

A
MESSAGE FROM GOD ;

OR,
LIGHT FROM THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

A Monthly Gospel Magazine

EDITED BY
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INDEX.

	PAGE
A Dream of the Holy City	73
A Legacy of £500	5
A Poacher and his Rabbits	138
A Simple Record	43
A Storm on the Lake	49
A True Story	114
A Word to Young Men	32
An Appeal for the Gospel	11
An Appeal to All	127
And what then?	125
Bound for the Glory	31
Christ gave Himself for our Sins	91
Christ graven on the Heart	7
Consider or Believe: which?	25
Dead—without Warning	26
Drawing Lots for Heaven or Hell?	61
Faith and Repentance	56
God's Answer to a Troubled Soul	97
God's Remedy	104
He Cursed God and Died	37
His only Happiness	53
I have learned that I am a Cur	85
In the grasp of the Devil	13
I'm so bad! I'm so bad!	34
I've got the Victory	69
Jottings	120
Life's Radiant Sunset	109
My Conversion, and Alice's	141
New Birth and Redemption	19
Omnipotence	96
Out of Death into Life	92
Peace, be still	83
Peace through the Blood	118
Poetry—The Language of the Soul	60
The Voice that Speaks	132
The Watchword of the Night	23
Thou'rt passing to Eternity	108
Waiting at His Gates	12
Waiting for the Day	144


iv.

INDEX.

Shining Light	75
Sins Covered	41
Sleeping over the Flames	8
The Child's Fear	6
The Christian and his Board	21
The Comfort of Christ	95
The Future of this Magazine	143
The Golden Clouds of Evening	3
The Gospel of the Glory of Christ	2
The Last Month in the Year	133
The Morning Cometh	124
The Pleasures of Sin	121
The Power of Attractions Above	45
The Three Italians ; or, Who is your God ?	135
The Witness of Men, and the Witness of God	80
They that are Christ's at His Coming	23
Through this Man the Forgiveness of Sins	29
To the Reader	1
What God says gives Peace	113
What meanest Thou, O Sleeper ?	106
Who's Jesus ?	57
Why hast Thou Forsaken Me ?	65
3320 Days	129



TO THE READER.

HIS little magazine has not been sent forth without earnest prayers. The editor feels how much he needs the remembrance of God's children that His blessing may rest upon it.

His earnest desire is that it may be largely circulated among the unrenewed; and the help of christians is asked as to this.

The price at which it is published, and its gospel character, will (he trusts) ensure for it a broad-cast sowing. Many prayers have been offered up that God would bless this number; and every number will be laid before the Lord before it goes forth.

It is the earnest desire of the editor that the like blessing may attend it that God showers on the preached gospel. The same loving hearts that have prayed not in vain for sinners, will plead constantly for this; and the same God who has wrought so wondrously in answer, will (he humbly confides) give His blessing to this work that is done simply for His Son.

If you are a believer, kindly give it with prayer to an unsaved friend or relative. If not saved, may God speak to you through its pages. Ed.

“To give up what Thou wouldst have me to be without, and to take up what Thou wouldst have me to be in, or upon me; be this, through grace, my service to Thyself, Father of our Lord Jesus, Amen.”
G. V. W.

THE GOSPEL OF THE GLORY OF CHRIST.



HE whole life of Jesus was a manifestation of grace. He laid Himself aside for others. He gave Himself to all who came to Him. "He had no time so much as to eat." In a world of wickedness He was the perfect manifestation of God.

And this was not all. He put Himself under the whole power of God's judgment of sin. He died for our sins, but rose again, ascended to heaven, and sent down the Holy Spirit as a witness to His glory and a minister of righteousness in Him.

Thus now, in the gospel, God is not condemning but saving the believer in Christ, not requiring but ministering righteousness. The law required and condemned.

If I am brought to look at Jesus in faith, I can say, He bore my sins; I did them, but He bore them. He gave His soul an offering for sins, He undertook the whole charge. I trace my sins up to the cross where they are all done with and gone.

Where then do we see the glory of God? On Sinai? Or in the face of Him who bore all the sins condemned at Sinai? He entered into heaven because they were all judged.

We are thus able not only to bear the light of

THE GOLDEN CLOUDS OF EVENING.


3

God's glory but to rejoice in it. We ask, not to have it veiled, but that we may see every ray of it, because it is the testimony to His love and to His righteous dealing with sin. His righteousness is brought near, His salvation is come, for every one that believes.

What is the practical effect in the heart? Not to make me careless about sin, nor to give liberty to sin, because Christ has suffered for it. Contemplating Christ in glory, we become like Him. Looking at Christ I long for Him and get like Him. There is no veil on either the heart or the glory; and when we look at the glory, Christ who is there tells of accomplished righteousness and not of judgment. What perfect joy to be in God's presence and enjoy Christ in all His fulness!

J. N. D.

THE GOLDEN CLOUDS OF EVENING.

HE was dying; she sat in an easy-chair propped up with pillows, her young face turned towards the sun-set.

She was but seventeen, but she had suffered much; and her poor body was emaciated by disease. Her eyes were shining brightly, as she sat there gazing, that quiet evening. I called to see her as I often did, for she had been a scholar in our Sunday-school for many years. She turned with a smile to welcome me, as I took her hand in mine and looked upon her passing away.

As I stood beside her, she gazed again upon the

sky with a fixed and earnest look, her face lighting up with a smile of joy. "Look! teacher, look!" she exclaimed, with a far away expression in her eyes. I followed the direction of her glance, and I saw the glory of the sunset shining in the evening sky, shafts of radiant light gilding fleecy clouds. It was a beautiful scene—the whole sky round the setting sun tinged with wondrous tints of splendour, and pervading all a soft ethereal brilliance that cannot be described.

"Do you see them, teacher?" she exclaimed.

"See whom?" I answered.

"God's angels coming to take me home, teacher."

No, I could not see them. I could see the sunset glory, but no more. What she saw through the opening gates of death, I cannot tell. She may have caught a glimpse of angelic throngs mingling with the haloes of the sky: one cannot say.

I sat with her, and talked of Jesus and of the heaven where He was. "O," she said, "it is meat and drink for me for you to come and speak to me of Him there." She loved to hear of Christ in heaven; it was home.

Soon after she passed into His presence; but many a time, when gazing on the evening sky, have I thought of her and recalled her eager eyes and shining face, and her saying, "Do you see them, teacher?"

God be thanked, I shall see them; for I am going to that home where she is gone. I am looking there and waiting for Him now.—Not for angels, but *for Christ* to come and take me to Himself; and one day,

A LEGACY OF FIVE HUNDRED.

5

it may be when I am gazing upon the sky, I shall hear the voice that bids me rise to meet Him in the air, to be for ever with the Lord.

Reader! Are you ready? *Christ is coming.*

Would you welcome Him were He to come to-day? Who would wait for you if you were dying now? angels or demons?

Would you, if your eyes closed in death this moment, be with the Lord of angels, or know (as you never did here) the terrors of the lost? God commands you to repent, to believe on Christ; and then you, as an heir of salvation, shall have these blessed ministers welcome you to be with Him.

A LEGACY OF £500.



WILL leave you five hundred pounds in my will, if you will save my soul."

So said a man to me one day as we were conversing about God and eternity.

He seemed to be in earnest as he said it. As a keen man of business, and in the habit of making good bargains, he thought it would be a good investment for five hundred pounds, if in return he could be sure of heaven.

I replied, "If you were to promise me five thousand pounds, I could not save you; but there is One who will for nothing. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

He did not then give his heart to Jesus; and I don't

know that he ever did. If he does not, he will find, after all his schemes on earth are ended, that the devil has outwitted him; for "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" *His soul!* Yes, and *your* soul, sinner—your immortal soul! "The soul that sinneth it shall die." You have been a drunkard, it may be? Listen, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." A blasphemer? "The soul that sinneth it shall die." An unbeliever? "The soul that sinneth it shall die." O sinner, look to Jesus for salvation. There is no other name given among men whereby we must be saved. If riches could buy salvation; what could the poor do? If learning, what of the ignorant? If position availed for salvation, what of the lowly? No, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." "The *gift* of God is eternal life." Will you have it?—now?

THE CHILD'S FEAR.



SHOULD have driven my child to hell, if I had not been a Christian." As the father said these words to me, I wondered what he meant; he saw my questioning glance and continued: "After I was converted and my child was saved, she said to me one day, "Father, I should have been afraid to have been a christian if you had not been one." "And I," he continued, "should have driven my child to hell."

O parents! what are you doing to lead your child-

CHRIST GRAVEN ON THE HEART.

7

ren to Christ? Are you teaching them to fix their thoughts on earth or heaven? Are you seeking their welfare for *time* or for *eternity*?

CHRIST GRAVEN ON THE HEART.

WHEN Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the law engraved on the two tables of stone, the children of Israel were afraid to come nigh to him, and he had to put a veil on his face. When he went in to God, he took the veil off.

But the Father sent the Son in perfect grace that we might live through Him, and that He might be the propitiation for our sins. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Hence there is no fear for the believer in presence of such love. Perfect love (and the love of God is perfect) casts out fear; for He who bore our sins is in His glory: and the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven bears witness, in the sin-bearer glorified on His throne, that our sins are gone and He who suffered for them is received up in glory. This attracts the heart more and more to contemplate Christ on high; and thereby is the christian spiritually transformed into the same image, before Christ comes when we shall be in a moment and for ever conformed to His image even in body.

We wish no longer to be at a distance, like Israel; nor is a veil tolerable. We want and love to behold His

glory in Christ's face; for it was His love who did all and gave us all at all cost, though none so abhorred sin; and thus have we learnt to abhor sin, most of all our own sins. The goodness that came down was wholly unlike man and truly divine. No sinner that drew near was too bad for Jesus to forgive and bless. But now redemption has so glorified God that He has raised up the crucified Saviour and given Him glory; that we might see in His glory the fullest proof of our sins gone, and of God's righteousness justifying us, according to that heavenly witness to the efficacy of the cross.

Thus, instead of shrinking back through fear and an unpurged conscience, we are entitled by faith, and we in liberty and peace delight, to behold Him above, whose very glory on high testifies to His victory for us, and to our being made God's righteousness in Him; and as He is ever before us, so is He graven on the fleshy tablets of the heart. W. K.

SLEEPING OVER THE FLAMES.



AWOKE one morning about three o'clock with the shrill sound of a policeman's whistle ringing in my ears. It was sounding a long continuous warning note. I sprang out of bed, opened the window, and looked out. I heard a frantic cry of "*fire*, FIRE;" and as I gazed, I saw the angry light glowing in a neighbouring street. Then I heard shriek after shriek from frenzied lips, start-

SLEEPING OVER THE FLAMES.

9

ling the still night air with their appealing fear. I hastily dressed, and hurried out of doors on to where the fire was raging. It was in a narrow street, and the whole of the basement of a house was in the grasp of the flames. At an upper window, crowded together were those whose cries made their position so apparent. Would no help come? Men looked almost despairingly for a moment. Hark!

A ringing cheer! a shout—"the fire-escape!" With hurried feet they bring it to the spot, place it against the side of the house; a fireman hurries up through blinding smoke. There is a pause, and then, one after the other, those in peril are delivered out of the very jaws of death. The crowd around celebrate this timely rescue with many a heartfelt cheer, and some even weep their gratitude. It was indeed a narrow escape. Another half hour's sleep, and they perchance had never waked again. Another half hour's delay on the part of those who came to save, and it would doubtless have been too late.

As I pondered on this event I thought of the position of sinners, sleeping over the flames of hell. The warning note of the gospel is sounding in their ears its continuous appeal. The rousing shout is heard "Flee from the wrath to come." "Repent, or ye shall all likewise perish."

The voices of those who are awake, and in a place of safety, are clearly and distinctly borne on the night air of this world's sin.

Sinner, do you realise your danger? Are you aware that underneath you are the flames of hell?

You have heard the gospel. Faithful voices have warned you, and are warning still.

O awake, sinner! and your cry for help will be heard by God, as those of whom I have been speaking were heard by man. To deliver them the fire-escape was hurried to the scene of danger, and brought close to those who needed it. To deliver sinners from the eternal burning—the just penalty of their sins, Jesus comes to their help, right where they are. The good Samaritan came where the poor man lay. God has provided a way of escape, “The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.” Avail yourselves of it. To stay where you are, and as you are, means death and judgment; every hour makes your position worse.

Now you may be saved if you trust in Jesus. Those trusted in the fire-escape and were delivered. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” The fire-escape was the only way of salvation for those in danger of perishing; so Jesus is the only way of escape for the sinner. “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” And again it says, “Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” (Acts iv. 12.)

Did they pause? did they hesitate to avail themselves of the salvation brought to their very doors? No, they gladly availed themselves of man’s provision for their need. And will you pause or hesitate? You in such danger, and God’s way of escape so

AN APPEAL FOR THE GOSPEL.

11

plain ! Will you not trust yourself to Jesus ? Rely upon His power and love to save you. Give yourself up to Him. And do it now, for the Word declares “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.”

And God says to you, sinner, as you read these words, yes, with this paper in your hands—with the flames of hell underneath you—and with God’s salvation so close to you, “How *shall* you escape if you neglect so great salvation ?”

AN APPEAL FOR THE GOSPEL.



CHRISTIANS ! pray for the gospel. Pray for the perishing millions around. Let earnest daily prayers ascend to God for those still upon the road to hell. Pray for the poor drunkard, reeling onward to the pit ; for the blasphemer, cursing God and man, with the wrath of God upon him ; for the infidel whose daring lips deny the Christ of God ; for the self-righteous walking quietly and decently to hell ; for the deluded thousands who are making a Saviour of forms and ceremonies and neglecting Jesus ; for the careless and indifferent, for the anxious and the troubled. O pray for these. And, above all, pray for the unsaved friends and relatives of those already saved ; for the unsaved husband, wife, brothers, sisters, and for parents still unsaved.

And pray for those who go forth to preach. Pray God to keep them humble and dependent, “vessels meet for the Master’s use.”

May every christian who reads this lift up the heart in loving and believing prayer. We shall feel the effect throughout every town and city in the land; yea, the waves of blessing shall break upon the far-off shores of other lands. Pray for the gospel, pray.

WAITING AT HIS GATES.

BEULAH LAND.

- 1 I've heard Him say, my Saviour say,
"The night has almost passed away;"
And in my heart the day-birds sing
The glories of the coming King.

Chorus :—

O Jesus Christ ! Lord Jesus Christ !
One glance at Thee my soul sufficed :
And never more shall earthly night
Rob my rapt spirit of that sight ;
I've seen the Saviour in the skies,
And heaven has shone before my eyes.

- 2 I've watched on hills of faith afar
To see Him rise, the Morning Star ;
Till heavenly radiance seemed to shine
Upon me from those hills divine.

Chorus :—


- 3 And soon my longing eyes shall see
The face of Him who died for me ;
And I shall hear from glory's seats
My welcome to the golden streets.

Chorus :—

- 4 And oh ! what gifts of love are given
Where glory shines and all is heaven ;
But I shall all my praises give
To Him who died that I might live.

Chorus :—

IN THE GRASP OF THE DEVIL.

RS. E. lived in one of the back streets of our city, close to where we had our Sunday school. Her children used to be sent to that school, and she herself came once or twice to our evening meetings. She was but twenty four, yet an open and avowed sceptic. There was no God and no devil, she would say, and laugh when Christ and His love was spoken of. I used to see her standing by her open door as I passed and repassed to the meetings. Little I thought how very soon she would pass into eternity. Ah! we never know, we cannot tell what a moment may bring forth. The braggart tongue, which, big with the bluster of hell, defies God one day may be stilled in death the next; the puny arm, raised in rebellion against its Maker one moment, may the next be shattered by the Power it insulted. Ay, even now, sinner, you may be gazing your last upon an earthly invitation; but as you read, may heavenly light dawn on your darkened soul. These are the words of Christ, "Come unto Me.....and I will give you rest."

She, of whom I write, was taken ill, very ill; but she got better, went about her work too soon, caught a cold, had a relapse; and the hand of death was on her.

I received a message one afternoon to come at once and see Mrs. E. who was dying. I was out when the message came, but went to call on her about five o'clock. Entering the street where she lived, I noticed an unwonted stir. People were talking together in groups with pale and earnest faces. As I passed on, I was startled to hear shriek after shriek in a frenzied human voice. They came from the house of Mrs. E., from the room where she was lying; yes, from her dying lips. I stopped for a moment to speak to a man standing in the doorway of the next house, and said,

"S., what is it?"

"Oh," he replied with trembling lips, "It is'nt her body, it is her poor soul. All the day she has been like this; her cries are fearful." And again, as he spoke, the shrieks were heard.

I said, "I will go and see her."

Slowly I mounted the stairs of the house to the room whence these awful cries had come.

As I went up, I heard moans and groans and cries, but entered. At the first hurried glance around I saw a form on a bed by the window, and three or four women standing round.

As I approached nearer, never to my dying day shall I forget the sight I saw.

Stretched out before me was a human body, the chest heaving, the heart palpitating wildly, the cheeks hollow and flushed fearfully, the dark hair tangled and confused about the head and brow; but oh! the eyes: what awful light was that which shone

so luridly there? those rolling orbs in such indescribable unrest! As I gazed, I cried out in uncontrollable emotion,

“Those are not the eyes of a human being, they are the eyes of a fiend!” My whole body seemed conscious of an awful presence, and my soul rose in arms as against a deadly enemy.

I bent over her and said,

“Mrs. E., did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?”

No more could I say, for she gave a shriek as from the burning pit of hell which seemed to pierce my heart. The awful gleam of those satanic eyes seemed to hurl defiance at that sacred Name, and on me for uttering it.

Again I bent over, for I had started back appalled, and said,

“Yes, Mrs. E., of Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners?”

Again and again she gave that awful cry, the only answer; a cry of unutterable agony, with some tone in it as of a frightened hare in the hand of its captors, —a wild despairing appeal, that gave one the idea of limitless human woe that could not be appeased.

And now the eyes seemed shining with fire and with an inexplicable something that made me tremble.

I took up my hat with shaking hands and said as I turned away,

“I could not stay here to-night for anything,” and as I spake, I walked towards the door.

Looking back as I stood in the doorway, I noticed

that, wherever I went, I was followed by those burning eyes. I passed appalled outside the room and into the street, promising to call again later on.

Some more particulars I heard from those outside, depicting her fearful condition. They told me she had begged her husband to close the door and not to leave the room, as the devil was there to take her. This was before I saw her, for she could not speak then,—her mouth was like the coal, and her tongue seemed burnt like a cinder.

Yes, this was Mrs. E. who had said there was no God nor devil, lying upstairs in the grasp of a demon, struggling with the little life she had left against the power that was dragging her down to torment. Who could deliver her? Only One I knew; and as I walked home that quiet evening hour, my thoughts went back to other days, and I seemed to hear echoing down the aisles of time the words, “In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth” come out of her.

“Yes, Lord,” I said, as I looked upwards, “This is the power wanted now, and oh! for the faith to use it.” I prayed earnestly for guidance, and felt happier.

It was Tuesday afternoon; and we had a meeting at the Room in the evening. Calling to see her again between 7 and 8, I found she was just the same. The doctor had seen her, and spoken to her; so had her husband; but she had taken no notice. No! her shrieks were for the name of Jesus now.

I went to the meeting, called out a dear brother and briefly told him about her case; then we prayed together to the Lord for guidance.

Between nine and ten we went up into her room. I shuddered again as I saw those eyes fixed with such malignant hate, it seemed, upon me. The whole soul seemed in arms, and as if its portals were barricaded by an invading power that kept unceasing watch and ward out of those sentinel eyes.

But now I felt too within me, as I never felt before, the truth and power of these words, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." "If God be for us, who against us?" This was the place, and now the time, to battle for the Lord. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world."

"Let us pray."

