

# GOD'S GLAD TIDINGS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

PURELY GOSPEL.

*FOR FREE AND GENERAL CIRCULATION.*

EDITED BY

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VOL. IX. 1880.

LONDON:

W. B. HORNER, 27, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

PATERNOSTER STEAM PRINTING WORKS.  
5 & 6, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

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# GOD'S GLAD TIDINGS.



## WHAT TIME IS IT ?

“ For man also knoweth not his time ; as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare. So are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them ” (Eccl. ix. 12).

“ When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather ; for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to day ; for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites ! ye can discern the face of the sky ; but can ye not discern the signs of the times ? ” (Matt. xvi. 2-3).



DEAR reader, in all affection, I ask you have you wakened up to know “ what time it is ? ” Do you know that though now, as for the last 1800 years, it is “ the accepted time,” yet are we in the *closing moments* of the “ acceptable year of the Lord.” We are living in the “ last days,” and they are “ perilous times.” Perilous, because Satan is putting forth his last and mightiest efforts against the entrance into the hearts of men of “ Gods glad tidings.” Perilous, too, because time is short ; so short, that if you do not *now*

bow to Christ as your Saviour, you may find it too late to do so in five minutes. The master of the house is about to rise and shut to the door ; those that are ready will go in ; and the door shall be shut.

Dear reader, do you know your time ? Do you discern the signs of the times ? Ah ! you may be clever about the things of earth, the present things, the things concerning your body ; but if your cleverness ends here, hearken to the Lord's voice, " Hypocrite ! " " Why," you ask ? Because you pretend to be *wise*, while you are really a *fool*. Wise as to earth, a fool as to heaven ; wise as to the present, a fool as to the future ; wise as to your body, a fool as to your soul ! Hypocrite ! Poor soul ; will you go on any longer in the enjoyment of the passing shadows called pleasure, but which bring no satisfaction, and leave all your future to take care of itself ? Is your soul's welfare of so little importance that you can leave it quite unthought of ? Or are you so certain of remaining here for any number of weeks, months, or years, that you can appoint a time in which you intend to begin to see after your immortal soul's salvation ?

Beware ! beware ! " Man knoweth not his time." *God's time is now.* " Pro-

crastination is the thief of time," they say. Yes, and it is Satan's prime minister in dragging down souls to hell! Do you think one amongst the millions of the damned ever *intended* to be there? Not one! What brought them there? Their good intentions! *Good* intentions? Yes, because they never went beyond intentions. To intend to do a thing proves that you have not done it. Alas! the way to hell is paved with good intentions.

"Man knoweth not his time." "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them" (1 Thess. v. 3). What a remarkable illustration of this was the awful end of over 600 souls on board the "Princess Alice," the Steamer which was suddenly run into and sunk by another vessel on the Thames lately. Coming home after a day's pleasure at the sea-side, over 700 light-hearted men, women, and children; a band of music on board, the passengers sitting in crowds, talking, laughing, singing.; was it not a picture of "peace and safety?" But in one moment, before more than a very few had the least warning, "sudden destruction," indeed, came upon them. Cut down to the water's-edge, the ill-fated steamer sunk in four minutes!

Then what a change from the music and

singing of the happy, careless crowd to the "shriek that rose up to heaven with one accord" from over 600 of them, as they struggled in vain for a moment, and then sank together into their watery grave! Soul! has this terrible catastrophe no voice for thee? If *thou* had'st been there, how would it have been with *thee*? If sudden death was to overtake thee, would it bring thee sudden glory? or would it be sudden destruction? "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us," people pray. But if you *are* saved, why should you be afraid of sudden death? And if *not* saved, why put off your salvation to another day? God says "Now."

The hour of judgment is coming. The hour of grace still lasts. Oh, why will you not discern the times? "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." Have you realised it? The Lord Jesus still says, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Have you come to Him? The Spirit is testifying to the wondrous value, the preciousness to God, of the blood shed on Calvary. Have you hearkened to His voice? Oh, if Jesus has so satisfied and glorified God with respect to the whole question of sin, by the way He met it and answered it all at the cross, that

## WHAT TIME IS IT?

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God has found His rest in Him ; can you not come just as you are, and cast yourself upon Him, sure that He will in no wise cast you out, but rather will receive you, wash you, cleanse you, save you ? Surely you, too, can find your rest in Him, and say :

“ Jesus ! I rest in Thee,  
 In Thee myself I hide ;  
 Laden with guilt and misery,  
 Where can I rest beside ?  
 'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast  
 My weary soul alone can rest.”

What rest ! what relief ! what a salvation ! out of self, into Christ ! Do I now fear the future ? Do I now feel all unhappy and unsettled as I think of the possibility of sudden death coming and finding me unprepared ? No, a thousand times no ! The perfect love of God has cast out fear. I have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He (Christ) is, so am I in this world. In a word, I am saved. I have eternal life. I can never perish. I am ready to depart and be with Christ, or, if He comes, ready to go up and meet Him in the air to be for ever with Him. So ready, that I am longing for the moment to come. Are you ? I am content meanwhile to wait His time, for it is not for me to know the “times and seasons, which the Father

## 6 CHRIST'S FULNESS FOR MAN'S NEED.

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has put in His own power," but "my times are in His hand," and

" This I shall find,  
For such is His mind,  
He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind !"

In conclusion, beloved reader, I once more warn thee, " The time is short." It is still the time of grace for thee, but grace despised is judgment ensured. Know then, I beseech thee, " thy time." Trifle it not away. Make sure while you may of your soul's salvation, yes,

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

H. P. A. G.



## CHRIST'S FULNESS FOR MAN'S NEED.

(Read LUKE v.)



YOU find in this chapter four men brought into contact with Christ, all of them alike in being sinners, but all different as to their state when the Lord meets them, yet all perfectly and divinely met by Christ, and therefore all of them afterwards witnesses of the grace of Christ.

## CHRIST'S FULNESS FOR MAN'S NEED.

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In the first three you have the direct effects of sin on the conscience and on the body. In the last, it is more a question of the heart. But whether it be conscience, body, or heart, Christ meets every one of them perfectly. And, my reader, whatever the state of *your* conscience or your heart, Christ is more than able to meet that state. The body, as a rule, he does not touch now.

When the Lord first came to earth he did heal the body, as an attestation of His divine power, but the man who only believes in Christ because of miracles has not soul-saving faith. You must get down before Christ in the sense of what Christ is personally, as the Saviour of your soul, the Saviour of man.

Christ is a perfect Saviour, the one who meets every need, and to whom the Holy Ghost would direct each heart. Let us see the way in which the Lord meets these four men.

## I.—THE CONVICTED MAN CALMED.

First we have Peter. This is not Peter's conversion. He was a converted man at this time, but he did not know personally the One who converted him. He was like many souls who are not at home with Christ, not happy with Him, though they have been touched by the word of God.

## 8 CHRIST'S FULNESS FOR MAN'S NEED.

Do you ask, When was Peter converted? In John i. you get his conversion. The Lord meets Peter there, and shows He knows all about him, changes his name, too, that is, asserts His authority over him. You belong to me, the Lord says, as it were. Peter did not learn his lesson though; and now in this fifth chapter of Luke, the Lord emancipates and brings out this man on His side.

The Lord does not say to Peter, Lend me your boat. He is Lord of all. He has bought the world, as well as created it. Men may deny Him, but He is the master. I do not say all are redeemed, but all are *bought*, and the price was His own blood.

The Lord, Himself, then from Peter's boat preached to men; and then he pays Peter for the use of his boat. He is beholden to no man. "Launch out," He says, "and let down your nets for a draught." "Master," says Peter, "we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing. Nevertheless, *at thy word* (that was faith), I will let down the net." Have you, my reader, ever let down your net for a draught? Do you say, I have toiled and striven to get peace, to know that I am forgiven, and I am anxious still. Now then, *at His word*, let down your net; at "*thy word*," that is the link between God and the soul.



## CHRIST'S FULNESS FOR MAN'S NEED.

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Peter acted on Christ's word, and the net was so full, it brake, *i.e.*, the blessing was too great for the vessel. You are sure to be blessed when you obey Christ ; when you let down at His command.

When Peter saw it, he said, " Depart from me ; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." What was his sin ? Was it sin to lend the Lord his boat ? Was it sin to say he had toiled all night and taken nothing ? Was it wrong to let down the net ? No ! What then had raised the question of sin in his conscience ? Ah, when he saw the fish filling up his net that day, after his night of fruitless toil, he found out it was more than a man he had in his boat that day ; he found-out he was in the presence of God.

The divine glory of the blessed Lord had shone into the recesses of Peter's guilty heart, and in a moment he goes down and judges himself to be, as he was, a *sinful* man. Not merely a sinner, but a *sinful* man. " Born in sin and shapen in iniquity." *Sinful*, and the sins of every day running over from a nature irretrievably bad. This is always the case when the soul gets into the presence of the Lord ; and yet notice, where does Peter fall ? At the feet of Jesus ! For at the very moment when I discover that I am not fit for

## 10 CHRIST'S FULNESS FOR MAN'S NEED.

Christ, that is the moment when I feel I must have Him. I am not fit for the Lord, he says, as it were, but I cannot do without Him; and I believe that, had the Lord moved one step from him, Peter would have clutched Him.

Have you, my reader, ever known in your history a moment like this? If not, do not delude yourself with the thought that you are converted. For there comes a moment when you, in the presence of the Lord, find out you are a ruined, undone sinner; and then you also find nothing but Christ will do for you. You may not have known this in the vivid way Peter did; but if you have not known it, depend upon it you and the Lord have never met. What does Jesus say? "Fear not." He loves to say this to the trembling soul. Have you ever heard His voice saying to you, "Fear not?" It is thus Christ speaks to souls; and if you say I have never heard Him say, "Fear not," I expect He has never heard you say, "Depart from me." You have never taken your true place as a ruined sinner, and, therefore, you have never met Him as the peace-giving Saviour. The two go together.

When a man learns what he is before God, he does not incriminate his neighbours; he says, "I have sinned," not "we." When

## CHRIST'S FULNESS FOR MAN'S NEED. 11

a soul gets before God every other living being is left out, and the soul and God are alone. Have you, I ask, known this moment? It is a moment of blessing; for when I learn what I am, I learn also what God is. If I learn that I am full of guilt, I learn also that God is full of grace.

Peter from this time left all to follow Christ. He had an object, now in Christ that eclipsed all down here. And notice this, he left his business when it was at its best and brightest. I suppose he had never had such a draught of fish as that day.

## II.—THE DEFILED MAN CLEANSED.

Look now at the next man; a man full of leprosy. Here we have the *outbreak* of sin. Sin does not only give me a guilty conscience, and make me know I am unfit for the presence of God, but there is also the sense of defilement. "Lord, if *thou wilt*," the leper says. He knew His *power*, but he doubted His *willingness*. Are, you my reader, conscious of your sin, knowing you are defiled by it, and do you know Jesus could remove it, and yet do you doubt His *willingness*? Oh, prove Him! Come to Him, and know this very day the touch of His hand! "I will, be thou clean," He says, and touches the leper. Here His

## 12 CHRIST'S FULNESS FOR MAN'S NEED.

divinity is proved again. Had any mere man touched a leper, he would have been defiled; but when Jesus touched the leper, his leprosy was healed. This man had just enough faith to come to Christ, and just enough unbelief to make him doubt Christ; but he got blessing, for it was *Christ* he came to. You come to Him, too, my reader. He is enough. His blood is enough to wash your sins away, and nothing but the blood of Christ is enough.

## III.—THE PALSIED MAN PARDONED.

Look at the next scene: the palsied man, brought by the faith of others. Paralysed, the fruit of sin. They cannot come in by the door here, because Satan has that blocked up to keep these four and their sick friend from Christ. What do they do? They break up the roof.

It is one of the most magnificent flights of faith. What do you think the people round about said when they saw the bottom of the bed coming down through the roof. No doubt many thought it impudent, audacious. What did Jesus think of it? He was DELIGHTED! "When he saw their *faith*, he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee."

Faith and forgiveness are joined together by the Lord in such a way that nothing can rend

## CHRIST'S FULNESS FOR MAN'S NEED. 13

them apart. The moment there is faith, there is forgiveness. We have had, then, a man to whom sin has given a guilty conscience, and Jesus says when he draws near to Him, "Fear not." We have had a defiled man in his guilt, and He says, "Be thou clean." We have had one in his sins, and He says to him, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." This is the Christ for you, my friend, for He is the same to-day as He was then; you come and try Him.

## IV.—THE RICH MAN SATISFIED.

Now comes the fourth man, "a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom;" Jesus passes by and speaks two words, "Follow Me." There the man was with bags of gold, but he was not happy; for money never made a man happy yet. Two words fall on his ear, "Follow Me," and what happens? All goes, he leaves *all*, rises up, and follows Jesus. He does not stay to gather up his money or anything. Two words from Christ changed the whole current of that man's life.

"Follow Me;" and he left all and followed Him. He dropped into the feelings of the heart of Christ, and this hitherto unsatisfied man gets his heart satisfied, and goes along full of Christ! What a conversion! What a

grand conversion ! He had a portion in this blessed Saviour, an object to fill his heart for time and for eternity.

Rob me of Christ, I am poor indeed ; but give me Jesus, and I *have everything* my heart can want. Will not you, my reader, come to Him, listen to Him, hear His own voice, and henceforward follow Him.


W. T. P. W.

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THOSE MEMORABLE WORDS :

“IT IS FINISHED !”

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“N the beginning God created the heaven and the earth ” (Gen i. 1). Subsequently the earth was subjected to chaos. Then God during the six days brought order out of confusion, brought light out of darkness, and ordered and established His creation according to His divine wisdom. The last act of the Creator-God was the creation of the man and the woman—Adam and Eve. “ But God said, Let us make man in our image, after

our likeness . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them" (Gen. i. 26, 27). What a finish to the vast creation! "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good" (Gen. i. 31). All was finished, settled, ordered, and pronounced, "very good."

The Creator rests from His creation toil, and all speak forth His wisdom and glory as such. But, alas! that rest was destined to be disturbed. Man, the responsible head of the creation, departed from his creature place of dependence and obedience. He listened to the foul insinuations of Satan, the father of lies, sinned and fell, and with him the creation over which he was put as head to have dominion. God's rest is disturbed; sin's pestilence has blighted all; creation has fallen; God been dishonoured; His claims ignored; Satan acknowledged; and the sad result—man driven from the garden of Eden, and from the presence of God. What ruin! what misery! God dishonoured and Satan triumphant. What a reversal! Man, the willing captive of the enemy of God—a fallen, guilty being. It makes one weep. O sin, how great thy devastating power! God's fair creation blighted by thee, and man, the fairest of all, fallen beneath thy hand.

But is it thus fixed for ever? Must sin's dominion and Satan's triumph last for ever? Must God's goodness be despised, His claims ignored, His creature an outcast be for ever? Must God's rest be disturbed, no more to be restored, and must the glorious Creator be turned out evermore from His own creation? Blessed be His name; No! This scene, once so glorious, pronounced "very good," now fallen and under the power of Satan, shall be the witness: first, of the awful consequences of man's departure from God, that in seeking to exalt himself he was abased; second, of man's utter helplessness to save himself from the ruin, the sad consequence of his own sin; third, of the glorious triumphs of divine "grace reigning through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. v. 21).

But for this latter another work must be accomplished. Man's utter ruin has been demonstrated; for 1500 years the law proved him impotent, as the man at the pool of Bethesda. Who now can accomplish a work which shall glorify God about sin, satisfy His divine justice, establish the claims of His broken law, vanquish Satan, accomplish redemption for man, secure for him salvation, and rid for ever God's creation of the stain and pollution sin has brought into it? What



being can do this? Shall we search the ranks of fallen man? Alas! "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and are thereby incapacitated for anything but to exhibit the sad results of sin. Shall we mount up to the shining courts of heaven, and search the ranks of heaven's angelic armies? Not one can be found equal to the task. Powerful they are, but not infinite; therefore unable to meet infinite claims. Must we give it up? Is all for ever lost—irretrievably lost? Must Satan triumph for ever, his dark dominion have no end, and man, made in the image of God, be shut out from God for ever? To say yes would be a deep cup of sorrow indeed; but triumphantly we can say, No.

A work was to be accomplished indeed, a work beyond the power of man or angel; but, blessed be God, One has come forward and accomplished it. And that One was the Son of God. God as well as man: as God infinite, as man capable of dying. This Jesus did on the cross, and infinite are the merits of His atoning death. He through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God. Death was met and overcome; Satan assailed Him, but was eternally vanquished; sins were laid on Him (the spotless Lamb of God), and atoning for sin God's wrath and judgment were endured,

and the deep dark cup drained; the bitter hidings of God's face was experienced; the Holy Sufferer was left alone, absolutely alone; and thus finished the work by which God was to be glorified, Satan vanquished, and man saved. Was it all accomplished? Glory be to God, yes! Listen to the expiring Saviour: "When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost" (John xix. 30).

Hallelujah! "It is finished!" Not finishing, or will be finished, but perfectly, righteously, and gloriously finished for ever. Well may the soul of the saved sinner sing Hallelujah! If he did not, the angels would put him to shame. They sang when creation's toil was over, and the mighty Creator rested—a rest which was disturbed—and should not sinners, saved from hell, sing because of redemption's toil being finished, all gloriously finished for ever; the rest of which is never to be broken in upon or disturbed? Surely they should. Let the world stamp them as madmen, but let them sing of the triumphs of Jesus, and the finishing of redemption's toils, and the eternal rest of God. Worthy subjects of their song.

God has set His stamp of approbation on

## “IT IS FINISHED!”

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the work of Jesus. He has raised Him from the dead. And amidst the praise of heaven set Him at His own right hand in glory. The empty grave, the occupied throne, but declare God's satisfaction in the finished work of the cross.

Now the gospel of God's grace sounds forth the blessed tidings of “It is finished!” The precious news is carried to every continent and wafted to every clime. “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,” is the divine commission, founded upon those imperishable words, “It is finished!” How blessed!—“every creature.” There is no difference as to sin, “for all have sinned;” and there are no exceptions in the gospel, it is to “every creature.” God's heart contemplates every creature. “Look unto me, and be ye saved all the ends of the earth.” The wave of blessing rolls on until all the ends of the earth are swept by it. Ah, yes; and souls from every quarter under heaven can testify to the blessedness and saving power of those words: “It is finished.”

Reader, are *you* saved? It is to “every creature” the gospel is to be preached; “all the ends of the earth” are invited to receive the benefit—a present and eternal salvation—of those glorious words, “It is finished.”

God is satisfied with that work, will you be? The gospel proclaims salvation to you, will you accept it? God is willing and able to save you, will you be saved? But, remember, God cannot save in any other way, neither can you be saved in any other way, than by Him who uttered those memorable words: "It is finished!"

E. A.



## WO! BACK!

**T**HESE words were uttered by a carter, as he backed the horse and cart on to the edge of the path, at the moment I was passing. They conveyed a message to my heart from the Lord of glory, which I instantly responded to by taking from my bag a small book that I knew was there; and going to the speaker, I went straight up to him, and said, "I heard you say, 'Wo! back!' just now; and I've brought you an interesting little book, called 'Ready to go.' It will tell you how you can be ready to go." I saw that the few words

had done their work, as he replied, putting it in his pocket, "I'll look into it, ma'am."

I know not the result of looking into that message from God to that solitary man by the road-side. He may have had little or no idea of how much it concerned him, as to whether he accepted the Saviour of sinners, as the Saviour for him, a sinner; whether or not he took for himself God's great salvation. God knows; and the day will declare it. But it is a message in which you, my dear reader, are deeply concerned; and I do ask you lovingly, and for your own sake, to look into it also; and get the question of your salvation settled. Who can tell, but that it may be your very last opportunity?

Then there is another side; I was speaking to a young girl the other day, and telling her that every moment she stayed away from JESUS was a positive loss to her soul. I was musing on those words in Proverbs viii., "He that sinneth against ME wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate ME love death." What a tender, loving remonstrance that is! He does not speak one word of the wrong done to Himself, of how He feels it; but, "wrongeth his own soul." Yes, loved one, if you are a stranger to the love of Christ, you are a ROBBER; not of others, but of your own soul.

Oh, do think of it, your own soul. That precious, never-dying soul. By your own deliberate choice will you consign it to everlasting woe? Oh, do for your own sake confide it to Christ. Ask Him to take it, who knows its true value. Who in His love's deep pity has paid the price of its ransom to God in His own precious blood. What a price!—only love divine could pay it. In His name, therefore, I make love's demand on you, O robber! That you will let my Saviour have what you have been holding back so long—your own self. Surely it is not difficult to bow to infinite love; love which led Him down that He might, by virtue of His death, take you up. I know but very little of the love of His heart, but I can say from the deepest depths of my being, that there's nothing else like it.

“ Oh ! Christ, He is the fountain ;  
 The deep, sweet well of love !  
 The streams on earth I've tasted,  
 More deep I'll drink above.”

May the significant words, “Wo back!” arrest you on your downward path; they are the very words for any one who is travelling on the wrong road; the first thing is to turn, and then you shall know how perfectly God, in His grace and love towards you, a poor lost sinner, has devised means whereby you may be instantly

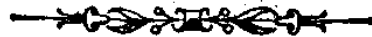
## A SLIP ON THE PAVEMENT.

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made "Ready to go;" and you shall taste for yourself that love which eternity will never exhaust. There is enough love for heaven for ever: and oh! awful thought; but not less real, there is enough woe for hell for ever. Come, then, as you are, just now, to JESUS, and let Him save you for that eternity.

"Just as I am—Thy love I own,  
Has broken every barrier down,  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O, Lamb of God, I come!"

R. B.



## A SLIP ON THE PAVEMENT.

**A** SLIP on the pavement! What a trifling thing: Not one of the readers of this little paper but has slipped on the pavement often, I daresay, and I thought nothing of it. And yet, within one hundred yards of where I write this, a slip on the pavement has just sent a soul in one moment of time into eternity. Yes, dear reader, in less time than it has

taken me to pen the few lines I have already written, a soul has gone to be either "for ever *with the Lord*" (1 Thess. iv. 17), or for ever to be "punished with everlasting destruction *from the presence of the Lord*" (2 Thess. i. 9).

One or the other it must be ; and now the poor woman of whom I write knows the solemn reality of what it is to have begun an eternity which will never end. She had only left her home close by on some little errand, slipped on the pavement as she was walking along in full life and health, and in a moment she was in the road, the wheels of a passing omnibus went over her head, and she was in eternity ! All that was left of what had been but one minute before a human being, full of life and activity, was a mutilated immoveable mass of flesh and bones ; and the soul, where ? Who knows but God and herself ? As I looked on the crowd that stood around that solemn sight, I saw a few faces pale and awe-stricken with what had just passed before them ; but by far the larger number passed away with, perhaps, an expression of sorrow upon their lips, but alas, without a thought of the solemn reality that, for that poor woman, the slip that had closed the short span of her life in this world had ushered her into a life in another world



that would never end at all. I could but lift up a silent prayer to God, as I said a word to one and another, that *He* would speak, as He alone can, to those grouped round that mass of lifeless clay, and from that very scene of death bring life to poor dead souls.

A moment more and all was over. A coffin was brought (no need for a doctor there), and she, who but twenty minutes before had left her home a living active woman, was not only dead, but in her coffin, to wait for that voice from heaven which shall either summons her to be for ever with the Saviour who died for her, if she knew Him as such, and had bowed to the grace of Him who came to seek and save the lost; or to take her stand before that "great white throne" and Him that will sit on it, from whose face the heaven and the earth will flee away (Rev. xx. <sup>12</sup>12), and to find that her name is not written in the book of life, and to be "cast into the lake of fire" (v. 15).

And now, dear reader, does not God speak to you in this solemn incident? Does He not say to you as He said to Adam in the garden, "Where art thou?" Where art *thou*? *thou* little child, *thou* young man or young woman, *thou* poor sinner of riper years? saved, or unsaved? A slip on the pavement and you,

too, may be in eternity, and are you yet unsaved; and going on calmly and quietly with the world as if eternity were but a name; content to read this and put it down; obliged to own yourself, unsaved and yet satisfied? If God asks you now in grace that question, "Where art thou?" remember that, if you leave it unanswered and unsettled, the time will come when He will ask you another, "What hast thou done?" (Gen. iv. 10). And *that* will be asked when the door of grace will be shut, and you will be standing *before that* "great white throne," where grace is unknown, to be judged "according to your works;" and what those works have been God knows even better than you do; and not one bad work, not one sinful thought of all those years you will have to look back upon, but will be brought before you then in all its blackness, to sink you deeper and deeper in that pit from which there is no escape. The heavens and the earth will flee away from His presence—but there will be no fleeing away for you, poor sinner, who have rejected Christ, the Saviour of the lost.

