exercised as to sin in the light of God's presence. How different all seems, when, through mercy and the Shepherd's care, the

---

wanderer is caused to halt, to look up, and realise—"Thou, God, seest me." Then the real state of the soul is discerned, its folly is abhorred, the pleasures of sin are weighed in the balance and declared unsatisfying, and, with the Psalmist, the returned erring one can say, "In the sanctuary of God understood I their end" (Psalm lxxiii. 17).

Whilst I held converse on these points with this child of God, I was pained by the incessant cough of a young person who occupied the other bed. I longed to turn to her and inquire if she was ready to die. She looked like one whose spirit was about to take leave of its earthly tenement. Unable to lie down, she sat erect in bed, supported on each side by pillows. A girl of some fifteen years knelt by the couch of the sufferer, watching for the moment when the cough would cease long enough to permit the parched lips to be wet with wine. It was a touching scene. She was worn to a shadow; her cheeks were hollow and sunk, and her large,

prominent eyes declared but too plainly the depth of her distress.

For some moments I stood beholding her, my heart moved with pity, and then I said, “My poor woman, you are very ill, but do you know Jesus? He died for sinners, but He now lives in Heaven, and He is the blessed soother of His own in all times of sorrow. Does His love comfort your soul at this trying moment?”

She stared vacantly into my face. I saw the Lord was not known, nor did His peace fill her soul. She was little able to talk, so I again spoke :

“I fear you are dying,” I said; “you are very ill; what if it were the Lord’s will you should soon pass away? Do you fear to enter eternity, or do you know the Saviour who has taken the sting from death and robbed the grave of its terrors?”

With much effort she gasped out this strange reply—

“Oh, prime me up for it, prime me up to die!”

What an utterance from one on the very brink of the grave ! What a sight ! A dying woman,

---

an immortal soul, on the very verge of a never-ending eternity, turning to her fellow-mortal to be primed up to face “the king of terrors.” She realised the awfulness of the moment she had reached. “She trembled to die.” She dreaded the future, for she was conscious she was unfit to meet God.

Is my reader unsaved? Let me ask you, my friend, if you have realised what this poor woman did,—that you must meet God? You may die at any moment, or the Lord may come to gather His own to be with Himself, when the door of mercy will be for ever shut on those who are now heedless of His grace. Death will eternally seal your doom, but not end your history. Jesus said: “The hour is coming in the which *all* that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment.” To this St Paul, by the Holy Ghost, adds his testimony in these words: “It is appointed unto men once

to die, but after this the judgment” (Heb. ix. 27). And again, “We must *all* appear before the judgment seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad” (2 Cor. v. 10).

You who are unsaved will come before God, in resurrection bodies, and will have to answer, not only for rejecting Christ, but for your sins. Things forgotten by you, God will recall. Face this fact, and consider, I beseech you, if you are prepared to stand before God, to meet His searching eyes, and give an account of your actions, your words, and even your foolish thoughts. Like Adam, when he fell, you may seek to hide from God, but it will be in vain. The trees of the garden proved no hiding-place when the summons went forth—“Adam, where art thou?” And at the word of God, death and the grave will yield up their victims, and the dead, small and great, will stand before “the great white throne,”—before that scene of spot-

---

less purity, answering to His character who will sit thereon, to judge the dead “out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works” (Rev. xx.). In Him is no darkness at all, and in His presence all that has been morally dark in you will be fully manifested. Eagerly will you then look for “the blood which cleanseth us from all sin,” but none will meet your earnest, anxious gaze. Before that throne no blood will lie sprinkled, on which you might plant your foot, and know you stand in righteousness before God. That throne will be one of judgment; but now I would tell you of the blood-sprinkled mercy-seat;—of Jesus, who died to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. By faith, let your soul *now* find anchor on Him.

“On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.”

He has gone into Heaven, and before God has presented the blood He shed on Calvary’s cross. “He made peace by the blood of his cross.” God has seen that blood, and with

faith's eye He now asks you to look on it, hear His estimate of it, and believe in it as an atonement for the sin of your soul. Then yours will be the strong consolation of those who have fled for refuge, and are sheltered from the wrath of God, which hangs over the unsaved. Tremble, as did this dying woman, at the thought of death, and the more appalling fact of coming judgment. Believe in Him of whom Scripture says, “a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.” “The one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.” The only God-given refuge for the poor sinner. Rest not, I beseech you, till it can be said, “your life is hid with Christ in God.”

“Prime you up to die, my poor suffering one,” I said, “I cannot do that, but I am glad I can tell you that God, who is rich in grace, has found a ransom for *all*. If you believe His words, you may, this moment, have divine fitness to enter eternity, and then death will not be dreaded by you, for Jesus calls it, putting

---

His own to sleep. Of the ruler's daughter, who had died, He said 'She is not dead, but *sleepeth*.' And to comfort Thessalonian saints, who mourned for dear departed ones, this message was given by the Holy Ghost—'Them also which *sleep in Jesus*, will God bring with him.' Or still more sweetly, the original language of Scripture gives it, 'God will bring with him those who have *fallen asleep through Jesus*.' Death, if you knew Jesus, would be hailed by you as that which would give you entrance into the home He has prepared in the Father's house."

She listened with deep interest, but I observed her extreme weakness, and urged her not to try to speak, but to hear me read a little to her from God's word; telling her I thought the passage I had chosen would show her how she might receive that which would chase every fear from her heart, and fill her with joy unspeakable.