As I uttered the words, a deep hush fell upon all in the room; but as the prayer was continued appealing to the Lord for help, we felt the presence of the strife. Around us invisible combatants seemed to be contending for this passing soul. Sobs came from every bosom, tears from every eye. Still faith kept her stand on the heights of prayer; and as the supplications increased in power, it seemed to us as though slowly and surely the enemy was being dislodged. The prayer closed; and one look at the eyes told me that still the demon held the gateways of the soul.

Our dear brother bent over her and began to speak. This I felt to be the supreme moment in the strife,—that now the time had come for the "Name above every name" to be magnified.

I said, "That is not what she wants: speak the name of Jesus to her."

Stooping lower he said,

"Jesus, *Jesus*, JESUS, JESUS, JESUS," until the room resounded with the sound of that precious name. It rose above the sobs that came from all the rest. It seemed to flood my soul with ecstasy. Jesus, *Jesus*, JESUS, JESUS, he continued, when he was arrested by a cry from one of the watching women,

"Oh! look, look," she cried, "What a blessed change! her face is like the face of a child."

I looked, and it was even so. The eyes, so lately the outposts of a demon, were now calm and peaceful; the bosom ceased to heave fearfully, and the heart to throb wildly. *The devil was gone out of the woman*, and the wondering friends around her bed spoke with awe of what they had seen.

"Did you see it?" they continued, "It was in a moment."

Yes, it was done; praise and glory to His name. On that battle-field what thankful hearts gave praise to Him! She slept calmly and peacefully now as we left the room. It was midnight as we passed along the street, and came to the city wall. There we stayed awhile and gazed over the sleeping city, and talked of the "city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Then with bare heads and thankful hearts we prayed to God to bless the dying sinner we had left. My dear brother then left me for his home, and I went back to watch the end,

NEW BIRTH AND REDEMPTION.

19

She lay still peacefully breathing. She had not spoken, nor could she speak. The eyes were restful, and her face had a peaceful smile upon it, as of one who had suffered much, but who was tranquil now. I stood and watched her as the hours went on, praying to God on her behalf; and, between three and four o'clock in the morning as I gazed upon her face, she breathed her last.

You ask me, Was she saved? I cannot tell: the day will declare. I cherish the hope even as I write this, and God's grace seems to encourage me, that she *was* snatched "as a brand from the burning." Let me ask now, Are you saved? If not, a fearful hell awaits you; a just and everlasting judgment on your sins. "Flee from the wrath to come."

NEW BIRTH AND REDEMPTION.

(JOHN iii.)



ESUS knew what was in man, and could find nothing that He could trust. What a sentence is John ii. 24, 25!

Nay more than this: man as he is can never be improved so as to be trusted by God. His affections may be stirred, his intelligence informed, his conscience convicted; but still God cannot trust him. Thus we have read that "many believed in His name when they saw the miracles that He did; but Jesus did not commit Himself unto them." Man

in this way was putting forth his best; he was moved by the things that Jesus did; but still the Lord could not trust him. For in the Kingdom there is to be none of this distrust of man; but the Lord must have in His people then the joy and confidence of well-trying allegiance. But in man himself there is none of this trustworthiness: he must therefore be born again.

The need of the new birth He here preaches to Nicodemus. But having stated this requisition, the Lord graciously discloses to Nicodemus the need of this new life. He preaches to him redemption through the sufferings of the Son of man as its means, and the love of God as its rich and blessed source. The word of salvation is the seed of the new needed life, the word which by the gospel is preached to us (1 Pet. i. 25). This the Lord seeks to sow in Nicodemus himself, to sow it (where it ever must be sown, if unto fruit) in his conscience. For Nicodemus had come to the Lord by night as though his deeds could not bear the light; and the Lord, aiming as it would seem to reach his conscience, just on their parting says, "Every one that doeth sin hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved."

Thus our Lord here teaches the need of the new birth through the word of salvation. Without it man cannot be trusted of God. And without it the kingdom of God could not be sure and eternal. What association had the elder brother with that which was the characteristic joy of the father's house?

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS BOARD.

21

None! He never had so much as a kid to make merry with his friends. None but a returned prodigal could draw forth the ring, the best robe, and the fattened calf. And so the Kingdom is such a kingdom as none but the redeemed can have any place in it or taste its joys. There is not a just one in it from one end to the other: all are justified. Every one, every thing in it is reconciled by blood. (Col. i. 20-22.)

J. G. B.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS BOARD.



TURNING over the leaves of an album in a house I visited recently I saw a photograph of a man pointing to a board upon which was the word *eternity* in large letters. Knowing the man I enquired about the extraordinary and interesting picture. He had for years been a faithful servant of Satan, but having been by the grace of God, converted he ran as boldly now after Christ.

In the same town lived a photographer, a decent man, but an open scoffer at the Lord and His word, the scriptures of truth. His infidelity was unmasked; and it was a current report that his wife had died upbraiding him for being the cause of the loss of her soul.

One day the christian presented himself at the studio with a large board underneath his arm, saying that he had come to get his likeness.

The infidel, glad of a customer, proceeded forthwith

to adjust his camera, when he was told that he must also allow the board which contained the word "eternity" to form part of the picture.

He stoutly refused the terms but was firmly told, "You must do the board or you do not take my likeness." Besides, he was informed that there was a wife and children who would also get their portraits, provided he obediently represented the unwelcome word.

Afraid of losing so many customers he at last complied, giving a faithful carte of the man and the word "eternity."

Often had the christian spoken to him of the awful results of unbelief, and urged submission to the Lord Jesus Christ, and his earnest wish and prayer was that the little testimony to a future state should be blessed to the soul of the poor deluded man.

How do you, dear reader, feel in view of eternity, that never-ending state of bliss or woe? Unsaved, unwashed from your sins, unrelieved from your load of corruption, you brave an awful doom. The sentence is already pronounced that "he that believeth not the Son shall *not see life*, but the wrath of God abideth on him." There is, blessed be God, not only a door of escape from wrath and the present power of sin, but an entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Jesus, the Truth, says in John x. 9, "I am the door by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved." Jesus is the Deliverer from coming wrath (1 Thess. i.) and "By Him believers can say, We have access into this

THE WATCHWORD OF THE NIGHT.

23

grace wherein we stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 2). Through faith in His name you can be saved this very moment. Believe and live. "He that hath the Son hath life, he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Accepting Jesus, confessing Jesus, and living to Jesus may you henceforth be able to say, "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." T. R. D.

"THEY THAT ARE CHRIST'S AT HIS COMING."

THAT the dead in Christ shall rise first, is true; yet (while it be but a moment, but the twinkling of an eye, that the power, which is in Him, will take to cause the corruptible to put on incorruption, and the mortal to put on immortality), they that sleep will be first, and the rest follow close after, one blessed crowd, though it have its front line and its rear line.

G. V. W.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE NIGHT.

Christ is coming! ringing heavenward
Voices through the night;
Waiting with uplifted foreheads,
Stand the sons of light.
Heaven-lit eyes and hearts all burning,
Eager feet earth's wild flowers spurning,
Lip to lip the cry repeating,
Heart to heart the answer beating,
Christ is coming—come, Lord, come!

THE WATCHWORD OF THE NIGHT.

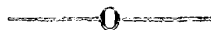
Christ is coming! in a moment
 Shall the shout resound;
And the voice of heaven's archangel,
 And God's trumpet sound.
Then the dead by Jesus risen,
Burst they shall from earthly prison,
And the living upward soaring,
See their Lord with eyes adoring,
 Christ is coming—Come, Lord, come!

Christ is coming! bear it onward
 Writ on heart and brain,
Till, from all the courts of heaven,
 Sounds the last Amen.
Till the watchmen of the dawning
Shall call out the blessed morning;
And the glad cry shall be given,
As the earth-born rise to heaven.
 Christ is coming—Come, Lord, come!

Christ is coming! wait we ever
 'Mid the shadows dim;
Longing till the night's dark pinions
 Fold their plumes to Him.
Waiting by each gate of sorrow,
Thinking of the glad to-morrow,
Standing 'neath His banner, keeping
Watch while all the world is sleeping.
 Christ is coming—Come, Lord, come!

Christ is coming! soon to take us
 To His Father's home;
He will come, no angel sending:
 We are His alone.
And the pearly gates are open;
Hosts await the word unspoken;
And on earth, with eyes on glory,
We repeat the heavenly story.
 Christ is coming—Come, Lord, come!

Christ is coming, peal the anthem,—
 We have waited long;
Eager for the first glad rapture
 Of the endless song.
Eager to bend down before Thee,
Longing, Saviour, to adore Thee,
Waiting till our lips forgiven
Shall repeat Thy praise in heaven,
 Thou art coming—Come, Lord, come!



CONSIDER OR BELIEVE : WHICH ?

IN the year 1870 I was staying in M—— and a relative requested me to call on a Rate-Collector to pay some money; but on asking to see Mr. D——, I was told he was too ill to be seen on business.

I begged the favour of an interview with him and found him far gone in consumption, and I asked him if he were ready for eternity.

He replied, "I hope so. I want time to prepare, to consider the subject; and I hope in a few days to be a little better; then I will think about it."

But I said, "My friend, you will be in eternity in a few hours. Is your soul saved? Let me ask you to hear what God says, and says to you."

"The ... blood ... of ... Jesus ... Christ ... God's ... Son, ... cleanseth ... from ... all ... sin."

"The ... Son ... of ... God ... loved ... me, ... yes ... me, ... and ... gave ... Himself ... for ... me, ... loved ... me, ... gave ... Himself ... for ... me."

These passages were repeated slowly and solemnly. Every word seemed to go home to the dying man.

"Yes," he said, in a broken voice and with difficulty "I ... will ... *consider*, ... I ... will ... *prepare*, ... I ... will ... *think*, ... I ... will ... *try*, ... I ... will ... *pray*, ... I ... will ... *trust*. ... But ... all ... requires ... time."

“No my friend, you have no time to prepare, think, try, pray, or consider. It is a delusion. God has brought you to the eleventh hour of your history, and you are on the brink of eternity! eternity!! eternity!!! God in mercy give you to hear those blessed words, “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”—The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me.”

“O yes! I ... will ... try, ... trust, ... consider, ... prepare.”

“No! alter the word, and I shall go away happy. *Believe, receive, accept*, what God offers; and give up trying, considering, and preparing.”

I called again the next day, and found my dying friend happy; peacefully resting in the precious blood. Yes! “He ... loved ... me ... and ... gave Himself ... for ... me.”

Praise the Lord for His mercy to John D——. May you, dear reader, *receive* God’s gift in Christ and get salvation, and that for eternity. G. K.

DEAD—WITHOUT WARNING.

THE lights of the Public-house were shining on the bar and its surroundings, and falling on the faces of those that stood there drinking. The laugh, the song, the curse, the impure jest were heard, amid the jingling of the glasses and the constant orders to the bar-tenders.

All at once there is a sound of breaking glass and a heavy fall.

What is it? A man has fallen along the floor fainting, dying, or—— they falter at the word as they crowd around, and lift him up, but it has to be pronounced, he is—DEAD. A strong powerful man to look at, a man of forty it may be; broad-chested and with large limbs, now dead; lying there with the gas light shining upon his dead face.

They take him up and carry him out, pick up the broken glass, and scatter the saw-dust over the floor, It is of no use making too much fuss over it, it will hinder trade. Talk of politics, the weather, the living, anything to drive away thoughts about that cold form up-stairs, and that soul that has just passed into eternity.

I saw the body of that man in the post-mortem room of the hospital. The doctors examined him to find out the immediate cause of death. Their knives were sharp, their opinions learned, and (I dare say) based upon scientific principles; but not one of them hinted at the real cause of it all. They said he died a drunkard, and on account of drink; they described its action upon the heart and brain in words I could not understand.

They gave their verdict; and it was printed in the newspapers. But as they thus disposed of his body, I seemed to hear the voice of God speaking, and it said, "Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin," and "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" and then the final word seemed to ring around the room, God's verdict as to his soul, "nor drunkards shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

Oh ! it seemed solemn to one to gaze thus upon the cold face of a man whose soul had gone to torment. It was sin that brought him there, and “the wages of sin are death.”

I always feel it to be a solemn thing to gaze upon the faces of living men and women who are on their road to destruction. Reader, where are you going? You may die suddenly; you may die to day. Look at your face in the mirror now. What do you see? “Myself,” you answer. But how do you see yourself? As God sees you—as a sinner? Your face may be fair; you may be young or old; your cheek may be flushed with health, or pallid with sickness; but unsaved you are a sinner in your sins, and “the soul that sinneth it shall die.” Those eyes of your’s, what shall they gaze at in eternity? Shall they “see His face?” Your tongue, shall it praise Him then? Or shall you weep and wail, with the lost in hell, in an eternity of torment? “Why will ye die?” As you look at your face, look within; think of your sin-stained heart, and then through the rain of the tears of penitence look to Jesus; look away from self to Christ. Blessed Jesus, Saviour, Friend,—the *sinner’s Friend*.

He calls you now. “Come unto me, and I will give you rest.” Down on your knees sinner, and as you kneel, so come to Christ, saying:—

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me;
And that Thou bid’st me come to Thee,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

“THROUGH THIS MAN THE FOR- GIVENESS OF SINS.”

(ACTS xiii. 28-32.)

WHAT heart-felt pity and abounding grace does this looking after Israel, on the part of our God, bespeak ! Jerusalem had killed all the prophets ; yet the Son would come to them, if haply they might repent. Him they crucified ; yet His love and pity they could not quench. Risen from His grave, He sought no revenge on His enemies, but in grace caused the word of faith in His name to flow abroad, “beginning at Jerusalem.” Three times rejected in His witnesses, and so driven as it were out of the city, His eye is still in pity upon His kindred according to the flesh : and His grace allows not even the servant, whom He had formed as the apostle of the Gentiles, to get into his proper sphere of service till Israel will have none of his testimony. The deep unwearied character of His love, while any door of hope remains untried, is very precious.

If we compare this scene and the auditory (presenting Jews out of the land and Gentiles), it is remarkable to see how much more full is the testimony to the blessedness of the Lord’s death and resurrection and the reality than where the testimony was given in Jerusalem. The reason is obvious. The facts are stated ; and the sin laid home on Jerusalem,

30 "THROUGH THIS MAN THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

the people and rulers; but no charge of sin against those present (though all alike before God are guilty) is pressed, but the glad tidings of the fulfilled promise made to the fathers, announced, even of Jesus risen from the grave. Gladsome news to Israelites! for it was in this wise God said, "I will give you the sure mercies of David." Though they knew it not, the blood of the covenant opening grace to them and securing every blessing of righteousness, dominion and power to them—that blood flowed in the veins of Jesus while on earth.

Gladsome news therefore to them that it had been poured forth, and yet Himself risen in the power of an endless life because He was the Son of David. And gladsome news to the poor Gentile, in whatever way looked at; for when David's Son stands in glory, the distributor of these sure mercies, then shall be brought to pass the saying, "Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with His people." And, even ere that, to Israelites and Gentiles alike, there is the blessed word, "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached 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."

How completely, how perfectly, does this, poor sinner whoever thou art, meet thy case! The only door of hope is the door into immediate present rest. What words could be stronger than these—"And by Him all that believe are justified from all things." May God grant thee, reader, to know this as true of

“BOUND FOR GLORY.”

31

thyself! If thou believest in Him, “thou art justified from all things.” What blessed grace! And if one who professes faith in Him, but yet will not admit the value of belief in Him to be so great as this—even complete and present justification from all things, if one such reads this, let him attend to the word which follows: the sure result of unbelief, and the tendency of all those doubts which many so ungraciously cherish, and God’s sentence against them. “Beware therefore lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets. Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.” G. V. W.

 “BOUND FOR GLORY.”

“**I**’M bound for the glory, Miss; and whenever He calls me, I’m ready to go. I’ve known the Lord for the last twenty years, thank God!”

So spoke a dear man yesterday, on my asking him if he knew Christ as his Saviour. He was apparently in the last stage of consumption, poor enough as to this world’s goods, but, as he himself said, “rich in glory.”

He was to go into the Brompton Hospital in a few days; most probably we shall never meet again here; but soon we shall meet to sing the praises of the One who has done so much for us, around His throne—meet to go no more out for ever—“bound for the glory!”

Are you? And if not, whither bound? Won't you pause for a moment and ask yourself? "If not, whither bound?" Is it to eternal banishment from God—eternal woe? It must be one or the other: either we must be on the road to heaven, or on the broad way to destruction,—HELL. Which is it?

Poor sinner! "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, &c."—He hates the sin with a hatred we cannot enter into, but He loves you. He has given the dearest object of His heart for you, because of His love. You have never done anything but pain Him all your life long—never given Him a place in your heart; but He is love still. Are you going to spurn that wondrous precious love? To thrust it from you, and so trample on the blood of Jesus shed for you; will you now take your place beneath its shelter? Oh do not hold out any longer! give all else up! Go and have it out with Jesus. He came to save sinners: won't you let Him make you glad?

"And the blood of Jesus Christ His (God's) Son, cleanseth from ALL sin." 1 John i. 7. F. M.

"A WORD TO YOUNG MEN."

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." (Eccles. xi. 9.)

"A WORD TO YOUNG MEN."

33

Nothing can be more solemn than the above passage, wherein God asserts His right, and purpose, to demand an account of His creatures. And, surely it is not without a purpose that the "young man" is specially appealed to. The possession of health, and strength, and the energy of youth, afford no guarantee of continuance of life.

The spirit of this present age is undoubtedly infidel: grace has been rejected, and mercy despised. Men have taken advantage of the long-suffering forbearance of God to echo the scoffing taunt, heard in the days of Malachi, "where is the God of judgment?" It is not only open glaring sins, which expose one to the judgment of a holy God; but, as our scripture shows, self-will, self-indulgence, self-seeking, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. "For all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

The writer well remembers the solemn effect produced upon his own mind, by an incident which occurred some ten years since in Liverpool. He was preaching the Gospel in a room in that town, the Lord's day evening; when one of his hearers, a man there, for the first time, was taken in a fit, and after continuing speechless for six hours passed into eternity. God alone knows whether he had accepted the message heard by him for the last time.

During the past year, one (who had been successful in business, and had retired with a fortune, still in the prime of life) was congratulating himself, and receiving the congratulations of his friends (for "men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself")

in one of our large London warehouses. He remarked to some of his business acquaintances “I reckon upon at least 20 years’ enjoyment of life.” He left, apparently in splendid health, and spirits. Before he reached the end of the street, he dropped down, a corpse. God had written folly upon his plans, and calculations. And how is it with you, my reader ?

Should the year 1884 find you at its close in eternity, would it be heaven or hell ? Could you meet the claims of a Holy God ? Impossible : the blood of Christ is the only sufficient *answer*, and *shelter* from a judgment that you cannot meet. Make sure of salvation NOW while it is called TO-DAY. G. S. B.

“ I’M SO BAD ! I’M SO BAD ! ”

THE above words were uttered by one who, unsolicited had entered a preaching-room. A few earnest workers had been looking to God for blessing in believing faith, and God, by His Spirit, had led this poor woman in.

After the preaching she came forward to the preacher, saying, “I’m so bad, I’m so bad.” Finding at once it was not bodily ailment, we tried to speak words of comfort and cheer from the Great Physician ; but all seemed of no avail. Yet God was doing His work in her soul.

She came to a meeting on the following Wednesday night, when earnest appeals were made to the anxious to rest in Jesus and His finished work ; and

“I’M SO BAD! I’M SO BAD!”