But perhaps you will say, "I do not reject Him; I should be sorry to do anything of the sort." Dear reader, do not be deceived. If you lay down this little book which tells you of

“ God's glad tidings ; ” the glad tidings that He has sent a Saviour, His Son, to come between poor, lost, ruined sinners and a God, who cannot look upon sin, to take their place upon the cross, where he was forsaken of God, because He was bearing sin, that they might not have the forsaken place for ever—I say, if you lay down this little book *unsaved*, you are practically rejecting Christ ; yes, however moral, religious, educated, charitable you may be, if you are still *unsaved*, and have not got eternal life, you are practically rejecting Christ.

Does it seem hard to say this? It is the word of God that says it, not I. What does the Lord Himself say in John vi. 47,—“ Verily, verily (how emphatic), I say unto you, He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life.” Look again at Colossians i. 14,—“ In whom (Christ) we *have* redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.” And if you are *unsaved*, it is because you have not got eternal life, nor forgiveness of sins, and therefore you are really an unbeliever, whatever you may profess to be, or think you are yourself. God's gift to poor lost sinners is worthy of Himself. He gave His Son ; He gave the best thing in heaven for the worst thing on earth, a poor sinner like you and me. He gives a *free* salva-

tion, a *full* salvation, a *present* salvation, nothing less. It is not, and never could be a question of God's love *passing over* sin. That is what man would like, because he would like to think that God estimates sin as lightly as he does; but it is a blessed fact that God can *righteously forgive* and blot out the sins of a man that owns his condition, because His Son has borne the judgment, and paid the debt to the very last farthing. It is not till I know the righteousness of God satisfied, the righteous claims of God against sin perfectly met at the cross of His Son (where "righteousness and peace kissed each other") that I can understand, or enter into the *love* of God that has done such wondrous things for poor, lost, ruined man.

Oh, dear reader, I entreat you "to-day, while it is called to-day," flee for refuge to the hope set before you." Remember God gives you this moment, He does not give you the next. A slip on the pavement, and you, too, may be in eternity.

A. P. G.



## SIN NOT IMPUTED.

“Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered; blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin” (Rom. iv. 7-8).



THOUSANDS of persons are harassed and perplexed, and kept in doubt and uncertainty in their souls, through not apprehending the blessed truth that the Lord will not impute sin to the believer.

If you ask whether they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, they answer readily in the affirmative, but yet have no lasting peace. On conversing with them further, you find the reason is that they thought that when they believed they were forgiven, and that for the future they would be able to keep from sin altogether. But, again and again, they discover that through unwatchfulness they allow things which they hate, and sin in thought, word, or deed. Satan immediately accuses; the conscience is defiled; despair seizes the soul; they think they cannot be forgiven, or converted after all.

Now, how is all this? Would God have his people in such misery day after day? Surely not. It arises simply through unbelief, through not taking God wholly at His word, and being occupied with self instead of Christ.

*God not only forgives the poor guilty sinner all his sins, the moment he truly believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, but never will impute sin to him at all.*

This seems too good to be true to many a troubled soul, but it is the word of God, the word of Him who cannot lie, that declares it. Believing it gives *peace, present and lasting*. Let me give you an illustration.

Supposing you dwelt in a house at the yearly rent of £20, and your landlord again and again called for the year's rent that was due, and you had no money to pay, you would find yourself in a great strait. You say to the landlord, "Will you kindly let me off?" "No," he replies, "I must have my money; you must pay me my due." "But I have nothing to pay with." "Then you must take the consequences," he rejoins. But suppose the landlord's son, heir to his father's immense estate, steps in and offers to pay the money for you. The landlord accepts the payment, and offers you a receipt. You believe his

word, you accept the receipt, and you are at rest about the matter.

But time runs on, and you continue to dwell in the house, still having no money. Every day gets you deeper and deeper into debt again. Month after month runs on, and rent day is again approaching. Though at rest about the past year's rent, you have no peace as to the present or future, and live in constant dread of being imprisoned for debt.

But suppose further, that when the landlord's son paid the past rent, he also handed to his father on your behalf, say £50,000 ; a sum very much greater than the whole house is worth. What says the landlord to his tenant now ? Why, he not only gives him a receipt for the past rent, but also signs a paper to say, that as all his claims have been perfectly met, an amount far exceeding the whole value of the house being paid, the tenant shall henceforth live entirely rent free ; adding, that, as the said tenant has been so kindly dealt with, the landlord expects that he in return will do all he can to protect the house, and preserve it from damage of every kind.

What is the result ? *The landlord is perfectly satisfied, the tenant at perfect rest.*

Now rent day may come round again, but

it is no longer a source of dread or fear to the tenant. The landlord might knock at the door on the very day, still he is perfectly undisturbed about the rent. He may not have a farthing in the house, and yet is glad to see him. Nothing can render the signed paper null or void. There is no imputation, no reckoning of rent against you. The landlord never has a thought of making any further demand. It would be an act of injustice on his part. If you do not accept the paper, or will not believe that the kind friend has paid the money, that is your fault. If you cannot pay yourself, and will not accept the payment made by another, you must take the consequences.

But, perhaps, you reply, "Wont the landlord come down on me for the rent if I break a window, or damage the paint?" No, you are rent free for ever. "But will he not say anything at all if I were to do such a thing?"

If after you have received such kindness you should act so badly, and the landlord is sure to see or hear of it, you will have a very bad conscience, and be very unhappy until you have expressed your sorrow to him and received his forgiveness. But still *there is no reckoning of rent.* "Well," you reply, "that is grace beyond all I expected." It would be, indeed,



but yet even this falls very far short of the rich provision of God's grace in the Gospel. .

The sinner owes to God for his sins, but has nothing to pay with, absolutely nothing; he is a beggar, utterly penniless. When he wakes up to the fact that he has to answer for his sins (and, dear reader, if you have never been aroused to this fact, may you be so now) he asks God in mercy to forgive him. But God says, payment must be made. The sinner cannot pay; then he must take the awful consequences. And what are they? "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23). After death the judgment (Heb. ix. 27). After judgment the lake of fire (Rev. xx. 12-15). Guilty sinner, think of your awful doom, if you die in your sins, DEATH, JUDGMENT, and THE LAKE OF FIRE.

But God has a Son, His only-begotten, His well-beloved, and He has made payment with His precious blood (Heb. ix. 22). "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son" (John iii. 16). Jesus died and rose again, and is now seated in glory as Lord and Christ (Acts ii. 30-36). Believe on Him, and your sins are forgiven. "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts xiii. 38). Do you believe? You reply, "Yes." What then? "Oh! I am happy,

my sins are forgiven, God says so." Then go on your way rejoicing.

But to-morrow comes; next week, next month comes; and though you had the joy of forgiveness, resting on God's word, you are still troubled, because you find you still sin. You are at times unwatchful; you yield to temper or irritation; you speak or act unwisely; the conscience is defiled; there is no settled peace. This is the experience of thousands. Listen, dear reader, if this be your case, listen. Christ not only put away your past sins by His precious blood, but so perfectly glorified God about the whole question of sin, that God will never impute or reckon it to you again.

The blood of Christ (which God Himself calls precious) is of such value and efficacy before God, that the moment you believe, your sins are all forgiven; God will remember them no more. You are justified from all things; *in Christ*; and *there is now no condemnation* (2 Cor. v. 17; Rom. viii. 1). Not only is the past rent paid, but you are rent free; your past sins are gone, and God will never lay sin to your charge again. Blessed, blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin; or, whose sin the Lord will not at all reckon to him. Wondrous love, marvellous grace! Yes, indeed, but it is *grace reigning through righteousness*

(Rom. v. 21). God is *just*, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus (Rom. iii. 26). Dear reader, can you say, *That blessed man means me?*

And now, saith the Scripture, "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid;" far be the thought. What! set to breaking the windows because you are rent free! Shocking conduct indeed! But, perhaps, some one may say, "My difficulty is, I keep on doing what I know to be wrong, though I don't want to do it. Do you mean to say God will not reckon it to me?" If you do evil, you will be unhappy. "But if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous" (1 John ii. 2). "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9).

The blood of Christ never needs to be re-applied, but is ever under the eye of God for the believer. He is viewed before God in Christ for ever, *sin never imputed*. "Christ was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, *we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ*" (Rom. iv. 25; v. 1). Your joy and communion will be hindered whenever you sin afresh, but where there is self-judgment,

real and true confession, God means what He says. "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9).

To return to our illustration. If the tenant break the window, he does not think that the landlord will charge him with the rent of the house; the signed paper assures him to the contrary; but he is unhappy until he has judged the wrong, and owned it to him. So also, when the believer does wrong, God does not want him to think that He will judge him for all his sin; the Scriptures prove the contrary, and assures us there is no imputation of sin. But he will surely be unhappy, until true heartfelt confession has taken place before God.

I might add much more as to God's dealings in government with those of His children who trespass on His grace, failing to judge themselves (1 Cor. xi. 26-32). Also I might speak of the blessed and soul-assuring truth, that God not only does not impute sin, but does impute righteousness, and that without works, to those who believe (Rom iv. 6-11). But this would lengthen our paper beyond our immediate object.

*"Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin"* (Rom. iv. 7-8).

E. H. C.

## “SHIMEI.”

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THE history of Shimei is a very remarkable one, and aptly describes the hearts of sinners in their enmity to God (Rom. viii. 7). We shall look at it with its similarity and contrast, and we shall see it standing out as a beacon to warn souls of their danger, and save them from making shipwreck upon the same rocks, and miserably perishing like Shimei. And while doing so, may the Spirit of God use it to many sinners, “to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light; and from the power of Satan to God” (Acts xxvii. 8).

Oh, how many shut their eyes to the light; stop their ears against all the warnings, and rush heedlessly and rapidly down to hell, to be awakened and alarmed when it is too late, —when their guilty sin-stained souls have taken the last desperate plunge from time into eternity—from earth into hell.

Shimei was a sinner (2 Sam. xvi. 5-14); a bold, daring, deliberate sinner; one who was not in the least afraid to hurl his horrible abuse at the anointed of the Lord, while his

hand threw the stones and dust at the man after God's own heart, who was for the time a wanderer, and whose throne was occupied by an usurper. What open, undisguised enmity to David on the part of Shimei.

Alas ! that in this day the race of Shimeis are multiplied ; their puny fists are lifted against God and His Christ, and their brazen faces set against Him, while almost every little tongue questions His every act, and seeks to make Him as small and insignificant as themselves.

"Like raging waves of the sea, they foam out their own shame,"—while, like David of old in his beautiful answer to Abishai, God says, "Let him alone" (v. 11), or, in the language of Ps. l. 21, "These things hast thou done, and *I kept silence*;" but in verse 3, we read, "Our God shall come and *shall not keep silence*, a fire shall devour before him," &c.; therefore God warns them in verse 22: "Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver."

Shimei's conduct deserved death, immediate death. Openly and wilfully, though unprovoked, he had manifested the hatred in his heart to David, and justly merited that which *righteousness* in Abishai would fain give him when he said, "Let me go over, I pray thee,

and take off his head" (v. 9). But grace responds at once, "Let him alone." David could wait, and keep silence, and suffer. But Shimei's sin was not forgotten.

Reader, what about your conduct? Is it worthy of death? Has not your heart discovered itself time after time in its enmity to God? You have sinned with a high hand—set God at defiance and done as you pleased. And because God has not executed summary judgment upon you, you have verified the words of the wise man in Eccles. viii. 11, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are set in them to do evil." "Be not deceived, God is not mocked" (Gal. vi. 7). Your sins are not *forgotten*, but *written*, and written in a book which no hand can reach but God's; and from which they can never be erased, but by the blood of Jesus, when you repent and believe in His name.

When next we meet Shimei, he is acting the part of the hypocrite. The usurper has been slain, and David is now in the place of power, wielding the sword of government once more. Fear seems to take possession of Shimei. His outrageous sin stares him in the face, and the thought of retribution makes him tremble. He embraces the first opportunity, and falls at

the feet of David with his hypocritical confession, “ I have sinned,” while he eagerly endeavours to persuade David of his sincerity, by putting in the foreground his promptitude in coming forward as the *first* of the house of Joseph to meet the King (1 Sam. xix. 20).

Poor Shimei, moved with *fear*, not *love*, seeks to shield himself behind an empty *confession*, and as empty a *profession*.

Righteousness in Abishai still demands his life, but sovereign grace in the King takes him on his confession and spares him,—“ Thou shalt not die ” (v. 21-23).

How accurate the picture ; how faithful the portrait of numbers of our modern Shimeis. When their grievous sins have stared them in the face, when the rumblings of the distant thunders of judgment, which threatened them as the due reward of their deeds, have been heard, fear has taken possession of them, terrors have seized them. Alas ! it was only fear of hell, not hatred of sin. (Thank God for real awakenings, but oh ! the hardening influence of unreality.) They make rapid strides in reformation, try to act the Christian, bow their heads like a bulrush, put on a most sanctimonious air, take good care that men see or hear of their great goodness, and appear to be real before men, forgetting that the eye of God



goes below the outward appearance to the heart. He demands “ truth in the inward parts.”

Deceivers, remember although longsuffering grace spares you just now, and allows you to go on in your sin and hypocrisy, suffering not righteousness to put an end to your miserable and deceptive career, the day of manifestation and judgment will come; when you will be seized with strong hands—your mask torn off—your rags all stripped from you—your true condition discovered and manifested. Then judgment, like a mighty avalanche, will sweep your doubly guilty soul into the surging lake of fire for ever. Beware!

We turn now to 2 Kings ii., where we find the end of poor Shimei. We see from verse 8 that though David had borne with Shimei, he had not forgotten his wicked conduct towards him, and he charges Solomon to act wisely, and “ by no means clear the guilty.” Such is the character of God. He must act righteously and according to what He is in Himself. And God *will* be God, let man be what he may.

In verse 36, the King sends for Shimei and gives him a chance for his life. He puts him on his responsibility to build his house in Jerusalem and stay there; with the warning attached, that the first time he passed the brook Kidron he should die.

Shimei, like his forefathers at Sinai (Ex. xix. 8), immediately replies, "The saying is good, as my lord the king hath said, *so will thy servant do*" (v. 38). He accepts the conditions.

At the close of three years, forgetful of his oath, he starts in pursuit of his two runaway servants—crosses the brook, and again merits death. He is doubly guilty now; a flagrant sinner, and a wilful transgressor. He is brought before the king, charged with his wickedness to David, and breaking his oath to Solomon. His blood is upon his own head, and he pays the just penalty with his life.

Poor Shimei! Righteousness could only be satisfied by *his* death, or the death of a substitute. But there was none to pity him—none to die for him. He sinned—he transgressed—he died.

Thank God, though we are sinners, and richly deserving the wrath of God, He Himself has laid help on One that is "mighty to save"—Jesus the Saviour. And while *righteousness demands* the life of the guilty—*love provides* the substitute who takes his place—*faith appropriates* the sacrifice, and *enjoys* its results.

"He took the guilty culprit's place,  
And suffered in our stead;  
For man, O miracle of grace!  
For man the Saviour bled."

Shimei's sentence was just; he owned it himself (verse 38); but he had to bear it himself. The sinner's sentence is just; but "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). "Christ suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18). "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24). Glorious God-sent news! Jesus cried out, "It is finished." "Now to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5).

W. E.



### "COME—NOW."

"Now is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

Hark! the gracious Spirit speaking;  
 Will ye not the call obey?  
 Wherefore are ye still resisting?  
 Come, oh lingerer, come *to-day*.  
 Ye have halted long from coming,  
 Meaning to be saved at last,  
 Oh! my friend, while ye are lingering,  
 Christ may come—your day be past.

*Now* the Gospel ye hear sounding,  
*Now* God's word ye daily read,  
 Yet with careless dire delaying,  
 Jesu's voice ye do not heed.  
 Have ye then no thoughts of loving  
 Him who suffered death for thee?  
 Oh ! my friend, the Lord is waiting  
 Now, for you, so patiently.

*Now* the Holy Spirit striving,  
 Bids you on the Lord believe ;  
 Happy in His service living,  
 Blessings without end receive.  
 But this "*now*" is quickly passing,  
 Soon will close the day of grace ;  
*Then* my friend ye will be praying,  
 But the Lord will hide His face.

Ah ! ye know not now the blessing  
 Which ye idly cast aside,  
 Or ye would not it be spurning,  
 But would take the Lord for guide :  
 He a guide so true, so loving,  
 Brings His child through pastures green,  
 And, my friend, in sorrow's chastening,  
 Christ's great love is ever seen.

"Come to me for rest and blessing,"  
 Sweetly says that gentle voice,  
 "O'er the weary I am watching,  
 And will make their heart rejoice,  
 With a joy beyond all telling,  
 And that through all time shall last."  
 Oh ! my friend, are you not resting  
 In this anchorage sure and fast?

H.

## A HAPPY DEATH.



HERE is wonderful influence sometimes in the simple *testimony* to the truth, of one who is living in the power of it. Where the most fervid appeals of the evangelist fail to arouse the conscience, the quiet, unobtrusive testimony of a true believer in Jesus often gains an entrance. This is why I desire to place on record the little account which follows of the death, a few weeks ago, from consumption, of a girl about nineteen. It is a very simple testimony, nothing extraordinary about it; but it is just the quiet, undemonstrative expression of the repose of a soul in the love of Jesus at a trying moment, at a moment when everything is intensely real, when all earthly props must be swept away in the presence of that eternity into which the soul is about to enter. May the Lord use it, not only to the comfort of the believer, but to the awakening of many a one, hitherto careless and indifferent about the things of the future.

The following is extracted from a letter, written in all the freshness of the sorrow, by the father of the girl referred to; who, I might just mention, had long known "peace in believing:"—

"When I wrote to you last, I told you how weakly she was, and we thought she could not be here long. She was a long sufferer, but bore it with wonderful patience, and without a murmur. I think I told you she was so weak that she could not bear my voice to read to her. Her life seemed to hang on a thread. She was worn to a skeleton. On the Sunday evening (she died on the Monday) her mother and I were up in the bedroom with her. She began to speak to her mother about the precious promises that God had given, and how they supported and cheered her. She asked her mother for the hymn-book, and her mother gave it her, and she opened it at a particular hymn speaking of the joy of departing and being with Jesus, and said, 'Mother, this is the hymn!' Her mother read it, and gave it to me; and when I saw the first verse, the fountains of my heart opened, and the tears ran down my cheeks like a child. It was some time before I could read the hymn. I prayed with her, and we spent a heavenly evening, talking about our heavenly home."

What a blessed evening this must have been, spent in company with one just about to exchange this weary wilderness for a scene of unending delight, talking about the enjoyments so soon to be entered into! Reader, if you were now to be brought into these circumstances, could *you* thus rejoice in the prospect of the scene immediately before you?

“She had a good night, and did not cough much, and she seemed nicely up to about three o'clock on Monday afternoon, and then she had a bad turn of coughing, and her mother could see a change come over her. I was sent for at about five o'clock, and when I came in she seemed a little better. Shortly after, she changed again, and seemed very ill, and she held up her hands, and said, ‘Jesus, come and take me!’ She was quite sensible till the last moment. A few minutes before she died, she opened her eyes with such brightness, and looked around, and her mother said to her, ‘Do you see Jesus?’ She bowed her head, as much as to say, ‘Yes,’ and she gradually passed away.”

Dear reader, will you examine yourself in the light of this little scene, this simple exhibition of perfect trust and childlike confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ? Where are *you* in relation to this One who can thus extract the

sting from death, and make it the entrance-gate to a place of everlasting repose and joy? Do not, I ask you, put this question aside. It concerns *you*, personally and individually. If you are not saved, if you have never yet listened to the voice of Jesus, may this simple testimony of one now in glory melt down your heart, and draw you in submission and obedience to His feet, "the man Christ Jesus," to Him who says in loving tones, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you *rest*." Ah, and such rest! Not a single question left unsettled, every weight removed, and the soul free and happy in the presence of God. He died, "the just for the unjust, that He might *bring us to God*." What a contrast to the wretched place of distance we are in by nature! On the one hand, "the husks that the swine did eat;" on the other, "the fatted calf," "the kiss of love," "the best robe," the sitting at the Father's table in fellowship and communion with Himself!

Oh! dear reader, pass not on in indifference and forgetfulness, but come to Jesus now, and give up for ever your own weary, restless strife after happiness. Without Christ, you will never get it. Millions have tried after it, but in vain; and, blessed be God, millions, too,



## GRACE REVEALED.

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have rested themselves on the perfectness of the Lord Jesus, and found that which they never found, never could find elsewhere. Be among the number of these, I pray you!

T. W.



## GRACE REVEALED.



WHILE engaged in preaching the Gospel in one of the British isles during the latter part of 1874, I took up my abode in its principal town; and on the way to and from my lodgings, on several occasions, I met a young man walking towards the sea—evidently seeking its fresh breezes to revive his weary and emaciated frame. He was about eighteen years of age; tall and slender, with blue eyes, and brown hair. But oh! his sad, sad face I shall never forget! His expression was truly hopeless! As one bearing God's message of love to dying men, my heart was anxiously drawn out to seek him for Jesus. As he was slowly walking along, I soon had an opportunity of speaking with him, but what was my horror and surprise to find, that to the things of God he was an utter

stranger! He scarcely knew that there was either a heaven or a hell! and Jesus Himself, and the value of His blood, were alike unknown to him. I felt greatly for his sad condition, and looked up to the Lord to have mercy upon this poor lost one. I asked his leave to visit him, and found he lived not far off. I made his case known to one or two other Christians, asking them to visit and speak with him also, my dear wife amongst them, who accompanied me to his bedside after he became worse.

Finding his countenance still miserable, I one afternoon made the following remark:—"You do not seem to be right with God yet."

He replied, "I am not."

"Well," said I, "there is no one here but you and me and God; come tell me your difficulty." He burst into tears and said, "My difficulty is, I cannot give God my heart, and I cannot give up the world." "Now," I said, "will you believe me in what I am about to say?" He solemnly replied "I will, indeed, believe you." "Well," I said, "you are all wrong; God does not want you either to 'give up the world,' or to 'give him your heart.' Now, what do you think?"

"Well," said he, "what is it then?" I replied, "God is a giver, and wants nothing

from the poor sinner, nor asks him to do anything: He simply tells you by the Gospel your wretched condition, and offers you there and then a remedy, even salvation—without money and without price.”

“After a pause he said, “I see things in a different light.”

“Thank God,” said I, “if you do. But before I leave, I must seek to impress this upon you, that *God is a giver, God is a giver, God is a giver!*” So I left him, having to preach in a village some few miles out of town that same evening. The next time I called upon him he looked quite happy and radiant. He informed me that, after I had left that day, he was thinking the thing all over, and about two o’clock A.M., as he lay awake on his bed, the love of God rushed into his heart, and he saw it all plainly. This accounted for his changed countenance—changed from misery to settled peace! A peace and joy remarked by all who afterwards visited him. The poor bodily sufferer lingered for a month or two, and then passed away into the presence of his Lord, where “there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore” (Psal. xvi.). . . .

Reader, how do you stand with God? A most solemn question for any one. Time is short. Consumption’s scythe is as sharp and pitiless

as ever! and man is heir to ten thousand other forms of disease, any of which can take him away into the presence of his God with a stroke! May I say unto you, reader, likewise—"God is a giver." Yes, "Whosoever will, let him *take* of the water of life freely." For a once dead, but *now* living and glorified Christ offers it: see that you refuse Him not. See John xii. 47, 48. D. R. F.



## MAN'S MESSAGE, AND GOD'S.

"A certain nobleman went into a far country, to receive for himself a kingdom and to return . . . . But his citizens hated him, and *sent a message after him*, saying, *We will not have this man to reign over us . . . .* And when he was returned . . . . he said . . . . Those mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me" (Luke xix. 12-27).



SOLEMN message to send, was it not? Another company on an eternally memorable day cried, "Not this man, but Barabbas" (John xviii. 40), and, alas, many around us re-echo it! And who is He whom they reject? He is the One who gave

“ His life a ransom for many ” (Mark x. 45); “ Who laid down his life for the sheep ” (John x. 15); Who for our “sakes became poor” (2 Cor. viii. 9); Who “humbled himself and became obedient unto death” (Phil. ii. 8); and who says to *you*, reader, “ Come unto me, and I will give you rest ” (Matt. xi. 28). What answer will you give Him? What message will you send to Him as He sits at His Father's right hand waiting to bless you? By and bye He will return to this world, not as a Saviour, but “in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them who know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ” (2 Thess. i. 8), and “ what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?” of His “enemies” who will not have Him to reign over them? “ Slay them before me ” are awfully solemn words to hear.