I took my Bible, and opened it at Matthew xv., and read from the 21st to the 28th verse. It is the story of the woman of Canaan, and

how the Lord dealt with her. Twice this poor sinner prayed to Jesus, and He seemed deaf to her cry. Why was it so? The first time she prayed thus, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David." She prayed as if she were one of the House of Israel. She came to Jesus under false colours, on wrong ground altogether. She was a woman of Canaan, not an Israelite. She was one of the race that had been cursed. She got no answer to this prayer. She cried a second time, and on this wise, "Lord, *help* me!" But still the blessing she craved was withheld by Jesus. Why? She asked *help*, and was not emptied of herself. She thought she could do something, and asked Jesus to do the rest. It was not *mercy* she asked, but *help*. She had yet to learn, she must be "a debtor to mercy alone." Before He could grant her request, Jesus showed her she must take the place of a dog in his presence. She did it, and then He showered blessings on her, and said, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

---

Now, my suffering friend, what was it the Lord taught this woman? *First*, that she must take her real place before Him; and, *second*, that she had no strength to do anything towards her own blessing. What would Jesus have us—have you, at this moment learn from the incident? That, as a lost sinner, and as nothing else, He will receive you. He died for the lost. You have no strength to help yourself, and must be cast entirely on His mercy. “When we were without strength, Christ died for the ungodly” (Rom. v. 6). As a *sinner*, God will save you; and He will do it thoroughly and for ever. Christ’s is a finished work, and you have only to hear God’s testimony to it, believe what He says, and He will save you, as you lie on that sick-bed. Were you able to do anything, which you must own you are not, it would be utterly worthless, for the blessing of salvation is “to him that worketh not, but believeth” (Rom. iv. 5). Jesus would not bless the woman but as a suppliant, a dog,

at His feet. Can you now look up to the Lord Jesus, as a lost, helpless one, and *receive* salvation as His free gift to you? It must be so, if you are to be saved. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God" (Eph. ii. 8).

"Take salvation—  
Take it now, and happy be."

You are on the borders of eternity, but God has sent His glad tidings of salvation that even now you "may receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified" (Acts xxvi. 18).

She seemed to drink of "the water of life." I hoped the good seed had taken root. I committed the words, spoken and read in her ear, to God, who alone can give the increase.

She was too ill for me to remain longer by her, so I prepared to leave. Her couch was at the extreme end of a very long ward. I laid a tract or little book by the side of each patient as I passed the double line of beds on my way

---

to the door. When there, I turned to take a last look at the sufferer, with whom I had spoken so long. I had little expectation of ever again seeing her on earth, but I trusted I should meet her in that great multitude, which will surround the throne, singing His praise, “who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.” How changed then! No longer with a body racked by pain, for in that bright scene “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain” (Rev. xxi. 4). The body of humiliation will have been changed for a body of glory, like unto His own, on whom every eye will adoringly rest.

She had marked my receding steps, and when I looked behind it was to meet her death-like smile. For a moment I halted, my heart burning with desire for the eternal safety of her soul. Again I looked to the Lord to fix as a nail in a sure place His own Word, to which she had listened.

I mentioned this interesting visit to a dear sister in Christ, whose habit it is often to go to these wards. Two days later she sought the patient, and found her yet alive. By the bedside sat her husband, who had taken leave from labour to come and tell his wife, that, two days before, God had saved his soul.

How wondrous are the dealings of “the God of all grace !” About the same time the dying woman was being pointed to Christ, the sinner-seeking Saviour sought and found this man “that was lost,” “dead in sins,” that both husband and wife might be bound up in His “bundle of life.”

The lady visitor and this new-born soul sat for a little by that deathbed, talking together of redeeming love and of Him, whom to know is life eternal. Their words were eagerly listened to by her, whose strength was fast waning. Soon the earthly tie which bound that man and woman together would be loosed, for death was hastening to take from his side the wife who

---

had shared his joys and his sorrows; but not before He, who is victor over death, had quickened them together with Himself, and formed a link which would endure for ever. Now husband and wife were heirs together of the grace of life, one spirit with Christ in the glory of God, and members of the one body, His church on earth, added to that wondrous "unity of the Spirit," into which, since Pentecost, every saved and sealed one has been received.

My friend left them, never again to see the poor woman, but happy as to the salvation of her soul. She had peace through believing, and no longer cried, "Prime me up to die."

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casts out fear." "Herein is love with us made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment" (1 John iv. 17, 18).

A day or two more and the poor sufferer had gone to be with Christ, which is far better. She slept! "He giveth his beloved sleep" (Ps. cxxvii. 2). "Them which sleep in Jesus

will God bring with Him" (1 Thess. vi. 14). Beloved reader, let me ask in what light you regard death? Is death still to you "the king of terrors," who will one day launch you into an unknown eternity? or do you look on it as a friend, who may come at any moment to introduce you into the presence of Jesus, whom you know as the lover of your soul? Deal honestly with yourself, and do not rest till, in God's presence, you can answer this question. It is one of deep importance for you. You must know Jesus now as your Saviour, or, bye-and-bye, meet Him as your judge, seated on "the great white throne," and before His wrath you will quail. Terrible, indeed, will be the wrath of the Lamb! Oh! look to Him now, while God, in grace, points to Him, as "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). When the judgment is set and the books are opened, He will yield no sceptre of mercy. Speaking of that moment, Jesus Himself said, "I can, of mine own self, do

nothing ; as I hear I judge, and my judgment is just" (John v. 38). To deliver sentence of condemnation will be His work on that solemn day of reckoning, and you will bow to His verdict and say, "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" The grace now neglected and despised, will then be well remembered by you, and the love, too, which finds no response in your cold, dead soul. Unreturned, unrequited love, you will then, in the bitterness of your spirit, own His to you has been. You will be despised in your own eyes, but self-loathing will not profit on that dread day. It will have come when too late. Now, while grace reigns, to condemn yourself would be the first step towards salvation. It would lead you to the spot where the Saviour of the lost can meet you. Take this ground now whilst you read these pages. Let your mouth be stopped ; own you are guilty before God ; "condemn yourself, and justify God." Believe in Jesus, for "through this man," none other, "is preached

unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him, all that believe are justified from *all* things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

"He took the guilty culprit's place,  
And suffered in his stead ;  
For man (oh, miracle of grace !) —  
For man the Saviour bled."