35

still she went away without rest. But He who had begun a work in her soul was about to give complete deliverance from her sin and Satan-bound condition. She had left the preaching-room for the third time without rest, but soon afterwards returned to the after-meeting where earnest prayer was held for her and others. She again repeated “I’m so bad, I’m so bad, I can’t go home.” On being requested to tell all her difficulties that we might pray about them, she said, “The first time I came I heard the account of the Israelites at the Red Sea, and it just suited me. I have been a teetotaller for several years, and it was a mountain on one side; I had said my prayers for several months it was a mountain on the other side; and *no* salvation in either; the devil behind me seeking to get me, and my sins in front, oh! I’m so bad, I’m so bad: what shall I do?” Turning at once to the 5th and 6th verses of the 53rd of Isaiah, I read slowly, “But ... *He* ... was ... wounded ... for ... *our* ... transgressions ... the ... chastisement ... of ... *our* ... peace ... was ... upon ... *Him*, ... and ... with ... *His* ... stripes ... *we* ... are ... healed. ... All ... *we* ... like ... sheep ... have ... gone ... astray; ... *we* ... have ... turned ... *everyone* ... to ... his own way, ... and ... the ... Lord ... hath ... laid ... on ... *Him* ... the ... iniquity ... of ... *us all*.” As she heard what the blessed Son of God had borne and done for her, she at once got peace and joy in believing and we praised our God together for the riches of His grace.” And now, dear anxious one can *you* not rest, where

God finds His rest and satisfaction, in the finished work of His beloved Son? or, are you looking at your good works, prayers, or whatever it may be? you will find them, as the dear woman said, like mountains on either side, to shut you in. Think, anxious reader, of those memorable words of our Lord when He had made the atonement for sin, "*It is finished.*" Why still seek rest in something else? why not rest in that finished work?

Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith;
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
"Doing" ends in death."

Let me entreat you, friend, ere you lay down this paper to turn at once to Jesus—the only one that *can* meet your case. He invites you to believe on His name; trust His loving heart; rest on His word. He has done all that a Holy God required and given God perfect satisfaction about the question of sin; and now God offers you salvation as a free gift. Works and prayers are the blessed fruit of salvation, and not the means of it.

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Tit. iii, 5). "When we were yet without strength in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6).

"I cannot work my soul to save,
For that my Lord has done;
But I would work like any slave,
From love to God's dear Son."

W. T.

“HE CURSED GOD AND DIED.”

MUCH was the heading of a paragraph in an American newspaper not long since, which gave details of the solemn calling away of one who used to scoff at the truth of God, and the Person of His Christ.

We know where the garbled quotation is taken from; for the tried and tempted man, who, when even by the wife of his bosom challenged to “Curse God and die!” replied in those marvellous words, “Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What! shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil? In all this did not Job sin WITH HIS LIPS.” (Job. ii. 10.)

But, to return to our newspaper paragraph, it went on to relate under date of—Philadelphia, Jan. 18: “The sudden illness of L. T——, while he was blasphemously personating the Saviour at a supper party, his subsequent paralysis of the heart, and the finding his corpse in his bedroom, have given J—— and its vicinity a sensation.” But, to bring this awful story into a small compass, it is related that on a certain Monday this L. T—— met some friends of kindred spirit; preparations were made for a supper; the table was loaded with provisions and drink. Every

one was in good health and spirits. Before they sat down, one of the party suggested that T——, who was the oldest present and host, should offer up a prayer; which he did amidst the laughter and jests of those present.

After they were seated, one of the guests said that the re-union, on account of there being thirteen present, was suggestive of "the Last Supper." While carousing, T—— made use of terrible language which shocked even his ribald companions. Suddenly T—— grew pale, and putting his hands to his head complained of pains and moaned out, "I'm afraid it's my last supper after all;" then clutching his coat, and rising with difficulty, he announced to the rest, "I must vacate the chair, boys; you must get some other president—I'm going home." He was taken to his house; complained that he felt as if he had received a terrible blow; was put to bed; was left when it was supposed he had fallen asleep, and next morning was found dead in his bed. A horrible smile had settled on his features, and his eyes were starting from their sockets; "as if," said a relative, "he had seen something awful, and died while staring at it."

WHAT had he seen? WHERE is he now? That, beloved reader, we must leave and turn to ourselves.

You may say, "I thank God I am not a blasphemer of His name, or of His Son's name, or of the Holy Spirit." Thank God, indeed, we say also; but what is the meaning of the word "blaspheme?" Just to "speak lightly of." Have you never taken that name in vain? never cursed a fellow-mortal yet?

“HE CURSED GOD AND DIED.”

39

maybe your own self, or your own eyes, as is too common? Reader! one known to the writer was always damning his eyes, prefixing the name of God to his curse. God heard and answered his prayer, and if alive he is as blind as the loss of the sight of both eyes can make a man. God in His mercy grant that the eyes of his spiritual understanding may have been opened, that he may have seen Jesus to be his own Saviour; and, though dealt with by the righteous God in government, that he have learned what He is in grace.

“God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;” and God’s word cannot be broken, and if you sow to the wind, you shall reap the whirlwind. God allows even careless men, careless as to their souls’ salvation I mean, to be startled by such awfully sudden dealings as those which, related already, stirred an American city. May He use the occasion for blessing to many. May He use it to you, dear friend, causing you to pause and consider, putting the question to your own soul before Him, Had I been called away where would my soul now be—and that for ETERNITY? Supposing that grandly spread feast, or that crust of bread and cheese last night, had been MY “last supper” upon earth, should I have passed to be “for ever with the Lord,” or—*you know where*—no middle place.

Do I hear you say, “I don’t know I am not sure? I hope I should not have gone to ‘the bad place?’” as people, not liking the plain English of the Bible speak of what God calls “the lake of fire.”

Now you do know; be honest for once; forgive my plainness of speech; be straight and face the truth. You KNOW where, and with whom. Just own all the truth and confess, “Had I been cut off, had the summons gone forth, ‘Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee,’ I should have been where hope never comes.—Lost! lost for ever!”

Thank God, beloved reader, that the summons did *not* go forth, as far as you are concerned. God grant that in your case you may learn that “the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation;” that to you, just as you are, is offered pardon, that “through this Man,” the once crucified, but risen and exalted Jesus—whom you have, at least, made light of—that through Him is “preached unto you”—yes, you; *your very self* as you read this, for they are the words of God in Acts xiii.—“the forgiveness of sins”—is preached a present proclamation on account of the accomplished and God-accepted work of His Son. He means it, He is “the God who cannot lie,” and further, He adds, “and by Him ALL that *believe* ARE justified from ALL things.” ALL—ARE—ALL. The first “ALL” includes YOU; the second “ALL” every one of your sins; and the word “ARE” does not mean to-morrow or next week, but *now*, on the spot—where you are standing or sitting as you read these “wonderful words of light, wonderful words of love,” as fresh and free to you, FOR you, as when by the Spirit of God “the chief of sinners” uttered them at Antioch.

Do take God at His word, if for the first time it

SINS COVERED.


41

may be, and not add to your sins by making Him a liar. What! make God a liar? Yes, for His word also says, "He that believeth not God HATH made Him a liar." No, no; simply believe and learn, to your great joy it will be that *you* are forgiven and cleared from every sin, for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin;" and then should the evening meal you take prove to be *your* "last supper," you *would* go to be for ever with Him who, as He partook of "THE Last Supper," told those few poor things who were around Him that His body was given for them and His blood shed for them.

Only believe: "Now is the accepted time, to-day is *the* day of salvation."

S. V. H.

SINS COVERED.

HE 32nd Psalm says, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered; blessed is the man unto whom the LORD will not impute iniquity." The Psalmist did not believe in the modern notion that it was impossible to know whether your sins are forgiven or not until the Judgment-day. He believed in the present forgiveness of sins. If a person knows what it is to be a sinner and does not know the forgiveness of sins, that person is not happy. But God wants to make every believer happy by giving him the *know-*

ledge of present forgiveness of sins. We want the reader to notice what it was that made the Psalmist so sure and so happy about the forgiveness of sins. He does not excuse his sins, he does not tone them down, nor palliate them; he does not say he is not so bad as other people. No! he confesses his sins fully; he makes a clean breast of them to God; and as the result of confession he gets forgiveness.

But notice another thing: he does not seek to *cover his sins himself*. That would make him a greater sinner than ever. If he tried ever so much to cover his own sins, he could not possibly hide them from God. Adam and Eve tried to hide their nakedness from God; but God saw through their wretched flimsy covering, as He will see through ours, if we make one. No! all the patchwork covering of good resolutions, religious exercises, alms-deeds, pious frames and feelings, will never hide our sins from God. Nor can we hide them from Him by *forgetting them*. We may hide them from ourselves and from our fellows; but we cannot cheat God. No, dear friend, we cannot cover our sins: *but God can*. And how does He do it? By the BLOOD. When a sinner goes to God and confesses his sin, as the Psalmist did, as a believer in Christ, God covers his sin over by the blood of Christ; and if God covers them thus, who shall uncover them again? God Himself says "Their sins and iniquities I will remember no more." Who shall bring them to remembrance when God says that?

The LORD will not impute iniquity to the person who trusts in Christ, because Christ has borne iniquity.

A SIMPLE RECORD.

43

Forgiveness, sins covered, iniquity purged, eternal life, and a thousand other blessings, are all eternally secured to the believer *through the blood of Christ*. Reader, will you not trust it? Believe in Him.

H. C. C.

A SIMPLE RECORD.



I HAD it from her own lips—the record of his conversion. They had been engaged some time; and she had found the Lord, but he was still unsaved; and all her wish now was that he might have the same happiness she had. I will tell the story in her own words.

“I had over and over again prayed that he might be saved, and the answer had not come. One Sunday afternoon I was reading my Bible and I came to the verse, ‘Whatsoever ye shall ask in faith, *believing*, ye shall receive.’ Something seemed to tell me as I read, that now was the time for me to pray for him. I went on my knees and prayed for nearly an hour; I prayed that he might be saved that day; and before I rose the answer seemed to come to me. He went to hear you preach that evening and was deeply impressed by the word; he called you to come and speak to him about his soul, but he left the room still unsaved, you strongly urging him to believe that night.

“I saw him after the meeting and he said, ‘I shall go to hell; I have heard the gospel so many times,

and never would heed it; and if Christ comes to night as Mr. W—— says, I shall be lost, I shall be lost!’ I pointed him to Jesus who died for sinners; but nothing seemed to convince him that he could be saved. Before leaving me he said, ‘If Christ comes to-night, I shall never see you again; for I shall go to hell, and you are going to heaven.’

“I begged him not to sleep that night until he was sure he was saved.

“Next day he came to see me in the morning with a great joy written on his face; he told me he went home determined to find peace before he slept. He found it, he said, by simply taking God at His word. He believed that text ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.’ He said he had it now and he belonged to Jesus for ever.”

Such was the simple story, and it gladdened my heart to hear it. How is it with you, reader? Can you put yourself into the middle of that sixteenth verse of the 3rd chapter of John and say, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that if *I* believe in Him, *I* shall not perish but have everlasting life?”

Take your Bible now this moment, sit down before it, open at John iii. 16, and read it over and over again. Do it for the sake of your immortal soul; do it, remembering Christ is speaking directly to you in that verse, and He is looking at you as you read it, and He says, “He that *heareth* my word and *believeth*

THE POWER OF ATTRACTIONS ABOVE.

45

(on) Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall* not come into condemnation; but *is* passed from death unto life."

THE POWER OF ATTRACTIONS
ABOVE.



DON'T think I ever told you how I was brought to Christ."

The speaker was a plain married woman on whom I had occasion to call. She was just in the middle of her family of three. Her eldest daughter sat by the fireside, and her sister and niece were visitors that evening. "I think," she added, "I ought to tell you; it may cheer and encourage you in the service of the Lord."

We were all attention as she proceeded with her short story.

"One evening they asked me to come to your meeting to hear the gospel preached, but I felt no desire to do so; indeed I had dropped away from going to any preaching or even to the church. I knew the meetings were held on Sunday and Tuesday evenings, as I heard the singing from my own house, and afraid lest any one should come in to ask me to go, on the following Tuesday, I set out, with my child in my arms just about half an hour before the meeting would commence.

"I had nowhere to go, and as I went up one street and down another, I began to consider what a coward I was, running away when no one wished to injure me, and by-and-by I made up my mind to go to the meeting and spend a comfortable hour.

"Accordingly I made a bold stroke and went in and sat down, no one taking any notice of me as the singing was begun.

"I did not care much for the preaching, which did not seem to disturb my conscience. But towards the end you spoke of possibly some of us having attractions to heaven, some dear ones in the glory, and what it would be to get their arms around our necks once again, and then be together for ever with the Lord and them; or what a grief it would be to see them in glory with robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb—just to get one glimpse, and then to hear the word 'Depart, ye workers of iniquity.'

"These words seemed to pierce my very heart; for you see, I had lost four dear little children, and they had died almost with their arms about my neck; and I felt there could be no greater grief than to have another such parting and so hopeless. I felt as if I could give anything to be sure that I would be with them, and I felt too that they would like to see me there, and to put their little arms around my neck again. I wept, but tried to hide my face behind my child, and at the close of your address you asked, 'If Jesus were here on the one side, and Satan on the other, to which side would you go?' and you

THE POWER OF ATTRACTIONS ABOVE.

47

pictured it out so that I could feel it in my soul as you said,

“‘Satan, the roaring lion, (who seeks to devour and to destroy souls, knowing that he is soon to be cast into the bottomless pit with all whom he has deceived, dragging in chains his slaves to perdition,) on one side bids you come along with him; he can give you nothing now, he is always leading on to sin, and lust, and drink; but did he ever satisfy a single soul? He may promise, but he is a liar and the father of lies. Choose now, will you go with him? If you do, you shall share, with him, sin, death, hell, for ever.’

“‘But,’ you continued, ‘on the other side Jesus bids you come. He is the Lamb of God who came to seek and to save that which was lost. He yearns and longs to receive repentant ones. He died to save us from Satan, and sin, and death, and hell. He is the Captain of salvation and is leading many sons to glory. He bids you come along. His blood cleanseth from all sin, His arms are outstretched to receive you; won’t you come to His embrace? and then, with the everlasting arms round about you, you will sing, ‘Safe in the arms of Jesus.’”

“You said more than that; but I felt every word and then you put it to me to decide whether to go with Satan or Jesus. And you told us we need not answer you; but if silently in our hearts we decided, although no one else would know or hear, Jesus would, for He knew our thoughts and heard the sigh of the prisoner. And in my heart I said I would go with Jesus gladly, and for the first time in my life,

since I was a child, I seemed to have my eyes opened. I did not get peace; but I began to pray, and read my Bible; and I never missed a meeting.

“I often wished you would speak to me, but perhaps it was best as it was. I sought Him alone and with many tears and cries. I was dark and ignorant, but He was merciful and gracious, and He who commanded the light to shine at first gave me to know Jesus as my Lord and my Saviour; and this was light, and peace, and joy to my soul.”

As she ended she wiped a tear away, and I guessed she was thinking of her husband still unsaved—her only sorrow; but perhaps this causes the more earnest need for prayer and watching in her life. Need I say thou too art invited? The pierced hands are outstretched for thee, brother, sister. He says, “There is yet room.”

Heaven is filling, hell is filling; Satan calls, Jesus calls. With whom wilt thou go? With whom wilt thou spend eternity?

Choose now this day, this moment choose, and thy decision will gladden or grieve the Saviour’s tender, loving heart.

Choose, remembering He is near and will record thy choice—Satan or Jesus: which?


Choosing may not save, but He can save who said, “I would, but ye would not.” “Look unto me, and be ye saved.”

J. S.

A STORM ON THE LAKE ;

OR,

“ IT SHALL NEVER BE SAID THAT I LEFT THE WORLD IN DEBT.”

N one of the towns situate upon the beautiful Lake of Geneva, where the writer of this narrative was staying, two men were talking together. Words of dispute arose between them, leading to the remark that one of them would not be alive fifteen days hence.

Why and with what intent this was said, the writer cannot say. Such speeches are usually made without meaning; nevertheless God takes notice of hasty sayings and idle words. Moreover He often orders the very circumstances to bring about what man chooses to say, as will be seen in this solemn, and striking instance.

The man spoken of as soon to die was evidently moved by the statement, for shortly after he went, in a most defiant manner into a shop, where he was in the habit of dealing, and with an oath, demanded his bill. He then repeated the words of his companion to the shop-keeper, and added, “It shall never be said that I left the world in debt.” The bill was paid, and for the moment all passed as a mere tale that is told. The next day was Sunday.

It was a brilliant cloudless day, with the sun shin-

ing in all its splendour, and the heat, so much felt on the borders of the Swiss Lakes, was intense.

The lovely lake, of deep blue colour, appeared in all its beauty and looked like a fixed sea of glass. Despite its being the Lord's Day, the lake was all alive with pleasure seekers. The steamers were crowded, flags flying, and music playing, and even the smallest rowing boats were all engaged. At the height of its beauty and gaiety a warning voice (so to speak) suddenly was heard, as is often the case before a storm in the lake districts; a small cloud was seen peeping over the top of one of the grand mountains. It rapidly spread and grew blacker as it approached.

Within twenty minutes the distant thunder and heavy rain had broken over the lake and town, and the calm waters had totally changed into the appearance of the troubled sea. It was quite in character with the storm encountered by the disciples when crossing the lake.

A small boat, containing a man, his wife, child, and friend, was seen battling with the waves. At length with difficulty the wife, child, and friend were got on to the Pier; but before the man could step out, the boat was dashed to pieces, and he sank beneath the waves, to rise no more in this world.

That man, dear reader, was the very one who, only twenty-four hours before had boastingly declared "It shall never be said that I left the world in debt." The wife, though rescued was in a most prostrate condition. She anxiously desired to know the fate of

A STORM ON THE LAKE.

51

her husband, and when told that he was drowned, she immediately fell back, and died. Thus both husband and wife passed into eternity.

The man who was anxious to pay his debts here has now to learn, if he did not in his closing moments, the solemn fact as to his sins against God. If, in his reckoning, he left out God, and His claims, together with the only and all sufficient remedy in Jesus and in His precious blood, it was to his own peril, and will prove his eternal ruin and misery. Here we must leave his solemn case.

And now, dear reader, may I ask, should your end be within twenty-four hours, where are you as to your debts? Righteously straight you may be with man; but how is it with God? Remember, "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. iii. 19). A guilty conscience with your sins upon you proves you not only to be in debt, but with no means or power to pay it.

It is useless saying, as to God and your sins, that you will at once go, and get your bill and settle it. Neither money nor works of your own will avail; for it is distinctly stated in the Word of God that "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22).

Have you seriously weighed this? If not, I pray you to give attention to the fact that it is blood, and blood only, which atones for sin. This is what God claims; but neither you nor any sinner can give it.

If such are the holy and righteous demands of God, who can meet them? Blessed be God! what the sinner cannot provide for himself God has done for

him. He who hates sin loves the sinner, having given His only begotten Son as the everlasting proof of it. That holy and spotless Lamb settled at Calvary the question of sin. There sin's heavy debt was paid to the full; as it is written, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust." (1 Pet. iii. 18.)

His precious blood was shed for the remission of sins, and in virtue of that same blood, He has entered heaven, "having obtained eternal redemption." (Heb. ix. 12.) Thus redemption is accomplished, God is satisfied, and the Redeemer, on account of His one sacrifice has "for ever sat down on the right hand of God." (Heb. x. 12.) What remains therefore but for God to tell it forth? The gospel of God proclaims to all, without distinction, a free and full forgiveness, but through faith in the blood of Jesus. He declares His righteousness in clearing the poor guilty debtor. Precious gospel, making known a just God, yet a Saviour!

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

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

The sinner who believes is free—
Can say the Saviour died for me;
Can point to the atoning blood,
And say, This is my peace with God.

Have you this peace, dear reader, through the Saviour's blood? Are you justified by it? Is Jesus the precious Substitute for your sins? Can you take up the language at the end of the 4th chapter of

Romans, and say, "Who was delivered for (my) our offences, and was raised again for our justification?"

If so, everlasting peace with God must follow; for "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.) If you neglect the solemn question of your sins, and despise this pardon and peace, provided at such a cost, you will have to encounter a far worse storm than the one you have here read about on the lake.

The Saviour that died, who is now in glory, will, according to His own promise, soon come again, when all true believers, now called to wait for Him, will be caught up to meet Him in the air, to be with Him and like Him for ever. But those rejecting Him and God's message of love will be left behind to be overtaken by judgment, for "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." (2 Thes. i. 7-8.)