But how good it is to turn away from this dark picture, and to be able to say until He comes back, the Gospel of the grace of God is being proclaimed, and that God has sent His messengers into this world to make known to sinners His love and grace. One of His messengers wrote, “ Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God ” (2 Cor. v. 20). Think of God, and Christ,

and their messengers, beseeching sinners to be reconciled! It is not you who need beseech God to save you, but God who stoops so low that *He beseeches you* to accept what He so freely offers, even His own Son as a Saviour.

Listen to what another messenger writes, "This, then, is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all" (1 John i. 5), and later on he adds, "God is love," "God is light," to show you how unfit you are for His presence, and He is come to make known to you that He has provided a way whereby you may be cleansed from your sins.

Oh, listen to the message! God, who is light and love, has given His Son, who has borne all that sinners deserve, and He can now righteously forgive sins, and take saved sinners to dwell with Him, where the precious blood, and the One who shed it, are ever before Him. God wants you to believe what He says, and the messenger who wrote His message *could* say, "*We have known and believed the love that God hath to us*" (1 John iv. 16).

I stood at the entrance of a little fruit stall in the centre of a fashionable resort, and under the very shadow of a time honoured

abbey. Through the half shut door a low moaning reached my ears, and seeing no one, I pushed it open and found behind a screen an old woman in bed, evidently very ill. On a table beside her were arranged all that care could provide—fruit, jelly, wine,—and close to what appeared the visitor's chair or stool, lay prayer book and hymn book, while on the foot of the bed was nailed a “daily prayer for the sick.” All this I noticed while trying to sympathise with the sufferer, and to gain her attention. I told her of the precious blood which cleanses us from all sin; but she replied not. Then I said, “You are all alone to day, shall I do anything for you?” She waived me off with an unmistakable jesture; and, speaking for the first time, she said, “No—its too much talking for me.”

I turned sadly away, feeling sure that it was the “message,” and not the “talking,” which was distasteful to her, and fearing that she was like those who sent the message: “We will not have this man.” Reader, be warned in time. Religion surrounded this woman,—but *religion without Christ*; she had prayers in profusion (and God forbid they should not profit her), but prayers are not a Saviour. Ponder these words: “Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by

the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified through faith in Christ, and not by the works of the law ; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified " (Gal. ii. 16).

Another aged dying woman I think of. She had found out that a religion of words will not do for God, that " God is light ;" and as she sat in her cottage with none of the comforts of this life around her, she moaned bitterly, " I'm a poor creature past eighty—just to think of being doomed down to the misery of hell for ever ! doomed down to the misery of hell for ever ! " It was solemn to hear ; but better to find one who realised her state before God, and who eagerly listened to the message, than to see one in like case turn away from the Gospel as " too much talking," and act like one of the " enemies " of Christ. Next time that I visited my aged friend, it was not the misery of hell which occupied her, but she had begun to understand that " God is love," and over and over again she repeated, " Jesus is the Saviour ! He is the Saviour ! " and oh, what a Saviour ! Is He yours, reader ?

H. L. H.



“IT IS FINISHED.” DO YOU  
BELIEVE IT?

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IT was raining hard one Saturday morning when Mrs. B—— called at my house, and wished me to see a poor woman, living in the same street as herself, who was very ill, and believed to be in distress as to the state of her precious soul. It was not very long before I was seated by the bedside of the woman. She was dying, and there could be no doubt as to her anxiety to be sure of heaven. I assured her she had nothing to do FOR salvation, that the work was finished, and that the Lord Jesus had finished the work long, long, ago. I referred to the word of God, which also declares that “Whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John iii. 16).

To my sorrow, she appeared to believe the word of God was not enough for her. She told me that her mother, when dying, beheld bright visions, and it was too plain that now the dying daughter, ere she would rest upon the finished work of Christ, was waiting for

some vision to come before her. I saw with pain that this poor woman was unwilling to rest upon Christ Jesus alone, and to say in the words of the 62nd Psalm, “ He only is my rock.” Her anxiety increased, and, as with her bright black eyes she looked upward toward the ceiling, she most earnestly prayed, “ O shut not the door against me ! O do not let me die unprepared ! ” These words were uttered as only one dying could utter them.

I sat by realising my own helplessness ; and never before, I think I may safely say, had I been made so sensible as to how thoroughly God the Holy Spirit honours the work of Christ. He could and would have been pleased to have filled her “ with *all* joy and peace ” if she had been believing. It was a painful sight ; and yet I could but adore the faithfulness of God to the finished work of His son. I saw so plainly, it could not be “ the blood of Jesus Christ ” and visions, but the blood alone. It was not that God was unwilling to save this soul, but she was unwilling to give the glory of her salvation to the work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Reader remember, “ Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men where-

by we must be saved " (Acts iv. 12). The rulers, elders, scribes, the high priest, and his kindred, were gathered together at Jerusalem, and set Peter and John before them, and questioned them by what power they had miraculously healed the man spoken of in the previous chapter. It is at this time that the noble Apostle unflinchingly tells them that it was by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and adds—"This is the stone set at nought by you builders, which is become the head of the corner." And to set Him at nought they must know that there is salvation in no one else. How solemn; "neither is there *salvation in any other* " God has no other way. Reject this, and you can have no other. Think of that !

When Naaman, of Syria, who was a leper, was told by Elisha to wash in Jordan and he should be cleansed from his leprosy, he felt his pride wounded, and angrily replied, "Are not Abana and Pharpar *better* than all the rivers of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" You can wash in them, Naaman, but you will not be cleansed. Jordan is the river; not the fine rivers of Damascus. We warn the reader, most earnestly, that he can only be saved through the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Without the

shedding of blood is *no* remission" (Heb. ix. 22.)

Neither is it the blood and something else, but the blood *alone*. One may choose his Abana of mere reformation; another his Pharpar of ordinances; and a third both, and ask, "May I not wash in them and be clean?" Yes; clean enough, perhaps, for this sin-stained world, but certainly not clean enough for that place of absolute purity, where the shadow of sin cannot enter.

It is not for one moment that one would make light of reformation of character, baptism, or the Lord's supper; far from it. Who would not rather see a sober man than a drunkard? And what Christian is indifferent, whether what Christ instituted be despised or not? But what I do say is, you may be a sober and kind man, or a partaker of the Lord's supper, and you may have been baptised, and yet after all be found amid the scorching flames of the lake of fire, which is the second death. Shall God give His son, and He pass beneath His judgment for sins, that we may be saved, and then be insulted by any who dare to say, or to think that that finished work is not enough? Alas! man thinks *he must do something*. Hear the word of God: "I know that whatsoever God doeth,

it shall be for ever : *nothing* can be put to it, nor anything taken from it, and God doeth it that man should fear before Him (Eccles. iii. 14).

It is certain all will not be saved, and it is as certain that everyone that is not saved will have to blame himself for it. Such a glorious provision has been made, by Christ Jesus dying the just for the unjust, that God welcomes all that come. None are too black ; none too vile ; none too guilty ; none too wretched. By the redemption which is through the blood of Christ, those who believe, have the forgiveness of their sins ; and this through the riches of God's grace. It is to the glory of God to save the vilest from their sins. He says, in the hearing of Satan, who stands at the elbow of Joshua (after leading him to do wrong) to resist him, " Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire ? "

Should this paper come before the eye of one, who may think himself or herself at the very lowest round of the ladder, another step, and then a plunge into everlasting darkness ! Look to Jesus from the depths of your sinful condition. Do not try to save yourself. Let Him have the glory of your salvation, and remember He will not give His glory to another.

Look to Him, and Him alone, and peace shall be yours. At the birth of the Saviour, the angels praised God and said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." Peace shall be the portion of those who put their trust in Him, who was delivered for their offences, and raised again for their justification. And this, too, observe not at the expense of "Glory to God in the highest."

Reader, let God be true, I pray you. True in what He says of His Son, and the work which He accomplished, and true in what He says of you. For the Saviour of sinners gave not up His Spirit before He had cried "It is finished." What was said to Israel, in the prophet Jeremiah's day, I affectionately would bring before you, "Give glory to the Lord your God, *before* He cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and, while ye look for light, he turn into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness" (Jer. xii. 16.) Give God the glory *now*.

W. R. C.

## ARE YOU JUSTIFIED?

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THOSE Christians who speak much with souls about their salvation, find that all are hindered in some way or other from receiving Christ, through looking at themselves. Being occupied with their own doings and feelings, they follow their own thoughts and opinions, instead of simply bowing to, and believing the Word of God. But speak to whom you will, who have been brought to a knowledge of Christ, and who enjoy the glorious salvation of God, you will find that it was alone *by believing God* that they came into this blessed liberty.

The moment souls are exercised about their state before God, and Satan finds they are seeking to escape from under his power, he uses every effort to obstruct, and hide from them God's wondrous plan of salvation. As a wily serpent, a roaring lion, or as an angel of light (Gen. iii. ; 1 Pet. v. 8 ; 2 Cor. xi. 14), he is successful, in thousands of instances, in keeping souls in darkness and bondage for months and years, and hindering them from resting by

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simple faith IN CHRIST AND HIS FINISHED WORK.

The following is the substance of a conversation between a servant of the Lord and an exercised soul ; a fair sample of the difficulties so often met with in seeking to extricate sinners from Satan's meshes, and win them to Christ.

" Well, and are your sins forgiven, Mrs. ——— ? Are you justified in the sight of God ? Can you rest assured that you are saved ? "

" No, sir, I cannot say that ; there are so many trials to meet in one's family and circumstances. "

" But what of that ? God says in Acts xiii. 38, 39, that through this man, that is, Christ Jesus, His beloved Son, who died for sinners on the cross, and rose again, is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins ; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things. Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ ? "

" Oh ! yes, I believe in Jesus ; I believe He died for sinners ; I always did believe that from a child. "

" Do you believe He died for you ? "

" He died for all, didn't He ? so He must have died for me. "

" And you believe the Word of God ? "

" Yes, indeed I do. "

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"Then your sins are forgiven, and you are justified from all things."

"I hope I shall be."

"I thought you believed the Bible?"

"So I do."

"Well, God does not say a word in the passage about 'hope;' but all that believe 'ARE;' *are* forgiven, *are* justified."

"But I can't feel it, sir."

"You are not told to feel it, but to *believe*. And mark, too, it says "*all* that believe," so, if you believe, it must mean you."

"I *do* believe then."

"All that believe are justified from all things."

"Ah! but I'm not one of that sort of people who make a profession."

"My dear soul, it is not a question of profession, but reality. If you do really from your heart believe, God says, and He *cannot* lie, that you are *justified*. Or, in other words, *you are cleared*. He says what He means, and He means what He says. You told me you believe the Scripture, and——"

"So I do, but——"

"There's no '*but*;' let me finish, please. You will surely spoil it if you put in a '*but*.'"

"But——"

"No, no; I cannot let you add even '*a but*;' you told me you believed the Scripture

and here it is as plain as plain can be, 'all that believe,' and that includes you, 'are justified from all things.' WILL YOU TAKE GOD AT HIS WORD?"

"When I was ill once, and thought I was dying, a gentleman who visited me, told me it was very simple, 'only to believe, and love your neighbour as yourself.' I never forgot that."

"But there is nothing about loving your neighbour as yourself in this passage. How about the dying thief? he had no time to love his neighbour. He died just after he believed, and yet went to paradise with his Saviour at once" (Luke xxiii. 42, 43).

"But Miss ——, at the mothers' meeting, says there must be good works as well."

"Good works are the fruit of faith, not the ground of our justification. Salvation is not of works, lest any man should boast (Eph. ii. 9). It is of no use talking about good works, until you believe and are saved. The truly saved one, that is, the Christian, delights in them. They are the evidence of faith; but *faith must come first.*"

"I don't think my faith is strong enough."

"Now, do not look in at self, and at your faith, but look out at Christ. It is not the quantity of faith that saves, but Christ Him-

self. Christ alone is the Saviour. You want the faith of a little child *to trust Him*. As a poor feeble lost one *to believe on Him*. His blood cleanseth us from all sin (1 John i. 7). Believe and you are cleansed—whiter than snow. Believe, and you are forgiven—justified. *Do you now really believe?*”

“Oh, yes, I *do* believe, indeed I do; but, how about the sabbath? We *must* keep the sabbath. Don't you think it's very wrong to work on Sunday: and I nearly always have to do *some* work.”

“But what has that to do with what we are speaking about? These questions come in afterwards. Every Christian ought surely to delight to spend the Lord's day with, and for the Lord. Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath. Christians are not under law, but under grace. All this, though, is simply a hindrance to you; the great question, and the first, for you is, *Are you justified?*”

“I get out of temper, you know, sometimes. I'm sure that isn't right, now, is it? You don't believe a Christian ought to do that.”

“‘By Him *all* that believe are justified from *all* things;’ tempers and everything else. ‘All things,’ *means* ‘all things.’ It is plain English. Do you think that God made a mistake?”

“ Oh ! no, I can depend upon His Word, I am quite sure of that. But I want to live nearer to God than I do.”

“ Another ‘ but,’ again. And ‘ I,’ ‘ I,’ ‘ I,’ self, self, self, do, do, do, instead of ‘ *Christ.*’ Do you not know that God has said, ‘ All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags ’ (Isaiah lxiv. 6). Your own righteousness will lead you to hell as much as wickedness. It is not by works of righteousness which we have done (Titus iii. 5). Cast your deadly doings down. Let ‘ I do ’ go ; for Christ *has done all.*”

“ Well, I like to go to a place of worship, and hear the preaching. I’m not one who cares for pleasures and sight-seeing. Don’t you think that—”

“ Dear, dear soul, *do* let *self* go altogether, *good self* or *bad self*, and *listen to the word of God.*”

“ I always did. I have been brought up to understand these things, and to take an interest in them.”

“ But you don’t believe God.”

“ Yes, I do ; you think I don’t believe. I believe every word of the Bible. Christ died for sinners. I quite believe that.”

“ Did he die for you ?”

“ He must have done so ; He died for all.”

“ Then let me repeat again, ‘ That through

this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and BY HIM *all* that believe *are justified from all things.*' God says you *are* justified, and Satan says you *are not*. It is simply a question, which you believe."

"I don't believe Satan; I know he's a liar" (John viii. 44).

"Then you do believe God."

"Yes, certainly."

"Then you are justified from all things."

"I believe I shall get at it some day."

"Now is the *day of salvation*. TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE (2 Cor. vi. 2). Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth (Prov. xxvii. 1). You see, it is as I was afraid, you do not really believe. You believe about it, but you *don't believe it.*"

"I can't say 'I am justified' to-day."

"It's not what you say, but *what God says*. BELIEVE GOD AND YOU ARE. But my time is gone, I find. I must leave now, so wish you, 'Good morning.' "

"Good morning, sir. I hope I shall get right."

"I hope you will, before it is too late; there is no time to be lost."

Beloved reader, does this describe your case? Are you like this poor tossed one? Thousands,

tens of thousands are raising these or similar difficulties, and thus letting Satan rob them of joy and peace. As long as you look at anything you ever did, are doing, or ever can do ; at self in the past, present, or future, you will never enjoy peace with God (Rom. v. 1). It is not you, but *Christ* ; not what you do, but what he has done for you secures peace.

Jesus did it, did it all, Long, long ago.

If Christ were on the cross, you might doubt ; or if Christ were in the grave. For if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain ; ye are yet in your sins (1 Cor. xv. 17). But Christ is risen, indeed. God raised Him from the dead (Acts ii. 24). " He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom iv. 25 ; v. 1.)." All the claims of God have been perfectly met by Him, once for all. God is glorified in His Son. Christ in glory at His right hand, is God's own testimony to this wondrous fact (Acts ii. 36). And now, poor sinner, "*Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things*" (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) Think of that. BELIEVE IT, AND YOU ARE JUSTIFIED.

Said another, " I do believe."

ARE YOU JUSTIFIED?

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"Then are you forgiven, and justified from *all things*."

"It says 'all,' does it not?"

"Indeed it does, and God means it too."

"And *all* who believe."

"Surely."

"Then I must be justified."

"Yes."

"From all things?"

"What does God say?"

"I see it."

"Do you believe it?"

"*I can rest on what God says.*"

"Then you are justified from all things."

"Yes, how simple; I never saw it like that before. I didn't think it was quite so easy. I always thought I must do something."

"That's just it. It was 'I' instead of Christ. It's all in *taking God at His word.*"  
Dear reader, WILL YOU? "*Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things.*"

E. H. C.



## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?



THE careless world asks this question ; sleeping, sleeping on ; arousing itself, it may be, at the cry of warning for a moment, and then sinking back into its dark death slumber. The Tay Bridge disaster, with its 70 souls launched into eternity, is God's voice speaking at the end of the year to this guilty nation, exalted, like Capernaum and Jerusalem, with privileges ; but alas ! one fears, as deaf to the voice of Jesus as they.

Watchman, what of the night ? Perhaps an answer from the Word at this time may be seasonable to any that have ears to hear.

The Lord divided the present dispensation, that is the period between His rejection by the Jews as the Messiah, and His coming again to take His Kingdom, into four watches of the night. He said to His disciples before His crucifixion (Mark xiii. 34, 35), " For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master cometh,



## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? 73

*at even*, at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, *Watch*."

He takes the figure of the night, divided by the Jews into four watches (the first the even, from 6 to 9; the second the midnight, from 9 to 12; the third the cock-crowing, from 12 to 3; and the fourth the morning, from 3 to 6 a.m.), to figure the present dispensation.

Jesus was the light of the world come into it, but cast out of it. That was the beginning of the night. The disciples were not to know the hour of the Lord's return, but were to watch. Reader, if this be so, and they were commanded to watch, how much more you and I, who live after more than 1800 years of the night are past.

But is there any part of the Word of God whereby we may find out what the hour of the night is now? I believe there is. In the parable of the virgins (Matt. xxv.), we find that at *midnight* there was a cry made: "Behold the Bridegroom; go ye out to meet him."

Reader, have you heard of late years the cry of the Lord's coming sounding in your ears? Then be sure the midnight watch is past, and there remains but the cock-crowing and the morning when the Lord may come!

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At the beginning of this century the cry began, and it has sounded louder and louder ever since. The wise and foolish virgins, *i.e.* the professors of Christendom, are waking up, to see if they are ready for the approaching Bridegroom!

But another thing. The Lord says, in Rev. xxii. 16, "I am the bright and morning star!" Reader, when does the morning star arise? I answer: Before the sun. We find, by astronomical calculations, that the morning star sometimes rises before the sun as much as 4 hours and 20 minutes, so that, say the sun rises at 6 a.m.—the end of the morning watch—the star would then rise at 1.40 a.m.

Now, my reader, if we have sure proof that the midnight hour is past, oh, how close are we to the coming of the Lord! It may be delayed, just like the morning star might rise three hours, two hours, or one hour before the sun; but come it will,—and I ask, my reader, are you ready?

Jesus is also the Sun of righteousness, and He will display Himself in that character when He returns to the earth, burning up the wicked like stubble, and rising with healing on His wings to restore the remnant of Israel: (see Malachi iv.) But before that day, when He shall judge the world in righteousness, He will

## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? 75

rise as the morning star, for His Bride, the heavenly church. He will descend into the air, the dead in Christ will be raised, the living saints changed, and all caught away to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17).

Reader, before another year is out, this wonderful event may have taken place! And O how wonderful! If it was wonderful for the Lord to rise as man out from among the dead, whilst the rest of the dead were left behind; how wonderful for all the saints, from Abel downwards, to be raised in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye. “The rest of the dead lived not again till the thousand years were expired. This is the first resurrection” (Rev. xx. 4, 5).

But if this be so wonderful and blessed for the saved, oh how dreadful to be left behind, unsaved, for judgment when the Lord comes. We read, “They that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut” (Matt. xxv. 10). The foolish virgins, the mere professors, were left outside for judgment, to hear the withering words, “Verily I say unto you, I know you not!” In Egypt’s land, on the passover night, there was not a house amongst the Egyptians where there was not one dead. But oh how dreadful for the unsaved to find, on some morning, that the saved husband had been taken away to glory from

## 76 WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

the unsaved wife or child, and they left behind to a strong delusion to believe a lie.

Yes, dear unsaved reader, if you reject Christ now, and resist the Holy Spirit, when Christ comes it will be all over with you! What is the dark picture after that, during the short interval between the rising of the morning star and the Sun of righteousness? Listen! "Then shall that Wicked One be revealed, whom the Lord shall destroy with the Spirit of his mouth, and the brightness of his coming; whose coming (Antichrist) is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. And for this cause, God shall send them strong delusion to believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness" (2 Thess. ii. 8-12).

Thus all hope is over for the wicked rejecter of Christ in that day; he is handed over to these strong delusions, to be destroyed with Antichrist, at the time of the rising of the Sun of righteousness. Oh, reader, flee to Christ now; whilst His blood cries for mercy! for then it will be unmitigated judgment.

A. P. C.

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## THE DANGER WHISTLE.

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ON the 24th of December, in the year that has just closed, two brothers, by name George and Robert R., left their home at six o'clock in the morning, to go as usual to their work on the line. It was dark and cold, but they walked briskly along and soon arrived at the railway, which they were obliged to cross in order to reach the engine-house.

They were in the act of doing so, when George, the elder of the young men, became aware of the approach of three or four trucks, which were coming along the line at a good speed, having just been shunted by an engine at a little distance off. Calling to his brother, "Look out, Robert," he leapt hastily aside, just in time to escape being run over, but what was his horror and consternation on turning back to see his brother lying crushed on the line, the trucks having passed over the lower part of his body.

Help was soon procured, and Robert was gently and tenderly taken to an inn close by,

but before the night had drawn in, he had breathed his last. An inquest was held over the body two days later, when it was proved that the engine-driver had blown the danger whistle, which, however, had been unheard by the young men, and this had been the melancholy result.

Now Robert did not hear the warning whistle, or he would most surely have sought to avoid this terrible accident; but, dear friend, although you may never before have thought seriously of your soul's danger, you are at least responsible to do so after having read this paper. If you have never come to Christ, it is a deeply solemn thought, that should you be called to meet God in your present state, you can never say that you have not heard of the peril you are in. God tells you of it most plainly. He says in His word that there is a place "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark ix. 44); and, my unsaved reader, *this* is the place to which you are hurrying. Will you not stop and think *now*, while salvation is still offered you.

How sweet it is that we are yet able to tell of God's love—a love which has filled our own hearts to overflowing with happiness and praise. But we are not content with simply

having it ourselves; we want that love to be *yours*; we long for you to come as lost sinners to Christ, and rejoice in it too.

There is a verse of Holy Scripture which says, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. iv. 9). God still lingers over you in love and tenderness, but He does not give you to-morrow to call your own. But, perhaps, some one may read these words who truly longs to come to the Lord Jesus Christ, and be one of His; to such He says, "He that *heareth* my word and *believeth* on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life (John v. 24).

Remember this, though, if you still refuse to listen to His voice, which now speaks to you in love and grace, there is a time coming when you *must* hear it. Do you ask when that will be? Ah! it is most plain. We are told in John v. 28, that "The hour is coming in the which all they that are in the graves *shall hear* His voice, and shall come forth"; and if you stand before the Lord Jesus Christ then, He will say to you those fearfully solemn words, which we find in the first chapter of Proverbs, "Because I have called and ye *refused*; I have stretched out my

hand, and no man regarded. . . . I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." Ah, terrible doom which awaits most surely the Christ rejecters, which must inevitably fall on the heads of those who spurn with a high hand God's offer of salvation. Yes; if you refuse *now* to listen to the "danger-whistle" which sounds in your ears, a time will come when God's ear shall be for ever closed to the bitter cry which will be wrung from your lips, at finding yourself at length in that place where hope can never enter. We pray you, therefore, in Christ's stead, be ye *reconciled* to God " (2 Cor. v. 20)

E. C. R.

BEYOND.

“**T**HEY were carried to their graves in the same hearse.” And this statement was repeated with emphasis, because, doubtless, of the rarity of such occurrences. “Carried to their graves in the same hearse!” The tone of the speaker was loud and solemn—so loud that all in the railway carriage



could overhear. The impression left on our minds was also solemn. Death is solemn: and people speak of it in bated breath. The grave, too, carries solemn thoughts to the mind; for it tells us that however strong or noble, or proud we may be, our end, in time, is the dust. But there are occasions when tidings of death are specially solemn; and the fact of two people—were they husband and wife? were they young? were they rich? were they noble? what they were is no matter—two people dying and being carried together to their graves might certainly arrest the thoughts of travellers in a railway carriage. Silence followed for a while. The speaker drew no lesson. His words ended with death and the grave. His thoughts might have gone further; but few, very few, care to think, far less to speak, of that which follows the grave. Death and the grave are bad enough, but what shall we say of judgment? of meeting the Judge of all!