He went into the depths of death, and endured the hiding of God's countenance, crying from that place of distance, when under sin's heavy load—"All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." What depths of agony were His ! But why, you ask, did He go so low ? Ah ! I can tell you why. "He loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). His love was so great, so deep, that He chose to die rather than give up His object. God desired the salvation of poor sinners, and Jesus died to accomplish it. "He was delivered for our offences, but raised again for our justification" (Rom. iv. 25). Now He is the Way into the presence of the Father, and to you I would

---

address His own words: "By *me* if *any* man will enter in, he shall be saved" (John x. 9).

Is not your heart melted whilst He thus fondly entreats, whilst I tell you of Him, and His fathomless love? "He is the chief amongst ten thousand, the altogether lovely One" (Cant. v. 10-16). Hear how He speaks to the beloved of His heart: "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee" (Cant. iv. 7). Yield your heart to Him now, and let these be His words to you. Own you have accepted His grace, His offered love, and say to Him—

"Clean every whit, Thou said'st it, Lord,  
Shall one suspicion lurk?  
Thine, surely, is a faithful word,  
And Thine a finished work."

Thus may His grace lead you, filling your soul with joy, and enabling you to say, "He brought me to the banqueting house; and His banner over me was love; . . . I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste" (Cant. ii. 3, 4).

"R."

## “Are You Ready to Meet God?”

---

“**H**AVE you ever spoken to your niece about her soul’s salvation?” said I to a Christian man whom I met in the West of England, “because she looks very unhappy and ill.”

“Oh yes,” he replied, “sometimes when we take a walk together, I introduce the subject, but she always appears to me perfectly dead and indifferent to the things of God, and I can get no response.”

This did not satisfy me. I had an impression, though I had never had any conversation with the young person, that the Lord had some

---

blessing in store for her, and that already He was at work with her conscience as to her sins, and her lost state before God. Having prayed to God that He would reveal Himself to her soul, after the preaching of the Gospel that evening at a public hall, the question was solemnly put to the conscience of this unsaved one: *“If God were to call you to-night, are you ready to meet Him?”* The question seemed to strike home to her heart, and after a pause, with much emotion, she replied, “NO,” and passed out of the hall.

Five days elapsed before another opportunity arose for speaking to her, but after tea, at her uncle’s house one evening, on our way down to the hall, where the Gospel was again to be preached, I said to her, “Five days ago I asked you a question, and I should now like to ask you again, ARE YOU READY TO MEET GOD?”

“*Yes, I am,*” she replied.

“But you told me the other evening you were *not* ready to meet Him.”

“I told you the truth ; I was *not* ready then, *but I am now.*”

Having expressed my thankfulness to God for hearing the prayers offered up on her behalf, I asked her to tell me how this came about.

“The other evening after the meeting, when you asked me that question, I was about to retire for the night, when suddenly the thought came forcibly home to me, ‘I have told that man I am not saved, that if I were to die I should be lost for ever, and here I am just going to get into bed as if all were secure, whereas I might be in hell before morning,’ so I said to myself, ‘*I’ll not go to bed until I am saved.*’”

“And what did you do then?” I asked.

“I just fell down on my knees before God, and told Him I was a poor, vile, miserable sinner, that I could do nothing to save myself, that all my efforts to become good had failed, and I just asked Him to take me there and

then *as I was*, in all my sins. As I was praying, that little verse came to my mind, ‘THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN’ (1 John i. 7). It seemed just the word for me, though I had known it all my life. I saw at once that the blood of Jesus was sufficient to pay my debt to God, that He was satisfied, and that I was cleansed from all my sins.”

“What happened then?” I inquired.

“I got up from my knees, and retired to rest for the night, when, just as I was going to sleep, feeling all was happy and secure, Satan seemed to say to me, ‘*How do you know* the blood is for you?’ Instantly all my peace was gone, and I was as unhappy as ever. But at this moment another verse came to my mind, ‘GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD that He gave His only-begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life’ (John iii.). ‘WHOSOEVER,’ I thought, ‘THAT MEANS ME; I do believe in the Lord Jesus as

my Saviour, and God says, *I have everlasting life.*’ So I went to sleep, and awoke quite happy, and have remained so since, resting on those two texts.”

“Had you been long anxious about your soul?”

“Yes, for a whole year, since one evening they were all singing Sankey’s hymns in a light way, without thinking of the words. When they came to that hymn beginning—

“ ‘I left it all with Jesus long ago,  
All my sins I brought Him and my woe,’

I thought to myself, ‘I have never brought my sins to Jesus,’ so I could not sing it—and this has made me long to be saved ever since.”

The day had arrived for my leaving the town, and previous to going, I called with a friend to say good-bye. Thank God, all was now peace, rest, and happiness. As we left the door, she said, “You remember the other night in the hall, when the people were requested not to sing the hymn unless they could do so truth-

---

fully — well, *I* could not sing it, but *now* I can !”

“ Happy day ! happy day !  
When Jesus washed my sins away !”