G. G.

HIS ONLY HAPPINESS.

“T'S my only happiness, and I'm going to have another quart.”

Such were the words addressed to me by a man in our city not long since.

He accosted me as I passed down the street, and said he had been to the open-air meetings a few times and he liked them. I spoke to him about his soul, but found he knew little, and cared less, about Christ.

I said, "Don't you think, my friend, you working men are fools to spend your time and money in the public house? how much better every way for you to go home and make your wife and children comfortable."

He answered me with the remark at the top of this paper, "It's my only happiness, and I'm going to have another quart." I spoke to him about the man whose case was related in No. 3 of this magazine, who fell down dead in the bar of a public-house, and said, "Supposing you were to die directly, as you are drinking this quart, do you know where you would spend eternity?" "No," he said, slowly, looking at me, "where?" "In hell," I answered solemnly, "no drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of God," and I added, "you may die to-day."

"Why," he said, "do you know? my father fell down dead in the field as he was working, and my uncle hung himself the other day."

"What!" I replied; "do you mean to tell me, that, with these solemn examples before you, you will go and deliberately add sin to sin in the public-house? I spoke a few more words to him, I told him of Christ and the love of God; but he went away to his only happiness. May God teach him better!"

Oh, reader, what is your happiness? Have you rest and peace! The One at God's right hand is my peace—He who has made peace by His cross. The One who took my place, and died for me, and bore my sins—the Son of God "who loved me and gave Himself for me."

My happiness is to know my sins are blotted out

HIS ONLY HAPPINESS.

55

and my name is written in heaven. What is yours? Do you try and find it in the public-house? In the theatre, the ball-room, or the concert? Is it your happiness to heap up riches not knowing who shall gather them? Or are you seeking fame in politics, literature, science, or knowledge?

By the cross of Christ is the road to happiness. To know Him is to possess happiness and rest.

A dear old woman passed away the other day, eighty-eight years of age, (not a stone's throw from the place where I spoke to this man) and as she was dying, she said, "Lift me up; lift me up higher; so that I may gaze upon His face, O! what glory, O! what glory!" She saw through the gates of death the face of Christ, and the glory of His home. He was her happiness; is He yours?

Oh, sinner, look to Jesus. You may be saved with this book in your hand, and with your eyes fixed on this page, if by faith you trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Think of it—your eternal happiness will be secured, if, *this moment*, you look in faith to Jesus, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." These are His words, and "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

There is no real happiness apart from Christ for it is written, "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." (Prov. xvi. 20.)

FAITH AND REPENTANCE.

TRUE faith is the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul, revealing the object of faith in divine power; so that the heart receives it on divine testimony, as divine truth, and a divine fact.

It is really identical with the communication of a new life by the power of the Holy Ghost, through the word. Hence, we are said to be the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus; to be born of the Spirit, and to be begotten by the word of truth. Faith is the divinely-given perception of things not seen, wrought through the Word of God by the Spirit.

If the word reveals a divine person in grace, He becomes the object of *trust*; if a work, its efficacy becomes the ground of *confidence*. But the trust or the confidence is not the *faith*. Faith is then the real vivid perception of what cannot be known by sight, God—Christ—anything revealed of God—being the object. If there is merely a mental conclusion, as in the end of John ii., or assent to a proposition, it is worthless. If it is the revelation of the object of faith to the soul by the Holy Ghost, it is real and living; and this only is true faith. Further, though all be rightly preached together, we must not confound faith in the *person*, and faith in the *work* of Christ. The latter alone can give peace to the conscience (unless the direct revelation of God as by Nathan to David, or of Christ to the woman that was a sinner); but the former is always held out as the first proper

object of faith; while Scripture declares that whosoever believeth on Him is under the benefit of His work. *Faith* in Him is quickening and saving. *Peace of conscience*, according to God's declaration, belongs to those who do believe in virtue of His work. The difference connects itself with the question of repentance. All who know what grace is, believe that faith precedes repentance, and everything else that is good and right in man. Otherwise he would have what is good, before he believed the truth at all; he would have it without God. And as to repentance, substantially, the whole moral change, the essence and substance of his return to God, would have been effected without any truth at all. For if he repents through the truth, he must believe the truth in order to repent.

I judge repentance to be a much deeper thing than is thought. It is the judgment of the new man, in divine light and grace, on all that he who repents has been or done in flesh.....Hence, repentance will in one sense deepen all one's life, as the knowledge of God grows.

J. N. D.

"WHO'S JESUS?"

WELL, C., have you found out that Jesus loves you yet?" I asked a young girl of fifteen a few weeks back.

She stopped short in the work she was doing and turned upon me a somewhat bewildered look.

"Found out *what*, miss?" she asked. "That Jesus *loves you*," I repeated gently. "No, I don't know nothing about it: who is *Jesus*?" and she smiled incredulously at the mere idea of *anyone* loving *her*.

"Have you never heard of *Jesus*?" I asked in blank astonishment and pity.

"No, who is *He*?"

"Don't you know who *God* is?"

"Well, I think I've heard *that* name before—father says it when he swears."

Her wondering eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered, as, feebly indeed, I tried to tell her something of the love of Jesus, that, "old, old story," always dear and sweet to the hearts of those who, through God's mercy, have been brought to know and taste His love in all its richness and power.

Poor girl! she had been brought up in a wretched home, where she had never even heard the precious name of Jesus; and up till that time she knew nothing whatever of His tender pitying love to her, a poor lost sinner. In her ears God's blessed name had only been used for blasphemy and swearing.

As I went on to tell how the Lord Jesus laid His glory by and came down into all the ruin and misery of this wretched world,—how He suffered and died for poor lost helpless ones, that all who would accept Him might have a full free pardon and the knowledge of a present and eternal salvation, the blinding tears rolled over and trickled down her cheeks, and evidently she was greatly touched.

Since then she has manifested a desire to hear more

of the blessed truths of salvation; and we trust that God is working in her soul, and that through His mercy, she will be brought to know the Saviour.

Dear reader, what about yourself? Maybe your condition is far worse than that of poor C. in all her dense ignorance. *You* have heard of the love of Jesus: is it anything to you? or are you rejecting it, just looking the precious Saviour in the face, and saying deep down in your heart, "I don't want Thy love, I don't want to be a Christian, *not yet.*" Ah! that terrible "*not yet,*" the Devil's to-morrow, *Satan's lullaby*. And *why* does he want you to put off settling the question of your soul's salvation until some future time? Because he knows that before to-morrow morning dawns he may have you safe in *hell*.

And all the time the Saviour is standing by your side in melting love and pity, waiting to bless you and to *save* you!

Are you not going to let Him save you *now*?

A young girl wrote to me the other day that she did *want* to be a Christian. She knew she was unsaved, she knew she was utterly bad; but she deliberately chose to go on as she was at present. She might change her mind *one day*, she said.

Is that *your* case, dear one? and if so, do you think God will lightly pass over such wilful rejection of His Christ? Will He give you the chance of that "*one day*"? You cannot tell. Maybe His Spirit is striving with you for the last time. God will care for the honour of His dear Son; and if you go on re-

jecting Him, you are spurning, despising that wondrous gift of His love, and trampling under foot His precious blood shed for *you*.

Oh ! do not linger another half-hour unsaved; *why should you ?* He is holding out a *full, free* pardon to you. Won't you accept it ? F. M.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL.

CLAREMONT.

He gazed upon Him as He walked ;
He watched Him as He trod ;
And said, with rapt and reverent mien,
" Behold the Lamb of God."

On him the glory of that hour
Shone with no fitful gleam ;
But bright to his adoring eyes
Who Israel's Lord had seen.

At last the stars of prophecy
Had melted into day ;
And shadows from the ages gone
Had passed in light away.

At last the voices of the past,
That thrilled through hearts on earth,
Had deepened to angelic praise
O'er Bethlehem's wondrous birth.

For now the living Word appears
Where God as Jesus trod ;
And faith absorbed in rapture cries
" Behold the Lamb of God."

Have you, in this a later day,
Had heart and soul sufficed
By Him who fills heaven's highest throne,
God's Lamb, the risen Christ ?

“DRAWING LOTS FOR HEAVEN OR HELL!”



DARE say, my reader, you have more than once pulled straws, or drawn bits of paper with a companion or two, or more? for some trifle—perhaps made a bet upon who would draw the longest piece and so win. But have you ever drawn lots whether you should go to be for ever with Christ in glory or with Satan in the lake of fire?

Perhaps, you say, I have often tossed up who should stand treat—or drawn lots out of a hat, or rattled the dice in the box and pitched them upon the table; but I never did, or heard of such a thing as drawing lots whether a person should go to Heaven or Hell. What would be the use? It would not decide the question.

Just so; but has the question ever been raised in your soul, which of the two places you will spend eternity in? Nay let us bring it closer to the present time than that: had you been cut off last night, either through an accident or some sudden snapping of the little brittle thread of life, where would *you* be? Yes, you, “body and soul”—not your conscience, or your soul only—but “*body* and soul,” for it will be and that for ever and ever. You say perhaps, what are you driving at?

62 "DRAWING LOTS FOR HEAVEN OR HELL!"

Well—I am driving at this, that, if this paper should fall into the hands of a careless person, God may be pleased to arouse him to the danger he is in; as he was pleased to convince of sin the person I am going to tell you about.

I was asked to visit an aged man, who had been looked after and read to by a dear Christian young lady. She, without a moment's warning, was called out of time into eternity; but she knew Whom she believed and was persuaded He would keep that which she had entrusted to Him.

I went to see our old friend, Old 94 as I call him, for such is his age, and found him grieving much at the departure of the one who used to read God's Word to him—he not being able to do so for himself. I often think how that verse in 5th chapter of St. John's Gospel, verse 24, comes in with power in such cases, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that HEARETH my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life."—No use pleading, as some often do, "I am no scholar." Scholar, no! God's Word was not written for scholars—it was for the simple—the poor—the "*whosoever*." So it was for Old 94.

I asked him *how* God had begun to deal with him, and *when*? He said fifty or sixty years ago—he spoke of such periods of years as I should have done of five or six months!

But, on questioning him more closely, instead of fifty or sixty years since, it was over eighty!

As he said, when he was a bit of a boy of ten or twelve, he and a mate of his used to keep—that is

“DRAWING LOTS FOR HEAVEN OR HELL!” 63

care for—cows; and they knew this much that people who did what was wrong went to the bad place, and those that did right to the good place. There were no Sunday Schools in those days—at least not in that part of the country where these lads lived.

They knew *they* did wrong and so were bound for the “bad place.” They used to roam about the fields on Sundays—scamp their work and all that sort of thing. At length the thought of where they must go when they died so weighed upon these simple country boys, that they did not know what to do—Aye! you should have seen the agony of the remembrance of that time, though looked at over a distance of four score years and more, marked in R.’s face. One seemed to make the other the more miserable; till at last they hit upon the expedient that they should draw straws to determine which it should be—HEAVEN or HELL—my old friend said his mate plucked two bits of grass out of the hedge and held them for him to draw first—*longest* HEAVEN—*shortest* HELL. “Oh! how I trembled,” said our friend, “as I went to draw one out of his hand.” He paused—and in sheer agony of a sin-convinced soul he made a snatch at one—Oh! the relief—the sigh of relief with which, it was told to me!

“I drew the longest!”

Then he had to hold them for the other lad; and he too pulled the longer of two bits of grass.

“How long did this feeling of relief last?”

“Oh! not long—it soon went; but we left off knocking about the fields on the Lord’s-days and

64 "DRAWING LOTS FOR HEAVEN OR HELL!"

went to chapel where we heard of God's love and of Jesus' blood, and were much helped by the foreman on the farm who was a believer and used to preach at the little chapel." And thus did God work—allowing these boys to *try* and find rest by a plan of their own—as curious and novel as one ever heard of; showing them that their straw-drawing did not settle matters, but leading them to where they heard of God's love as well as His judgment. His love leading Him to give His only begotten Son—His judgment compelling Him to hide His face from that Holy One when He was bearing sin—for all God's wrath must burn against it. And there is my old friend just waiting—almost impatiently I may say—for the summons to take him home.

His mate, for whom he held the blades of grass pulled from the hedge side, has preceded him by many years and got home before him.

And now, dear reader, have you yet learned, with all your superior education and multiplied privileges, that it is no question of drawing lots? It is no toss up of a penny where *you* will spend eternity, but just as sure as God's word can make it. If you have learned yourself to be in God's sight vile as to what you *are*—like Job in chapter xl. 4 of that book, "Behold I *am* vile" and what the prodigal owned in the presence of his father "I have sinned" what you *are* and what you *have done*, hear what He says—not draw straws nor throw dice, but—"Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" and "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all*

“WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?”

65

sin.” “FORGIVEN and CLEANSED.” You can put to your seal that God is true, and you may know on the warrant of His Word what it is to be a “Blessed man,” even he “whose transgression *is* forgiven—whose sin *is* covered.” And then if the present is settled, the glorious future is secure—not hanging on a chance—“Glory with Christ above.”—On the other hand, if you go on hardening your heart—deadening your conscience, that awfully solemn verse, the first of 29th of Proverbs, will prove true of you, “He that being often reprov’d and hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that *without remedy*.”

Do then bow at once; don’t delay. You know you may put it off too long. This very moment take God at His word, and learn the blessedness of the man described in the 32nd Psalm, and not the suddenly destroyed of the 29th of Proverbs. S. V. H.

“WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?”

“**T**HIS is my experience, Sir. I own myself a sinner, a guilty sinner; I have looked to the Lord Jesus as my Saviour; yet I am still full of doubts and fears. So I am come to the conclusion that I must take my darkness from God, like pious David of old who complains of God’s forsaking him in Ps. xxii. 1.”

“My friend, you are grievously wronging God thereby; for David in these words speaks in the Spirit

of the Lord Jesus on the cross. It was His experience when made sin for us, that it might *not* be yours or mine who believe in Him. Our Lord took up these opening words of the Psalm as fulfilled in Him crucified, uttering them as His own, when Jehovah made His soul an offering for sin in that darkness which shrouded Him from other eyes.”

“The truth is, that you have simply to read all the Psalm to see that the first part (vv. 1–21) is far too deep and awful, and that the second part (vv. 22–31) is far too high and all-embracing for David’s experience, wonderful as were God’s ways with the shepherd King. On the one hand David was one of those who cried unto God and were delivered; David trusted in God and was not confounded. It was the portion of the Lord Jesus, the Holy one of God, to be abandoned, not merely of men and His own disciples when all forsook Him and fled, but of God, His God whom He had served unswervingly; and in this He justified God, whatever it cost Himself; for He was suffering once for all for our sins, which must be judged unsparingly in Him, if God were to be vindicated and we to have our sins remitted righteously. “But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.” The experience of Christ on the cross then is in full contrast, according to the Psalm itself and all other Scripture, with the experience of all others including David. Others might suffer for righteousness, or for Christ’s name; they might even be martyrs for the truth. Christ, and Christ alone, in whom was no sin, suffered for our sins; and so it is that He is

“WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?”

67

here crying to God, when men pierced His hands and feet, and God was bringing Him into the dust of death. All this was incomparably deeper than David or any other saint ever knew.

“Now let us glance at the latter part (vv. 22-31), where you cannot avoid seeing that the glory and blessing go far beyond David, even if Scripture were not as careful here too to appropriate, as the opening words, to the Lord Jesus alone (Heb. ii. 12 compared with John xx. 17). The Man of sorrows is now the Man of praises, the leader and the spring as well as the ground and object of praise, in praising God whose name is now declared by Him. So it was and is “in the midst of the congregation,” or church. So it will be “in the great congregation,” when all Israel shall be saved, and when all the ends of the world (now alas! so heedless or forgetful) shall remember and turn unto Jehovah. For the world, when blessed by Him who will be Governor among the nations as well as King on His holy hill of Zion, will not know, as we who are not of the world know, the name of Father. He of whom it will be then said, “that He hath done this” is not David, but self-evidently a greater than David, even great David’s greater Son.”

“I confess that I have been in error, and that the Psalm can rightly apply only to Christ. Still it remains true, that, though I hate myself and own my sins, and look to the Saviour, I am wretched because of what I find in me, so unlike what He was and what I feel I ought to be as a Christian.”

“You cannot too much condemn yourself, provided

you believe and hold fast what Christ and His work entitle you to. This you have never done. Though you believe in Him (I doubt not), you immediately turn round on yourself and your unworthy ways, instead of looking off to Him only and always, believing what He has done for you before God. What do you, a believer, want? Eternal life? He has given it, and you have it in Him. (John v. 24; vi. 47; 1 John v. 11-13). Justification? If we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who “was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.” (Rom. iv. 25; v. 1, 2.)

“Why then am I, as you say a believer, so miserable and weak?”

“Because you are an unbelieving believer. Believing in the Son of God, (and God be thanked for it,) you are ever looking into yourself to see the fruits of faith, instead of resting on His work and learning your deliverance in Him dead and risen, with whom you too are dead and risen. Look only to Him, believing in all He has done; and though you may judge yourself more deeply than ever, you will enjoy settled peace; for then you will treat all doubts and fears as a wrong against Him and His sacrifice accepted of God, who forsook Him that He might never forsake you nor any soul that believes in Jesus.”

W. K.

“I’VE GOT THE VICTORY.”



HOW thin his face was! what ravages disease had made in his poor wasted body! How bright his eyes shone, as if the lamp of life were flickering up before going out! As I stood in the room near him, his wife with soft words of love was doing what she could to ease him; the cough seemed to tear him to pieces, and left him well nigh breathless. She went and sat by the window through which the spring sun shone into the room; and I took her place by the bed.

“Are you happy?” I put the question, looking straight into his eyes. He returned my glance and answered “Yes.”

“How long have you known the Lord?”

“Since I have been here,” he replied.

“And how did you find salvation?”

“Through reading this little book,” and as he spoke he pointed to a Testament on his pillow. “It has been my companion here. Before I was ill, I used to read the newspaper and nothing else; I never thought about my soul; but since I’ve been here I’ve been thinking and reading, and I have found the Lord.”

Here the cough stopped him; after a while he continued.

“I was afraid to give up my work—afraid to take

to my bed (I thought of the wife and children), but I had to. And I think now how good He was to me, not to cut me off in my sins, but to give me a chance.”

I said “He is ever good.”

“Yes,” he replied, “I can say now, ‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.’ ”

“You are not afraid of death ?” I said.

“No, the sting is gone.”

“‘The sting of death is sin,’ ” I added.

“Yes,” he said, lifting his hands and clasping them, and shouting till the room rang, while his face shone and his eyes filled with rapture. “Yes, sin is gone and *I’ve got the victory, sir*, THE VICTORY, thanks be to God who giveth me the victory—praise Him, praise Him for it.”

“Yes,” I said, “we will thank Him.”

He cried again, “Bless Him, bless Him;” and then we were silent for awhile.

I knelt and thanked God for the peace he had; asked that he might be *kept* peaceful, prayed at his desire for his wife and children ; and while I prayed, they wept.

Next time I saw him, we talked together of heaven. It seemed as we spoke as if it came nearer and nearer to us, and the reality of it deepened upon the heart.

“You will soon see His face,” I said.

“Yes,” he softly answered, and I shall wait for you.”

“I’VE GOT THE VICTORY.”

71

I read, “And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.”

It was sweet to see his face, as he heard these glorious words, and the look in his eyes, as he gazed seemingly at the heaven I was reading about. I have seen many pass away peacefully, but he was wonderfully happy.

He felt in his heart the throbbing joy of a conqueror. “I’ve got the victory” seemed to shine out in every lineament of his face. “Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.” I saw the truth of that text before me as I gazed upon him. He was happy because he knew what Christ had done for him, and how completely he was identified with Christ in the glory where He is gone. I do not know if you catch, reader, the idea I want to convey. He had such implicit confidence and undaunted faith that Christ had died for him,—saved him, and that he was going to be with Christ.