“Can you tell me,” I said, “if you know what followed their interment—of the beyond?”

“Tell you what, sir?”

“Of the beyond,” I loudly replied.

“Ah!” said he, “no mortal man can tell you that. We cannot speak for others, each must answer for himself.”

The old story, thought I; the Bible might

as well never have been written, or Christianity introduced, for the majority of its professors! Alas! alas! Once I asked a gentleman if his sins were forgiven. He retorted, what business had I to ask him such a question. Well, I said, you, of course, acknowledge the creed? "Yes," said he. Then, I said, there is such a thing as "the communion of saints," and had your sins been forgiven we might have enjoyed happy communion together. Perhaps, like many, he connected saintship with heaven, or the calendar at farthest.

Yes, people have plenty of Bibles, but is it not remarkable that you cannot find one in ten who KNOW that their "beyond" is to be the glory of God? Not ten per cent of the professors of Christianity *know* whether they are saved! Is that a sweeping statement? Come, reader, to settle the difficulty, let me ask: "Are YOU saved." Can you say, apart from your natural and groundless hopes, on the authority of the word of God made good in your soul by the Holy Spirit; can you say that you are saved? Pause and consider. Remember you are either saved or lost; middle ground there is none. "By grace ye are saved," said Paul to the Ephesian believers. "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost," wrote the same apostle to the Corin-

thians. "Saved or lost," which, dear reader, are you?

The funeral procession of a saint is a procession of triumph! a march of victory. The funeral element is gone! To the saint, death has no sting, the grave no victory! For him Christ hath abolished death. Glorious abolition. Slavery is over. "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come unto condemnation, but is passed from death into life." Jordan's deep waters are behind. Oh how the eye of faith delights to roam over these fields of deathless glory that stretch out in front. Magnificent prospect!

The funeral procession of a sinner is the most awful sight that can be seen on earth. The hearse may be imposing, the equipment of the horses costly, the mourning carriages numerous, the retinue large. The coffin may be of the finest workmanship, and the headstone of marble; the inscription may be enviable, and the willows may weep—but, spite of all this pageantry, the whole thing is a total, a ruinous, an eternal defeat! A procession to a sinner's grave is a procession also to a sinners' hell. That is the "beyond."

Now, what I desire, my reader, is that you should be saved. Thank God you may be.

Notice—"Unto you is the word of this salvation sent." The gospel is charmingly personal—the word of salvation is sent to you—to *you*. If it be a *word*, then *hear* ("Faith cometh by hearing,") and, if a word of salvation, when heard, salvation follows. "By grace ye are saved through faith." That is when a soul believes. Do you really believe?—then salvation follows, and much, very much, is included in the word "salvation." But this is yours when by grace you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

J. W. S.

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### FRAGMENT.


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MAN, in his natural state, is liable to, and expects death and judgment. The death of Christ delivers the believer from both of these consequences of sin, *as a necessity*. At His first coming He took away *our sins*; when He comes a second time He will take *us* away. If fallen asleep we shall be raised, but if alive when He comes, we shall be changed into His likeness, without dying at all. What a prospect! The sinner expects death and judgment; the Christian, Christ and glory. What a difference. Reader, which do you expect?

W. T. P. W.

## MARGERY D—

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 HE was spoken of as “a good woman.” Her neighbours called her “very religious.” Among her fellow workwomen she was looked up to and respected. It is true the giddy and trifling shunned her as “*not their sort*,” but still they respected her, while the steady quiet women felt honoured by her regard, and by her company.

I cannot say any of them loved her. Had you asked them why, you would have heard various answers. “She is too religious,” or “she is proud,” or “she does not think we are good enough for her,” the young and careless would have told you in a moment, with many more such reasons.

The thoughtful women would have been puzzled to give you a satisfactory reply, for they appreciated her worth. “I think a mighty deal of Margery, but I could not just say I love her,” was about as near to the truth as you could arrive at.

The fact was Margery was *self-righteous*. Trusted by her employers, and looked up to by her companions, she felt perfectly satisfied with herself.

She had her own thoughts as to the actions of every one else; and her own standard, by which she judged these actions, and pretty severely did she condemn all who did not come up to her standard. Thus she did not win love. She put herself outside others as a judge, and everyone else felt almost like a prisoner at the bar, who, however much he may fear and respect his judge, can scarcely be said to *love* him, not even though he should dismiss him with words of strong approval instead of blame.

Margery read her bible three times a day always, and she said her prayers, and she lived an outwardly correct and upright life; and she thought in her heart that she thus stood as high in God's favour as she did in the favour of her employers.

She spoke of "going to heaven" as though it were as much her right to go there, as to go to her own little room at night, the only home she knew on earth.

But Margery's title to heaven was not the blood of Jesus, but her own model life; the example of honesty, industry, and sobriety she had set to others, her careful church-going, her bible reading, and the saying of her prayers. I speak of this latter as "saying of her prayers," for of her it was not then recorded in heaven,

“Behold she *prayeth*,” and between the two there is a great difference.

Do not think for a moment, dear reader, I wish to make light of bible reading, or an upright life, or outward respect to God. Far from it. These are good and right as far as they go, but they will not redeem a soul from death, nor give to God a ransom for it; one ransom only will God accept, and that is the one He Himself has provided, the blood of Jesus Christ, His own beloved Son.

To think of meriting heaven by any good deeds of my own is to deny the total ruin of man, to deny that “In me that is in my flesh dwells *no* good thing,” and therefore to deny the necessity for the atonement. If my living as so-called “good life” can save me, the Lord Jesus Christ need never have died to save me.

But the thought of being utterly *lost and ruined and helpless* in herself, and of being saved entirely by the work of *another*, and that other God’s own blessed Son, never entered Margery’s mind.

Had you asked her the old evangelist’s great question, “Would God do a *righteous* thing if he cast you into hell?” She would have answered emphatically “No.”

Thus, you see, she had never seen herself in the light of God’s presence, and discovered there

the difference between the holy and the unclean. A soul that comes to God finds out two things, first, that he is totally unfit for God, and then that God has Himself provided a way, by which he may approach unto Him.

God cannot let man into His presence in his sins, nor in his own robes, the robes of self-righteousness and works, for in the light and dazzling glory of that presence, these are shown up as "filthy rags." But God provides a robe suitable for the place, and man has only to let his own filthy garment fall off, and take the one of God's providing in its place, "the best robe," even Christ.

But Margery was wrapped tightly round with her own garments. In the dark (as to God's thoughts) they looked spotless, but the moment came when the Lord brought her into the light, and she saw herself as she was, "*unclean*." She was accustomed to *speak* of death placidly as "God's angel to carry her to the realms above," and piously she would fold her hands on hearing of the death of a neighbour or acquaintance, and "trust they were prepared for the great change;" implying that of her own preparation there could not be a doubt.

But then Margery had never faced death. Thirty years she had lived, strong in nerve and robust in body generally; death to her looked



like an angel who might be sent to any one else, but from whom she herself by no means *expected* a visit, and if the truth be told she as little desired as expected it.

In one moment the Lord put her face to face with death and eternity, and then she found she had nothing on which to rest her soul's salvation. She saw herself then as she was, a sinner in her sins.

A sudden and unlooked-for accident among some machinery racked her poor body with pain, and her soul with terror.

The surgeons considered it necessary at once to amputate both leg and arm, as the only chance of life, and they did not hesitate to tell her this chance was small, and the issue more than doubtful.

No words could tell her agony. The mental torture far exceeding even the sufferings of the body, great though these were.

Her friends whispered, "Thank God, Margery, *you* are prepared for the worst. Thank God you are not afraid to die, whatever comes you are quite resigned, you have led a good life, and have long been ready to go."

Poor Margery! She only felt "I am a hypocrite as well as a sinner. I have missed everything, for I have missed *the one thing*."

Then, I suppose, her first real prayer went

up, "Lord give me time to find Thee. Lord be merciful to *me a sinner*. I thought myself all right, but I have missed the one thing needful. Lord be merciful to me a hypocrite as well as a sinner."

This was while lying on the table where the surgeon's knife was to do its work.

A Christian doctor standing by, whispered in her ear, just before the chloroform was administered, "Do you know Jesus?"

"No, I do not," said poor Margery in reply, "but I want Him. Do you think He will give me time enough to find Him, even yet before I die? I have been a hypocrite, I missed the way of salvation. Will He give me time?"

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," was the whispered answer; and then the chloroform was given.

This was Margery's real conversion, though she had no peace yet, for now she judged herself, she took sides with God against herself. condemned herself, and turned round to Christ.

Days passed on, and Margery still lived, crippled in body; humble, penitent, and still distressed in soul. Thus I found her.

I went to the hospital ward in which she now lay, by mistake; I had been sent to that ward to find some one else, and addressed Margery under the wrong notion that she was the woman I sought.

On discovering my error, something in her weary, anxious look made me sit down by her side, and in a few moments I discovered her distress of soul and its cause.

There was no need in this case to seek to rouse her to a sense of sin, she was already crushed under its weight. "I am a hypocrite," she said, "and oh, Ma'am, the Bible says, 'the hypocrite's hope shall perish.'"

"Granted, Margery, that you were a hypocrite, but you have given up trying to make yourself appear fair now, either in God's eyes or man's, and you want the blood of Christ to be your shelter, do you not?"

"I do, I do, indeed."

"Do you believe His blood has power to cleanse *all* sin?"

"I do."

"Even the sin of hypocrisy?"

A long pause; then, with streaming eyes and anxious look, "God says, '*all* sin!' and that must take in hypocrisy—*all* sin—oh, does it really take in mine, my long years of living a lie?"

"Margery, do you believe that God knows everything?"

"Yes."

"And sees everything beforehand?"

"Yes, I am sure He does."

"Then when God wrote that 'the blood of

Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' do you think He forgot yours? or did not know of yours when He said '*all sin*'?"

"He must have known. Oh, He must have meant *mine* too. Jesus—*Saviour*."

I left her then, for I saw she had another to talk to, for He had spoken to her, and she had heard His voice, and of human voices she seemed unable to bear more at that time.

As I left she murmured, "Will you come back? God sent you to-day."

Her old friends could not understand it, she told them simply that her religion had all been mere empty form, that though they had thought her the best, she had really been the worst; for she had been a hypocrite, and religion like hers would not do to meet death with. She told them of her agony of soul on that operation table; of her terror and dismay, and fear of death and judgment; of the long, dark days of distress that followed, as she thought her sin too great for forgiveness, and then how the Lord had spoken peace through His own little word "*all*."

The women listened amazed. "If Margery was not fit to die," they said, "what is to become of us?" The Spirit of God made this question rankle in some of their bosoms. "What is to become of us?" till they fol-

lowed Margery's example and ceased their questionings at the feet of Jesus.

Margery lived a year after this, and then one dark winter's morning the Lord whispered to His tired, suffering child, "*Come home,*" and she smiled back an answer of deep satisfaction, "*Take me, my Saviour.*" There was no terror now, no distress, no darkness, no desire to stay another hour; no need of preparation. She left herself in His arms, and He gently put her to sleep.

But though she only lived one short year after she knew the Lord, many blessed God for that one year of Margery's life. I could tell you of several happy Christians, who in their turn are circles of blessing, and others, who if you asked them how they were saved, would tell you of some simple word of Margery's as that which had first roused them to anxiety about their souls, or had directed them to Him whom she so loved to call, "*My Saviour.*"

Reader, is He your Saviour yet? If not, take care lest, though you may say, "*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;*" your end be like Balaam's of old, slain among God's enemies, in the day when He shall make His foes His footstool, for "*Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.*"

X.

## HANNAH'S PRAYER.

"And Hannah prayed, and said, My heart rejoiceth in the Lord, mine horn is exalted in the Lord; my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies, because I rejoice in thy salvation. There is none holy as the Lord, for there is none beside thee, neither is there any rock like our God. Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth; for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed. The bows of the mighty men are broken, and they that stumbled are girded with strength. They that were full have hired out themselves for bread, and they that were hungry ceased, so that the barren hath born seven, and she that hath many children is waxed feeble. The Lord killeth and maketh alive; he bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich, he bringeth low and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes and to make them inherit the throne of glory; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them. He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail. The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces; out of heaven shall he thunder upon them. The Lord shall judge the ends of the earth, and he shall give strength unto his king and exalt the horn of his anointed.—1 Sam. ii. 1-11.

**H**ANNAH was a saint without doubt, and the language of her lips is truly saintly! Let me stop and ask, are *you* a saint, my reader? I think I hear you say, "A saint? No! I could not take that ground!" What ground will you take, then? You must either be in the condition of which

Hannah speaks here in verse 9, "He will keep the feet of his *saints*," or in the condition of which she speaks in verse 10. "The *adversaries* of the Lord shall be broken to pieces.

What are you? Are you a saint? If not, you are an *adversary*. Hannah knew but two classes, and Hannah was right. And mark the difference! You are sure to be preserved if you are a saint of God. "He will *keep* the feet of his saints," and you are sure to be broken in pieces sooner or later, if you are an adversary. I pray you face the truth of Scripture.

People often do not like to take the ground of being a saint, because if a man says he is a saint, people expect him to walk like a saint, and he does not like to face that.

What is a saint? It is the word most often employed in Scripture in speaking of God's people. You say, "A saint is a very holy person." That is what a saint ought to be. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." A saint in Scripture, is one who is separated to God. And that is the great truth of Christianity, that by the work of Christ for you, and the work of the Holy Ghost in you, you, if a believer, are set apart to God, you are a *saint*. You were once a sinner in your sins, but you have been broken down, and have learnt to know God, and to find your all in Him.

You will soon find out if you are a saint or not. Hannah says, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord." Do you rejoice in the Lord? Does your heart go out to Him? If not you are not a saint! It is not rejoicing merely in what you have got from the Lord, but in the Lord Himself.

Do you know any experience like this of Hannah's, my reader? I am persuaded if you know anything of the Lord you do.

"I have everything in the Lord," Hannah says. She knows what every child of God knows, *God's salvation*. Hannah begins with the Lord and goes on with His salvation, and I find the Holy Ghost saying elsewhere, "Him that glorieth let him glory in the Lord."

Do you ask, "How do I get salvation?" God offers it! You have only to take it! It is free. The reason people do not get salvation is because they do not believe they need it! They do not believe they are lost!

Have you ever taken the ground of a lost sinner? Do you say, "I hope one day to be saved." My friend, do not trifle with God. These things are realities, *eternal realities*. And God is holy, as Hannah says, "There is none holy as the Lord": Holiness is that which marks God. He is love, too, but He is holy, and He is not going to make light of your sin and your carelessness and your indifference to His salvation.



## HANNAH'S PRAYER.

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“Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” “But,” says some troubled soul, “I have been finding out lately my own unholiness.” Ah, my friend, it is a blessed moment in your history when you learn that. But now go farther, look outside yourself, look at the One who is perfectly holy, who was perfectly holy as He walked this earth, whom even the devils had to own as the Holy One, though they would not own Him as Lord then. In the coming day Satan and his myrmidons will all *have* to own Him as Lord, but even down here they were obliged to own Him as holy. He went back to God by the pathway of the cross, that He might save you and me. The Holy One of God suffered that terrible death on Calvary's tree, because the Holy God could not pass over sin. The very Holy One if He become the sin-bearer must suffer.

I see the holiness of God at that cross, but I see the love of God, too, for He gave His only begotten Son to suffer there, the just in the room of us, the unjust, to bring us to God.

God, in this chapter, by the lips of Hannah, addresses every heart: “Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogance come out of your mouth.” Whenever the sinner talks about himself, he is talking arrogance, and we know how this talking of self sticks to us. The

last thing a person owns is, that there is no good thing in self. "For the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed." You may be on very good terms with yourself, but the Lord knows better, He knows your heart; He reads you through and through. He weighs not your words merely, but your *actions*. Do not forget that the Lord is a God of knowledge. I know people like to forget it.

Do not be like the ostrich, hide your head and fancy yourself secure because you do not see the danger.

A sinner does not like to have the eye of God on him, and Satan does his best to lull your conscience and keep it quiet, for conscience is the eye of God on us.

Do not think that your life is unmarked by God. You do not weigh your actions, very likely, but do not think that God does not, that He is as indifferent as you are, that He thinks nothing of your slighting His Gospel and His Son.

"By him actions are weighed." And what will you say to God when you stand before the great white throne, and every action of your life is made known, and the correct balance taken?

"The bows of the mighty men are broken, and they that stumbled are girded with strength."

Do you say, "I am a poor feeble sinner with nothing to commend myself to God." Then you are just fit for God, He will gird you with strength. Why is it you have never yet tasted the blessing of the Lord? Because you have been too full, full of your own doings, full of the world, full of yourself: He must empty you out.

Hannah says, "They that are *full* have hired themselves for bread," *i.e.*, the Lord brings them down till they feel need. "And those that were hungry ceased." Why? Because God fills and satisfies them. This is very different from the world. The world thinks of the full, the rich, the great; God thinks of the poor, the feeble, the broken-hearted.

"The Lord killeth and maketh alive." I must bring you down to own you are nothing, God says, to own you are hungry, to own your need. How often God brings souls down to the gates of the grave, to give them blessing, to awaken them to their real state, and the realities of the world to come.

"The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich, he bringeth low and lifteth up;" *i.e.*, the Lord brings down a person, and then He exalts him. Before Joseph got exaltation he was brought down to the pit and dungeon. The blessed Lord Himself went down to the grave, and

God exalts Him. The only way to exaltation is by abasement, and if you will not humble yourself the day will come when the Lord will have to humble you.

The soul must come down to the spot where it owns itself a sinner and then God says I will bless you, I will meet you. God will take up the beggar, the man that has got nothing, and who lives on the dunghill. This is what God sees the sinner's state is to be. He has nothing, and his position is one of absolute repulsion. But God's love takes him out of it. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to make them inherit the throne of glory." Are you in the dust yet, my reader? Do you say "No." Then God cannot raise you. Do you say "Yes, I am a beggar, I have nothing to *bring to God*." Then *God brings to you* by the gospel, everything you need, not only the tidings of His love, but He lifts you up and seats you in Christ at His own right hand in glory.

Christ went down into the dust of death for me ; God raised Him up out of it ; the believer is in Christ. Therefore, when God raised up *Christ* He raised every believer, and gave them Christ's place in glory.

At God's right hand now is the One who

humbled Himself on man's account, and God says, I propose to give to every believer, who takes his place in the dust, a part with my Son in the glory.

God lifts up the man who has no righteousness, no good works of his own, and sets him with Christ.

Look at the thief on the cross. He was in the dust of death ; cast out of the world as too bad to live in it any longer, and gibbeted on a cross, but he turns to Christ and says, "Lord remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom," for he knew the Lord would so come, and what is the answer of the Lord ? " Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise ;" and the Prince of Life goes into paradise, and who goes as his companion ? That poor thief taken from the jaws of death and hell, and put among princes ; yea, with the very Prince and Lord of Life and Glory that day. This is grace ! Had he any right ? None ! It was free grace through righteousness, and this is how you and I must get there.

Do you say, " I take my true place in the dust, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." Then you are a saint. Have you believed the truth ? Then you are a saint, and the Holy Ghost says, " He will keep the feet of his

saints." "The wicked shall be silent in darkness." What is the believer's portion? Everlasting glory, where everything is suited to God. What is the portion of the unsaved? To be silent in darkness. Oh, unsaved man or woman, what an awful future for you.


If it were possible that some of the songs of heaven could be wafted down to the pit where your terrible portion is, think what it would be to hear those notes of heavenly melody, and you could not sing them. You would have sealed your own doom by your careless indifference to the Gospel. You have lived an adversary, and died an adversary, and you are among the adversaries "silent in darkness." Oh, believe on the Lord *now*. Own Him now; no longer be among the adversaries, but among the saints, the believers. Be on Christ's side, own what you are, own what Christ is, hear His own *word*, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

W. T. P. W.



## THE TWO PRISONERS.

“And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas.”—Luke xxiii. 18.

ESUS is arraigned before Pilate. He has been seized in Gethsemane, bound, hurried before the High Priest, and thence to Pilate's judgment seat. The religious power of the day had decided against Jesus. Now it was for the civil power of Rome to say what was to be done “with Jesus, which is called Christ.”

Pilate is undecided. He is not filled with Jewish hatred nor religious pride. The multitude thirst for the blood of this spotless One that stands before him. Pilate bethinks himself of releasing a prisoner, as he was wont, now the question is, “Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas or Jesus?” Then we read, “The voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed.”

The will of man; the world—for Pilate was Cæsar's friend—and the religion of that day combine to put to death *Jesus the Saviour, the very Son of God*. Oh, man, how sad thy

choice, how benighted all thy thoughts. How Satan seems in thee to triumph for the moment; were it not for the infinite and wondrous purpose of God who is mighty to save; to save even men.

Barabbas or Jesus? Is it not still a question to be raised with you, reader? Does it not challenge your heart? Are you not halting between two opinions?

In the eighteenth chapter of 1 Kings, Elijah calls for decision. In verse twenty-one he says, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God follow him; if Baal then follow him."

Perhaps you say that does not apply now—there is no danger of us bowing down to stocks and stones, or worshipping idols. Yet, dear friend, granting what you say, I must still press the principle upon you. If it be not Baal it is some other god of your own heart you are following, *unless you are decided for Christ*. Harken to the Lord's own word: "He that is not with me is against me" (Matt. xii. 30). Reader, are you for Christ or against Him; which? Is the question settled between your soul and God, as to Christ His beloved Son.

Of course you say, "I prefer Jesus to Barabbas a robber." But are you not really allowing



something to rob you of Christ? Does not the world rob its thousands of Christ? Does not pleasure in its myriad forms, or science with its all absorbing interest, or religion even with its forms and ceremonies, its external round of observances; do not these things, my reader, take the place that Christ is alone worthy of in many and many a heart. Say then friend, is it Barabbas or Jesus for you? Are you still a stranger to Christ, the sinner-seeking Saviour? Think then of this, that He wants you—He wants your heart. He wants it and is so worthy of it *now*.

Christ is mighty to save through His work on the cross, mighty to deliver from all the shame and consequences of sin; from a deluded world hurrying on to judgment itself. From Satan's power, too, does He deliver, the arch enemy and deceiver who seeks to rob you of Christ, of your soul, of everything that this Saviour makes good to all who trust in Him.

My dear friend, will you halt any longer? Shall it still be a question with you as to whose you are, and whom you serve? Far better be decided *now*.

In eternity there is "*a great gulf fixed*" (Luke xvi.). Which side of it will you be on? With Christ, as one who believed on Him and followed Him down here? Or shall it be with

the devil and his angels in everlasting fire, as one who refused this precious, loving Saviour, and chose your own path which leads down to destruction.

Oh, friend ! remember that your eternal destiny hangs on your decision now—your heart's choice. Think of the worth of Jesus ; of the infinite value of His finished work ; of His being the sinner's Friend. Think, too, of His very death being the door of life for man. Is not He the chiefest among ten thousand, yea, altogether lovely ?

It is not an intellectual assent He wants, nor a name to live whilst dead : but it is the deep response of a heart reached by the tale of His love, that was told out on Calvary.

It is the heart's surrender to a love that is stronger than death, and that many waters could not quench.

It is the joyful acceptance of all that love has accomplished for the sinner, of all that Jesus the Saviour gives to the *believing, decided* heart. Remember, then, dear reader, to lose Christ is to lose all. To allow anything to rob you of Christ is equivalent to preferring Barabbas to Jesus ; yea, it is to be loser of the "salvation which is in Him with eternal glory."

Be in earnest now, friend, be real in view of eternity. Be decided now for Christ. Gladly

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own what He has done for you as a sinner. Be like the poor slave girl who exclaimed—(of her deliverer when she knew he had paid for her freedom)—“*He redeemed me;*” and then added, “I’ll follow him, I’ll serve him.” May we truthfully say as we gaze upon such a Saviour as this. “Thine, Lord, thine only, thine wholly, thine for ever.”

T. E. P.



“THEY WILL SEE IT WHEN IT IS  
TOO LATE.”



HE above words fell from the lips of a young man who was lying in the H——— Smallpox Hospital, just about to leave this world for ever.

He had been a fine, strong, healthy young man, eighteen years of age, had often *heard* the Gospel and been spoken to about his never dying soul, but he had only laughed at all such speaking. A few weeks before he was taken ill, I spoke to him about the coming of the Lord. “For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the

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trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

I asked him if he would like to be left behind when the Lord comes? He laughed, and said, "Are you sure and certain of going to heaven?" I said, "Yes, quite certain," "Then," he said, "I will tie myself to you and then I shall not be far behind, shall I?"