The above incident occurred a year and a-half ago, and last week I was glad to hear from one who knew her intimately, that since then she has been a happy and consistent Christian, and soon after was able gratefully to take her place with the Lord’s people who are gathered in His name. The story is now related, in the belief that God will graciously deign to use it for the blessing of anxious souls, in encouraging them to rest implicitly on the simple statements of His own Word.

J. C. T.

## “ He Paid ”

---

**F**OUR Christian friends were riding in an omnibus in the city of Bristol ; as they neared the place where the omnibus stopped, a youth stepped inside and asked for the fares. One of the four friends paid for all, which led one of the party to say to the youth, “ You won’t ask me for my fare, will you ? ”

“ No, sir,” was the reply.

“ Then you are satisfied ? ”

“ Quite.”

“ But I did not pay you ? ”

“ He paid,” said he, pointing to the one who had done so.

---

This circumstance, simple in itself, brought to my mind the great transaction which took place eighteen hundred years ago, when God delivered Christ for our offences, and raised Him again for our justification (Rom. iv. 25).

“Behold the Lamb ! ’Tis He who bore  
 My burden on the tree ;  
 And *paid in blood* the dreadful score,  
 The ransom due for me.”

Do you believe, dear reader, that Jesus Christ was delivered for *your* offences—the offensive thought, look, word, and deed? that He was bound about with your sins on the cross, and suffered for them there?

“He gave Himself for our sins.” This was the only way sins could be disposed of. God made Him, who knew no sin, to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

Three blessed results flow from Christ giving Himself for our sins, and being made sin for us to all who believe: *sins are gone, sin is judged,* and *righteousness is conferred.*

"He paid." Who? The one who was personally and perfectly free from the debt. Jesus, the Son of God. "*He PAID.*" How? With His precious blood.

"Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe ;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow."

And just as the youth in the omnibus did not require payment twice, neither will God.

"Payment God will not twice demand,  
Once at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine."

Dear reader, are you satisfied with what Christ did once for all on the cross? God grant that you by faith may be able to look up to where Jesus is in heaven, and say, with an adoring heart, "*HE PAID.*"

H. M. H.

## The Guide-Post



OST readers have seen a guide-post, and know its use ; there it stands at the cross roads, with its arms pointing in different directions, and the needed information painted on them. How convenient to the perplexed traveller ! He looks up, reads, and passes on with a light heart. The guide-post points the way, the traveller follows the road pointed out, and finds himself, in the course of time, at his destination. And God in His great mercy has not left us to travel on to eternity in ignorance of whither we are going ; He has set up His guide-posts, so that we may not in any-wise mistake our way. Let us pause for one moment, and read this one :

“Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it” (Matt. vii. 13, 14).

Now, my reader, here is the guide-post calling your attention to the two roads. Where are you? On the broad road which leads to destruction, or on the narrow way which leads to life? On one or other you are most certainly travelling, whether you know it or not. Like the river rolling on to be lost in the ocean, so you are speeding on to eternity, every breath you draw bringing you nearer to *everlasting glory* or *eternal misery*. Which?

One of these roads has a *wide gate*, and many there be which go in thereat. The road is *broad*—no need to crush each other—plenty of room—souls are born on it, live on it, die on it. It is large enough to hold all, and on it are attractions to suit all as they pass along, accord-

---

ing to their various tastes. *Moral* or *immoral*, *religious* or *profane*, it matters not, so long as Satan gets souls to the end of that broad road. O reader! beware, lest you are one of those whom he is beguiling with his attractions. The broad road is the road to hell.

The other road is the road to heaven. Its gate is strait, its road is narrow; but it leads to life, and few there be that find it. Reader! have you found it? Have you passed in at the strait gate of conversion, and are you upon the narrow way that leads to life eternal? There is plenty of room for *you* to get through, but no room to take anything with you; every rag of righteousness must be stripped off which you would fain take with you, and if you enter the strait gate it must be as an empty and naked sinner.

“Just as thou art, without one trace  
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
Or meetness for the heavenly place,  
O guilty sinner, come.”

“Come, for all things are now ready.” Come

in, sinner, come in? It is Jesus who says "Come." Will you believe what He says, and enter while "yet there is room." "I am the door," says Jesus; "by me, if any man"—how precious, *any man*—"enter in, he shall be *saved*"—mark the word, *saved*—"and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John x. 9).

Now, which road are you upon? Do not say, I do not know. You do know. You were *born* on the broad road; and if you are not *born again*, you are still hastening to eternal ruin and misery, in spite of the warning cries which have been raised to arrest you. Do not continue your present course, it is an awful incline, lest when you want to stop you cannot. Like a wicked coach-driver when dying—"Ah," said he, "I am on the down grade, and I cannot find the brake." Poor fellow, with fearful rapidity he was rushing into hell.

I beseech you, stop and listen to this good news, "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died

---

for us" (Rom. v. 8). The sin question was raised and settled at Calvary's cross. There Jesus glorified God about sin, so that God could glorify Him in heaven, and now there is a Man in yonder glory, and "through Him is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that *believe are* justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). He has done the work—"It is finished" (John xix. 30). May it be yours to accept it now. Remember the guide-post calling your attention to the two roads, and where they lead to. The narrow one to heaven, the broad one to hell. God has told you so, therefore you are without excuse.

W. E.

## “He has Received Me!”



“**S**ALVATION is of the Lord,” and a soul saved is God’s work, and therefore a work for *eternity*. It is a work that Satan can neither do nor undo, but a work that God delights to do, and that He will never undo. Do you believe this, poor sinner? Now listen to me for a few moments while I tell you of the free and sovereign grace of God, in the salvation of a lost sinner.