It was all plain and intensely real. Can you say that? “He died for me.” “He loved me, and gave Himself for me.”

I saw him several times before he died.

One day he said, “I used to go and hear you preach very often, I used to like to listen, and I wish.....I wish.....I had done something for Christ. It’s my only regret now; I’ve wasted my life, I should like to work for Christ.” Then, turning directly to me, he

raised his hands, and placed them on my shoulders and said, “But go on, sir, go on with your work, ’tis glorious work, and God will bless you in it.” I was deeply moved at his earnest face and glowing words.

He died a few days after. I was not with him when he died; but his wife told me how happy he was. I shall see him in heaven I know.

O think, reader, of the happiness he had. Come to the Saviour who gave him rest and peace, and come now. You shall share the victory if you believe in Him who fought the fight for sinners. He knew that his sins were gone. Do you? “The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.” Do you believe that? “But now once in the end of the age, hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself” *To put it away!* think of that. Can you rest upon the finished work of Jesus and rejoice because your sins are “borne away?”

The one you have been reading of could say his sins were gone. God says to the believer “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool;” and “your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more.” When you know by faith in Christ your sins are gone, you will be able to say with him “*I’ve got the victory.*” Yes, “Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

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

A DREAM OF THE HOLY CITY.



DEAR Christian told me of a dream he had and I repeat it as he told it me :

“I dreamt I stood on the top of a high mountain, and across the valley was another mountain. As I gazed I saw before my eyes, shining in wondrous brightness, the Heavenly City. I could not describe it, but there it shone in all its glory—a light, not of earth surrounding it, and coming from it.

“I cried aloud, as I stretched my hands towards it, ‘This is the Holy City, the City of God.’ And, as I cried, it seemed to me as if voices around me said, ‘Hush! hush!’ but I shouted again as I gazed upon it shining there, ‘This is the Holy City—the City of God,’ and the more the voices tried to stop me, the more I cried.”

“I looked down in the valley between the mountains and there I saw P— standing by Mr.—, who was preaching the gospel. They were standing in a beautiful place, and when I saw them I bent down, and said in my dream “P—, P—, come up here at once, and tell Mr.— to come: here is the Holy City.” I saw them begin to climb the mountain, coming nearer and nearer to where I stood; but before they came to the top, the light of the City faded, and I saw before me the mountain top alone, with the light of early morning gilding it.”

“I awoke and lo! it was a dream; but I seemed to

have been in glory. It is on my soul now : I shall never forget it."

This was my dear friend's dream—his dream of heaven. But if thus in dreams it comes to us sometimes, what will the waking reality be ?

"Dreams cannot picture a world so fair."

No! "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."

Are *you* bound for heaven? Are *you* nearing the pearly gates that lead to the mansions beyond ?

Are *you* by faith seated in heavenly places in Christ Jesus? Shall *you* dwell amid the light of God for ever, and rest in the place prepared by Christ, the home of His love ?

"What will it be to dwell above
And with the Lord of glory reign? "

Oh! are *you* sure of heaven? If *you* were to die to-day, should *you* fear death? A Christian told me, that in a dream one day he saw the "Valley of death before him, and as he went in it he saw Jesus standing at the far end, inviting him to come through; and on either side, right through the valley, he saw shining ranks of angels keeping guard throughout its whole length." "He giveth His angels charge concerning thee." The Christian's home is where the angels are; where saints redeemed are worshipping. The Christian's home is with Jesus forever and forever.

Before the adoring eyes of John in Patmos, the heavenly city shone: "And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

SHINING LIGHT.

75

Before my eyes its light shall one day shine. Can *you* say, "Beyond the shadows I am gazing at, I am waiting for my Saviour to take me to Himself. He is coming, coming soon, and I am waiting at His gates. He will take me to the glory, to His Father and to mine, to an eternity of gladness, of glory without end." Oh, sinner, what is this to thee! Wouldst thou not like to go to heaven and to behold it not alone in dreams, but with eyes beaming with rapture? John says again, "He carried me away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me the holy city, Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and its light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." My friend dreamt of it; but oh! the blessed reality,—that even now as I write, Christ may come, and as you read this, Christ may come; and when He comes, all the hidden glories of the better land will be revealed to us in a moment. Are *you* ready? Look to Jesus. Trust in Jesus. Follow Jesus. Wait for Jesus. "Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus."

SHINING LIGHT.

"For He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Cor. iv. 6.)



THESE are glorious words. They seem like music sounding, or as the song of a bird, in a clear sky. They are the outcome of a heart that knew what it was to bask in the light of

which it speaks. May the divine "Shining Light" be manifest to every eye that reads these lines.

You have watched the day break; you have seen the trembling light shine across the wide expanse of heaven, and illumine the earth beneath. You have seen it, like the smile of God, gild the lofty hills, the spreading trees and the verdant landscape. It shines to give life and warmth, to beautify and fructify. The voice of God commanded it first to shine out of the darkness—"Let there be light." And at His word the bright beams of light, children of the day, came forth from the womb of night. Sun and moon and starry radiance have told the story of their birth to every age since then,

For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that make us is divine.

And the same God Almighty, who thus wrought in creation, and maintains it by ever acting power and unchanging laws, is He "that hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Our hearts were abodes of darkness; the natural heart is but darkness; every sinner is in darkness and walks in darkness.—So it is with you, sinner, as you now read these lines.

The *Light* came as a revelation. It revealed God in Christ. It shone upon the darkness of earth, and into the dark hearts of those whose eyes of faith gazed upon the face of the Son of God. "In Him was life and the life was the light of men." (John i. 4.) The words of Christ are, "I am come a Light into the

SHINING LIGHT.

77

world, that whosoever believeth in Me should not abide in darkness." (John xii. 46.) He came the "Light of the world," shining in grace and revealing in every ray the love of God. God Himself shone on earth veiled in the humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is in heaven now; but the light of the gospel of His glory shines—the gospel of Christ who is the image of God. It was seen by Saul himself when on the road to Damascus: the glory shone around him from Christ at the right hand of God.

It has shone for well nigh nineteen centuries, and it is shining now. Have you seen it? Has your weary eye been gladdened with a sight of Him who is the image of God seated in the glory of God? Has your heart got the *life* and the *light* that comes from Christ in heaven? Oh it shines, it shines, "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

"In the face of Jesus Christ." Yes, of that face once marred more than any man's. But the beloved apostle John, who gazed upon the face of the Master, says, "And *we* beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father." He could see not only "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," but His divine glory as the Son of the Father. Have you ever seen beauty in Christ the Redeemer? The world, and His ancient people even, saw none in Him: "there was no beauty in Him that we should desire Him." And you, sinner, belong to that world that lies in darkness still.

Stephen, gazing up to heaven beyond the hate of men, saw with rapt and earnest eyes "the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." It was "the same Jesus." The face of the Master looked down upon him from the glory. It lit up all the darkness of human hatred and unbelief around him, as he thus stood in presence of eternal realities. His heart and face were radiant, shining with "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Does it not shine from heaven to-day? The *shining Light*, even if little understood, has given joy and gladness to untold hearts; and where it shines, the darkness of sin fades away. Its blessed beams have divine power to light up the vistas of eternity; and faith gazing from afar can see beyond earthly shadows and above the world's sin "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

O, ye unsaved, children of darkness, still "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death," *God loves you*, so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son. How fearful is the gloom where you are dwelling; and *do you never think* of the blackness of darkness for ever?

Ages ago light shone out of darkness; and so, after the darkness of desertion—Christ's on the cross, "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shone from heaven." Yes, in the face that once looked from Calvary—in the face with the blood trickling down from the thorn-

encircled brow. When the dark folds of judgment rolled aside, which had shrouded the sinless One made sin for us, hiding in impenetrable gloom for three long hours "the Light of the world;" when emerging from that dread eclipse the Saviour cried "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" then, rising above the clouds of divine judgment of sin in resurrection splendour, the Light shines down from above.

We should never have known the glory of God in salvation had we not seen it in the face of Christ. No sinner can gaze on glory, or stand before God, but through Christ. As a lowly man, the Man Christ Jesus comes near to us; and now that redemption is accomplished, we can gaze upon God's glory shining in the face of Christ. O blessed, blessed God! thus to reveal Thyself in a once humbled, and now glorified Christ as our Saviour.

O, sinner! lift up your eyes and gaze on Jesus. He beheld you from Calvary. He looks down now from heaven. He has been in the darkness for you, and calls you to Himself, the Light. He has died for sinners, and God has raised Him from the dead. The light of His love is shining now in glory. God invites you to come to Him: and Christ's prayer for His people is, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am: that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me." (John xvii. 24.)

THE WITNESS OF MEN, AND THE WITNESS OF GOD.



ONE rainy Lord's Day evening, two young men plodded along a muddy road in one of the southern counties of Scotland, disappointed and somewhat discouraged at not being able to have a gospel meeting in the village they had left. Speaking of Christ by the way, they were returning to town some miles distant. Near cross-roads one of them suggested to his companion, who was a visitor in that part, that if he were so inclined, they might visit an old farmer who lived about a mile and a half off this main road. He knew him to be in an inquiring state of soul: perhaps God would bless the visit; and so their ten mile walk would not be a bootless journey. Only too glad for an opportunity to serve Christ, his friend consented, and a few minutes after found them, with dripping umbrellas, making for a distant farm-house.

The twilight, deepened by a dewy mist, set in before they reached the steading, into which after a short time they were made heartily welcome with Scotch hospitality. They found upon entering the guid man sitting at the little kitchen window, poring with spectacled eyes over a large Bible which he attempted to read by the fastly receding light. This was a good sign; and as he was alone, his wife not having returned from a distant meeting, it was an opportunity

THE WITNESS OF MEN, AND THE WITNESS OF GOD. 81

for setting forth the Lord Jesus Christ. Spiritually the old man belonged to the "doubting" class, too numerous alas! among the decent-going Presbyterians of our land.

Well-read from youth in the Bible and the shorter catechism, while revering the Scriptures, he could not receive them in the childlike faith that the Father thereby spoke to him. He hoped for acquittal in the judgment-day through faith in the general mercy of God, and to be cleared then, partly on account of the sacrifice of Jesus, and partly by a good walk and conversation. Attending devoutly upon the ordinances of grace, he tried to bring up his family in the fear of the Lord. Dear soul, this was the farmer's creed, is it yours? May the Lord show you how impossible it is for the lost to be saved, save by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ *alone*. Holiness of life following as a result of Christ received; as it is written in Col. ii. 6, "As ye have therefore *received* Christ Jesus the Lord, *so walk* ye in Him." The stranger inquired of the farmer what he read, and was told that it was 1 John v.

Without further preface the visitor said, "We met three cows and two men, as we came up the road: do you believe me?" "Yes," replied the old man. "How can you so readily believe my word, the saying of a stranger you never saw before?" "Oh, I have nae reason to doubt your word." "Then you simply receive my witness to the fact?" "Yes I do."

Now, turn to verse 9 of the chapter before you, "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God,

82 THE WITNESS OF MEN, AND THE WITNESS OF GOD.

is greater: for this is the witness of God which He hath testified of His Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the witness that God gave of His Son." "You have no difficulty," continued the visitor, "in believing my word, and yet you doubt the word of God concerning His Son!"

The light broke into the listener's soul. His wife entering at that moment, a rejoicing child of God, was told the story of meeting the cows and the men in the road. She immediately confirmed it by saying, "It was your brother Sandy and his neighbour driving the kye." There was joy in that humble cottage; and, after partaking of new milk and scones, the guests departed. However they could not be allowed to go alone; the man and his wife walking a good mile with them (he without his hat), wishing to hear more of the old, old story of Jesus and His love. How simply we receive each other's word. The rumour of a railway collision, or a dynamite explosion, is readily believed, without any effort; why then not as simply receive God's good news? Because of the hardness of our hearts! But when once His Spirit opens our hearts, how simply do we receive "the engrafted word able to save our souls!"

Dear soul, believe the word of the truth of the gospel concerning Jesus Christ our Lord, who died for our sins according to the Scriptures, who was buried, but rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.

PEACE, BE STILL.

83

The Scriptures thus are the only basis of faith to rest upon. All else is shifting sand. Hope and love are followers of faith. Faith takes God at His word about self and about the Lord Jesus; and hope maketh not ashamed, "for the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit given unto us." "God is love." "We love Him, because He first loved us."

T. R. D.

PEACE, BE STILL.



SEAS, the waves rose high; the winds were blowing fiercely. Around those trembling disciples the shades of night had fallen, and amid the starless gloom, the voice of the storm seemed a voice of death. Tossed high upon those boiling seas, then sinking low in the trough of the deep, their little bark seemed to them fated to destruction and in the very jaws of death.

But the sleeping Christ was there. The wearied One had laid down His head in the hinder part of the ship, rocked by the white hands of the storm to sleep. They arouse Him: with eyes that have drunk in terror from the scene around, they gaze upon Him, and with pale lips they cry in agony, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?"


He arose, gazed for one moment on the troubled scene, and rebuked the wind that roared around them. At His command the storm was hushed. "Peace,

be still," He said, and every wave sunk down to rest before Him.

Then amid the silence of the calm He said to them, "Where is your faith?" and they cannot answer; but as they gaze around on quiet skies and restful seas, and then upon the face of Christ they say, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the waves obey Him?"

But is it so with you, sinner, in this world of sin? The storm is raging round you: and the voices of the storm declare, "All sinned and do come short of the glory of God" and "The soul that sinneth it shall die." You are in the darkness, tossed about in your frail bark upon the sea of life, and "ready to perish." Have you ever recognised the presence of Christ near you? Have you really appealed to Him for help? "Lord, save me or I perish!" What should you do if you were left alone for judgment? He who is here and made known by the Holy Ghost, will one day leave this scene and take His own with Him; and then there will be no voice to whisper "Peace, be still," however high the storm may rise. There will be no eye to pity then, and no arm to save. Now is the time to look to Christ. Are you afraid? He says to you to-day as He did of old to His disciples, "Where is your faith?" Do you feel your position as a sinner? Do you recognise His power to save you? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

“I HAVE LEARNED THAT I AM A CUR!”

NE night after a gospel preaching at R—, as Mr. H— stood at the door to have a word with the people as they left the room, he asked a female who then passed him, “Well, Mrs. —, have *you* learned to-night that you are a “dog?”

“No, sir, but I *have* learned that *I am* a CUR!”

• The cause of question and answer was just this:—the subject taken by the speaker was that touching one recorded in the 15th chapter of St. Matthew’s Gospel; where the poor woman of the district of Tyre and Sidon accosted the Lord Jesus, relative to her daughter, who was grievously vexed with a demon. It had been sought to be shown from the Scripture above alluded to—that not only is it true that there is One ready to help—that loving Saviour—but the thing on man’s, needy man’s side, is, has he got low enough—has he reached that point *where* the blessing meets him?

And most important is this, beloved reader; for it appears to me that with so much of a full and free Gospel preached as it is now, thank God, what often is needed to be put before and pressed upon

souls is, *where* does this gospel, this "good news" of God's love TOWARDS him, and Christ's work FOR him, and the Holy Spirit's IN him, reach the sinner?

Not when he is trying to be, to do, or to feel, something, anything; not when he begins to turn over a new leaf, as it is called, to improve, become religious, join a church and so on; but when he just gives all up, and takes his true place before God, as utterly lost and undone, without claim, no plea, just as the 12th verse of the 2nd of Ephesians sets forth his fivefold desperate condition as a "sinner of the Gentiles."

1. "Without Christ."
2. "Aliens from the commonwealth of Israel."
3. "Strangers from the covenant of promise."
4. "Having no hope."
5. "Without God in the world."

Did you ever notice these five points, my reader? What a position for a sinner to be in! What can HE say? What can HE plead?

Nothing—surely nothing—but honestly own it all true, and true concerning HIMSELF, *then* learn what is meant by, "*But* God, who is rich in mercy!" Ah! that's it—"rich in mercy"—and sing,

Nothing but mercy 'll do for *me*,
Nothing but mercy full and free.

Now the teaching in Ephesians ii. is blessedly illustrated in that portion of Matthew xv. Here was a poor soul, she had a need, a desperate need. Havn't *you* a need too, my reader? Oh! yes, if you

“I HAVE LEARNED THAT I AM A CUR.”

87

havn't seen your *need* of a Saviour, may God in His mercy show it to you now. There is *the* One, the *only* One, who CAN and WILL meet it.

His *love* is as great as His *power*,
And *knows* neither measure nor end.

But she had to learn where this “*love*” and this “*power*” can meet her case. Let us see *where* and *when* it can. She belongs to a cursed race—Gen. ix. 25—an inhabitant of a notoriously wretched locality. “By NATURE and by *practice* vile” yet she attempts to get what she needs by approaching the Lord Jesus as if she was one of the earthly, favoured, covenanted people—the Jew—as if she were one of “the children.” Read the 22nd verse. Are you not sometimes surprised at the way the Lord receives her cry? I was once. “He answered her not a word!”

Does not this seem unlike Jesus, the tender, pitying Jesus? The same cry from the two blind men at the end of 20th chapter, brings Him to a stand at once.

Why is this? THEY were “the children.” They had covenant and promise; but she had none. No more have you, unless you be one of Abraham's descendants. “But He answers her not a word.” The disciples now chime in, “Send her away, for she cryeth after *us*.”

Little sympathy for her need, it seems in this speech, only a want to be rid of a clamorous beggar!

But He answered and said, “I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.”

Bitter words for her to hear who knew she could

not claim descent from Abraham to whom promises had been given, but from him who was cursed, as Genesis ix. shows.

Poor thing! don't you pity her? But read YOUR history in hers; it is your NEED, your great want *and* how it is to be met, that I wish by God's help to get at; and may His blessed Spirit apply it.

But she sticks to her point, though she gives up using Israel's language. "Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me."

Surely *now* He'll meet her need. No, not yet, not low enough yet. What does He say? "It is not meet to take the *children's* bread and cast it to the *dogs*."

Does this seem harder still? Has He nothing but rebuffs, as they seem, for this poor needy soul? Oh, yes! But when? And so He has for *you*, dear, anxious one. Only perhaps you have been on the same line, the same "tack" as the sailors say, as this woman: trying to be something you are not, or seeking to make out a claim when you have none, or be a bit religious. No wonder "He answered you not a word."

But what more does He want of me? "I've tried this, and I have tried that, and yet *my* need does not seem met. I have no peace, no joy. I'll give up my tryings, chucking it all up as a bad job." Just do that, dear friend, pitch it all overboard.

"Oh, no! after all I don't think I can *quite* do that: my reformation, my good works, my prayers; no, no, I'll just stick to *them*."

“I HAVE LEARNED THAT I AM A CUR!” 89

All right, my friend ; but don't forget, even when this Canaanitish woman cried to Him, “He answered her never a word.” And when she did homage and begged for help, Jesus just reminded her SHE had no RIGHT to children's bread.

Will He not meet her need at all then? Can He send the hungry empty away?

Stop a moment.

His word we just quoted was, “It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the *dogs*.”

What is her reply now ?

Ah ! *she* now learns the lesson, the “WHERE,” the “WHEN,” this mercy can reach a poor Gentile needy one; and it is now no longer a semblance of religion, no attempt to take one of favoured Israel's place, but “Truth, Lord ! yet the *dogs* eat the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.” She took her true place as a “DOG,” and what is the word of Jesus to her longing soul now ? “Oh, woman ! great is thy faith : be it unto thee EVEN AS THOU WILT.” He is, so to speak, at her command now. “And her daughter was made whole THAT VERY hour.”

“Great is thy faith.” How was this evidenced ?

By her giving up all through which she sought to get the blessing, and simply owning herself a “DOG,” an outsider, one of those like you and myself, portrayed in that 12th verse of Ephesians ii., that fivefold picture of Gentile distance. But what does the next verse say, the 13th ?

“But NOW ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.”

How blessed, "THE BLOOD OF CHRIST," "the precious blood," that blood which cleanses from all sin. Now do YOU see you can afford, nay, must pitch overboard those things, which though right in themselves in the right place, have proved hindrances to your getting peace and joy in BELIEVING?