On his death-bed, he said to me, "I often used to think about what you told me, although I laughed at you." Reader, have you heard the Gospel and been aroused, but tried to laugh it off? Remember this, oh! *Christless soul* there will be no laughing in hell. Come, then, to Jesus *now*, you may not have four days to die in like this young man,

A few weeks after this was said he was taken ill one Friday morning, and on the Saturday became worse, but got up on the Sunday, and on the Monday he went to see a doctor, who gave him a blue paper signed "Smallpox." He was sent to sit in a room till the cab came to take him away to the hospital. I wanted to go and speak to him, but was warned not to, being told it was dangerous, and I should take the malady; still, I felt I must go and tell him

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again of the Saviour's love. I thought if he should die and I not see him again, what remorse I should feel.

A short time after this, the postman brought a letter for him, so I thought the Lord would have me tell him again of the Saviour of sinners, before he left for the hospital, and here was the opportunity. I took the letter down to him and sat with him till the cab came for him. He said then, "I shall not come back again." I heard no more till the Wednesday, when I heard he was very ill. On the Thursday his sister came and asked me to go and see him as he was dying (his brother was afraid to go). I said I would as soon as I could, which was not till 8 o'clock, but the Lord helped me to get away then. When I reached the hospital I was told no visitors were allowed. However, on asking permission of the matron, I was allowed to go into the ward. About half way up the ward on the left hand side, dear F was lying, hardly able to see; he had turned very nearly black, and was almost twice his former size. I asked him if he knew me, he said "Yes." I told him he was dying, and he said "That young man next to me was as ill as I am, and he has got well " But," I said " F., the doctor says you cannot live."

I spoke then to him of his condition as a lost

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and helpless sinner, and that as such, he could not enter the presence of a holy and sin-hating God, I said, "Think dear F., you are just on the very brink of eternity when you close your eyes, you will awake in eternity, where will you spend that eternity? (The nurse had told me the doctor said he would go off when he went to sleep). He was very quiet for a short time, then he opened his eyes and said, "Him that *cometh* unto me *I will* in *no wise* cast out." "Come unto me and *I will* give you rest."

I said, "And he will not cast you out, F."

"No, he will have me."

"But have you come to him?"

"Yes, Jesus died for me."

"When you go to sleep to-night you will not wake up in this world again, where will you open your *eyes*?"

"In *heaven*."

"Are you sure you will be in heaven?"

"Yes I shall be in heaven to-morrow, my mother is coming to see me to-morrow, but I shall be in heaven. I know when I go to sleep I shall not wake up again; I feel I shall be choked, I have thought of what you and George (another Christian, in the same house) have told me, and I wish I were going to live a little longer now."

"Why, are you afraid to die?"

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"No but just to show them how to live, I would live differently now."

"You do not think it cruel of God, for taking you away now?"

"I am quite happy now, and ready to go."

"What shall I tell your old companions?"

"Tell them they will see it when it is too late."

"But, F., it is not too late for you?"

"Oh, no, I am quite happy now."

"What shall I tell the mistress, and master, and your brothers and sisters?"

"Tell them the same, they will see it when it is too late."

Oh, reader, you who are still unsaved, think what a message to bring from that dying bed, to those he loved. God grant, Christless soul, that you may see it before it is too late. Time is short, and eternity is certain. God has declared in His word that "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." Think not that because you are young, you may or will not die yet. If you had told dear F., a week before he died that he would be dead in a few days, he would have laughed at you.

Reader, if God were to say to thee to-night, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," where would you spend your eternity? Decide for *Christ now*, while you have health and

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strength, and then you will have the privilege of telling to others what great things Christ has done for *you*.

After F. had thus spoken, he was very calm, and asked me to tell his relations what to do with his things, and asked me to accept of a few little things in remembrance of him. He then said, "I am going to heaven, and I want to meet all my dear ones there."

At this moment the nurse came and said I must go, as it was time for the night-nurses to come in. F. called a nurse and said his bed was not right, when she took him up in her arm, like a child, and put it right. When she left, he said, "They are so kind to me. But I shall not be here to-morrow." I said, "Good night." F. replied "Good night, I am quite happy." I heard the next day he passed away about two hours after I left, to be with that One, who will cast none out, who come to Him.

Dear reader, if still unsaved, may God allow you no sleep or rest, till you can say, *Christ died for me*, I am quite satisfied and happy. Then if you should be called away, in less than four days, you will be ready, God grant that you may accept His *salvation before it be too late*.

L. B.



## A CARD ON THE PAVEMENT—OR THE POWER OF THE WORD OF GOD.

“The entrance of thy words giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple.”

**I**N a small parochial school in the town of —— in connection with the Irish Church, there was held a Sunday-school. The superintendent asked a Christian lady, with whom he was acquainted, and from whom I have learned the following facts, to take the first class. This class consisted of eleven grown-up girls, eight of whom since that day have declared themselves on the Lord's side, and are living to Him.

One Lord's day evening, as Miss M——, the lady to whom I have referred, left the school, one girl, named Jane ——, came up to her, and said, “Miss M ——, may I walk a bit of the way with you, I have something to tell you so awful, and I want you to pray for the person.”

“Certainly, dear”—was the reply.

On their way Jane, who seemed overwhelmed with her subject, broke out, “Oh I am terrified, I am miserable.”

“What is it, dear?” Miss M—— again asked. “Let me hear it, and let us take it to Him, who knows it already, and who is ever willing, ever able to help.”

“You recollect, Ma’am, the young girl I told you of, the Roman Catholic, for whom you have been praying. Well, you know I told you I used to tell her all the stories you used to tell us, but for the last three weeks she has not been allowed to speak to me; her father and her mother are Romanists; she is their only child; and is *dedicated*, so they will not let her look at me. I hear, what makes them so angry now is, that Mary was engaged to a young man in ——, whom her family all liked very much. They were to have been married this month, but he was up here last month, and when out with an acquaintance one evening they passed a large hall devoted to evangelistic services. Hearing singing, of which he was very fond, he said, ‘What are they doing in there’?

“‘Oh,’ replied his friend, ‘some heretic fellow is holding forth, I believe.’”

“‘It would be jolly to look in for a while to hear the singing,’ said Robert. ‘What is there to pay?’”

“‘Nothing,’ replied the other, but I do not expect it is worth much.’

“However, they went in. The hymn was over, and a well-known evangelist had just given out the text, which he repeated several times. ‘He that believeth not the Son hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.’ The two young men remained, *Robert to pray, his friend to scoff*. Robert was saved, and next morning candidly and openly confessed Christ, and then he said, ‘Mary, you *were* all the world to me, but Christ is now more; I cannot marry a stranger to Him.’

“From this time Mary has not been allowed to speak to me,” continued Jane, “but now the worst of all has come. On Friday last, as she was walking down one of the principal streets of the town, she saw a small bit of white paper on the ground, and passed by. Before, however, she reached the warehouse to which she was going, she felt, to use her own words, something within her urging her to go back and pick up that paper. She did so, and found it to be a little card, blank on the one side, but on the other this text, ‘What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’ Mary read it several times, but never having read the Scriptures she was at a loss to know the meaning of the words. At last she said to herself, ‘Jane

can tell me,' and back she came to me, a distance of fully two miles.

"Entering my room in a most agitated state, she said, 'What does this mean? I know you can tell me.' I read it and replied, 'It means what it says, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul,' and in a simple way I explained the passage.

" 'Who said it?' asked Mary hurriedly.

" 'The Lord Jesus Christ in His own word,' I answered.

"Instantly Mary snatched the ticket out of my hand, and rushed out of the house in a frantic manner. So alarmed was I by her looks, that after some time I followed her, and meeting her mother at her own door, I asked how Mary was, and if I could see her.

" 'Oh, indeed,' replied her mother, 'she is a strange creature, I think her mind is going, she is walking up and down her room like one bewitched. I do not think she could see any one,' and turning round she went in. In fact, Miss M——," said Jane, "I am quite sure she is going mad, do pray for her that the Lord may spare her reason."

This conversation took place on Sunday evening, and the Lord gave Miss M—— to be much in prayer for poor Mary. Again, on the next evening, she tried to pray for her, but no

utterance was given her except to praise. At the time this was inexplicable to her, subsequently all was made clear. On Tuesday morning, she received a letter from Jane, saying, "Praise the Lord, Mary is converted. Oh, Miss M—, such a conversion, I had it all from herself.

"It seems that on Friday night, after she left me, she was like a lunatic all the evening, pacing up and down. Her father and mother were in a terrible state, not knowing what to do with her, and very early she went to her own room; saying she would be better next day. She dared not tell them the truth.

"All that night she paced her room in wild agony. To use her own words 'Everything I looked at, had these awful words written in enormous letters on it, *'Lose his own soul !'* 'LOSE HIS OWN SOUL !' Ceiling, wall, floors; nay my very hands contained them, I was on the eve of madness; I felt it, I did not dare to lie down, or put out the light, I tried to pray to our mother, but the only words that would come were, Lord, help me.'

"Next morning, she came down looking pale and miserable. 'Father asked me,' she said, 'Are you no better?' I replied, 'Not much.' He reminded me of a party we were to have on the next night (Sunday), and said, 'You must be all right for that you know; would you wish to

see the doctor?' 'No! no!' I said 'there is no occasion, I shall be all right by that time.' Again I asked leave to retire early; and did so, but as I closed my door again, the huge letters appeared all around me. It was no fancy, there they stood, 'Lose his own soul.' That whole night I spent like the preceding one, pacing the room, now and again trying to pray, but I had no words, except 'Lord help me.'

" 'Next day, father was very angry because I looked ill and miserable, and said, I must see a Doctor. I said, if I was not better to-morrow I would. The evening came and, ill as I was, they made me go down. I do not know a thing that happened, I only know that the big letters were there, everywhere I looked, I could not shut them out.

" 'At last I got so ill that I had to leave, and then the company dispersed. I feared my father's anger, but he pitied me, and sent me to bed. During the dancing I remembered an old nurse, I had had when about six years old; she loved me, but she was sent away, because she had told me some heretic things, she was a heretic.

" 'Oh, I said, if I only knew where Nana is, she could help me, I know.'

" 'At about 11 o'clock, I heard father and mother go by to their room, and just then

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I remembered that Nana had left an old torn Bible behind her, which was thrown into a lumber room downstairs. At once the thought struck me that I must get it, and starting down I sought amongst heaps of old rubbish till I found it. Bringing it up, I closed my door, but then it was a big book, and I knew not where to find my text. I laid it on my bed, and falling on my knees, I asked God to show me my text, then opening the book, my eyes fell on these words, 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

" 'I was awfully disappointed, I expected to see my verse when I asked God to show it to me, and almost angry, I said, 'That will not do. It is my own verse I want,' and closing the book, I reopened it, but at the same place, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

" 'Again impatiently shutting the Bible, I cried to God to show me my verse. Once more I opened it, and once more I saw, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life!' And this time, indeed Jane, it was no fancy, it was not

the light of the lamp that fell upon the page, but oh, such a light, and the words stood out so, I saw it all, *God loved—God gave—and I had everlasting life.* I felt bursting, and could only utter a shriek of joy, which brought father and mother into my room.

“ ‘ They saw what it all meant, they scolded and they threatened. Father took my book to burn, mother wept ; but I, I was happy, I had no pale face next day, but felt oh, so calm, I cannot explain it to you, unless you have known it for yourself.’ ”

Miss M——’s heart was filled with wonder and praise as she thus heard the story of God’s dealings with this young soul, apparently shut out from all human aid, but whom He had met and taught Himself.

She heard afterwards that Mary’s parents did all in their power to get her back again to her old carelessness and darkness, and to get, as they said, “ these new-fangled notions out of her head.” Threats failing, coaxing was resorted to. At last, one day her father said, “ Well, Mary, I have done my best, and now I shall give you over to Father S——, a Jesuit priest, he will bring you to your senses.”

Accordingly the priest arrived, and he first tried joking, turning it all into ridicule ; but seeing this fail, he showed her the folly of



vexing her father, who *could* turn her out to beg her bread in the streets, and as she still remained unmoved, he continued, "He will, too, for it is only right he should."

"Well, Father," replied the young girl, "If my father and mother forsake me, I am sure the Lord will take care of me."

"Who told you such rubbish?" asked the priest.

"No one," she replied, "I only feel it."

"Well, then, if you drive me to it," he said, after two hours vain reasoning, "If you do not give up your nonsense, I shall curse you from the altar, and then you will be friendless as well as houseless."

"Oh, Father," she answered, "take care how you curse one whom the Lord has blessed."

Thus was the Spirit's sword used by the infant hand of one who did not know she was using it. It proved too much; he left, and commanded her father to turn her out; but in this her father did not obey him, for the old book he had taken to burn, curiosity led him to read, and the Spirit blessing the study of it, the father was truly converted, and not he alone, but his wife with him.

When this became known, the whole family had to leave the country, their lives were no longer safe; and they are now residing on a

foreign shore—Mary, Robert, and the father. The mother, shortly after her conversion, went to be for ever with the Lord.

“The Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”

A. T.



## THE WORD OF GOD.



“A discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”



THE Word of God comes to man, and asserts its own authority over his conscience and his heart in a way that no books or writings of men can do, and man himself is an unwilling witness to this fact—that the authority of the Scriptures is *divine*.

And why? Because they break in, like a sudden light, upon his darkness; and thus (as the quality of light is “to make manifest,” and man “loves darkness rather than light,”)

the Word of God comes upon him like an unwelcome detective.

Without the Word of God man would be a problem to himself, which all his boasted powers of reason could never fathom nor explain. He would neither know his origin nor his future. He could neither know himself nor God. "Man by wisdom knows not God;" and this was man's own testimony of himself in that brief but comprehensive confession, inscribed upon his altar, in the highest seat of wisdom and learning more than eighteen centuries ago, "*To the unknown God.*"

But the Scriptures assert their own rightful authority over man's conscience. Hence the Bible is the only book against which he persistently continues his vain and fruitless attacks. The writings of men may provoke controversy from opponents, but it is momentary, like the passing cloud, soon dispersed and forgotten.

Not so the Bible; its claims, its power, and its authority over the conscience of man are in no way enfeebled by time. It has survived, does survive, and will yet survive, through Him whose voice it is, all the assailing enmity of man. "The word of the Lord endureth *for ever*;" when its proud

opponent has passed out of the sphere, where his insults against its divine Author have been expressed; when, too, he has entered upon that eternity of despair where he must own his folly. Solemn, unspeakably solemn, and sad will be the remembrance then of what that Word declared in former days—that “God is light,” that “God is love,” and of that Gospel of grace and mercy he despised.

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

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

T. H. W.



## “ UNTIL.”

“ As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, *until* the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot ” (Luke vii. 26-28).

“ Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do anything *until* thou be come thither ” . . . . “ The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered Zoar. *Then* the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire ” (Gen. xix. 22-24).

“ Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed.”

“ And now ye know what withholdeth, that he might be revealed in his time, for the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth (hindereth) will let *until* he be taken out of the way ” (2 Thess. ii.).



IN the above three places in Scripture we find this little word “ UNTIL ” marking a period of time, the passing of which *has* determined, and yet *will* irrevocably determine the eternal blessing or misery of souls.

It is solemn to find our Lord, when on earth, drawing attention to the two first periods; as a preparation for, and a warning against the last. And yet men, in the pride of their pros-

perity—in the conceit of their boasted intellectual and scientific discoveries—are saying (as the Scripture forewarned they would), “ Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were, from the beginning of the creation ” (2 Peter iii. 4). Meanwhile this dangerous shoal—this terrible undefined moment—this little period “ *until*,” is lying right ahead of them; and they are speeding swiftly, and surely on to it.

Many a jest, and many a scoff may have assailed Noah of old, as day after day, obedient to the command of God, he pursued his laborious work of building an ark to the saving of his house. For when once the *voice of God* has sounded in a man's ears—when once it has reached his conscience and heart, he will pay little heed to the voice of the world. And so we find it recorded “ By faith Noah, being *warned of God* of things not seen as yet . . . . prepared an ark to the saving of his house: by the which he condemned the world ” (Heb. xi. 7).

Have not *you* been “ warned of God,” dear reader? Oh! surely you have; times without number. Not indeed of a coming flood—but of a coming judgment, which will as surely overtake this doomed world, and those in it,

“who know not God,” as did the flood in the days of Noah! Meanwhile God lingers in long suffering grace, as He did then, to see if any will bow to His word, and accept the refuge which His love and pity have provided. “God so *loved the world* that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him *should not perish*, but have everlasting life.”

Doubtless, had any listened to Noah's preaching and believed God's word, and sought admission into the ark, they would have been received and saved, as he and his house were. But, alas! we read, “The earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and behold it was corrupt; for ALL flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth . . . And the Lord said unto Noah, come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee only have I seen righteous before me in this generation” (Gen. vi. 12). And so, day after day, month after month, sped by; “they ate, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage—UNTIL”—oh! this terrible ‘*until!*’—“the day that Noah entered into the ark;” and “that same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the flood-gates of heaven were opened. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights . . . And

Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark” (Gen. vi. vii).

Well, beloved reader, God has provided an ark of safety, to preserve you from death in that day of judgment which is so fast approaching. Tell me, are you in it? “A MAN shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, . . . . a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall” (Is. xxv. 4).

“A MAN”—“the Man Christ Jesus.” No other refuge will avail you in that day, but this one of God’s providing. Have you accepted it? “*Your life*,” writes the Apostle, to some who had made it theirs, “*is hid* with Christ in God” (Col. iii. 3). How safe! How secure! How far beyond the reach of the storms—the death—the desolations of this poor scene? Are you hidden there? Are you “in Christ?” If so, you are safe—you are saved; for “There is *no condemnation* to them that are in Christ Jesus.” Judgment will come upon this poor doomed world, but you will be for ever above and beyond its reach.

“In the refuge God provided—

Though the world’s destruction lowers,—

We are safe,—to Christ confided,

Everlasting life is ours!”



But perhaps you say, “ Well, I hope some day to be saved, but I cannot think of these things until I am at the head of my profession—until I have settled my family in life—until I am freed from the anxieties of my business. I should like to be saved some day, but I must wait until I am older, and have seen more of life, then I will think of these things.” If these words should express your inmost thoughts, I would entreat you to pause, and remember GOD has also an “ *until* ”—a period of time marked in your history, when He will say, “ Thus far shalt thou come, and no further.” And that period may be *this day* ! Like that “ rich man ” of old, you may delight yourself in the thought of having “ much goods laid up for many years ”—unbroken health—commanding intellect—large possessions, but that voice may sound in your ears as it did in his, “ Thou fool ! This night thy soul shall be required of thee.” “ *This night !* ” “ This night ! ” Not “ This night ” week—“ This night ” month. But “ THIS NIGHT.” Without a moment’s preparation, it may be—without a minute’s warning—“ this night ” your breath may come slower and slower : “ this night ” your heart’s beating may become more and more feeble, and at last *stop* ! and your poor body will lie lifeless, within a luxurious chamber, it

may be; and your SOUL—your never-dying—your never-thought-of *soul*, be launched into a dark, hopeless, Christless eternity!

Such was the fate of the inhabitants of Sodom, in the well-watered plains of Jordan, and the luxurious cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. They lived reckless of the future, and regardless of the past. Buying, selling, planting, building, they heeded not the warning at length sounded in their ears by Lot: “Up, get you out of this place, for *the Lord will destroy this city.*” (Though it is scarcely to be wondered at, that the words of one who for so long a time had shared their evil association should be without effect.) So we read, “The same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all.”

Fair and fresh as ever, the morning dawned for the last time over that doomed city. Nothing in the aspect of nature forewarned its guilty inhabitants of the fearful judgment impending. The birds sang their morning song as sweetly as ever; heaven's balmy air blew as freshly through the sin-darkened streets; but urgent and imperative was the divine warning to Lot, to escape into Zoar, as on his account only was the judgment delayed. “Haste thee, escape thither; for

I cannot do anything TILL thou be come thither.” Then, as his footsteps crossed that city’s boundary, a lurid darkness gathered and overspread the sky; and as the people of Sodom and Gomorrah gazed affrightedly upward, “the Lord rained . . . . brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven.”

Well, dear reader, with these warnings of the past sounding their solemn admonitions in our ears, is it wise to make light of God’s announcement of *another approaching judgment*? He has “appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom he has ordained; whereof he has given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead” (Acts xvii. 31). The day is “appointed”—the judgment is ready, but one thing hinders its falling upon this guilty, Christ-rejecting world—“He who now letteth (hindereth) will let, until he be taken out of the way” (2 Thess. ii. 7). Oh! the solemnity of this other “UNTIL” which is awaiting this poor world. “I cannot do anything *till* thou be come thither,” said God to Lot as he hasted towards Zoar, the city of refuge (Gen. xix. 22). And so His word is pledged to us: “Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come

upon all the world, to try them which dwell upon the earth ” (Rev. iii. 10). Not a “ seal ” of the book of judgment will be broken—not a “ trumpet ” will utter its voice—not a “ vial ” will be poured out—“ *until* ” the “ Church of God ”—the elect “ Bride ” of Christ, indwelt by the Holy Ghost—has been “ caught up,” together with the “ dead in Christ ” who shall “ rise first to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord ” (1 Thess. iv. 15-17). Then God’s restraint of evil having been withdrawn, Satan will be allowed to act unhinderedly upon the hearts of men, madly hurrying them on to swift destruction.

Do you ask—“ When will this take place ? ” *At any moment !* We dare not define the day or hour, but we dare not put unfulfilled prophecy between us and it. “ I will come again and receive you to myself,” was the parting promise the Lord gave His sorrowing disciples, well knowing that nothing but the prospect of re-union could assuage the grief of separation. So also the Apostle comforted the bereaved Thessalonians, by telling them, they would meet their loved ones the moment the Lord came ; so it could be said of them they waited “ for His Son from heaven ” (1 Thess. i.). And the last assurance Jesus gives us in His Word is, “ Surely I come quickly.”

Thus we see His return was ever the bright hope put before the Church ; and His judgment upon the world lingers till that hope has been fulfilled. Faith, indeed, can already discern, in the troubles gathering in many lands, drops of the coming storm ! But “ He who now lets will let, until He be taken out of the way. And *then* shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming.”

“ Where is the promise of His coming ?” say the scoffers, “ all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.” Well, “ things ” may, perhaps, go on the same as usual to-morrow, and the day after, and *until*—until that assembling “ shout ” shall ring its blessed music through every sleeping saint’s ear ; and at home, abroad, from the battle-field, or the depths of the sea, “ in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, . . . the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed,” and all together caught up “ to meet the Lord in the air,” leaving not a believer upon the face of the whole earth, and not a particle of the redeemed dust of God’s children in the grave !

“ Oh ! morn too bright for mortal eyes,  
When all the ransomed saints shall rise,  
And wing their way to yonder skies,  
Called up with Christ to reign ! ”

What hinders it dawning upon His weary waiting people? God's long-suffering, which “is salvation.” We know it “waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing;” so it is waiting now that sinners may be saved. It has been salvation to many; has it been to you? If not, oh! may it prove so now—may it prove so to-day, for “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.” Do not say “To-morrow,” when God says “To-day.” There are two chances to one, against your being saved to-morrow. Death, and the coming of the Lord. Both will equally seal your doom. Both are uncertain, yet both are *near*. And if the Lord were to come to-night for His people, you who have rejected Him would be left behind, to see and pass through the terrible judgments which will then come upon the world, and be at length “punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power” (2 Thes i. 9). “Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, *come*” (Is. xxi. 12).

“What doth the watchman say,  
Whose cry the slumberer wakes?  
The night has nearly passed away:  
The morning breaks.

## EVIDENCES.

135

The night is coming, too !  
 A night of speechless woe :  
 But there shall be no night to you  
 Who Jesus know.

Come, whosoever will !  
 E'er God's right hand He leaves :  
 He waits till He His bosom fill  
 With all his sheaves.

God speaks; shall we be dumb?  
 Watch that your lamps may burn !  
 Come all ye weary wanderers, come !  
 Return ! return !"

A. S. O.

## EVIDENCES.

**M**ANY an anxious believing soul is troubled about evidences — evidences of its being saved. Well now, the question of evidences is one of great importance. And until it is settled there can be no abiding peace. There are thousands who believe, but who have not peace, they do not know that for them the matter is settled.

Something like the following conversation took place between a servant of Christ and one troubled on the subject :—

“ Well, Miss W——, are the difficulties you spoke of having last night all settled ?”

“ No ; they are not.”