I was on my way from the railway station to the little meeting place where I was to preach, in a small fishing town in Scotland, when I was asked by a Christian man if I would go and

---

see a poor young fellow who was dying. I at once consented to do so, having nearly an hour to spare before the time announced for the meeting. The friend who asked me to visit the young man led the way, and soon we were in his room ; and there, upon his bed, lay what had once been a fine young man, twenty-nine years of age. That deadly disease, consumption, had brought him thus low ; and its awful sweat lay heavy upon him. I saw he was fast-sinking, and that if he was to be saved at all, it must be *now*.

His history as a sinner is soon told. He had lived hard and fast, and had been a prodigal, to all intents and purposes. He had wasted his health and substance in riotous living ; but he had spent all that he had without obtaining happiness or satisfaction, and now, in all the weakness and helplessness of disease, he desired to return to the parental roof that he had so long deserted, and die under the care and nursing of those simple, Christian, praying

parents. He was brought home on a Monday, on the evening of which day the friend who took me to his house first saw him. The sick man asked to have read the Gospel narrative of the conversion of the dying thief. My friend read it, as it is given in Luke xxiii., which drew from the dying man the remark, "That's grand."

On Tuesday, the day following his being brought home, I saw him, and have already told you how I found him, as to his body ; now I will tell you how I found him as to his soul.

I found God had been working in him by His Spirit, and had shown him that he was a lost sinner, and that it was an awful thing to go into eternity unsaved.

His agony about his soul seemed almost to make him forget his body, and he never expressed a desire to recover. Salvation was what he longed for, but he questioned if there was salvation for such a wretch as he had been and was.

---

I opened my Bible and read to him from 1 Tim. i. 15—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

I then asked, "Are you a sinner?" "Indeed, I am;" he replied. "Then Christ came into the world to save you," I rejoined. I then turned to Rom. v. 8, "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

I again asked, "Are you a sinner?" He replied, "Yes, *that* I am." "Then Christ died for you," I said.

I then turned to a third Scripture in Luke xv. 2, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

Once more I asked, "Are you a sinner?" "Yes," was his earnest, emphatic reply; and, turning on his elbow, he looked across the room to the friend who had brought me, and said, "I ken I see it plainer, Donald." "But, man, you must believe it," replied the friend.

I then went over the three Scriptures above-mentioned again, and asked him, "Who did Christ come into the world to save?" "Sinners," he replied. "And what are you?" "A sinner." "Then Christ came into the world to save you; believe it." "For whom did Christ die?" I asked. "For sinners," he said. "And what are you?" "A sinner." "Then Christ died for you; believe it." "Whom does Christ receive?" "Sinners." "And what are you?" "A sinner." "Then Christ receives you; believe it, and you are saved."

He drew a long breath and exclaimed, "I wish I could say I was saved!" "If you believe that you are a sinner, and that Christ came into the world to save you, and that He receives you, then you are saved," I rejoined.

The blessed Spirit of God applied the word, light broke in upon him, and he was saved.

I now read a fourth Scripture, Gal. ii. 20, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and

---

the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.” “Who does ‘*who*’ mean?” I asked. “Jesus.” “And who is ‘*me*’?” “Thomas M——” “And what is between you both?” “Love.”

He turned on his back, and said, “I wish I could make a little prayer to Him.” “Thomas,” I said, “He wants you to thank Him;” when he immediately said, “Lord Jesus, I thank you for having loved me and received me.”

My friend and I fell on our knees, and praised God for having shown this poor prodigal that Jesus had loved him, had died for him, received him, and saved him.

When we rose up, he said, “Fetch in my mother.” We gladly did so, and in an instant mother and son were weeping with joy, as each embraced the other; the mother praising God as she heard from her own son’s lips the cheering news—“Mother, He has received me!”

Prayer was answered, the prodigal was saved, and the joy of that humble room and its happy occupants was but a faint picture of the peculiar joy that God the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, and all heaven itself were now indulging in over his returned and saved and happy prodigal.

Thomas M. was brought home to his parents on Monday, was saved on Tuesday, and on the following Thursday evening he fell asleep, without a doubt or a murmur. Glory be to God for this trophy of His grace; surely where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.

Should this account meet the eyes of any of Thomas M.'s companions, I would beseech them at once to be reconciled to God.

There are two events which may occur at any moment—the second coming of Jesus, or death—and while you are unsaved you are prepared for neither.

Oh, then, at once "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and

---

thy house,” and thus be prepared for either event.

There is nothing left for you to do in the matter of your soul’s salvation, for Jesus did it all more than eighteen hundred years ago ; and having done it, He said, “It is finished.” It is salvation first, and then works follow, to please Him who *has* saved us. We are not saved by our holiness, our good works, or our service ; but we are saved to *be* holy, to *do* good works, and to *serve*.

Look now by simple faith to the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved, for His word is, “Look unto me and be ye saved,” and then, until He come, live and work to please Him who has saved you.

H. M. H.

---

COME to the Saviour ! Come to the Saviour !  
Ye sin-stricken children of men :  
    He left His throne above,  
    To reveal his wondrous love,  
And to open a fountain for sin.

Why dost thou linger? Why dost thou linger  
Oh! when wilt thou come to the Lord?

Thy time is flying fast,  
And thy day will soon be past,  
Oh, arouse thee, and come to be saved.

Pardon is offered! Pardon is offered!  
A pardon full, present, and free;

The mighty debt was paid,  
When on Calv'ry Jesus died,  
To atone for a rebel like thee.

Come to the fountain! Come to the fountain!  
The fountain which cleanses the soul;

'Tis cleansing far and near,  
And its streams are flowing here,  
Oh, believe it, and thou art made whole

I do believe it! I do believe it!  
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb,  
My happy soul is free,  
For the Lord has pardoned me  
Hallelujah to Jesus' name.