What led to the exclamation at the head of this paper was just this. The word "*dogs*" in verses 26 and 27 of our chapter will bear a more contemptuous word to correctly translate it—that word which is so expressive in English for what is mean, useless, the butt of every one—"CUR." And this was pressed the night I speak of to show where mercy really reaches such as you and I, my reader. Not when one has turned over a new leaf and tried to be good, but when one is right down in the gutter of conscience, or the "dunghill" of 1 Sam. ii., then it is the scoop of mercy, "God rich in mercy" comes along and picks one up, as set forth in Eph. ii. 4. "But God who is rich in mercy for His great love wherewith He loved us, EVEN WHEN WE WERE DEAD IN SINS, *hath* quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved), and hath raised us up together, and made us to sit together in heavenly places *in* (not WITH, as is so often misquoted, IN now, by-and-by WITH) Christ, and we far off ones are "made nigh by the blood of Christ."

Dear reader, have you learned and owned that you are a "*dog*," a "*cur*," as that dear woman did? For that is your side of the picture, *your* end of the rope; for, if so, you have learned and owned that you are the very one, on *the* very spot, where this uncovenanted

CHRIST GAVE HIMSELF FOR OUR SINS.

91


mercy meets a poor Gentile sinner and never lets him go till he is landed in glory.

Do own *you* are a "*cur*," and then

Mercy full, and mercy free,
Hath picked up such as thee.

S. V. H

CHRIST GAVE HIMSELF FOR
OUR SINS. GAL. i. 4.

AN anything be more wonderful? especially when we bear in mind WHO He is, and what we were and are. Yet He, the Eternal Word, was made flesh, He, the Lord of glory and the Holy One of God, was crucified like the vilest slave or the most dangerous of malefactors, and this by no compulsion from superior power, but gave Himself, as God gave Him the Only-begotten Son, "for our sins." We had no good thing in us for God or for heaven, nothing that could suit divine light and love; we had sins, we had a nature only evil continually, because it is impregnated with self-will and resents Him who alone is absolutely and perfectly good, because He is God, and cannot but judge the rebellious creature, unless He would consent to His own dishonour and wink at evil. This He will not do; and that He might deliver the wretched slaves of sin and Satan, He sent His Son that we might live through Him, and that He might die for us.

This is the gospel. Do you believe it? Are you looking only to Christ and His cross for your soul that you may be saved? There is none other way. But this way is as open as it is sure, as truly for God's honour as it suits you, without money and without price, that you may be saved for ever. It is of faith that it might be by grace.

Yet I would not withhold from you that it is to "deliver us," not only from coming wrath, but from this present evil world, from the age we live in, so vain and proud, so man-exalting and science-idolizing and Christ-despising and God-defying. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." If you are cleansed by Christ's blood, you are bought with a price; you are Christ's freedmen to be His bondmen, "according to the will of our God and Father, to whom be the glory unto the ages of the ages. Amen." W. K.

OUT OF DEATH INTO LIFE.



MARY, I can see the Devil."

"Nonsense," said his anxious wife.

"Mary, it's useless for you to say nonsense: I tell you I can see him. He is here, close to me, waiting to take me."

So spoke G. B. as he was lying in a small bed in a London hospital, stricken with paralysis, hovering between life and death.

OUT OF DEATH INTO LIFE.

93

He had been a shrewd man of business and a professor of religion ; he had married a praying wife who to her sorrow had thought him a Christian. He had made money, but was without Christ on his dying bed. His eyes were wild with suppressed emotion, with face dreadful to look on in its agony of fear, as before him rose his sins and the awful fact, that he, the clever, hardheaded, but sometimes generous business man, lay on the point of passing into the unseen world unforgiven.

His wife specially quoted to him, "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from every sin," assuring her poor, paralysed, terror-stricken husband, that the Devil must flee before that blood. "Only trust in the blood of Jesus and all will be well." But no ! there was no hope, said the sufferer, and his heart seemed as hard as a nether millstone.

His distracted wife, compelled to leave the ward and go home, committed him in an agony of prayer to God, asking His blessing on His own word.

On her return to the ward next day, she was told by the matron he had rallied a little, called for the Bible, and, since reading a little, was calmer. The wife, on approaching the bed, and doing what she could to comfort him, was, to her surprise, asked by him to read the Bible.

"What shall I read ?" she said.

"The 3rd chapter of John," he replied.

She read until she came to verse 16, "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have

everlasting life." "That is what I wanted," he said. She read it again and silently prayed.

After a time he said, "Mary, I see it all: God loved ME and gave His Son for ME. I see it now, I believe in Him who died and rose again, and have everlasting life." His face brightened as he spoke a little of his new-found peace made through the blood of the cross, and then he passed away.

His poor wife, overwhelmed with joy, even in her sorrow, gave thanks for the grace that vouchsafed such an answer to prayer at the last moment.

Further, in gratitude to God and in the hope that some poor sinner, perhaps yourself if you believe it, might be saved from coming wrath, through the same wondrous message, she had carved for his tombstone the words:—

"GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth Him that sent He, hath everlasting life and cometh not into judgment, but is passed from death unto life."

"He that believeth not shall be damned."

A. J. B.



THE COMFORT OF CHRIST.

WE were in the Bay of Biscay. A fierce storm was raging around us. The waves swept across the decks, and all the passengers had to go below. Some were shrieking in terror; others were praying. It was a time of danger apparently. I remember the comfort of a text of Scripture to me at that moment, "He holds the sea in the hollow of His hand."

I felt the comfort of belonging to God then, and of being in the hands of God. I feel it now. On the sea of life storms arise, but the comfort of the love of God is a solace in the darkest hour. Do you, my reader, know what it is to be able to say, "I will fear no evil for Thou art with me"? To be in His hands who can speak peace to the wildest storm is a blessed reality. To be saved by Him who says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," is to be assured of His constant presence. Do you know aught of this? If you were brought face to face with death on sea or land, could you count on the hand of Christ to lead you through "the valley of the shadow?"

I heard of one who a short time ago died in the night suddenly. She said to her husband, "I'm going to the better land," and died. Taken away in a moment. If it had been you where would you be now? Suppose some night you awoke, and felt the hand of death upon you? Should you be ready? Are you saved? Has the light shone upon the darkness of your life?

I remember when coming home from Africa we could not see the sun for two or three days owing to the dense fog. The captain not being quite certain of his whereabouts, ordered the ship to be stopped; the lead was thrown overboard, and from the sand or gravel taken from the bed of the sea, he was enabled to discover our position. He ordered the engines to be driven again at "full speed ahead," and soon we saw the light of the Eddystone shining on the waves, telling us where we were and guiding us in safety.

Do you know where you are going? Stand still now and see the salvation of the Lord. Examine your position from the word of God. Find out the way to go and then you will see the Light shining on the sea of life. "I am the Light of the world," says Jesus. "Look unto me and be ye saved."

OMNIPOTENCE.

ABOVE me, God; beneath me, God; before me, God; behind me, God; all round about me, God. In Him we live, and move, and have our being. Who, as David said, can get himself away, can escape where God is not?

"But the believing Christian only can say (1 John iv. 12, 13), "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit."

G. V. W.

GOD'S ANSWER TO A TROUBLED SOUL.



THE morning sun was shining radiant with brightness. The air was calm and still. The hedges, decked with many a flower, were pouring out their sweet fragrance and freshness, and all around seemed to speak of peace, quietness, and rest; yet, beneath the roof of a cottage lying down in the midst of green and beautiful fields, was found a heart burdened with grief, anxiety, and anguish.

A traveller wends his way across the fields, and, stopping at the door of the cottage, offers for sale his merchandise; and is told nothing is wanting to-day, perhaps only because means will not allow.

"Then there are things you can have, and things you cannot have, I suppose?"

"Oh! yes, sir."

"Well, you seem to want nothing I have been offering, either this, or that, or the other: tell me then, what do you want? Come, speak the truth."

With a fixed eye and earnest gaze, the poor woman, bursting into tears, replied, "I want peace with God, I want to know the change, I want to know I have that bright light shining right into my poor dark heart. Oh, sir, I want faith."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so, and that is

98 GOD'S ANSWER TO A TROUBLED SOUL.

what I am come to tell you of; for through God's mercy I have known it, and this is my errand to you now."

"Are you come purposely to tell me? Is this what you have come across those meadows for?"

"Yes, purposely for this: I heard of your distress, and knew the Lord would have me come."

"I don't know who you are; but only a few minutes ago I was praying to God to send some one to show me the way of salvation. You are His messenger: He hears, He answers prayer. Come inside; do."

"What, may I ask, has aroused you to all this deep distress of soul and conviction of sin?"

"Oh, it was Mrs. —, I saw; and she told me what peace and joy she has got lately, and only in believing on Jesus. Too great for her to express, it passeth knowledge, it is unspeakable blessing; and she is so very, very happy. That I cannot understand. It tells me that I am not born again; and when I know my sins are still unforgiven how can I be anything else but wretched?"

"I thank God you are wretched; and I too don't know how you can be otherwise, when you remember it is written, 'It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment.' You only see death, judgment, and an awful eternity of unutterable woe awaiting you, as it once awaited me when in my lost condition, 'having no hope and without God in the world.' Not Satan, but God's Spirit made you wretched. It is His work begun in your soul; and

now God would have you know that—‘Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.’ Believing in Him are you not among the many?—did He not bear your sins?”

“That is just what I want to know.”

“Have you any children?”

“Yes, sir, eight boys.”

“Do you love them?”

“Oh, yes.”

“And are there two who love each other very much?”

“Yes, sir, the twin boys you saw outside playing together, Alfie and Willie. They are just about fond of each other.”

“Oh, Alfie and Willie. ‘Well, Alfie’ (you say) ‘I have told you before that was very naughty; and if you do it again, I shall be bound to punish.’ ‘What do I care?’ says the little chap, I shall do it if I like, and immediately he acts upon his word. Painful it is for you to punish your dear boy; but you cannot again pass this disobedience by; and just as you are about to inflict the punishment, Willie runs up saying, ‘O mother, please don’t beat Alfie: beat me instead. I do love him so: please don’t beat him.’ And so Willie is punished for Alfie’s disobedience. Tell me now, would you beat Alfie too?”

“Certainly not.”

“Why not?”

“Because I beat Willie in his stead.”

“Then could you let Alfie be free?”

“Yes, of course I could. Though I should not have

100 GOD'S ANSWER TO A TROUBLED SOUL.

allowed his disobedience to pass by unpunished, Willie had borne the punishment. I could not fairly punish both."

"Just so: now let us turn to Isaiah liii. 4-6.

"'We did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.'

"'But He was wounded for *our* transgressions. He was bruised for *our* iniquities, the chastisement of *our* peace was upon *Him*, and with *His* stripes *we are healed*.'

"'All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way and the LORD hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'

"We find then here that, although God loves His Son, yet He put Him to grief, and this, instead of the sinner. He could not pass sins by, and so He laid on Jesus the 'iniquity of us all.' Then He, who is of purer eyes than to behold evil or to look upon iniquity, having made His soul an offering for sin, hid His face from Him who cried from the cross, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' We learn, as Jesus knew, why. It was for our sins. Yet He says, 'Thou art holy;' but He knew, what was afterwards written, that God then made to be sin for us Him who knew no sin. The Son of God became the Lamb of God. He was without blemish and without spot, and therefore the only One fit to take away sin not His own.

"God has therefore in the cross of the Son of Man, punished sin that He may not have to punish the sinner, and the salvation which Jesus, unsought, has won

GOD'S ANSWER TO A TROUBLED SOUL. 101

becomes yours and mine through faith in Him dead and risen. For God is just and the justifier of every one that believeth in Jesus. He so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on the Son is not condemned, he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God.

“We see then that, as you punished Willie in Alfie’s stead, so God has punished the Saviour in the sinner’s stead, and the sinner who believes is now justified by God who gave His Son to bear the punishment of his sin. As by the punishment borne by Willie, Alfie is free; so by His stripes we are healed. You could not in justice punish Alfie, because Willie has borne it; and God cannot righteously punish those who believe, because Jesus has borne it. The believer in Jesus is therefore not only forgiven but justified, and will be glorified; he is no longer a sinner but a saint, no longer a stranger but a child, and at what a cost too! See 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3. He is no longer an alien but an heir—‘heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ,’ and all this may be yours, even at this moment, if only you believe. For it is joy and peace in believing.”

“Oh, sir, I only wish it was mine. I should be happy then, for I am a wretched woman now, indeed I am.”

“What God wants is for you to take Him at His

102 GOD'S ANSWER TO A TROUBLED SOUL.

word, not to wait till you feel, but to believe what He has said, for not one good thing can fail of all that the Lord hath spoken. Get alone with Him, tell Him what you are, lost and miserable, unworthy of the least of His mercies ; but don't stop there, take Him at His word."

After prayer together, the stranger quits the home and she is left alone. The next day he once more presented himself at the door, and is hailed with a joyful exclamation, "It is all right now ;" and truly it was so. Peace was written across her face: *peace*, PEACE, PEACE.

"I can praise God to-day," she says ; "yes, I *can* praise Him ; for now I know my sins are all forgiven, and I have that for which I longed—peace with God."

"Thank God ! I knew He would give it ; but tell me how did you get it ?"

"Only in believing," she replied ; "for after you were gone, I went upstairs, and kneeling down at my bedside, I told God, what I was as a wretched sinner in His presence. I pleaded for forgiveness and that I might have peace with Him ; but I came down stairs again, so disappointed at not feeling better but rather worse. My duties in the house I found must be done, and, with a sad and heavy heart I went on with my washing ; but while standing there, God gave me this conviction, 'If some man had given me positive declaration, I should have believed him ; and now am I not doubting God ; who from His own word of truth has said such great and precious

GOD'S ANSWER TO A TROUBLED SOUL. 103

things, and answered my prayer in sending His messenger to make them plain to me? I cannot doubt, I will not doubt, I can believe, I do believe, that Jesus died for me; and so, because God had spoken, I believed. I did not feel; but I could sing then, 'I can believe, I do believe, that Jesus died for me,' and no sooner had I told God so, than I felt the burden gone. Then and there my sins seemed, as it were, to fall right into the wash tub. Thank God, I know now that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. It was not feeling, but faith that saved. He has taught me this; even since yesterday my feelings have changed; but He, my Saviour, changes not."

A month after, the stranger called again and found her still going on her way rejoicing. Yes, she could not only say, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God," but add, "We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Those who knew her too were able to testify to her joy in Him.

Dear reader, is this Saviour yours? Is this peace your portion? Is God's sure word your sure foundation? or are you still among those of whom it is written, "The wicked are like the troubled sea whose waters cast up mire and dirt?" There is NO PEACE, saith my God, to the wicked. May this be His message to you, dear reader, to His glory and your joy for ever. For *now* is the accepted time and *now* is the day of salvation. The Lord waiteth to be gracious: are you willing to receive His offered grace?

T. H. T.

GOD'S REMEDY.



SHORT time back while out for a walk one evening by some water, I saw one of the most magnificent sunsets I ever remember witnessing in England. First, there was just the faintest streak of red, but gradually it seemed to burst into a richer glow, and to send out wave upon wave of fairy, rose-flushed cloudlets tipped with golden sheen deepening in shade as they travelled onwards, until as far as the eye could reach, it seemed one mass of crimson and gold. The rippling waters beneath sparkled and glistened, throwing out all manner of hues and colours, the reflection of the glorious splendour above.

All was perfect stillness, save the warbling of the birds, and the gentle rustling of the trees. I felt awed: it was so magnificent—too perfect almost, I thought, for anything of earth.

But suddenly I heard a distant rumbling noise, which gradually came nearer, spoiling all the stillness of the scene; and then there whirled up, to dim and mar the glorious brightness and loveliness above, a column of thick yellow smoke from a train which was dashing rapidly along the line.

And I thought, "What a picture (small though it be) of sin coming in and spoiling God's perfect work!"

GOD'S REMEDY.

105

Dear reader! has it not always been so? Wherever *God* is at work, *Satan* busies himself too, and continues to mar all the scene. Sin and the effects of sin creep in everywhere and ruin everything.

Sin has brought us nothing but death and utter misery—*eternal* misery, if we do not accept God's remedy for it all. You know what that remedy is; you know He has given the Son who was His very heart's delight for sinners.

Have YOU come to Him? or are you *still* "putting it off?"

Oh don't be like a poor old lady I heard about a few weeks since, who had kept driving off till the morrow the question of her soul's salvation; then after a *long* life she came to her death-bed, and it was never settled. Alas! she died *screaming to SATAN to save her!*

How fearful! you say—yes, fearful indeed; but what are YOU doing?

Oh don't delay, you may be saved *now, this moment*, as you are reading this, if you only *believe*.

It is so simple, just to *believe* and *live*. Christ has died, so *you* may live, if you will only look to Him and rest in His finished work.

Poor heart-sick weary one, look right away to Him; and in looking you shall have everlasting life.

Could you have one human heart to love you as *He* loves you?

Come to Him; and see if He will not fill your soul to overflowing with His own deep wondrous peace and joy.

“As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that *whosoever believeth* in Him should not perish but have eternal life.” (John iii. 14, 15.) F. M.

WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER ?

IT is a fearful thing to be an infidel, denying the God who gave him breath. It is a terrible thing to be a blasphemer, taking in vain the holy name of the One who has power in a moment to hurl him into eternity—to be a drunkard, sinking himself to a lower level than the very beast—to be a self-righteous person, fancying that the religiousness which satisfies himself will satisfy God: all these characters are terrible enough; but to me not one of them is so inexplicable as the *indifferent* man or woman. O indifferent soul! you who read your Bible and say your prayers, you who go to hear the gospel preached, and perhaps come away saying, “What a nice sermon we had to-night,” you who give a ready assent to what is said to you about God and eternity, and yet—and yet—have never come to Christ for salvation, what *do* you mean? What *can* you be thinking of? You believe there is a God; then how dare you remain unprepared to meet Him? You believe there is a Saviour; then how can you

WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER? 107

slight His love which is yearning to bless you? You believe there is a heaven; then how can you rest without knowing that you are bound for it? You believe there is a hell; then how dare you float easily, carelessly, on towards its eternal woe?

The *infidel*, in his fatal blindness, refuses to believe these things; but *you* believe them with your head, you take them for granted, and yet your heart and conscience are unreached by them.

O indifferent soul *awake!* AWAKE! you are being lulled to sleep in the arms of Satan on the very brink of hell.

Those devouring flames—those unending woes are just ahead of you: you *know* it, you own it, and you care not. “What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon Thy God.” Yes, cry out to God; tell Him of your sin and your danger; stretch out the hand of faith to Christ, and He will, yes, *He will*, snatch you from the grasp of your cruel foe—take you to the shelter of His Almighty arms, to the embrace of His loving heart.

O indifferent soul! Satan is triumphing over you—triumphing in the thought that soon your careless slumbers will end in eternal unrest, that for ever and *for ever*—and *for ever* you will share his doom—you will partake of his torments.

Jesus is yearning over you with love and pity inexpressible; His voice is calling you; His arms are outstretched to receive you.

God is offering a Father's welcome—a Father's home for all eternity. You know all this? Then

108

THOU'RT PASSING TO ETERNITY.

why not come to the point *now*? Is it so hard to decide between heaven and hell, so hard to decide between Christ and Satan? Is it too much trouble to repent, too much trouble to believe? *Too hard? Too much trouble?* God did not think it too hard to give up His only Son for you; the Lord Jesus Christ did not think it too much trouble to die for you, and yet *you* cannot take the trouble to turn to Him and live?

O precious soul, immortal soul! for whose sake His life's blood was shed, trifle no longer—slumber no longer! awake! *awake!* C. H. P.

THOU'RT PASSING TO ETERNITY.

THOU'RT passing to eternity,
O reader, passing on,
So soon the years of time are fled;
So soon thy life is gone.