“ What do you think is in the way of your enjoying peace with God ?”

“ I really don't know, I am a mystery to myself.”

“ Perhaps you are confounding the work that is wrought in you with the work that was wrought for you on the cross 1800 years ago. The work that saves the soul was finished by Christ then, and in believing—simply believing—all the value of that work is applied to you, and you are saved. You are accepted in the beloved.”

Her mother who sat by said, “ How is it that with some it is more difficult to realise that they are saved than with others, some seem to lay hold of it so easily ?”

“ Mrs W—— the mistake is in that word that you have just used. I mean the word *realise*. The Word of God does not say, ‘ He that believeth and realises is saved,’ but ‘ He that believeth ’—simply believeth. If we turn to John xix. we shall read these words : ‘ After this, Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst. Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar ; and they



filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it on hyssop, and put it to his mouth. When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished ; and he bowed his head and gave up the Ghost . . . And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true ; and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe' (vv. 28-35). You see Jesus accomplished salvation. He said, 'It is finished,' and John bears record that ye might believe. In John xx. 31 we have, 'These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God ; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name.' Notice, 'and that, believing, ye might have life through his name.' There is nothing about realising here."

"But we must realise, we must have some evidence that we are saved."

"Now, dear Miss W—, I see where you are. I do not say that realising is wrong, or that a believer will not realise ; but you are confounding the proper evidence of divine life in you, with the evidence of your sins being pardoned, and your soul saved. Now the evidence of my possessing divine life, is love to God and the desire to walk in holiness, and as we have seen, the believer possesses divine life. 'He that believeth on me hath eternal life.' But the evidence that my sins have been atoned

for, and put away, and that God has nothing against me is quite another thing, and to be looked for in another quarter altogether."

"What then is the evidence that all my sins are eternally gone, and that God has nothing against me?"

"Now listen. When Jesus died, all our sins were *future* yet it is written, 'He bare our sins in his own body on the tree;' and again, 'the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;' and again, 'Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just, for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.' Now, how many of our sins, and how many of our iniquities were laid on Jesus when He died for us? Was it only a few, a part, or the whole?"

"Why the whole, of course."

"Well, then, if our sins were laid on Him then—all our sins—they were judged then. The penalty of sin is death. Jesus paid the penalty—He died. He died as our substitute, and as our representative suffered for our sins that were laid upon Him. All was finished—He died. But where is the evidence that my sins are gone? Listen! 'When he had by himself purged our sins, *sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high*;' again, 'but this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, *for ever sat down on the right hand of God.*' "

“You see if I owed a heavy debt, and was thrown into prison because I could not pay it, and A. became my surety, what would be the evidence to me that my surety had paid the debt I owed?”

“Why, his being out of prison.”

“Just so ; our sins were laid on Jesus. He was our surety ; He became responsible for us ; and His being out of prison, *raised from the dead, and set down at God's right hand*, is the evidence that our sins are gone, and that there is nothing against us.”

“I see it.”

“And in believing?”

“We are saved.”

“Now turn with me to Rom. iv. 5. ‘He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.’ Now notice. ‘He was delivered for our offences.’ There you see Jesus became our surety, was put in prison so to speak, and paid the penalty. Now observe : ‘And was raised again for our justification.’ Then you see, He comes out of prison, is raised from the dead, the blessed evidence that all is righteously settled, and there is nothing against us. But notice what follows : ‘Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ You see the one that believes

is justified, and has peace with God. It is in believing we have life through His name."

"When I was in N——, I visited Mrs.—— who, like you, was troubled on this point. Now, I said, Mrs.—— when your husband has got through his week's toil, and comes home and reclines on the sofa, what is the evidence to you that your husband has got through his week's work?"

"Why, that he is lying there on the sofa."

"Just so; Jesus having purged our sins, and finished the work of redemption—has sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. His being there is the evidence to us that all is finished, and that He is there without our sins, He has left them all behind, having atoned for them.

"You see I feel that I am a sinner, I feel that I am lost because I am guilty, but I do not feel that Christ died for me, or that He bore my sins, *I know it*. God's Word tells me so. Believing it, I am saved.

"Now, Miss W——, can you thank God that you are saved?"

"I ought to."

"Yes, you ought to, but that will not do. Can you thank Him that He *has* saved you?"

"Yes, I can."

"Thank God!"

E. A.

## THE NINETY AND NINE.

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Y earliest recollections are associated with M. F. J. She was my first friend, and I was almost her only one, for she never formed the same link with another.

Our acquaintance began so early that I have no remembrance of its commencement.

She had a sister a few years older. They were both strikingly pretty, very clever, and always dressed with the greatest taste. All this made them very attractive to my childish eyes. Added to this, they possessed a most loving kind manner, which made them have a power over me no one else had. No other house had the fascination theirs had to me. I well remember the pleasure with which I looked forward to spending any time] with them.

We were all fond of music and painting, and our tastes and ways being so much alike, drew us often together. We also delighted much in rambling over the hills, and walking into the country, gathering wild flowers, and listening to the songs of the birds. Light hearted

and merry we knew neither care, nor sorrow. This world was bright and beautiful to us; and we thought of nothing beyond.

As soon as they grew up they became communicants in the church they attended. At this time they were in great anxiety, not however about their eternal welfare, but that they might pass through the examination of the clergyman creditably. This they did, and so were lulled into a state of perfect peace and security as to the future, concluding that as the clergyman was quite satisfied, all was well.

About this time circumstances occurred which separated us, so that we seldom met. Sometimes I heard of them, and pleasure-parties, concerts, theatres, and the like seemed to be the scenes of their enjoyments.

With the same love for pleasure in my heart I had not the same liberty to enter into it, and when at last it did seem to open up before me, and the false glitter of the world was beginning to dazzle me, the Lord in His deep grace sent one to deal with me about my soul.

I had little outwardly to break with; as all the world I knew was more from reading than from being actually in it. Yet even this was a hindrance to me at first, as my ideas of it were far brighter than the reality could have been.

But the Lord was above every hindrance, and gave me to know something so infinitely better, that all the brightness of earth was dimmed for me.

Brought now into a sphere of light, and blessing, I shrank even from contact with the whole scene, fearing lest anything should in the least turn me aside from that straight path which is truly as a shining light, shining more and more, unto the perfect day.

Reader, do you know this path? Has the light from the glory blinded *you*, to the attractions of this poor scene? Or have you been blinded by the God of this world? Remember there will come a time when your eyes will be opened. Remember the record we have of one, "who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." If unsaved, the path you are on will lead *you* to that place of torment. "If you turn not he will whet his sword, he hath bent his bow and made it ready." "He that believeth not, is *condemned already*."

You do not need to commit some great sin in order to perish. All you require to do is to "forget God," to "neglect" His salvation. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

How shall ye escape, if ye neglect so great salvation?

I often thought of my early friends with a longing desire for their conversion, but knowing the power they had over me in the past I hesitated in making any effort to reach them.

They had heard of my conversion, and of how I had given up novel reading, and pleasure-seeking, and their answer to the one who told them, was "Poor thing, how miserable she must be. Why we can do all these things, and never feel our souls injured." At last I tried to speak with them about their souls. It was arranged that they were to spend an evening with us. It was our first meeting since my change. I can never forget that evening, as they sat with us, so beautiful, so attractive, and so loving.

I sought very gently to tell them how the Lord had dealt with me. How, like the lost sheep in Luke xv., I had been straying away from Him, from a child, but that He had sought me and found me. I dwelt much upon His love that did not punish me for my waywardness, but which had brought me back with rejoicing.

I told them also of the joy I had when brought back, how I could almost have imagined I was in heaven, and saw the rejoicing



there was then going on, over me—a sinner repenting—not the joy of angels, but the joy of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, over the lost one brought back.

I then asked them, whether they too would not wish to have their sins forgiven, to be found of the good Shepherd, and to receive eternal life.

They had heard me almost in silence, till I addressed them personally, but when I put those questions to them, they both drew themselves up, and one of them replied,

“O, but you must remember, *there were ninety and nine sheep, who never went astray!*”

“Then,” said I, “you can have no benefit from the work of the Lord Jesus, for He says expressly that he did not come ‘to call the righteous but sinners to repentance’ that ‘they that are whole need not a physican, but they that are sick,’ and that ‘the Son of man is come to SEEK and to SAVE that which was lost.’”

“And Scripture tells us,” I said, “that there is none righteous, no not one,” “For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,” and “there is no difference.” They were quite willing that I should be the lost sheep, if I liked, but they both held to it, that they were not, for *they* had always loved and followed the Saviour.

I was amazed, I had never heard of anyone taking such ground. They had, truly, built their houses, as they thought securely, upon the sand, and they would not leave them.

I brought Scripture after Scripture to prove the fallacy of their hope, but in vain. They who all their lives, had lived only to please themselves, and upon whose whole course might have been written, "All is vanity" from first to last, they would not own that they were lost. Amiable and loveable, as they were, I gave them all due allowance for it, and willingly took the place of being the greatest sinner—the creditor who owed the five hundred pence—and expected that they would have owned to the fifty, but no! They were neither the one nor the other. They had always believed on the Lord, and were quite sure they were going to heaven.

We parted, and that was my first and last meeting, after my conversion, with M. F. J. I was so discouraged that I had no spirit to make another effort.

How little did I think as we parted, she in all the bloom of youth, health, and beauty, that we should never meet again on earth.

After some time I heard that she had gone to an evening party, and had caught a very severe cold, which had been allowed to go on without much attention.

At length the fears of her family were aroused, and an eminent physician was called in, who declared she was in consumption. "Consumption," she cried, in the greatest alarm; "and shall I never sing again?"

"No," replied the doctor, "it is not likely."

From this time terror seized hold of her. She could not bear to be left alone.

Death dared not be named in her presence.

A light had to be kept burning in her room all night, the darkness terrified her.

The doctor ordered her away for change of air. She had only been away for a few days when one morning after breakfast, the day being fine, she went out for a short walk. She returned again very soon, and went into her bedroom, her mother followed, and immediately she said, "Oh! mother, send for the doctor. I am dying." She then cried out: "Oh! God have mercy upon my soul."

With that the blood flowed from her mouth, and in a little more than ten minutes, the beautiful and attractive M. F. J. was no more.

When I first heard of her illness I did not think it was serious, and when I purposed trying to see her she had been removed to the country.

I make no comment as to where she may be, but, dear reader, "Where art thou?"

Are you living in pleasure? Remember "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

If the summons came to you as suddenly as to my early friend, where would it find you? In your sins? Or washed in the blood of the Lamb? Which?

"Be ye ready also, for at such an hour, as ye think not, the SON OF MAN COMETH."

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." L. R. H.

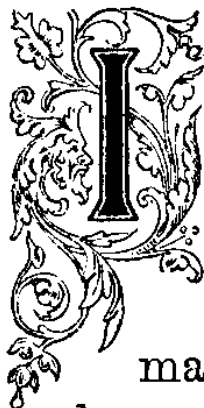


## MAKE NO MISTAKE.

"Man dieth and wasteth away, yea man giveth up the ghost and where is he." Job xiv. 10.

"In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torment" Luke xvi. 23.

"He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." John ii. 25.



IT is often a serious matter to make a mistake in the things of this life. How much inconvenience, time, and money, it may cause us to rectify it. But most mistakes that we make here, can be rectified; with regard, however, to the soul, its eternal destiny is settled here on earth, and after this scene there

is no changing. "In the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." Eccl. xi. 3.

I was at Retford station a few days ago and was going to Gainsborough. The train drew up. Porters and guards cried out, "Train for Gainsborough, Brigg, Grimsby, and Hull: take your seats, please." I therefore took mine. I had scarcely seated myself when a woman came to the door with a little boy. I helped them and their luggage in, the door was shut and all just ready to start; when the woman said to her boy "Now, dear, we shan't have any change till we get to Lincoln." I turned at once to her and inquired "Are you going to Lincoln?" "Yes, Sir." "Then you are in the wrong train—this is for Gainsborough" "Oh but," she said, "some one on the platform told me this would be right." I called the guard and asked him whether this woman was right for Lincoln? "Certainly not; this is for Gainsborough," and she had to hurry out just in time to save herself from a serious mistake.

This little incident reminded me of two or three features that concern the salvation of the soul. This woman was told she was wrong, first by one who was inside the carriage with her, and secondly by the guard. The sinner is warned that he is not right for heaven by his conscience within him, and the Word of God

without. What a mistake for the sinner, to prefer to listen to the word of one who does not know the road, rather than heed the workings of his conscience and the distinct utterances of Gods' Word. Ahab heeded the prophet of Baal with his horns of iron rather than the faithful prophet of God, but it cost him his life. This, too, is what the rich man of Luke xvi. did: he made a fatal mistake, and one that there was no remedying—he stifled his conscience: he lived for himself, not for God. He listened not to the words of Moses and the prophets. He died, he wasted away, he gave up the ghost, and where is he? God tells us, “in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torment”—no change possible, for a great gulf was fixed, and he found he had made a fatal mistake, for he was on the wrong side of it. How solemn!

Now, dear friend, have you made the right start? Are you going to be with Christ in glory? Certainly not, unless you know Jesus as your own blessed Saviour; for we are told in Acts iv. 12. “Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” If you have not started thus, you are surely wrong, and better is it to find out you are wrong now in this day of grace when the mistake can be

rectified, than find it out like the rich man, in hell, where there is no hope.

Notice, however, in connection with the incident, that the guard did not merely tell the woman she was wrong, but also showed her the right train; so, the moment the sinner is shown by the Word of God acting on his conscience that he is not right for heaven, that same Word points him to the work of Christ, to Jesus Himself, who is still saying, "Come unto me."

Say, dear reader, do you believe that God can, and will bless such an one as you are? Yes, He can; He has given Jesus in His love to die for sinners such as you, and believing on Him you get life through His name.

Jesus says, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John ii. 25).

Do you believe on Him? Is He your own precious Saviour? Happy for you if He is. You are then bound for heavenly joys with Himself. The One who has begun the work in you will finish it in you until the day of Jesus Christ. To Him be glory.

A. F. R.

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“FREELY.”

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**T**HE expression of God's own heart, whether in Creation bounty or redemption glory, is *freely*. He wishes you, the lost sinner now reading these lines, to know and believe what is in His heart toward you; and so He points you to an empty grave and an occupied throne as the eternal proof that He loves you, and is for you.

Think not lightly of that victorious Saviour who sits at His right hand; for a few brief hours of pleasure here, and then the place that once knew you will know you no more:—

“After the joys of earth,  
After its songs of mirth,  
After its hours of light,  
After its dreams so bright,

What then?

Oh! then, the judgment throne,  
Oh! then, the last hope gone;  
Then all the woes that dwell,  
In an eternal hell.”

If this be your future, and it must, and surely will be, should you die in your sins, unconverted and unsaved, let me beseech you, ere it be too late, to ponder well God's message



of love to your soul conveyed in His own word *freely*.

In Earth's once fair creation, as it came fresh from the hands of God, that little word first tells us how great was God's love to His creature. Having put him into the place of highest privilege, as lord of all, He tells out His love to Adam in these gracious words, "Of every tree of the garden, thou mayest *freely* eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

But that little word was despised, and Satan's lie being believed, God's *freely* was only turned by His disobedient creature into a means of self-aggrandisement, and sin came in to mar a scene that otherwise teemed with the lavish display of God's royal bounty.

When sin came into God's garden, man must needs leave it, and his whole history from that day to this has been, alas, but one long continued course of guilt and sin, and distance from God.

Yet, spite of this, God's heart towards man has not changed, and so we find that even to guilty Israel, after all their terrible departure in heart and ways from Him, and notwithstanding all His gracious dealings with them

by lawgiver, prophet, priest, and king; yet, though they had given Him up, served false gods, and ruined themselves by their sins, He still sends a message after them by the mouth of His servant Hosea: "I will heal their backslidings, I will love them *freely*."

Not even this wondrous grace, however, produced any effect on that rebellious people, for when the Christ of God, their true Messiah came, stooping down in His lowly grace to bear their guilt and sin, we know how they received Him: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Nor did man's cruel hatred and malice stop here, for Gentile as well as Jew joined hand and heart, and voice and will, to crucify the Lord of glory. Preferring a robber to God's well-beloved Son, man consummated his sin at the cross; but the more sin abounded, so much the more did God's free grace abound, and from the pierced side of that murdered man flowed forth to a guilty world, the cleansing stream of life and peace.

"The very spear that pierced His side  
Drew forth the blood to save."

Thus, even the murder of Jesus, instead of changing the deep love of the heart of God, served only to bring out the rich streams of

His heavenly mercy in the gift of His only Son.

That Son had trodden this ruined earth with but one object, and that was to glorify His Father, and seek to win back the confidence of poor lost man. His ear was ever open to human sorrow, His hand was ever ready to heal, to bless, to save. Man had no excuse, then, to be at a distance from God, for all who chose could come to Jesus without reserve. He received all sinners. He cast out none, as the poor ruined one in Simon's house discovered when, weeping tears of true repentance at His blessed feet, she heard from His own lips the sweet music of those heavenly words: "Thy sins are forgiven."

How strange was that scene to the proud heart of the Pharisee, who understood not, neither did he care for God's *freely*.

"A certain creditor," said Jesus to Simon, "had two debtors, the one owed him five-hundred pence, and the other fifty, and when they had *nothing to pay*, he frankly (*freely*) forgave them both." That was God's gospel then—it is God's gospel still. "*Nothing to pay*," because the debt has been paid by another, and a risen Christ in glory is God's receipt in full for all demands. "*Nothing to do*," because all has been done, once for all, by

that same Jesus whose last words to a lost world were, “It is finished.” “*Nothing to give,*” but simply to receive from God’s own hand His *free* salvation now, as you read these lines, “He *freely* forgave them *both*.” Which-ever you may be—the five-hundred or the fifty pence debtor,

“If you own, with repentance, you’ve nothing to pay,  
He will frankly and *freely* forgive.”

Before, however, God could righteously bestow this *free* salvation upon you, another must take your place—suffer in your stead, and make atonement for your sins. No help could come from man, nor salvation be found in any child of Adam. There was but One in heaven or earth could save, and in order that you might be saved, Christ must needs die and rise again. This (through grace) is an accomplished fact; and He who has sat for more than 1,800 years upon the throne of God now sends you a message from the glory, and declares it too, on the authority of the written word, that every believer is *even now* “justified *freely* by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.” Mark that word *freely*. It is God that justifies: but when He justifies, He justifies *freely* the poor trembling sinner who believes in Jesus. “What shall we say then to these things? If God be for us, who

can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also *freely* give us all things?"

And now, dear reader, this *free love*, this *free* forgiveness, this *free* justification, are all *freely* offered you to-day. Will you now accept God's *free* gift to you in Jesus?

Heaven itself declares that all is done that had to be done. Christ has glorified God on the earth, and finished the work that the Father gave Him to do.

Can you doubt it, when heaven or hell hangs upon your answer? A risen Christ Himself speaks to you, "To him that is athirst will I give of the fountain of the water of life *freely*." Yes, Jesus loves to give, and He gives *freely*. Listen once again, for still a closing message comes to you from those courts of heavenly glory! What exquisite words they are, breathing the very heart of God, and fragrant with the unchanging love of that once crucified, but now living and exalted Saviour, "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will let him take the water of life *freely*." He gives it *freely*: because He loves to do so, you have but to take it *freely* from His own loving hands, and your parched soul shall never thirst again, for (says the Saviour Himself), "Whosoever

drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him, a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."


Will you take that living water *now*? to-morrow may be too late; oh! then, drink, drink *freely* now, lest, refusing such love and such mercy, you thirst for ever in the depths of an endless hell.

One word in conclusion. God said to man in innocence, "You may *freely* eat," to rebellious Israel, "I will love them *freely*," and, on the ground of accomplished redemption, He is now willing and waiting to "*freely* forgive" those who have "*nothing to pay*." Christ Himself has paid that mighty debt, and every believing sinner is now "*justified freely* by God's grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." More than this, with Jesus, God *freely* gives us all things, and to every soul that has taken *freely* from that loving Saviour's hand the water of life, He says, "*freely* ye have received, *freely* give."

S. T.



## “THE RIGHT PLACE.”

N the course of a visit to the north of Ireland in the spring of 1879, I heard of a young man living in a remote part of the country, who was very ill, and thinking he might be dying “without Christ,” I went to see him. I found him rather better on my arrival, and sitting at the kitchen fire, looking very wan and emaciated. After some general conversation as to the nature of his disease, and sufferings therefrom, and having told me how very near at one period he was to death, I asked, “If you had been taken away then, how would it have been with your soul?” “It would have been *all right* with me,” he answered.

“And how do you know it would have been *all right* with you?” I asked again. “Because,” said he, “I went to *the right place*.”

Considering for a little how many souls are deceived by thinking, that because they belong to this or that denomination, or church (so called), which they believe to be “*the right place*,” I asked again: “And what, or where

is, '*the right place*' you went to, which makes you so confident that it would have been 'all right' with you?" "CHRIST," was his concise yet comprehensive reply.

In order further to test the reality of his confession, I again asked, "But would you not be afraid to go into the presence of *a Holy God*, without any righteousness or good works of your own (for he confessed he had none), trusting *only* on Christ?" And again he replied, "If I had all the righteousnesses of the twelve apostles and prophets I'd count them dung." Anything, equal for its extreme beauty to such a confession as this, I could only find recorded of one other, a prisoner at the time in Rome, the Apostle Paul, a man who at one time boasted of his religion, his pedigree, his zeal, and regarding his morality could say, as "touching the righteousness which is in the law, *blameless*;" but who was so enraptured with the *beauty* and *perfection* of Christ, as to exclaim, "What things were gain to me, these I counted loss for Christ; yea doubtless, and I count all things loss, for the *excellency* of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things and do count them dung, that I may win Christ, and be found *in Him*, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but



that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith" (Phil. iii. 7-9).

Reader, let me ask you, If brought face to face with death, could you say, "*Its all right with me?*" Have you been to "the right place"? Have you counted all *your things*, *your works* and prayers, &c. as useless, as dung and dross? Have you *heard*, and *believed* what God says of *all*, to be true of you? viz., that "There is *none* righteous, no, *not one*;" that "There is *none* that doeth good, no, *not one*;" that "There is *no difference*, for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 10-23).

Or on the other hand, are you one of the many, who say they are doing the best they can, boasting in their religion as the right one, their church as "*The right place*," like the woman in the fourth of John? Are you trusting in your morality and self-righteousness, like the Pharisee in Luke xviii. 11-12, thanking God you are not like others?

If this be your condition, reader, listen to the thoughts of the Lord Jesus of you: "Thou sayest I am *rich*, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art *wretched*, and *miserable*, and *poor*, and *blind*, and *naked*." But as He is

not willing that you should perish, He continues, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold (divine righteousness), tried in the fire, that thou mayest be *rich*; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear" (Rev. iii. 17-18).

"And the Spirit and the Bride say come. And let him that heareth say come. And let him that is athirst come. And WHOSOEVER WILL, let him take the water of life *freely*" (Rev. xxii. 17). "He which testifieth these things saith, *Surely* I come quickly" (v. 20).

Yes, He is coming again for *all* those who have believed in Him, who went to "The right place" here, to take them to "*The right place*" above, as He said: "I will come again, and receive you unto *myself*, that *where I am*, there ye may be also" (John xiv. 3).

That will be "The right place."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts xvi. 31).

D. D.



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“IT IS GOD THAT JUSTIFIETH.”

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WHO IS HE THAT JUSTIFIETH? God. Yes, God Himself. “It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth?” (Rom. viii. 33-34.)

Strange theology this for the convicted sinner. It is as natural, as to breathe the air, for the soul that discovers its nakedness and sin, to seek to cover itself with a righteousness of its own. The demon of self-righteousness is deep down in the poor human heart, and not one is exempt.

I do not disown I'm bad, of course. I must be good to be saved: so run the thoughts of thousands. Ah! poor sinner, you have found your sins a heavy load, an impassable barrier between you and the glory of God, and you think to remove them yourself. “Toil on, toil on,” whispers Satan. Liar! Murderer! Soul destroyer! (John viii. 44). God says, “It is not of works” (Eph. ii. 9). God can no more accept your righteousness than your wickedness. What! a sinner turn Pharisee to be accepted of God. Away with the vain thought. “There is none that doeth good, no

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*not one*" (Rom. iii. 12). Are you an exception? "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isaiah lxiv. 6). Hateful, abominable, horrible in His sight. Cast away, then, the last rag at once. They are worse than worthless. Let self-justification go, and self-judgment take its place. It is God that justifieth; God alone. And

WHOM DOES HE JUSTIFY? The ungodly. The ungodly? Yes, the ungodly. Justify the ungodly? Yes, justify the ungodly. Are you sure? Certain. You surprise me; I thought He justified the godly: surely you mistake the word. No, dear soul, no mistake. God means what He says, and says what He means. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly" (Rom. iv. 5). But it seems as though He were conniving at sin. Connive at sin? Impossible! God never makes light of sin. God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. But yet He justifies the ungodly. *Not their ungodliness*. That is quite another matter. He could not justify ungodliness, but He can and does justify the ungodly. He justifies them from their ungodliness.