---

FREE from the law, oh, happy condition!  
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission!  
Cursed by the law, and bruised by the fall,  
Christ hath redeemed us, *once for all*.

Once for all, O sinner receive it;  
Once for all, O brother believe it;  
Trust in the Lord, the burden will fall,  
Christ hath redeemed us, once for all.

---

Now are we free—there's no condemnation,  
Jesus provides a *perfect* salvation ;  
"Come unto me"—Oh, hear His sweet call,  
Come, for He saves us, *once for all*.  
Once for all, &c.

"Children of God !" oh, glorious calling !  
Surely His grace will keep us from falling ;  
Passing from death to life at His call,  
Blessed salvation, *once for all*.  
Once for all, &c.

Soon He will come, the saints shall be raised ;  
We, who remain alive, shall be changed ;  
Then all *caught up*, at His blessed call,  
Changed to His likeness, *once for all*.  
Once for all, &c.

---

It passeth knowledge, that blest love of Thine ;  
My Jesus, Saviour, yet this soul of mine  
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth, and everlasting strength,  
Know more and more.

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

It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,  
My Jesus, Saviour, yet this heart of mine  
Would sing that love so rich, so full, so free,  
Which brought an undone sinner such as me  
Right home to God.

But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know,  
The fulness of Thy love while here below,  
My empty vessel I may freely bring ;  
Oh, Thou who art of love the living spring,  
My vessel fill.

I am an empty vessel, scarce one thought,  
Or look of love I've ever to Thee brought,  
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,  
With this, the empty sinner's only plea—  
Thou lovest me.

Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love !  
May woes but drive me to the fount above,  
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,  
And never to another fountain fly  
But unto Thee.

And when my Jesus face to face I see,  
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,  
Then of His love in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,  
My soul shall sing.

“And Have I Nothing to Do?”

OR

Seventy Years' Sins



THE title of this paper was the significant and repeated exclamation of a poor dying woman ; and were it not for the benefit of others there would be no good reason for publishing it. But her case is not a rare one. Go where we may, we shall find many in the same condition. And the simple story of God's ways in grace with her soul may be made a blessing to many. The Lord, in His abundant mercy, grant that it may !

Self-deception is a fearful thing, and not uncommon. Surely we should ever seek to

---

deliver precious souls from it, by plain and faithful dealing, in dependence on God.

The subject of this narrative had reached her seventieth year. She was now very near her journey's end, but still ignorant of the way of salvation.

After a few general inquiries, and learning a little as to the real state of her soul, I asked her plainly, in something like the following words:—

"Have you any hope of recovering from this illness?"

"Oh no, sir! I am an old woman, and I have been a hard-working woman all my life. I can never be better in this world."

"Are you thinking much about the *next* as you lie there?"

"Oh yes, sir; that is just what I am doing. I pray nearly all night and all day."

"I am glad to hear that. But tell me, what do you chiefly pray for?"

"I pray to the Almighty that He would pardon my sins. I know I have a great many."

“Are you very anxious to know whether they are all forgiven or not?”

“Indeed I am, sir. I have nothing else now to think about, but to pray to the Almighty that He would pardon me.”

“And do you believe He will?”

“Oh, yes! I am sure a great many of my sins have been pardoned since I began to pray; but I know they are not all pardoned yet; and I keep praying to Him.”

“Well, it is surely a right thing for us poor creatures to pray to God, who only can help us. But it would be quite wrong to make a *Saviour* of our prayers. Christ is the *only* Saviour from sin. You must have a great many sins to pray about. The sins of seventy long years! What a number you must have committed in that time! And remember, you will have to speak to God about every one of them, unless another does it for you. Now, tell me this, Do you really expect that *your own prayers* will *satisfy* God for having

neglected Him, and sinned against Him seventy years?”

“Oh no, sir! I know the Saviour died for our sins, and we have the promise that if we ask we shall receive. But we must ask.”

“Just so; that is so far true. But how long do you think you will have to pray yet before they are all forgiven? Do not the Scriptures positively teach us that if we are depending on the death of Christ for pardon, and not on our own prayers, we are forgiven already? When God forgives a sinner He does it all at once. Not by halves, surely! Whenever we trust, by faith, in the death of Jesus, we are fully and freely forgiven, whether we know it or not. God does everything perfectly.”

The poor woman was sadly in the dark on this important point, but most attentive to what was said, and deeply interested, although not in great trouble about her soul.

After reading to her some passages from the Scriptures, her mind was evidently turned to

the Word of God, and became fixed on it, especially on such portions as Acts xiii. 28-39, where the Apostle is proving that the death and resurrection of Christ is the only ground of pardon, and that God only forgives those who truly believe on His Son.

“AND HAVE I NOTHING TO DO?” she exclaimed, in the most earnest manner.

“No, dear woman, nothing to do, only to believe. The blessed Jesus has done it all. He has done all the work of our salvation. He did everything that God demanded, and now God asks nothing from us, only to believe and rejoice in the perfect finished work of His beloved Son. The Word of God expressly says that it is through faith in the Lord Jesus we are pardoned, and not through our own prayers or doings of any sort. ‘Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that *through this Man* 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!’ Here, you see, the Apostle stands up, in the midst of a congregation of Jews at Antioch, and proclaims a full and free pardon to all without exception. Now, all in that assembly who believed the glad tidings were *immediately forgiven and justified*, and they knew that they were so by the plain Word of God; therefore they could take the comfort of it at once.