Where, when the blessed rise to heaven,
And lost ones sink to hell,
Shall thy eternal dwelling be?
Where, sinner, wilt thou dwell?

LIFE'S RADIANT SUNSET.



HAVE you ever noticed at the close of a dark and cloudy day, the sun shine forth just as it was setting? Have you not seen then the golden glory flash across the sky, lighting up with wondrous splendour all the scenery? So was it with E. R. His life had been dark with sin and misfortune; but in his dying hour all the clouds were scattered, for the sun of faith lit up everything around him, and made his sky bright and beautiful.

He died of consumption. Up to the three last days of his life he was so harassed with worldly affairs, that, ill as he was, he could think of nothing but his business. He did not care to see any one about his soul. This went on until the Tuesday of the week he died. On that Tuesday I obtained admittance to the sick room.

I saw, as I stood by his bedside, that he was dying. He lay breathing painfully, and could only speak in a whisper.

I sat by him and, taking his hand, said :

“I am come to speak to you about your soul, not about worldly things : are you willing to listen ? ”

“Yes,” he replied, “I am : that is what I want now.”

“You are very ill,” I continued. “Yes,” he said.

“Do you know that you are a sinner ? ”

“Yes, oh yes.”

"Let me read to you," I said; and as I spoke, I turned to Romans iii. and read from the 10th verse to the 23rd.

"You believe all that about yourself?" I said when I had finished reading. "Yes, I know I am a sinner."

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

"He that heareth my word, and believeth Him that sent me, hath everlasting life; and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life."

"All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

I read these texts to him, and then talked to him of Christ and His finished work, and added, "Now do you feel your need of a Saviour? Do you believe what I have been saying and reading?"

"Every word you have said has gone straight home to my heart." I knew it, I could feel it even as I spoke and read to him. I prayed with him, and left him after entreating him to look to Jesus.

Next morning I called to see him, and found him trusting in the Saviour. He was much weaker, and was obliged to pause between his words.

"I have had a hard struggle," he said to me as he held my hand; "my sin was keeping me back, but I took my place among the very vilest, and I found mercy. I thought of Christ all through the night, and I said to Him, 'Lord, do receive me,' and I heard as a voice say, 'Don't be afraid, come to Me, and I will receive you,' and He has received me." Overjoyed I sat still, and waited for him to go on. He continued, "I have been wrong all my life; but now I know my feet are on the right track."

I could scarcely believe that he was saved, it seemed too wonderful; so I said, "Are you quite sure you are saved?" He lifted his eyes and fixed them on the window through which the morning light was shining.

"I am as sure I am saved as that the light is shining in at that window." I could doubt no longer, but asked another question, "On what are you trusting for salvation?" He answered, "On the blood of Jesus shed for me: my sins are all gone, I am certain." He spoke again, "My life here is not worth anything now." I answered, "But you have eternal life?"

"Yes," he replied, with uplifted eyes, "and what want I more?"

On the Wednesday afternoon I called again to see him. He told me a great deal about his anxieties and

fears ; how worried he had been, and how happy he was now.

I said, "You are like a man who, after battling with the waves in a stormy sea until exhausted, finds his feet upon a rock."

"Yes, that's it," was his answer; "I am on the Rock now."

He often referred afterwards to being on the Rock: it seemed just to express his condition.

On Thursday morning when I called, he was very weak, he could only speak in a whisper. His eyes shone with peace and happiness.

He said slowly, "Thoughts and sayings that I used to know years ago are coming back to me now. 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' 'The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want.'" He repeated many other texts as well. It seemed as if the music of his youth was sounding in his ears now ; the melody of the time when he thought of Christ, and listened to His words, before the troubled noises of his chequered manhood had drowned their sweetness.

"I am very happy, but I can't talk much," he continued, and then after prayer I rose to go. I bade him good-bye ; and his last words to me were, "I am firmer and firmer upon the Rock." Thank God ! he was indeed snatched as a "brand from the burning."


And what of you ? Are your feet upon the Rock, or are you still struggling in the sea of your life's sin ? Can you say, "I am sure I am saved ;" or must you own that you are not ?

WHAT GOD SAYS GIVES PEACE.

113

The man you have been reading about was saved at the close of his life. You may be saved now; YES, NOW. Christ has borne our sins; has died to save us; has taken His seat at the right hand of God because redemption's work is done, and if you bow to God *this moment*, and from your heart believe that Christ is in that glory because your sins are gone, you shall be saved: "IF THOU SHALT CONFESS WITH THY MOUTH THE LORD JESUS, AND SHALT BELIEVE IN THINE HEART THAT GOD HATH RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD, THOU SHALT BE SAVED."

WHAT GOD SAYS GIVES PEACE.

“OULD I be sure,” said a troubled soul to the preacher one evening, “of the very time, circumstances, and means of my conversion, I should be quite happy.” Happiness resting on such a foundation, she was told, would not last long. Satan would soon beat her in argument and plunge her soul in deeper troubles than ever. Then how can I be sure, many will be ready to inquire, that I am converted? If you are now really caring to be assured that you are converted, most likely you are; both the desire, and that which satisfies it, must come from God. But the word of God alone can give assurance. “Look unto me and be ye saved,” are the Lord’s own words. From the first moment that the eye looks to Christ as the Saviour

the soul beyond all question shall be saved. It may not believe it; it may be judging of its state by its feelings; but the word of God must ever be true, notwithstanding. "Look unto me and be ye saved." Our unbelief cannot make the word of God untrue, but it hinders our enjoyment of Christ and salvation.

A. M.

A TRUE STORY.

IT was Sunday afternoon, the autumn fast merging into winter. Rain had fallen, the streets were sloppy, and all *outside* was cold and comfortless; but *inside* a large schoolroom, in the north of London, a bright fire was burning, and a number of children of various ages were arranged in classes round their respective teachers, when the superintendent, as was his habit, after school was opened, and all were in their places, went out to look up absent children, or to induce any stray ones he might meet with in the streets to come to the school.

This afternoon he soon returned, leading by the hand a little girl, whose pale, thin face and scanty clothing indicated extreme poverty; and committed her to the charge of a young teacher, who welcomed the child kindly, and soon won her confidence.

The poor little thing was utterly ignorant of the Scriptures, and could not read; but as Sunday after Sunday the teacher unfolded the "sweet story of old,"

told of God's love to sinners shown in the gift of His beloved Son; and of the love of Jesus in all His ways upon earth, of His rejection and ill treatment from man, of His death upon the cross, His *giving Himself* as a sacrifice for sin, His resurrection from the dead, and His willingness to receive now all who come to Him; the earnest face and the rivetted attention of the child were most touching; while at times she would seize the teacher's hand, or dress, and exclaim, "O, teacher, I never *heard such things*; I never heard such things."

The other girls in the class, to most of whom these blessed truths were but an "oft told tale," would laugh at the poor child, and sometimes gather their comfortable garments closely round them lest they should come in contact with her tattered clothes; but she seemed to see nothing, and care for nothing, but what her teacher read from God's word, unfolding, as the Holy Spirit enabled her, the wondrous love and grace of the Saviour-God.

One Lord's Day, after various expressions of astonishment and delight, she asked if she might bring her father and mother with her next Sunday, adding, "I'm sure *they never heard such things*."

The teacher told her that perhaps her father and mother would not like to come with the children, but that the same blessed truths were preached to grown up people every Sunday evening, in the large room adjoining the schoolroom, and she could bring them there. She was greatly pleased, and said she would bring them, for she was "sure they never heard such things."

The following Lord's Day she came to her teacher with a sorrowful face, saying she had told her father and mother about the preaching, but they wouldn't come! The teacher encouraged her to try again, and once more the dear child sat down, and drank in with avidity the words of eternal life. The weather was cold and snowy, and the child was evidently suffering.

The next Sunday she was absent, and the next; and, as the teacher lived some miles from the school, and was unable to visit her scholars, she begged the superintendent to seek the little absentee.

He went the following day, and found the child at home, if *home* it might be called.

In a corner of a wretched room, with scarcely an article of furniture, on a small heap of straw, lay the little thing, pale and emaciated, with a wasting cough, and no earthly comfort. He spoke to her, and her pale face lighted with joy at seeing him. He took her thin hand in his, and spoke to her of her illness, asking if she was in much pain; but she scarcely seemed to know. She told him she was going to Jesus and she wished He would take her *now*, for she loved Him because He died for her and loved her so much.

After a few minutes, silence, she exclaimed: "Oh! teacher, there He is! oh so bright, so beautiful! Teacher, do you see Him? He calls me! I am coming, I am coming."

Again there was silence, and the child lay motionless. The visitor spoke to the mother, who stood in tears near the poor bed of her dying child, wondering at her joy; but she had no ear, no heart for that blessed

Saviour, that gracious Shepherd, who had taken this lamb into His arms, and was folding it to His bosom.

The visitor went out, and procured some nourishment, and a few little comforts for the sick child, promising to call again.

The next day he came, and saw the little wasted form cold in death. The spirit had gone to Him who had called her by His grace, and had washed her from her "sins in His own blood," and had manifested Himself to her in such a way, that she forgot the pain, and all the wretchedness of her surroundings, in gazing upon His beauty, and longing to be with Him.

Need I add anything, dear reader, to this simple tale? Does it not speak for itself of the love and grace of the One who came "to seek and to save that which was lost"? That "Good Shepherd" who laid down His life for the sheep, who is seeking them now, in this dark world, and taking up one and another on His shoulders, rejoices at recovering the poor lost ones.


Where are you? Have your eyes been opened like this dear child's to see "the beauty of the Lord"? Have your ears been opened to hear His voice? Or are you like so many, treating the wondrous revelation of God's grace as an "oft told tale," in which you have ceased to feel any interest?

Oh! beware I beseech you! Trifle not with your eternal interests. Neglect not that great salvation, which has been offered to you so many times.

God's long-suffering is wonderful, but it will not always last; and suddenly your doom may be sealed. "For as, in the days that were before the flood, they

were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away, so also shall the coming of the Son of man be” (Matt. xxiv. 38, 39). P.

“PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD.”

HE blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are ; and when I see the blood, I will pass over you.” Ex. xii.

This was Jehovah’s word to Israel ; and when Israel believed that word and acted on it, they had a perfect title to peace and security. It was faith in Jehovah’s word that gave them peace, it was the blood of the lamb that secured it. The blood of the lamb was the foundation of their peace, but it was not *their* estimate of its value, but Jehovah’s. The Lord did not say, “when you see the blood and estimate its value aright—when you feel as you ought to feel about your sins, then I will pass over you.” Had this been the word, not one of Israel’s first-born would have escaped the sword of judgment, inasmuch as Israel never could feel as they should feel about their sins, and never could have estimated aright the blood of the lamb. It was the perfect divine estimate of the blood which Jehovah alone could form, that secured the safety of every one who was under its shelter. An Israelite, inside the blood-sprinkled house, was at liberty to feed upon the lamb

which had been roasted in the fire ; but his *feeding* would not bring him peace. He might be eating it with herbs and unleavened bread ; he might have killed the lamb and sprinkled the blood according to every letter of the word of the Lord, he might have rendered the most perfect obedience to Jehovah’s instructions ; and yet he might be feeding upon the lamb in nothing but fear. His *peace* would be in proportion to his faith in the word of Jehovah. The Lord had said : “When I see the blood, I will pass over you ;” and this was enough for every believing Israelite. It was this which gave them peace, and cast out all fear from their hearts and gave them the liberty of sweet and happy communion around the roasted lamb.

Beloved reader, has this no voice for you ? How is it with you ? Have you peace with God ? Are you safe from the coming judgment of God upon a sinful world ? As surely as the judgment fell upon Egypt so will it fall upon this guilty world. Are you prepared for it ? If you are not sheltered by the precious blood of Christ that judgment will be your everlasting ruin ; but if you believe God’s word concerning that blood you shall never come into judgment. The blood of Christ is the only foundation for the sinner’s acceptance before God ; faith in God’s word about that blood is the only means of the sinner’s getting peace. Will you not trust in the precious blood of Christ and thus obtain peace to your soul ? “He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life ;” and Jesus hath “made peace through the blood of His cross.”

H. C. C.

JOTTINGS.

1.

THE finger-posts of heaven are much nearer the poor lost one, who stumbles about in the darkness of his despair, than the self-righteous one who walks in his self-sufficiency.

2.

SATAN preaches the same tale to the young child just passed through the gates of Life, as he does to the hoary sinner with one foot in the grave, and it is this, "There is plenty of time to think about your soul, plenty of time."

3.

ONE sin weighs as much in the balance of God's justice as a million ; we need a Saviour as much for the one as the other.

4.

SATAN oftentimes leads sinners very near to the foot of the Cross ; false religion is one of the most tempting paths to the lake of fire, and now-a-days, the most trodden.

5.

THE heart that's nearest Thee O God is farthest from the world.

THE PLEASURES OF SIN.



HERE are many people who think that they are placed in this world for the sole object of enjoying themselves. Perhaps you, dear reader, are one of those who want nothing but pleasure. From anything that appears in the least degree serious, you fly as from a poisonous serpent. You are determined to make yourself happy and comfortable away from God. Anything that kills time is welcome to you; and every day you want some new enjoyment. If such be your state, let me warn you at the outset that these very things you are striving for, are only such as will *curse* your very soul. In your blind folly and ignorant madness, you are bartering the unfathomable riches of the grace of God, the exquisitely tender love of our gracious Lord, and the eternal blessings of a ransomed soul, for a gaudy toy that perishes with the using. Oh, dear soul, I beseech you by the infinite love of God in Christ, to pause and consider before stern death cuts you off in your frivolity, and you are ushered into the all too serious scenes of endless woe.

How empty and hollow are these sinful pleasures! They are not solid. There is nothing in them to satisfy the immortal soul. Have you seen a soap-bubble floating in the sunshine? How bright and sparkling it is, even gorgeous as it appears tinted with all the colours of the rainbow! You are attracted by its beauty. You rush up and seize it. Ah! what have

you? A filmy nothing. Such are the pleasures of the world. They fascinate you by their showy appearance, but soon you prove their emptiness. For instance: you see a placard announcing "Eleven hours' amusement for one shilling." You pay your shilling; you get your eleven hours. Surely now you have enough. This has slaked the soul's thirst. Ah, no! strange to say, in quiet moments you feel an aching void which glitter and excitement cannot remove. It is an unwelcome sensation, and you strive to banish it by plunging deeper and deeper into revelry and mirth. But you cannot thus glut the desires of the soul: mere pleasures are like opiates, they simply create cravings for more. Like will-o'-the-wisps they lead only to the bogs and marshes of misery and destruction, eventually to an eternal hell.

By pleasure you endeavour to forget all about God, and heaven, and hell, hoping thus to escape *somehow* from the wrath you feel is coming. The ostrich, hardly pursued, thrusts its head into any small bush it sees, forgetting the rest of its body; it fancies thus to be safe from its enemies. Poor foolish bird! But a thousand-fold more foolish is he who attempts to screen himself from God by the flimsy veil of pleasure. At any moment the Judge of all the earth may tear it asunder and summon him by His dread messenger death to the next world, there to stand before Him in all the uncovered sinfulness of his secret self, and to receive the due reward of wickedness. Escape from God! Couldst thou range amid the eternal

THE PLEASURES OF SIN.

123

snows of either pole or wing thy way to a starry world, He were there! Where wilt thou fly from Him who "sitteth upon the circle of the earth" and spreadest out the heavens "as a tent to dwell in?" Thou and He *must* meet one day. Bless His name! It may be *now*, at this moment, in all the fulness of pardoning, forgiving grace. But if thou art careless it will be, must be *then*. THEN, when small and great stand before God and the books are opened and the sentence is passed "Depart from me, ye cursed."

Which is it to be, sinner, *now* or *then*?

Pleasure is the bait the great enemy of souls uses to entrap his victims: He says to you in alluring, sympathetic tones, "Poor young fellow! Just see how you toil for seven or eight weary hours at the desk, the counter, or the bench. You want relaxation. Indeed nature demands that you should recuperate your taxed energies. Try a little harmless amusement." How plausible it appears! You cannot resist and you advance towards the whirlpool of excitement. How pleasant the gentle current! Unsatisfied, you continue your gyrations until you are drawn into the madly circling waters, soon to be sucked into the vortex and thus to disappear in the mouth of hell.

Oh, may the God of all grace interpose and open your eyes to such *cruel delusions of Satan*. Does he not whisper in your ear of the pleasures of the theatre? But did he ever add that *there is no pleasure in hell*? No; not he. He strews your path with gaudy delights that you may forget it leads to the lake of

fire. He gives you the pleasures of sin "*for a season*" that you may lose those pleasures which are "*for evermore*." He is a liar and a deceiver, and he exults in nothing less than the eternal perdition of his votaries.

Now, dear soul, what is your choice to be? A Saviour, who, despite your sinful, wanton ways loved you so much that He poured out His life's blood on Calvary for such as you? Or the devil, who with a malignant hate first blinds your eyes with pretty pleasures, and then secures you as his companion through ages of endless torment. Is it to be heaven, or hell? Oh, this is an awful moment. You may never have another chance to make a choice. You may with your own lips, while you read these very words, seal your irrevocable doom; or with the same breath you may accept Christ as your Saviour, and with Him have pardon, peace, joy and blessings, more than tongue can tell. Choose! Choose the latter! Now, or it may be NEVER!

W. J. H.

THE MORNING COMETH.

COME, oh come, happy morning come! Then shall all tears be dried, and all shadows shall flee away. It is the morning without clouds; it is the morning when our loved departed shall rise again; when we shall be re-united in our bodies of glory, all perfectly conformed to the image of the Lord, and dwell together, an unbroken circle, in the bright, bright beams of His unchanging love, throughout the countless ages of eternity. A. M.

AND WHAT THEN ?

“ For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be.”



AT most, dear unsaved reader, the present life is only for a few short years. Has the thought never occurred to you, and **WHAT THEN ?**

Is it not astonishing that so much care and anxiety is given to a brief moment, a flash in the pan— (for such this life is when compared with eternity)— and that great measureless, boundless, eternal future receives not the least consideration ! Oh how mad is such conduct ! Let me urge this matter upon you, dear friend. You *must* depart this life leaving behind you everything. As you came into it *so* you must go out of it (1 Tim. vi. 7). You *must* enter upon an existence after departing this life, an existence which is eternal in its duration. What sort of preparation have you made, or are you making, for that eternity into which you may be launched at any moment ?

It will not do to say with the infidel, I know nothing about eternity and therefore I cannot make any provision for it. Conscience if permitted to speak will refuse to sanction such an excuse.

It testifies to the truth of the Word of God which declares “As it is appointed unto men once to die *but after that the judgment*” (Heb. ix. 27). What

about this judgment? Are you prepared to meet it? Let conscience speak, and will it not tell of ten thousand times ten thousand sins committed, not one of which God in His infinite holiness can allow to go unpunished. Oh, my friend, if you should appear in the judgment of the Great White Throne there *must* meet you the sentence of Him who shall occupy that throne, Depart, depart, and your doom *must* be the lake of fire (Rev. xx. 15).

There is only one way of escape from the judgment and wrath to come, and that is the Lord Jesus Christ, He is the way and the truth and the life. Read His own precious words and by faith receive them into your heart, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and *shall not come into judgment*; but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24). Surely here is "good news" for you, a way of escape. God by the Holy Ghost is announcing through this man, forgiveness of sins and justification from all things from which it was impossible to be justified by the law of Moses (Acts xiii. 38, 39). And this is to be received through *faith in Jesus*.

On the authority of this precious Word of God we can preach the forgiveness of all these sins for which, unless they are forgiven, you must appear in the judgment to receive sentence upon, and not only forgiveness but entire clearance from everything that is against you. But, dear friend, you can receive this blessing—oh what grace!—*only* by faith in Jesus.

The Word of God is most clear on this point: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we *must* be saved" (Acts iv. 12). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt *be saved*" (Acts xvi. 31). C. F.

AN APPEAL TO ALL.