"Well, this is a very new doctrine to me," I think I hear some reader say; "I thought we must be good." Perfectly true, but *how*? That's the question. Not by a patchwork reforma-

tion of a guilty sinner. The old Adam nature is incorrigible. "It is not by works of righteousness which we have done." (Titus iii. 5).

Then

HOW DOES HE JUSTIFY? "God is just and the justifier of him which *believeth in Jesus*." (Rom. iii. 26). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, *his faith is counted for righteousness*." (Rom. iv. 5). Blessed news, joyful news! *Believeth in Jesus*. How very simple. It is all summed up in that precious little sentence. Believeth; him which believeth. Do *you* believe? Believe what? Believe in Jesus. Do you believe in God's dear Son? Jesus; Jesus who died. Jesus who was buried. Jesus who rose from among the dead. Jesus who ascended. Jesus who sat down as Lord and Christ at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. (Acts ii. 36; Heb. i. 3). Do you believe in Jesus? Yes, or No. Not, do you believe about Him, but *in Him*? Do you believe in Him? Well how do you reply?

Yes. Then your sins are forgiven (Acts ix. 38).

No. Then all your sins are between you and God (John viii. 24),

Yes. Then God justifies you (Rom. viii. 33).

No. Then judgment stares you right in the face (1 Peter iv. 5).

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Yes. Then you have everlasting life (John iii. 36).

No. Then you shall not see life (John iii. 36).

Yes. Then you are saved (Ephes. ii. 5).

No. Then you shall be damned (Mark xvi. 16).

All the claims of God have been once and for ever perfectly met in the death of His Son ; the righteousness of God maintained ; the glory of God vindicated. God is just, and the justifier of him which *believeth in Jesus* (Rom. iii. 26). " His faith is counted for righteousness " (Rom. iv. 5). " Being *justified freely by his grace* through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus " (Rom. iii. 24). " He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him " (2 Cor. v. 21). " Who was delivered for our offences, and was *raised again* for our justification (Rom. iv. 25). " Oh ! the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works (Rom. iv. 6). " Blessed, blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed, blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin " (Rom. iv. 7-8). Well, and

WHEN DOES HE JUSTIFY ? When ? Yes, when ; at the judgment day ? No, it will be too late then. What ! justification at the

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great white throne! The day of grace will be past and gone. No mercy then; no mercy there. No salvation then; no salvation there. But I thought no one could be sure of going to heaven until we die. What you think and what God says are two very different things. If you wait till then, you will never reach heaven at all. And who can tell? This very night, dear reader, God might require thy soul *of thee*. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. xxvii. 1). "Oh! that men would consider their latter end" (Deut. xxxii. 29). To-morrow may be too late. God's time is *now*. There is no *to-morrow* in the Gospel of God. Behold *now* is the accepted time. Behold *now* is the day of salvation (2 Cor. vi. 2). It is him which believeth in Jesus *now*. Believeth *now*. Not to-morrow, but *now*. Oh, sinner, take God at His word *now*. Will you? Do you *believe*?

Who is He that justifieth? God.

Whom does He justify? The ungodly.

How does He justify? By faith in Jesus.

When does He justify? *Now*. And

WHAT DOES HE JUSTIFY FROM? All things. All things? Yes, all things. Praise be to His name, "*all things*." "Through this man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you *the forgive-*

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*ness of sins*, and by him all that believe are *justified from all things*" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). Not all sins, but all *things*. Everything you ever did. Sins, iniquities, transgressions, wickedness, failures, shortcomings, self-righteousness, false profession, unbelief, *everything*. By Him, (not by you) *all* that believe. Do you believe? Then you are one, one of the *all*. And *all* that believe are justified from all things.

How simple! I never saw it like that before. *All* that believe are justified from *all* things. I believe I'm justified from all things. *I'm one of the all*.

Who is He then that justifies? God.

Whom does He justify? The ungodly.

How does He justify? By faith in Jesus.

When does He justify? Now.

What does He justify from? All things.

Well, that is simple indeed. I rest there. But one question; how about works? Works are the fruit of faith. The faith in Christ that justifies, alone can produce them to the glory of God. Without them faith is dead (James ii. 20). Dead faith leaves you *in your sins*; a living faith manifests itself by good works.

E. H. C.



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“HOPE THOU IN GOD.”

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ONE fine July morning, a young man who was a simple believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, entered a railway station in Kent, and, having procured a ticket for the “West,” took a seat in a vacant carriage; after silent prayer for guidance in selecting. Being sensible of the special opportunities that are afforded to those travelling, for speaking to individuals about the finished, eternal, and free salvation that God is offering to any who will accept it, he continued in prayer to God that He would choose for him fellow-passengers. Several persons looked in at the door, and passed on, but just ere the train started, a man, about thirty years of age, of quiet demeanour, and neatly dressed, seated himself by the window at the opposite end of the carriage. The young man, fully persuaded that this was no chance companion, took his Bible from his pocket, and, as he did so, noticed that his companion was bending over what was unmistakeably the Word of God. Shortly after, the elder traveller moved quietly across the seat, until close to his elbow, and, looking into his face, said, with deep earnestness—

"Will you tell me how anyone can be saved?"

After a brief silence the other answered, "On the ground of what God has said in the third chapter of John, I can tell you that *anyone*, 'whosoever will,' may receive eternal life by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, there-presented as the Son of God."

"If salvation be such an easy thing, why is it that so few seem to possess it?"

"From the very simplicity many are blinded who are in some measure aware of their peril and helpless condition; but the great obstacle to men coming to God is that our natural pride and haughty independence of God leads us to prefer the lies of Satan to the truth of God. 'Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.' 'The carnal mind is enmity against God and is not subject to him.' (John iii. 9, and Rom. viii. 7). And it is to *sinner*s as such that God in rich grace is offering everlasting life (1 Tim. i. 15, Rom. v. 8), but sinners must come as sinners deserving nothing but His judgment, then He can bless them through what His own beloved Son has done. We can then wonder that God could so *love* us 'that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John iii. 16)."

"Then if I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ how am I to know that I have this eternal life, and am saved?"

"By believing what God tells us in His Word. In John v. 24, the Lord Jesus says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me *hath* everlasting life (not 'shall have' as in John iii. 16), and shall not come into judgment, but *is* passed from death unto life,' and in the last verse of chapter iii., 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' &c. In 1 John v., God shows that He wishes a believer to know he has this life, saying 'These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life.'"

The younger then asked him if he were fully convinced that what had been said and read was true of him, when he gave a most interesting account of his conversion as follows:—

"One night, while in bed, thoughts of God's holiness, and the judgment due to me, pressed upon me with such convicting force, that all sleep was driven from me. The more I thought about it the more dreadful it seemed to think of meeting God. I knew that He was merciful, and for some little while that eased my conscience, but shortly this comfort was lost; and,

do what I would for some days, I could not get away from the truth that I must one day stand face to face with God.

"I sometimes prayed in intense desire to try and appease His wrath by my efforts, and often tremblingly opened the Bible, but dreaded to read it, and always found myself condemned; the more I read the more hopeless it appeared to me; every word seemed to tell me that I should soon be lost; for I read much of the Old Testament, and God's infinite holiness, there so markedly displayed, was torture for me to think of.

"Finding no peace or rest in prayers, or religious observances, but rather an increase of wretchedness, I, after a time, summoned courage enough to go to a professed teacher of religion who I thought would be sure to be able to set me all right, and tell me what to 'do' that I might get peace with God. On seeing him privately, I told him my case, at which he very cheerfully told me not to worry myself, but to read my Bible, say my prayers, regularly attend church, and be honest and upright, and live soberly, and leave the rest to God; it would be all right in the end.

"On my further pressing him, for this did not satisfy me, as I had tried all these, he would have nothing more to say to me, looking

on me with suspicion, as being one holding peculiar views.

With a heart sick at my own efforts, which I could even then detect to be empty and hollow ceremonies for any poor lost soul, and with bitter disappointment that one who took the place of being a teacher, chosen of God, to explain His Word and to show men God's way of salvation, could not even tell me one step, being ignorant himself, I gave myself up to despair, sometimes callous, then again reading the Bible as often as possible, though convicted at every turn. I longed to be able to *do* something, but could not find what to do except the ten commandments, which I knew I could not keep. Soon the terrible anxiety of soul, and want of sleep and food, told severely on my body, and I was ordered by doctors to keep from reading; but what was the use of that, when just then I could not get away from it, spending whole nights poring over God's Word.

"At length the body could hold out no longer, and I was taken to one of the large hospitals in London, but no human effort could reach the soul, and, soon after being brought there, I was sinking so fast, and grew so much worse, that the doctors expected that in a few days I should die. My little strength

gradually gave way, but as the bodily vigour relaxed, the agony of soul increased, until it seemed as though I must go mad. I was conscious that I was dying fast, and, as the doctor came round the ward, I listened with strained ears to catch some tidings of my state, and heard my doom as I dreaded, when he murmured that I should only last a few hours at most, and passed on, not expecting to see me alive again, wondering and puzzled at that which so baffled his skill, and yet had such indistinct symptoms.

"Then the awful reality of all that I had shuddered to think of seemed to have come upon me. *I was actually sinking into hell. Yes! could feel each breath drew me down nearer.* I was now fully convinced that I was about to die, and oh! the agony of my soul knowing that 'after death the judgment.' How empty and disgusting everything looked to me that I had done to gain salvation. All my religion, and morality, and kind words, and actions, on which I had built *hopes for the future* could not cover over my sins, but only showed them to me clearer.

"Quivering with indescribable terror, I clutched the little bed on which I lay, and in the agony of such exquisite horror unconsciously opened one eye, which fell on a large

text of Scripture, several of which were round the room. The words arrested my attention. It was the fifth verse of Psalm xlii. I read slowly, 'Why art thou bowed down, oh my soul, why art thou disquieted within me. Hope thou in God.' I closed my eyes, but the words were as if written in fire on my brain, 'Hope thou in God.' What! hope in God? In the very God I so dreaded to meet, in whose sight I knew I was nothing but a vile guilty wretch, was I to hope in Him? I read again 'Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, for the help of his countenance.'

"I can never, by any possibility, utter words to express the surge of wonder and joy that flooded my poor anguished heart as I read the last sentence. I read it over and over, each time being the more certain that this was the Spirit of God speaking to my soul, and though there was nothing to rest upon but those last few words, yet I believed that this was a word specially to me, and it was from God, so I abandoned myself to Him, trusting that He would save me, and that I should yet live to praise Him. Shortly after I fell into a deep sleep, from which I awoke very weak, but much refreshed, and in quiet, calm repose on that word opposite my bed. In a surprisingly short time I was able to leave the hospital, to the

wonder of doctors, friends, and others, but not until I had learnt another view of the cross, and had feebly grasped the truth that Jesus, God's Son, had borne my sins in His own body on the tree. Since then God has taught me bit by bit, and I am still learning from His word, and find that nothing but the Scriptures can defeat Satan in his attempts to snatch away my peace and enjoyment of the fact that God has saved me; but each day adds fresh confidence, and I can now '*praise God.*' "

The train stopped and the two travellers changed for different routes, parting with mutual expressions of love, and thankfulness for their ride in each other's company; not to meet again, may be, until that blessed moment arrives when, whether they be asleep or alive, they will together be caught up, and be "for ever with the Lord" (1 Thes. iv. 17).

And now, dear reader, how is it with you? Are you saved, or are you tampering with God's gracious long-suffering? God is now beseeching sinners to be reconciled to Him, but this wondrous salvation is not always to be offered thus. At any moment the door may be shut, though open so wide now, and then it will be useless to call on Him whom you knew as *Lord*, but not as *Saviour*. His words will haunt you throughout eternity, "Depart from



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me. I know you not,” (Matt. xxv. 11). He knows His sheep, and is known of them, and not one will be left down here after He comes in the cloud to summon them up to Himself. Then no longer will the blessed glad tidings ring out to a rejecting, scoffing world, but, every ray of light removed, gross darkness and judgment will be poured out. “How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation.” Oh! come, as a sinner, to the Lord Jesus Christ. He is inviting you to come. Whosoever will may drink of the water of life *freely* (Rev. xxi. 6; Isa. lx. 1, 2).

T. H. R.



“THEY THAT WERE READY WENT IN.”



OLEMN will be the moment when, in fulfilment of His promise, the Lord Jesus shall rise from the Father's throne, and call His saints, both dead and living, to meet Him in the air. Solemn the sound—the voice of archangel and trump of God

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which shall be heard by the dead in Christ of ages past, and shall change the corruptible, into the incorruptible, and the "vile" bodies of the living into bodies like His glorious body. Wonderful the change, and as quick as wonderful.

The whole of that mighty transition shall be effected "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," in a space far less than was employed in the actual creation of man. Then there was consultation, "Let us make man," said God; but there will be no such consultation now. Then there was the necessary delay of breathing into man's nostrils the breath of life after his physical organism had been completed, but there will be no such delay in the present case. "The dead shall be raised incorruptible" with the suddenness and alacrity of the power of the God of resurrection, "and we shall be changed"—"shall be caught up together." Caught up, indeed, by the almighty, liberating, glory-giving, hand of the Saviour; snatched away from every hostile power, and mortality swallowed up of life. And the whole of this wonderful liberation will take less time by far than that in which the briefest description of it could be penned. At that moment "they that are ready" shall go in with Him. There will be not only the meeting in the air but also the

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return with Him, to the Father's house, to be with and like Him, and to be His meet companions for ever. Solemn, sudden, glorious event! For this the Church is waiting, waiting to behold her Redeemer, Lord and Head, and in growing anticipation of His soon return, her joy deepens, and her activity abounds.

But the object of this paper is not to stimulate the Christian in his blessed hope, nor to encourage him in his heavenward path, but to remind the unconverted reader into whose hands it may fall, that the very fact of the suddenness of the departure of the dead and living saints, at the coming of the Lord for them, must evidently shut out all hope from him of a period—never so short—in which to repent of his sins or cry for mercy. The “ready” having gone in, *the door will at once be closed*, and all hope of entrance be removed from those who, though they may have heard the tidings of grace, have seen fit to remain unready. Oh! what a result of indescribable anguish for such! Can the mind conceive, can imagination picture the agony, the hopeless gloom, the abject and utter despair that settles down on those who find the door shut in their very face! The bare thought is overwhelming, but the reality—to find the promise fulfilled, Christ

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come, the saints gone, heaven occupied, and its door closed upon them for ever.

Will not this thought strike many—I was so nearly prepared—I was a virgin, but foolish,—I had all the outward appearance of vital Christianity, but I lacked the oil, I did not possess the Spirit of God, I had not been born again. No doubt such a train of thought will pass rapidly through the tortured mind, yet only to augment that torture. It is well to notice that only "they that were *ready* went in;" not such as were getting ready—not such as by dint of a course of religiousness, self-denial, and the like, were gradually reforming and checking the flesh, but such as were *ready*.

And this point I would urge upon my reader. Say not that you are "doing your best." It is far from probable that you are; or even supposing that you had succeeded to your own perfect satisfaction in so doing, are you not aware that your "righteousnesses are as filthy rags," and that what you may esteem highly in your own eyes, is abomination in the sight of God? God detects failure, and discovers sin, where we, in our purblind condition, behold that which is good, and one flaw depreciates the whole. God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and cannot look upon sin. Besides, do you not learn at the cross of Christ how that not

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only human badness, but human goodness, has also been condemned? The law might indeed have given character to sin, and stamped it as transgression; but the cross tells us not only that man had sinned, but also that he was sinful; not only that he was guilty, but lost, and that consequently he could not by any means whatsoever, “by works of righteousness” or “by deeds of law,” extricate himself from his ruined condition. The cross declares not only that “all have sinned,” but likewise “then were all dead,” and this cardinal truth in one stroke annihilates the principle of “doing one’s best” for salvation. To clinch the statement I quote one conclusive passage of Scripture: “If righteousness come by law, then Christ has died in vain.” Oh! that people would learn this fact. They read their Bibles, indeed, but with blinded eye. Can they not read and understand the offering of Cain? Can they not hear the law as it thunders out its merciless curse upon “Every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.” Yes, they hear as though they heard not, nor will they be charmed, charm we never so wisely.

“But how,” asks my reader, “can any be *ready*? How can it be known for certain that

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the oil is possessed, and that one is truly amongst the wise?"

Well, God is pleased to make the fact known by His Word and Spirit to the soul, which by grace believes on His Son. I say, God is pleased to do so. The work of salvation is the work of God the Father in giving His Son, of God the Son in giving His life, and of God the Spirit in revealing the Son as Saviour.

As to the soul, the first experience is one of conviction of sin, or a sense of danger in view of judgment to come. This is produced by the Spirit of God. Then in despair the burdened and harrowed conscience finds in the blood of Christ that which fully meets all its need; since, indeed, all the need of justice has been met also by that same blood. Then, and thus secured peace is enjoyed, the promises are possessed, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, His seal and earnest are made good, and God as Father known. Thus the believer, for all comes on the principle of faith, is in a new position, enjoys a new relationship, has a new destiny, and whilst waiting for the Son from heaven, he is amongst the "ready" who shall enter its unsullied courts. Thus, reader, your question is answered; but are you yet amongst the ready?

J. W. S.

## PRUDENT OR SIMPLE.

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"A prudent man forseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished" Prov. xxvii, 12.



**I** WAS driving to a small town in Scotland. The road passed at one part near some large stone quarries, where numbers of men were employed. As we came near these, I was astonished to see many waving the hand to us, and to hear the sound of a loud horn. The driver pulled up at once.

I was just asking him what was the matter, when a loud explosion in the quarries explained all, and high up into the air went a shower of stones. Well was it for us, that the driver heeded the warning of the horn, and the men waving us back, or some evil might certainly have befallen us; but by taking heed to the warning the danger was averted. "When the horn is sounded, a shot is about to be fired in the quarry," was the simple yet forcible notice, that I saw outside a granite quarry last summer near Peterhead. Oh that people would but take heed to their danger in spiritual things as well as they do in temporal!

What person who read that notice, and heard the warning sound of the horn, would pass on and be punished? And yet thousands are just doing this from day to day, with regard to their souls. Let me ask you dear reader to consider your own case. You attended some faithful preachings lately, perhaps last Sunday. You listened to an earnest gospel address: the horn was clearly sounded in your ears—you were told of the danger you are in, while yet out of Christ: you were told of the day of judgment which is coming, when God will shake, not the earth only, but also heaven, Heb. xii. 26; when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned (2 Pet. iii. 10). As you listened you may perhaps have trembled like Felix, but the impression wore off when the speaker finished, and you have not yet turned to the Lord Jesus for refuge and safety, from the awful blast that is coming one day.

Oh beware! simple one, beware lest you should neglect once too often, and should pass on and be punished. God addresses you now. To-day, He says "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity. Turn you at my reproof." You see the notice with its plain warning, you hear the sound of the horn, "Turn you at my reproof" says God. What



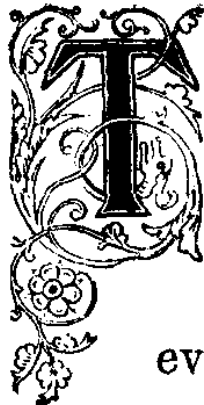
an awful thing to disregard His call, and to pass on and be punished. How solemn is it that the same God "Who knoweth how to deliver the godly, also knoweth how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." Will you not then be prudent to-day; for the Word says "The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way," and where he is going—what is before him; but "woe unto them that are prudent in their own sight" Isaiah v. 21. Will you not turn to the Lord Jesus, who is now saying "Come unto me and I will give you *rest*?" Yes present and eternal rest, so that in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh thee. There is danger before you, dear unconverted one; there is *now* however a Saviour for you to flee to. Which shall it be with you to-day? *Prudent* will you be, in turning to Christ and finding shelter in Him from the danger and the judgment that is coming? or *simple*, in passing on heedless and being punished with everlasting destruction for eternity?

"Whoso hearkeneth unto me, shall dwell safely and shall be quiet from fear of evil" Proverbs i. 33.

A. F. R.

## WILL YOU GO?

Genesis xxiv.



HIS Scripture brings before us in a very beautiful and pictorial manner the purpose of God in the proclamation of the Gospel now. God's purpose is to bring, whoever will accept His message, into association with Christ by faith now, and actually and really by-and-by, in the realms of glory in which He is.

Nothing can be more simple than the figure itself. The father sends his servant into a far off land, to seek a bride for his son, with this caution, you must not bring my son into the far off land, but bring the bride *to my son* !

The Son of God has been in this scene, and men declared they could stand His presence no longer, and they cast Him out and murdered Him. God did not at once avenge the murder of His Son, He said to Him, " Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thy foes thy footstool," and before the day, in which His foes are made His footstool, God sends down the Holy Ghost to proclaim salvation to all those who believe in that Son, who is at His right hand.

In our chapter Eleazar tells how rich his

master was ; there was no end to his wealth, and he says, he has given all that he has to his son, and I want a bride for that son.

And God has given all into the hands of Christ. All power is given unto Him. He is not careful for the present moment to assert His rights—is willing to forego them that He may win your heart and mine, and have us associated with Himself in heavenly glory. But everything belongs to Jesus. He has bought the whole world. He bought the field for the sake of the treasure hid in it, and what is the treasure? His own people.

So also He, the heavenly merchantman, gives up all for the sake of the pearl, His Church, His Bride.

Perhaps you say, "Oh, I thought that parable meant the sinner giving up all for the sake of Christ." I ask you, What has a sinner to give up? He has nothing belonging to him but his sins. He may have God's possessions in his hands, but they are only put into his hands for him to use as a steward, (and a dishonest steward man is, too, appropriating to himself what belongs to his master), and soon to be turned out of his stewardship for wasting his master's goods, for it all belongs to Christ.

Eleazar comes down with the wonderful message that all that the rich man has he has

given to his son, and now, he says, I have come down in quest of a bride for that son.

And so the Holy Ghost has been working for 1800 years to gather out a bride for Christ. And now the Spirit of God is wanting *your* heart, my reader, for Christ. He would have *you* among that happy company who chant the Redeemer's praises by-and-by. Have *you* any wish to be there?

What is so wonderful in the picture is, that Rebecca turns away from scenes well known, turns her back on all her relations even, turns right round to take a long and wearisome journey, to be the bride of one she has never seen. And that is what you must do. The day must soon come when you must leave this scene, go from time into eternity, and where will *you* spend eternity? You say, "In heaven, I hope." Who does not hope so? But answer me this one question. If you would like to spend eternity in heaven, would you like to go there to-day? "Oh, no," you say. Why not? "Because I am not ready." Ah, it is quite clear you have no object in heaven. Heaven is where Christ is. It is the Person who is there who makes my heaven. If you cared for Him you would say, "Yes, I should like to go, and be where Jesus is."

When Eleazar came down and gaye the

message no doubt the thought entered Rebecca's mind, Can it be true? But as soon as he had gained her attention he brings out something very tangible, "An ear-ring of half a shekel's weight, and two bracelets for her hands, of ten shekel weight of gold." And so when the Holy Ghost begins to work in the heart he gives unmistakeable pledges of the truth of his message.

Rebecca might have said, "I am unfit." But he gives her what meets her need, and makes her fit—gives her raiment.

The point is, Are you willing to go? All the need is met. I know well you are unfit for God. You need what you have not got in you, but God gives it to you. You have no righteousness, but Christ "is made unto us righteousness." You have all your sins upon you, but "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The moment you are willing to go God provides you with everything. The grand object of God is to bring sinners to Christ. If you believe on Jesus—rest your guilty soul on the work and blood of Jesus—God will give you the sense that you are clad, and fit for His presence. You will get the raiment and the jewels, you will be clothed with Christ, the best robe, and His acceptance with God will be the measure of your accept-

ance. The only question is, Are you willing to accept what God presents? There is no hindrance on God's side.

Many people, in this day, in a way accept the Gospel as truth, and think it should be acted on some day, but not *to-day*.

Look at ver. 55, of our chapter: "And her brother and her mother said let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten, after that she shall go." Mark this, my reader, how many a soul brought under the Gospel sound, convinced the Gospel is true, anxious in a way to have Christ, the devil ensnares by this, "There is plenty of time, there is no hurry."