“Now, mark this; the Apostle does not say one word about *doing*; he only speaks about *believing*. All who believed what he preached about Jesus and the Resurrection were the same moment forgiven, justified, and eternally saved. And now, if *you* believe the same good news, and trust only in the risen and glorified JESUS, you will be completely forgiven and saved at once, just where you are, and will not require to wait till to-morrow. It will be true *just now*. GOD declares Himself to be just, and the Justifier of him that believeth in JESUS” (Rom. iii. 26).

The simplicity of the Gospel evidently stumbled her for the moment, and again she exclaimed, with wonder and amazement, “And have I nothing to do?”

“The Apostle says, ‘ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE FORGIVEN AND JUSTIFIED,’ and that is enough. We must not say anything different from the Apostle. These are God’s own words by the lips of His servant. Oh, then, think no more about your prayers and doings as a means of pardon. Believe GOD’S Word, praise Him for His mercy, and pray that you may be kept ‘looking unto JESUS.’ Place all your confidence in Him, and in the work which He accomplished for poor, helpless sinners on the Cross. His blood alone cleanseth from all sin. The very instant you believe, you are washed in the blood of JESUS, clothed in the righteousness of GOD, and fitted for heaven, the heavy load of your seventy years’ transgression will be entirely removed, and you will find relief and rest to your weary heart in Him.”

Before leaving, I could bless God for the state of her mind. She was now deeply exorcised. Her conscience appeared to be in the light of God's Word. As I turned round to say a parting word, with my hand on the handle of the door, she once more repeated, with deep emotion, “And have I nothing to do?”

These were the last words I heard her utter. A few days after this she fell asleep in JESUS, giving evidence to those who visited her that she was not now counting on her prayers for acceptance before GOD, but on the LORD JESUS CHRIST, the blessed SAVIOUR of the chief of sinners, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin (1 John i. 7).

## A Warning Voice



**V**ISITORS to the Castle of Chillon, in Switzerland, are shown the great dungeon, with its vaulted roof; supported by stone columns, to which prisoners, in by-gone days, were chained; the one with its iron ring, to which Bonivard was fastened for six long, dreary years, and the footprints left by him on the solid rock, upon which he walked the length of his chain, are pointed out; the sloping rock, upon which prisoners condemned to die passed their last night, is still there; and the chamber of torture, too, with the stake to which those who refused to own to guilt im-

puted to them were bound, and branded with red-hot irons, to extort from them information required. There is also the "Oubliette." To this dark chamber, the prisoner, from whom they had failed to extract confession, was brought; here he was told that he was now to go free, and that by descending the stone stairs to which he would be led, he would find himself at liberty. Oh, the thrill of joy that filled his breast as the word "liberty" was uttered, the joy of being free from the dark dungeon with its chains and its burning tortures—the joy of meeting again the loved wife and little ones in their mountain home, all flashed upon him in a moment; he scarcely knows why, but he seizes the hand of his cruel gaoler, even to wish him farewell, for his heart is full, and begins to descend the steps, one, two, three, four—no, there is no fourth, and a cry of horror arises from the unhappy victim, as he finds himself precipitated upon sharp knives fixed in the sides of this awful well-trap, for such it is, till his

---

body, mangled and bloody, falls into the lake that lies at the foot of Chillon. Reader, there are thousands of death-chambers turned into "oubliettes" far worse, far more cruel than that at Chillon, for immortal souls, unwashed in the blood of the Lamb, and thus unsaved, are told that a few more moments and they shall enter the Father's house of many mansions, that the songs of the blessed and the joys of the Redeemer await them, for they have not been sinners above others; they may hope in the mercy of God. They believe it, they are resigned, and they pass from time into eternity; their bodies are committed to the grave with a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection unto eternal life; but ah! the horrors of Luke xvi. 23 are theirs, "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." They die in their sins, alas! and now there is no hope, no hope for ever!

Dear reader, is this to be your end? In view of the realities of eternity, let me warn

you, let me beseech you to be reconciled to God, who is holy, who is just, into whose presence no stain of sin can ever enter, who is light, in whose presence all is exposed, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity—the God against whom you have sinned in thought, word, and in deed, for every sin committed is against God. Yes, I plead with you to be reconciled to Him. But you may be ready to cry with Job xxv. 4, “How then can man be justified with God? Or how can he be clean that is born of a woman?” Or, again, with Luke xviii. 26, “Who then can be saved?” The answer comes from above, Job xxxiii. 24, “Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom.” And, again, in Luke xix. 10, “For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” Yes; God has found a ransom, and God is satisfied with that ransom, Jesus, who died for sinners; Jesus, who died, the just for the unjust. Will you accept Him? Yes, the Son of Man has come,

---

and has finished, completely finished, the work of redemption alone on the cross ; His blood has been shed, the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin, the blood that atones for the soul before God.

Oh, how wondrously does the love of God shine forth at the cross upon this guilty world ! When the Roman soldier gave with his spear the finishing stroke of man's perfect hatred, God's answer was, "Blood and water !" Salvation ! Let me then beseech you to be reconciled to God, who "so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

And let those of us, who are called in any way to deal with immortal souls, beware lest we play the part of the gaoler of Chillon.

S. P.

## “I’m Easy”



THESE words are the answer of an old man of over seventy years, who had recently been “born of God.” Many, ever so many, had been saved in the same place and township; and some weeks after, the Lord’s servant was on his way to give a Gospel address at T——, when he met this old man, hobbling along towards the place of meeting, and thus addressed him :

“Good evening, James; and how are you getting along now?”

“Oh, I’m easy.”

“Easy! What do you mean by that?”

“ Oh, I’ve no trouble *now*. I’m easy.”