MAN is going down the street at midnight; as he passes a certain house he observes a light flickering through the cracks of the shutters; on looking closer he discovers the lower part of the house to be in flames. In a moment he rushes to the front door and—bang, *bang*, BANG, BANG,—at the knocker. Another moment and the windows are thrown up, and heads are thrust out.

"What is the matter?"

"*Fire!* FIRE!" shouts the man. All the people in the house are awakened and rush out and escape from perishing in the flames.

What do you say of the man who gave the alarm? Do you praise or blame him? "Oh," say you, "he only did his duty." Suppose he had discovered the fire and then passed on his way, saying, "Nothing to do with me! 'Tisn't my business; I'm not a fire-man!" What would you say of him? Would you not say he was more like a fiend than a man?

Christian reader! we appeal to you. Do you not see

that sinners around you, are in danger of perishing for ever in hell, and are you doing anything to warn them of their danger? Do you tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save? You say; "I am not a preacher!" "But you can speak a word to the wayfarer!" "Oh, no! I am of such a nervous temperament, I cannot speak to any one on these subjects." That is a great pity; but you can give away a few copies of this little book and pray God to bless it, can't you? You can pray for the gospel and for those who preach it; you can take an interest in the agencies for gospel work.

"Really, the gospel is not my work; I do not feel called to it." What! *Five millions* of immortal souls in London alone, the greater number of whom are on the road to hell, and you don't "*feel called*" to speak one word of warning, nor to take an interest in helping those who do!—Think again!

UNSAVED READER! What would *you* think of the man who should deliberately pass by a house on fire and refuse to awaken the sleeping inmates on the plea of avoiding undue excitement? Would you not think him mad? And yet when we lift up our voices and warn you of the impending wrath of God which must, sooner or later, fall on unrepentant sinners, you charge us with enthusiasm, fanaticism, madness! But it is nothing of the sort. What we tell you is the sober truth of God. God has spoken to men by His prophets, by His Son, by His apostles and by His Holy Spirit in His Word, and they all solemnly assure us that the unrepentant sinner shall

4380 DAYS.

129

eternally perish ; but that the sinner who will simply cast himself or herself upon Jesus as the all-sufficient Saviour shall be eternally saved.

“If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe* in thy heart that God has raised Him from the dead thou *shalt* be saved.” (Rom. x. 9.)

Will you not then trust this precious Saviour who died for sinners ? Or do you prefer to slumber on in your sins, without God, without Christ, without hope ; on the very brink of everlasting ruin to your precious soul ?

Sinner ! awake up ! you are in danger ! H. C. C.

4380 DAYS.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.” (Eccles. xi. 1.)



THIS little paper is the subject of a conversation (as near as can be remembered) which took place in a small cottage in the little village of P., in the county of W., in the year 1880. In this cottage lay one who more or less had been confined to her couch for fifteen years, and one whose body was much deformed through intense suffering ; but her face was lit up with a radiance of joy, caused by the divine light that shone in her heart, as it is written : “For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”

After a few questions respecting her health, the visitor asked :

“Do you know the Lord ? ”

“Oh yes,” was the ready reply.

“And how long have you been a believer ? ”

“Twelve years, sir.”

“And may I ask what led you to a knowledge of the truth ? ”

“Well, sir, it was some little books you used to send me at that time. They contained some very stirring tales, and they made me begin to think about my soul and eternity ; and after some time I found I was a lost sinner ; then I got very wretched and thought I never should be saved, and as weeks and months passed by, I became still more and more miserable, so much so, that my mother thought me at times out of my mind. Oh, sir, no tongue can tell the agony of soul I suffered.

“It was about this time I began to pray and read my Bible. I should perhaps read one of the little books—then pray, then go to church ; come home, read again, then walk about like one beside myself—then take up the Bible again. My dear mother would walk up and down the garden with me and try to persuade me not to think so much, but I told her I wanted peace, and I could not find it ; in fact I felt like one given up. And I well remember about this time how the light came into my soul. I was reading one day in Exodus, and found that instead of my own doings, and prayers, and waitings, it was all of the Lord, and from that time I read on and on,

until I was like the woman who touched the hem of the Saviour's garment. I touched Him by faith, and then found that peace I so much longed for; and praise His name I've been happy ever since. And as I lie here, I often pray that the gospel message you people bring into this village may be blessed to the souls of many."

That evening, dear reader, in that little cottage, there was a rich repast. The Good Shepherd truly led His two weak ones into the "green pastures" and over their heads He waved His banner of love.

The visitor had forgotten all about the little books sent there so long ago; but not so with God who is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love.

Should the reader be a stranger to grace, may God according to His abundant mercy lead you by His Spirit to His holy Word; and there make you to learn in His presence that you are a sinner in danger of swift coming judgment.

Read in Romans iii. from 9th to 23rd verses; and then read of the One who took the guilty culprit's place and suffered in his stead. (John iii. 16.)

Should the reader be one of the Lord's blood bought ones, fain to halt by the way, I would ask such an one to read 1 Corinthians xv. 58. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Remembering in this case it was made known after 12 years or 4380 DAYS.

E. M.

THE VOICE THAT SPEAKS

Oh listen, sinner, listen !
'Tis Jesus speaks to thee ;
Speaks from the heights of glory
Of mercy, full and free.
Oh voice of tend' rest pity !
Oh accents full of love !
Never man spake like Jesus—
The God-Man there above.

“ Come unto Me,” He crieth,
And be for ever blest :
My blood has power to cleanse thee
My love—to give thee rest.
I died for thee, O sinner !
And now, behold ! I live ;
To him who simply trusts Me
Eternal life I give.”

In voice of love and mercy
He speaks to thee to-day ;
But if thou wilt not listen,
If thou wilt not obey.
A day there cometh quickly
When changed shall be the tone
Of Christ *now* waiting for thee—
Of God's Eternal Son.


Upon the throne of glory
Thine eyes shall see Him then,
When trembling stand before Him
The guilty sons of men.
The Christ who died on Calvary
As righteous Judge thou'lt see ;
The voice thou now neglectest—
What shall it speak to thee ?

“ Sinner ! I called thee often,
And yet thou wouldst not hear ;
Outstretched my hand to save thee,
But thou wouldst not draw near.
My holy Name thou barest,
And yet thou lovest not Me ;
Lord, Lord ! Thy lips oft called me,
But I was naught to Thee.

Wherefore, oh guilty sinner !
Depart afar from me !
In realms of woe eternal
Henceforth thy lot must be.
The way of sin and Satan
Has been thy fatal choice,
And now *too late* in pleading
Is raised thine anguished voice. '

C. H. P.

THE LAST MONTH IN THE YEAR.

EADER ! Look back over the months that have passed. Are you saved or are you still unsaved? If you are saved, you can sing now of the mercies of God that have been extended to you throughout the year. You can say, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." The spring brought its mercies, and while the pulse of creation seemed to throb with new life, you felt your heart go out to God in the desire to live for Him. The summer came with glorious skies and wealth of flowers. The hand of God scattered profusion over the earth, and the bird's song, and the insect's hum, woke the woods and fields to melody. And then your heart was singing too, and you desired that heaven might always be shining in your heart, and the birds of faith, and hope, and love, might always sing amid the branches of the tree of life.

The scent of the new-mown hay, and the breath of the summer flowers, filled the air with perfume ; and from your life, happy with its love to Christ, went up the incense of praise to God, Creator, Sustainer, and Redeemer. And then the autumn came with its glorious hues, and the dying woods, with soft gradations of decay, looked beautiful beneath the radiant sun. And the golden corn was

gathered in, and the ripe fruits of the teeming season, while the leaves fell thickly in the fading woods as the trees were shaken by the hand of autumn. And then you desired to work for God in the harvest fields; you desired to gather sheaves for the harvest home of heaven, and pluck the ripe fruit for God, and you went out, in the strength of God, to labour, and God blessed you in your toil. And now the winter has come, and days are short, and nights are long. There is a chilling freshness in the air, and a silence, for the summer birds have flown. The trees, stripped of their mantles of beauty, look bare and desolate under the heavy sky.

And have you done what you could while opportunity served? Have you worked as the seasons passed, and are you working now? For even winter has its birds and flowers; and opportunities will not be wanting if you are willing to embrace them.

Unsaved one, as you read this, think of the passing months. You have been invited to Christ in the spring, summer, autumn, and winter. You heard the gospel story when the year was young, you hear it now when the year has almost gone. You are a dying sinner in a dying world. You may have lived your last year on earth. You may never see the birds of another spring, or the flowers of another summer, or the fruits of another autumn, or the snows of another winter. But when the harvest of your life on earth is past and its summer ended, will you be where the fields of glory are never reaped, and where the summer never ends? Where the

THE THREE ITALIANS ; OR, WHO IS YOUR GOD ? 135

birds of joy sing in the everlasting trees, and where there are no passing seasons, but one eternal day ?

God bless you, reader, and give you to know Him who so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

May this last month of the year be the beginning of months to you.

THE THREE ITALIANS ;

OR,

WHO IS YOUR GOD ?

SOME months ago, an Italian servant of Christ was visiting among his fellow-countrymen in Holborn, when he came to a room in which a number of them were gathered together after their usual sociable fashion. He began to speak to them about their souls, and some would have listened ; but a young man, who was seated at a table in rather an intoxicated state, called out : “ Let us eat, let us drink. Don’t let us talk of these things ! ”

It was vain for the Christian to go on speaking. The young man by his uproarious conduct prevented all serious conversation, and at last the visitor had to take his leave, sad at heart that his blessed message was rejected.

A few months after, the servant of God was again in the same neighbourhood, seeking for wandering sheep of his own nation. It was Sunday afternoon, and as he walked on, he saw a Neapolitan standing

136 THE THREE ITALIANS; OR, WHO IS YOUR GOD?

at his barrow selling ice-creams. He spoke to him a few words about God: the Neapolitan grasped a bag of money which hung at his side, and, holding it up before the Christian, said, "*This is my God.*"

He was asked whether it was possible that his money was his hope in the hour of death—in view of judgment?

"Yes," was the decided answer, and all the evangelist could do was to leave him a few printed tracts, in the hope that the hammer of God's word might yet break the stony heart.

The words of another Neapolitan, who had listened to the gospel of Christ, form a bright contrast to those of his two fellow-countrymen.

Giovanni A. had been for some time a constant attendant at the preaching of the Christian mentioned above, and his interest in what was said, and great love for his Bible led us to believe that God was working in his soul. But he was a shy, unintelligent man, and never made any direct profession of conversion, until one day, about five months ago, the evangelist asked him a question about the judgment. He answered to this effect:

"I am not afraid of the judgment."

"Why not?"

"I shall not come into judgment, because I am sheltered by the blood of Christ."

And to this certainty he still holds fast. Dull and ignorant as Giovanni is, and weighed down by domestic trouble, his whole face lights up when he is spoken to about God.

THE THREE ITALIANS ; OR, WHO IS YOUR GOD ? 137

Reader ! are *you* like either of these three Italians ? Perhaps you would shrink from *uttering* the sensual words of the first, but are you sure that they are very far from representing your *feelings* ? Have *you* never turned away from God's message to your own earthly pleasures, saying with your heart, if not with your lips, " Don't let us talk of these things ? "

" Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. *But God said* unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Careless pleasure-seeker, beware ! Pleasure is your god ; alas ! it is a god that will fail you in the day of judgment.

But perhaps you do not care for what are generally called pleasures ; you think they involve a waste of money, and therefore rigorously abstain from them. You are diligent in making money, and when you have made it, you hoard it up : shilling is added to shilling, pound to pound, and you survey your glittering store with a smile of satisfaction, and yet—must the truth be told ?—with a gnawing sense of *dissatisfaction* at your heart.

Oh, money-grasper ! your money is your god. Yes, you had better confess the awful truth, as did the poor Italian—" This is my god."

But what of the future ? will your golden god avail you when you stand before the " great white throne ? " Will it purchase your acquittal *then* ? Will money bribe the Judge of quick and dead ?

Listen ! " Because there is wrath, beware, lest He take thee away with His stroke : then a great ransom cannot deliver thee. Will *He* esteem thy

riches? No, not gold, nor all the forces of strength.”
(Job xxxvi. 18, 19.)

Oh! if hitherto you have been like either of the first two Italians, don't let it be so an hour longer. Turn to the God of Giovanni A. Let the false gods drop; and take shelter beneath the precious blood of Christ; then you will be able to say as he did: “I am not afraid of the judgment;” then your triumphant cry will be, “Come sorrow, come peril, come death: this God is *my* God for ever and ever.”

But perhaps some one reading this little paper is already a child of God by faith in Jesus Christ. If so, is there nothing you can do to help to carry the gospel to these poor foreigners, hundreds of whom are living in our midst still sunk in the darkness of popery? Is there not *one* who will answer to the Master's call—“Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?”—“Here am I, send me.” C. H. P

A POACHER AND HIS RABBITS.



OLD George was a queer character; he liked his beer, and plenty of it, with much strong tobacco. He took a great delight in poaching; if he knew rabbits were plentiful in the woods and burrows, an irresistible longing came over him to snare them; and rest he could not until he had done so. Any stray pheasants and other game he could find were quickly converted into ale and

smoke. He was withal so meek and quiet a man ; with such natural suavity, "that butter would hardly melt in his mouth," as his most intimate acquaintances said ; and he was generally liked, though always out at elbows and down at heel. He had a wife and a large family, but the children depended mostly upon their mother for their support. There was a quiet yieldingness and respectful demeanour about old George that generally won its way to the heart and pocket of his patrons, although their game did not increase so fast as should have been the case under other and more favourable circumstances.

The time however came when old George could no longer go out at night upon his surreptitious sporting excursions : he was confined to his bed by a severe attack of erysipelas. As great a sinner as George had but just before been converted in the same parish ; and he in his desire to work for his Saviour determined to visit old George, who was now so ill. Before doing so he asked an old Christian what was a suitable portion of the Scripture to read to such an one. "John iii.," he replied. Armed with this the young convert goes off to see the old poacher.

George, thinking there might be some silver to come, allows our friend to read and pray with him, though not much liking his spiritual medicine ; but, a trifle being left to purchase food, the young physician was asked to call again. He went and continued to do so day after day, reading and praying with the patient, until at last old George could not sleep at night, or even stay in the room without a candle.

He began to remember all the rabbits, &c. he had stolen; and all the naughtiness he had done. This went on until he saw himself a convicted sinner before a holy God, with the words "ALL have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" "There is none righteous no NOT ONE." "It is appointed unto man once to *die* and after death the *judgment*," ringing in his ears; and hell and eternal judgment staring him in the face. His troubled soul could find no rest in anything or anywhere, until coming to Jesus he first rested in Him, and on His finished work, who had borne the judgment for him. Then poor sin-stricken George passed into peace, made through the blood of the cross. He saw that judgment was behind him, borne by his substitute Jesus; that all his sins were borne by Jesus, and put away by His blood that blots out every sin. He saw that he was accounted righteous in Him; and that a bright eternal glory was awaiting him with Jesus who had so loved him and died for him upon the cross. Poor George now burst forth into praise, singing:


"There is a stream of precious blood, Which flowed from Jesu's veins,
And sinners washed in that blest flood, Lose all their guilty stains;
The dying thief rejoiced to see, That Saviour in his day,
And by that blood, though vile as he, MY sins are washed away."

Now he began to pray earnestly for his family. They one by one were saved by simply resting in Jesus and in His finished work. There you may find salvation now. May you know, as George did, the fearfulness of sin, and the love of the Saviour, and find peace in believing.

A. J. B.

MY CONVERSION, AND ALICE'S.

(WRITTEN BY A CHILD.)

HE great change in my soul happened when I was thirteen. I had the knowledge of my sins for many months; I knew that if the Lord Jesus Christ came I should not be waiting for Him. This made me very anxious; at *night* especially I have not been able to sleep; and if a loud train passed, I have prayed aloud for God to save me, and not to let Jesus come before I was saved. I trusted He *would* save me before long, and so He did.

In February, 1883, Mr. — came, as was usual, to preach. I attended the meetings, and gave my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ there and then. Still I was not sure I was saved, I did not know whether my sins were forgiven. I read the 3rd chapter of John's Gospel every day: my faith was small; I could not believe it was for me.

A week or two afterwards, Alice went to the meetings, and became very anxious about her soul. Mr. — spoke on Noah going into the Ark, and all the world shut out: even so will it be when the Lord Jesus Christ comes, all the saints called home, and those who are unsaved will be shut out for ever. At these words she almost jumped out of her seat, and said, "I am shut out."

The following week Mr. — spoke on the Lord's willingness to save the *lost* sinner, when she

thought then, "I may be saved even now." At night if she heard a heavy train pass, she would listen and hear if there were any sound or footsteps in the street. It was such a comfort to her if she heard a *footstep*.

The Tuesday following Mr. — came again; she was still miserable; after the meeting Mr. — spoke to her, and pointed her to John iii. 14-16, and told her to read the verses over and over again, until she was saved; she read until nearly one o'clock. I pointed to her that it was *whosoever* and this meant anyone; that if she believed, she should not perish, but have everlasting life; and that "verily" meant Truly, *Truly*, TRULY, I say unto you, ye *must* be born again.

As I read it, the Lord opened the eyes of both; hers, that she believed; mine, to see I was saved, that all my sins were gone for ever; and oh! what a joy; we were full of happiness, and were able to sing nearly all that night. "There was joy in the presence of the angels." I shall never forget it. We sang together the beautiful verses—

I do believe, *I* will believe,
That Jesus died for *me* ;
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.

I care not what the world may say :
My sins are *all* forgiven ;
My Saviour died upon the tree;
And I am bound for heaven.

How very different it was next morning. Our faces shone with happiness, because we had seen

THE FUTURE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

143

Jesus. Now we were waiting for the Saviour, and, I may say, are *still waiting* every day and every hour. What a blessed time it will be when we are caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so to be for ever with the Lord! how can we grieve, and think so much of a little suffering, after all His love! This *light* affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. The more persecution we get, the more precious Christ is to us. I did not get more friends and companions when I gave my heart to Christ, I could not agree with them, so I gave them up: the Lord was quite enough and so He is now. I gave up all the traditions, forms, and ceremonies of man, and put on Christ: that is why some people do not care for me; but the Lord knows it all, and overrules it. I would not give up Christ for all the gold and jewels of this earth. "He is the fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely."

B. P.

THE FUTURE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

IF the Lord will, we hope to still carry on this Magazine in the coming year. We desire to thank the Lord for having made it His message to not a few precious souls. We trust the circulation of it will be largely increased in 1885. We shall ask the Lord continually for His guidance and help. In the coming year we purpose having one page at least devoted to the children. True

stories of Christ's dealings with the little ones will be inserted from time to time. We ask the prayers of Christians that God will help us in this work for Him. We do desire that God may speak through the pages of this little book to thousands of needy souls.

The year has gone—and the first volume has closed now. We are conscious that others might have done far better in this work than we have; but our prayer is that, if permitted to see another year, the fruits of experience may be gathered by our readers, and that the blessing of our God and Father may rest on even so little a work carried on in His name, and (we trust) for His glory.

WAITING FOR THE DAY.

I am thinking of my Saviour, in the quiet hush of night;
And the home that's waiting for me, far above each starry height;
Of the love that "passeth knowledge," that is shining on my way;
For this earth is all in shadow, but I'm waiting for the day.

O my Saviour, my Redeemer, whom the world has crucified;
I am learning, in Thy presence, that I too with Thee have died.
Mine the resurrection glory, shining o'er this world's decay,
While the earth is all in shadow, I am waiting for the day.

Swells the tide of life around me, with its hopes, its fears, its sin,
But the anchor of my soul is fast, where storms are never seen.
While the tempest hovers darkly, and the night birds seek their prey,
And the earth is all in shadow, I am waiting for the day.

Yes, I know a blessed shelter, safe from every hurtful thing,
And I nestle from the tempest, 'neath the shadow of His wing,
And He bears me upward, heavenward, where the shadows flee away,
To the sunlight of His heaven; to the glory of His day.