“ Well, I don’t know but that you ought to be troubled. What about your sins? ”

“ Oh, the Blessed One up there ” (pointing to the starry heavens) “ has put *them* all away.”

“ And when did that take place, James? ”

“ When the Blessed One hung on the cross.”

“ And how can you be sure of it, dear old friend.”

“ Because I’ve heard you read from the Bible, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin,’ and *I believe it.*”

Glory be to God and to the Lamb, this dear old son of toil, who had been very un-“easy” about his sins, feeling the burden of them almost intolerable, and rolling about in his bed under the weight of them, could now say, with a clear conscience, before God, “I’m easy,” for his faith was in the “Blessed One up there,” and in the “precious blood” which flowed from His side on Calvary’s cross; and no wonder peace was flowing like a deep river, for the

---

book of God says, "Being justified by faith, we have *peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

"A mind at perfect peace with God,  
Oh, what a word is this,  
A sinner reconciled through *blood*,  
This, this indeed is peace."

And now, dear reader, How do you stand before God? It is blessed to drink in His deep love, and rest on it without a shadow of a doubt, for it is written, "God so loved the *world*" (John iii. 16); at the same time, don't ever, *ever* forget that "God is light." His heart loves, but His eye sees. "All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." It is all-important to get roused up to the solemn truth of the verse, "Thou God seest me." Some talk much about His love, but don't like the thought of His inflexible justice and holiness, but both are true. He rides (so to speak) in a chariot with two wheels; round one is written, "God is love,"

and on the other, “God is light,” and they run along together ; the love begets confidence, but the light exposes ; the sinner is loved, but his sins hated. Now, these are not mere fancies, but serious, deeply-solemn facts, they are “the true sayings of God,” and if your conscience has never been aroused about *your* sins, and *you* alarmed at the thought of soon standing naked before God, may you even now bow down before Him in true repentance and contrition, or otherwise, how dreadful the thought of soon falling into His hands in dire, unsparing judgment ; for, remember, this day of His grace and mercy cannot, will not, run on for ever. God’s heart of love has already provided what His holiness needed, even His own precious, spotless, unblemished Lamb. Christ has been sacrificed, His blood shed, atonement made ; so, dear one, come, just now, as you are, with the sins of a lifetime upon you, taking the place of guilty and helpless before God, trusting, as He bids you, in Christ, and

the scarlet stream of blood which flowed from His pierced side; and then mark what He says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool;" yes, for blessed be God, "The blood of Jesus Christ (His Son) cleanseth from *all* sin." Then will you be able to say honestly before God and man, "*I'm easy*, for the Blessed One up there has put away all my sins." Afterwards, may you show the reality of such a confession by living to Him "who loved you and gave Himself for you," and who soon is coming to take all His redeemed from earth to heaven, to dwell with Himself in the Father's house on high. See John xiv. 1-4. Amen.

HUGH T.

## Two Opinions

---

“**S**UPPOSING that, after all, you should find that there is no God nor judgment, and that your life of self-denial had therefore been based on a delusion, what a fool you would feel!” said to me one who was revelling in health and wealth, and, alas! like the prodigal of old, “wasting his substance in riotous living,” seeking by present gratification, and the poisoned pleasures of sin, to close his heart to God and the truth. Answering him, according to his folly, I said, “Supposing that there should be both God and judgment, a judgment that consigns the sinner to an endless and hopeless doom, and a God who is ‘of purer eyes than to behold evil,’ and who will ‘by no

means clear the guilty.' In that case you would be the fool." Two different opinions; one man thinking one thing, and another thinking another—only a matter of supposition.

Stay, reader; in such matters we are out of the region of opinion or supposition, of idea or speculation; we are in the domain of awful and eternal reality. Sin is real, and "fools make a mock at it;" death is real, and "the wages of sin is death;" judgment is real, and "after this, the judgment;" God Himself is real, and "every one of us shall give account of himself to God." This is not opinion, it is fact; not imagination, it is reality; unpleasant, distasteful, troublesome to the sinner, it may be, but it is nevertheless true, and your conscience bears witness that it is so.

True, it is fact unseen and unfelt as yet. There is no circumstantial evidence of its reality; nay, the sun sheds its genial rays, and the rain descends in fructifying power; "all things continue as they were from the beginning

---

of the creation ;” the eye can detect little but unmingled mercy. But what does all this prove? One thing, at least, that “God is—indifferent—nay, but long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.” His long-suffering never merges into indifference; nor, observe, does it last for ever. He “endures with much long-suffering,” but the moment comes when the sinner’s cup of sin is full, and then, oh, reader, and then! most certain judgment.

Call to remembrance the expulsion of our first parents from Eden, the flood, the destruction of Egypt’s hosts in the Red Sea, the death of the sinful Israelites in the wilderness. All these beacons cast their lurid light athwart your path to bid you beware and believe.

Are such historical facts not sufficient to produce conviction of God’s abhorrence of your sins? “Nay,” says unbelief, “we want evidence, demonstration, palpable proof before our eyes ere we will believe.” And were you gratified,

would you then believe? If one should rise from the dead, would you be persuaded? Nay, verily. Hearken to the word of the Lord: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." That is, the most extraordinary or supernatural event cannot by itself dispel unbelief or give repentance. "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Miracle appeals to sense, but the Word of God to conscience. If you hear not that Word, no miracle, nor demonstration, nor evidence will avail. Hence, the greater power of the Word; and hence, too, that its statements become facts to the believer, who therefore dwells in a region of infinitely greater reality than he who walks by sight. "He that hath received His testimony has set to his seal that God is true." Reader, "how long halt ye between two opinions; if the Lord be God, follow Him; if Baal, then follow him."

J. W. S.