"A few days, at the least ten." How many put it off. And *you* have done so, have you not, my reader? Yet you *mean* to come to Christ, do you not? "Yes" I think I hear you answer. When? "Some day," you say, you mean to be a Christian, to give your heart to the Lord, to turn your back on the world, and your face to the Lord. But when? I ask.

Do you say, "Give me a little delay—a few days, at least ten." Well, you may spend the next ten days in hell. If you died to-day you would, and the next ten, and the next ten, and ten thousand times ten, and then your eternity of hell would have only just begun.

The devil's gospel is always, salvation *to-*

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*morrow*, or salvation *next week*, God's gospel always is salvation *now*.

Why delay? Would you keep Christ waiting any longer? Ten days! Why the Lord may be here in ten days, and each saint hopes He may. Nay more, He may be here to-day. You have no warrant that you will have another gospel message than the one you are reading now.

*Now* is your time. *Now* is the time of God's salvation. Ten days may seem a short time, but it may be too late for *you*. How long will you trifle with God, sport with eternity, risk your soul? Ten days? I would not run the risk for ten minutes longer, if I were you. I would say this moment to Him, "Lord, I am thine, I trust Thee, I must have Thee *now*."

"Wilt thou go?" This is the question for you. Wilt thou commit thyself now to the working of God's blessed Spirit? He wants thee for Jesus now, and for eternity. Wilt thou go? Art thou willing? Thou hast been long enough in the world surely, long enough served Satan, surely. Dost thou not see enough attraction in Christ? Is there nought in the tale of His Cross, in the value of His blood? Is there nought to win thy heart in all that He has done to have thee with Him in glory? Rebecca comprehends the situation she is in, and she sees the future before her,

sees the things of this world ready to draw her back; sees the earnest servant pleading for his master, and feels it must be now or never. She says, "I will go." Hers is the decision of faith. I have never seen him, she says in her heart, but I have heard about him. He must be worth deciding for; I will go. True, I have never seen him, but I shall see him. As Peter says, "Whom not having seen we love."

Can you, my reader, say like Rebecca, "I will go? God has called me to share the glories of His Son, and now He would meet my heart by the revelation of the Person of His Son, and if you ask me, Will you go, my emphatic reply is, *I will go.*"

If your heart thus decides, you will soon see Him. You may have a little trouble by the way. Rebecca mounted her camel and crossed the desert. She had the desert to cross, but she was in safe keeping, and so are you. You start with the knowledge that you are saved, sealed by the Holy Ghost.

Rebecca may have had a rough journey, but do you not think Eleazar beguiled the way with stories of Isaac. As the Lord said, "When the Spirit of truth is come . . . He shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you."



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Do you think it a dull thing to be a Christian? It is the happiest, the brightest, the sweetest thing; sweeter each year. There may come storms, or rough places on the road, but the end is home, with Jesus. I do not think, could we follow Rebecca across the desert, that we should find she wanted to stay on the road. No, with purpose of heart she wanted to go on, and this is what I would beseech you, that "with purpose of heart you would cleave to the Lord."

Isaac loved Rebecca *after* she went to him, but Jesus loved us *before* we came to Him. He loved us, and died for us, and made us fit for His Father's presence; and the day is soon coming when we shall be like Him, and be with Him for ever; and there is one thing that completely satisfies my heart, He loves me!

I could talk to you of coming glory, of the rest that remains, but it is enough for me that He loves me. Oh, my reader, would you not like to be with Jesus in the coming day of His glory? Then turn to Him now, and in a little while you shall be with Him and like Him for ever! If you have never been decided for Christ before, the Lord give you, as you lay down this paper, to decide for Him at once and for evermore, saying truly in your heart, "I will go."

W. T. P. W.

## WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES.

EAR reader, have you ever thought what a solemn thing it is to be weighed by God in the Balances? I dare say you have read of Belshazzar in Daniel v. whom God had weighed in the Balances and *found wanting*. The principal charge against him, was, "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." (verse 23). And reader, God brings the same charge against you, "All have sinned, and come *short* of the glory of God." Rom. iii. 23. God has weighed *you* in the balances and found you wanting; it matters not who you are, or what you are, you have come short of the glory of God.

A short time ago, I met a young man, who could speak very well of himself, he told me, he was a Good Templar; that he was regular in his attendance in church; that he did not smoke; did not gamble, &c., and added to all this, that a day or two before I met him, while travelling with an infidel he had taken God's side against him; surely you will say this young man, if weighed, would not have been found wanting.

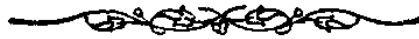
Yes, dear reader, he would indeed, for with all his goodness, he was a stranger to Christ, and the Word says, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts. iv. 12.

And more than this, if this young man with all his morality, had been put in one scale, and the infidel in the other, with all his blasphemies against God, they would have just exactly balanced each other; for the Word says again "There is no difference." Rom. iii. 22.

I told the young man so, and that all his goodness, would not make the slightest difference when he was weighed in God's scale. He owned it, and seemed anxious to know how he could be made righteous, that is made to weigh full weight. Do you know reader, how you can be made righteous?

Perhaps you say you must strive, you must do your best. No, that is not the way; God says the one who does not strive, the one who has done his worst, is the one He justifies, when he *believes* on Him who justifies the un-godly. Yes, look at it. God justifies the ungodly, the one who worketh not. A man who thinks himself very religious, told me the other day, we must strive and do our best, and when I told him that God justified those who did not

strive, but believed on Him who justifieth the ungodly, he did not believe me, and I had to read it to him in Rom. iv. 5. Satan blinds people with the lie, that they must wait till the day of judgment to know whether they are found wanting or not, God says all have come short; God tells you *now* that you are found wanting. Well what are you to do? Works won't make you righteous; faith will, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." May God in His grace apply the word to your soul.  
O.



"STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"  
See Him dying on the tree!  
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;  
Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!

Mark the sacrifice appointed,  
See who bears the awful load!  
'Tis the Word, the Lord's anointed,  
Son of man, and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation,  
Here the refuge of the lost;  
Christ's the rock of our salvation,  
His the name of which we boast.

Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,  
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!  
None shall ever be confounded  
Who on Thee their hope have built.

## "I'LL THINK ABOUT IT."



WHILE taking a country walk one afternoon, I passed one whom I knew sitting outside his own house, and, after the customary salutation, was about to proceed on my way, but he asked me to wait awhile with him and have a little talk, as we had often had before.

I did so, and sitting down by his side he began to speak of some whom he thought were led away by superstitious beliefs. Presently, however, I turned the conversation with this question: "But what about your own soul? Are you saved?"

"Oh," he said, "I do not believe any one can know he is saved till the day of judgment."

I replied, "It is not what you or I think that determines the matter, but what God says in His word," and having a New Testament in my pocket, I produced it, and read Phil. i. 21: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" and 2 Cor. v. 1: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made

with hands, eternal in the heavens." I then pointed out that if all had been dark uncertainty with Paul as to the great future, he could not have spoken of death proving gain to him, and that if it were not the happy privilege of the believer to know that he is going "to be with Christ which is far better," Paul could not have written, "We know . . . we have a building of God . . . eternal in the heavens."

But lest it should be argued that that assurance was confined to Paul and others of high attainments (although it is perfectly clear that the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians was written for Christians in all ages and places, for it begins (ch. i. 2), "With all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord," I turned to the 1st Epistle of John, which anyone would admit was written to Christians generally. In the 2nd chapter 12 verse, we found, "I write unto you little children because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake," which shows that God's order is assurance to start with, and quite shuts out the erroneous idea that a Christian cannot possess assurance till he has been long on the way. Then turning to the 13th verse of the 5th chapter we read, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

My friend then said, "You are right—I see it is there."

I replied, "Since it is so, *you* should know it for *yourself*; for, as we were reading, it is only those that believe on the name of the Son of God that have a right to know."

He said, "I'll think about it." "But," I answered, "you may not have another chance; *now* is the best time." Still he replied, "I'll think about it," and with this walked into the house.

Beloved unsaved reader, little did I then think; that the next time I was to see him he would be unable to enter into any conversation.

Two or three days after, I heard he had been carried home the previous night in a dying state. I hurried to him in order to resume our conversation, but to my great disappointment I found him quite insensible, and clearly manifesting he had met an enemy that was proving more than a match for him. After looking to the Lord on his behalf, I went out for a few minutes, hoping consciousness would be restored that I might just whisper into his ear the words of Jesus, which are spirit and life (John vi. 63); but on my return, I found that cold, stern, relentless Death had done his work, and my poor friend was beyond the sphere of the gospel.

The words which head this paper came with force to my mind, and I thought if he passed into eternity as he lived, he will find plenty of time in eternity to merely think about it, with the rich man to whom the words were spoken in Luke xvi.: "Son, remember."

Dear unsaved reader, the above I have related to you as a warning. It may be you are dreaming of the many days you have yet to spend in the enjoyment of what this world can give. But seeing how soon Death may do his work, in the day or in the night, and taking into account that equally solemn event, the coming of the Lord, which may take place at any moment, and which will with equal certainty seal the doom of all who have heard and believed not the gospel (2 Thess. i. 7-10), I beseech you remember what God says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). Oh, enter now through faith in Jesus, the narrow way that leads to life, with Him who says, "I am the way," "him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

J. B.



## GUILT MET BY GRACE.

(See Romans i. 16.—iii. 28).



OW plain and conclusive is the Word of God in bringing in all the world guilty before God. In the first chapter of Romans, from the sixteenth verse to the end, we have it clearly proved as to the heathen world by their evident abominations; in the second chapter we have the moral philosopher aptly described, and we have it shown how he is no better than his fellow, although he sits in judgment upon him. For a natural conscience, though it may make manifest evil, never leads to the enjoyment of good, or the possession of a better nature. In the third chapter, we see him who looks for justification by a strict adherence to the moral law, and his guilt is as clearly proved. "For whosoever keepeth the whole law, and yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all."

Man seems to think that by leading a moral or a religious life, by living a better life than his fellows, he may at length go to heaven; but, dear friend, consider the sum and substance of man's morality, and man's religion, and tell me, is it not self? Think of the most moral man on the face of the earth, standing

alone in the presence of an almighty and sin-hating God on the ground of his morality, his religion, his charity; and think how could he pass that searching examination of conduct before Him who has seen his every action from the moment he made his appearance on the earth. Tell me, do you think he could receive any other verdict than "Guilty," any other sentence than an eternity in hell? Think of yourself so placed, you would have to own yourself as a lost and ruined one, whose very righteousness is but as filthy rags, whose every good deed is but as one of the fig leaves that Adam wore to hide himself from God, wholly insufficient. Yes, dear friend, man lacks the very power to do anything to please God; he has an irremediably bad nature, which is called the flesh, and the Word says, "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." Read, dear friend, that scene of the tribunal of the great white throne, where one day or another, if yet in your sins, you will have to appear.

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was no place found for them. And I saw the dead, both small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged

out of the things which were written in the books according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell gave up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire; this is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 11-15).

Now picture yourself clothed in the strictest morality, having led the most religious life, in the light of that tribunal, where every idle thought, every foolish word that ever has crossed your brain, that ever has passed your lips, will be manifested; you will stand self-condemned—you know you will—naked, wretched, and miserable. And time is fleeting fast away; another hour, another minute may show you the stern reality of all I have said.

What, then, shall I do to be saved? do you ask.

Well, I will tell you, do nothing, for you can do nothing, but God has planned a noble and a gracious scheme by which the vilest sinner may approach Him, the sin-hating and righteous God. God is loving and merciful, as well as righteous, and He in loving pity sent His only begotten Son to bear the penalty of His wrath against sin, as it is written:

“God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Jesus died that the vilest sinner, coming and owning himself as such, and accepting Him as his Saviour, seeing by faith Jesus having met all God’s righteous claims against sin, might have eternal life. He is risen now, and awaits that day when He shall call all His own to be with Him for ever; and why waits He? For you, poor sinner, for you He waits in hopes that you may yet be led to own Him as your Saviour. “The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness, but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.”

Then now, before it is too late, come to Jesus, for time is fleeting fast away. How soon, oh, how soon, eternity may dawn upon us no one can tell. “Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation.” Salvation, your soul’s salvation, dear friend, is a far more important question than any human one; then, before another moment passes, ponder and consider your state. I beseech you, treat not this with ridicule, but consider the question, “What shall I do to be saved? how shall I avoid eternity in hell?”

G. O.

## THE THREE REIGNS.

1. The Reign of sin and death.—Romans v. 14, 17, 21.
2. The Reign of grace.—Romans v. 21.
3. The Reign in life.—Romans v. 17.



IN hath reigned unto death" (Romans v. 21). Such is manifestly the state, or condition of things in this world, in which we are found; sin and death reign, have dominion.

This is true, even in the case of man, who in a sense is still set over the works of God's hands (Genesis ix. 2). Man, morally, is under the power of sin, and all his lifetime is subject to bondage, through fear of death.

This should be clear to all. Is not death constantly removing one and the other from this scene? is it not constantly preying upon its victims? have we not continually the proof that man is a slave to this inexorable master? The wages of sin is death, and every unsaved man, woman, or child, is only nearing, every breath they breathe, that moment when they too must pass away from this world, when death will strike its blow upon them, and claim them as its subjects.

It is a common thing to hear it said, that

death is the debt of nature, but this is untrue, for nature existed when God first created this world, and placed man, in the persons of Adam and Eve upon it, and when He saw everything He had made in the six days' work, and behold it was very good (Gen. i. 31). This was prior to the entrance of sin, it was the reign of innocence then. This did not, however, last long, for soon Adam and Eve transgressed the commandment God had given (Genesis ii. 16, 17), and took of the fruit of the tree that He had forbidden (Genesis iii. 6); and thus, by one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin; the reign of innocence was closed for ever, and the reign of sin began, and death, the wages of sin, followed in its train, according to the sure word of the Lord God, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii. 17).

So commenced the state of things we find in the world to-day, the reign of sin and death (Rom. v. 21). "And so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. v. 12). Yes, "all have sinned, and," as we read in chap. iii. 23, "come short of the glory of God." Now this, my reader, shows how this solemn truth affects you personally, and individually, if sin is thus reigning unto death, it is the truth that you

have sinned; indeed, that you are a sinner in the sight of God, who is Holy.

Have you ever seriously considered this? Perhaps you answer, as many often do, "We are all sinners," but stay, are *you* a sinner, apart from all thought of others? Do you take this place before God? Have you been brought individually, and alone, thus to see yourself in the light of the presence of Him, to whom even "the thought of foolishness is sin" (Proverbs xxiv. 9). If so, I ask you further, Have you given up all hopes of bettering your condition? for they are vain. "There is none righteous, no, not one, &c.," There is none that doeth good, no, not one (Rom. iii. 10, 12, &c). "In me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing," says the apostle Paul (Rom. vii. 18). Do you take this, which is God's own word, home to yourself; no good in you, therefore no good can come from you: that is, as you are? Do you see your complete moral ruin?

Men naturally cling to the common thought that there is some little good in them, but it is vain. Differences outwardly as to this life there may be, good and bad, but this will not avail before God, who searches the heart, and judges of everything according to the secret motive springs which He sees there; in His sight there is, He says it, "no differ-

ence" (Rom. iii. 22, 23). As one sin sufficed to banish Adam and Eve from His presence, much more must your many sins for ever bar you from it; unless, by grace, you now take your true place before Him, as a helpless, hopeless, lost, guilty sinner, and are cast entirely, and only upon Him for His mercy. Sin hath reigned unto death, and no power but God's is able to deliver, to save you from this position.

Perhaps you may fear, if you face this solemn truth, if you own yourself to be such a sinner, that God must condemn you. True, you deserve it, and you are right to feel thus, but let me tell you, that as yet you know not God, for He is love, and He is not condemning sinners to-day, but, blessed be His name, He has undertaken the cause of such. He has made a provision, He has in pity come to their rescue.

Let me announce to you the good news, the gospel that if "sin has reigned unto death," now "grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." If "by one man sin has entered," by one man also grace has entered. Yes, "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ" (John i. 17.), 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. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn



the world; but that the world through Him might be saved" (John iii. 16, 17). Grace, God's free favour to the undeserving, the only way He could show His love to such as we are, has appeared, and has ascended the throne since Jesus died and rose again, having paid the wages of sin in the shedding of His precious blood. God, as a righteous God, has been glorified, as well as all His claims against the sinner having been for ever met.

"He could not pass the sinner by,  
His sin demands that he must die,  
But in the cross of Christ we trace  
His righteousness, yet wondrous grace."

Through righteousness, that is, through all the character of God as a righteous, Holy God, being made good in the cross, and by His having raised the Man Christ Jesus, who finished the work there, to His own right hand in glory, grace now reigns, is enthroned, and

"A message of love  
Has come down from above."

You, poor sinner, are like one owing a great debt with no possibility of paying it, but Jesus, the Son of God, in the shedding of His blood, has paid the sinner's debt. God, who gave Him, having raised Him from the dead, declares thus that He is satisfied with the payment. So, all being settled, and Christ being now on the throne of God in heaven, grace is reigning

*through, not at the sacrifice of, righteousness, it being maintained to the full, and eternal life becoming the portion of every one, who, just as he is, as a sinner, believes the message of the gospel. "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). "By grace ye are saved, through faith" (Eph. ii. 8). Faith is the only principle on which you must receive the blessing, "Not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 9). "Believe," then, "in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).*

Let me urge you, beloved reader, to decide this solemn question without delay; not at some more convenient season, but now in the day of salvation. Soon all must close in this world; the Lord Jesus may come back for His own, or death seize you as its victim first, but in one way or another, you must soon be launched into eternity; and do not think that this life is all, that you die like the beast, and that is the end of you. Be assured, you must live for ever; the soul never dies, and you must be in heaven or in hell. Which, then, shall it be? Will you still remain under the dominion of sin and death, or will you, by hearing the word of grace, and believing, pass from death unto life? (John v. 24).

Think of the consequences of being now unsaved; sin has entered, and death by sin, after death the judgment (Heb. ix. 27), and that judgment the lake of fire for eternity (Rev. xx. 15). Then think of the blessed consequences of deciding for Christ; being saved by grace to have eternal life, no condemnation (Rom. viii. 1), or judgment, and future glory (Col. iii. 4). Make your choice.

You say, I want to go to heaven; then remember, Christ is the only way, grace reigns by Him; believe in Him and be saved. Then will your happy prospect be the same as that of all His people, for they shall "*reign in life*" by one, Jesus Christ. He very soon will come again to receive His own to Himself, that where He is, there we may be also. His quickening power already applied to our souls (John v. 25), will be applied to our bodies (Phil. iii. 21), and all trace of mortality gone for ever, we shall be for ever with the Lord. May you, my reader, be amongst the happy number who will be caught up to meet Him in the air (1 Thess. iv. 16-17), "to reign with Him in life."

"Grace begun shall end in glory,  
Jesus, He the victory won;  
In His own triumphant story,  
Is the record of our own."

J. S. C.

## “ARE YOU SAVED?”



ONE fine afternoon in the early autumn of last year, I had been sitting on the beach at a watering place in the south of England, when the thought came to my mind to distribute some tracts I had brought out with me. Rising, therefore, I gave several to the boatmen around, and soon after saw a young person with three children approaching the path along which I was wending my homeward way. A copy of the little tract “Are you saved?” was in my hand. I held it to her, and asking if she would accept it, I passed on. Presently I was aware that she was running after me, and on stopping to inquire the reason, she held out the little book I had but just given, and said, “I am saved, can’t you give me something else, which will help me onward?” I was surprised and pleased; thankful, too, in a time of great loneliness and sorrow to meet with one who knew and loved the Lord Jesus, and to have an opportunity, so unexpectedly given by Himself, for communion with one of His little ones. We sat down together, and an hour quickly slipped by, whilst we talked

of Him who had bought us with no less a price than His own most precious blood. I found that my young friend was a nursery governess in the family of a godly clergyman, and had been converted about twelve months before.

She had gone with a heart set on the enjoyment of the things which this poor world can give, to supply a vacancy for a month; then purposing to go to the metropolis, to follow out a path she had destined for herself; but the Lord had another end in view, and was leading the blind by a way she knew not. She was spoken to about her soul—salvation through Him who stood in the sinner's place and endured the wrath of God, was placed before her. The Holy Spirit convinced of sin, then applied the Word, and she passed from death unto life, and all her plans and arrangements being altered, she gladly remained with those whom God in His grace had so blessed to her soul, "And now," she added, "I have been here with my little pupils for some weeks, and no one has spoken to me of Jesus, until this afternoon, and I was praying that I might meet some one who loved Him when you gave me that tract." Though saved, and rejoicing in her Saviour, I found that she was not looking for His coming to take His ransomed saints to Himself, and as the Holy Spirit enabled me I

sought to put this truth before her, and to raise in her that blessed expectation and hope which He Himself has given to His waiting ones.

Before we parted I made inquiry as to the spiritual state of the little children who were playing below us, and she related the following touching incident. But a few days previously one of the little boys had lost the pail in which he placed his treasures; whilst digging on the beach, a receding wave had carried it out to sea. A lady, who was near and witnessed his childish grief, called a large retriever dog, and sending him into the water, the toy was soon restored to its little owner, who, walking up to the lady who had so kindly aided in its recovery, quietly said, "To-night when I say my prayers I shall tell Jesus that I lost my pail, and thank Him for telling you to send your dog into the sea to fetch it out." Dear little child, what a lesson and rebuke to many of us who believe in His name; who, whilst knowing and experiencing countless mercies and preservations day by day, too often forget to thank Him for them!


And now, dear reader, are you saved? If unable before the Lord to reply, as the young person of whom I have written, "Yes—I am saved," let me beseech you not to rest until the question is settled. The time is short, the

coming of the Lord draweth nigh, even death may overtake you before you put this paper out of your hand, and what then? For all who die out of Christ there is nothing but judgment. Oh, read the twentieth chapter of the Revelation, and see what the Holy Spirit says about that great white throne, before which every unsaved sinner will have to stand. There will be no escape *then*, for your name will not be found written in the book of life, and verse 15 tells us that, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." But now whilst you read these lines God speaks to you once more, and declares that there is salvation even for *you*, for "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should *not* perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). and, again, He affirms that he that believeth "shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

Unsaved reader, which is it to be? Christ or the world? Decide ere you put this paper down. What if this should be your very last opportunity! For God has said, too, "My spirit shall not always strive with man" (Gen. vi. 3), and it is solemn indeed to know that when God speaks, He does mean what He says.

S. M. A. H.

## SCARLET AND CRIMSON, NOT BLACK.

“OME 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” (Is. i. 18.)

What would you call a wicked, bad deed? “Oh, I should call it black.” But God calls sin “scarlet and crimson.” Now shall I tell you why? The dye that produces scarlet and crimson is the only ineffaceable dye. Anciently taken from a little shell-fish called the *Purpura*, in modern times from the *Cochineal*. It is also the only animal dye. Chlorine, which bleaches all other dyes and makes black white, cannot remove scarlet and crimson. You may send your scarlet and crimson to the dyers and have them dyed any dark colour you please, but the application of chlorine will entirely obliterate the covering dye, and your scarlet and crimson will be scarlet and crimson still. Send scarlet and crimson rags to the paper mills, and pink blotting paper will be the result. Then scarlet and crimson are twice dyed—dyed in the warp and dyed in



the woof. Now do you not see God's wisdom in choosing this simile for sin. *Sin is ineffacable as far as all our efforts are concerned. We are twice dyed in sin, being sinners by nature and sinners by practice,* and it is only the blood of the spotless Lamb of God, which was shed for us, that can make us like Jesus—even as white as snow.



“NOT OF WORKS ; NO, NOTHING BUT  
THE BLOOD.”



A SERVANT of the Lord found himself lately in a railway carriage with one solitary fellow passenger, and was praying silently that he might be enabled to speak a word to him about the salvation of his soul, when the latter said to him, “Do you take an interest in the election?”

The following is the substance of the conversation which then ensued.

“It is not in my line,” replied my friend.

“Do you not vote?”

"No. But I submit myself to the powers that be" (Rom. xiii. 1). I should like the Lord Jesus Christ to have His rights, and the government to be upon His shoulder" (Isaiah ix. 6).

"What do you belong to?"

"To Christ. I am a Christian."

"That does not mean anything. I cannot tell what you are by that."

"It means a great deal; it means the present possession of eternal life."

"You cannot know you have that. What do you belong to? Which of the sects?"

"Indeed I can know I have eternal life."

"How?"

"By the Word of God."

"How do you know you have the right book?"

"Because I have been born again. It has converted my soul. I have felt its power, it led me to Christ. I have been brought to know Him through it, and to give up the world; which, like others, I once loved and enjoyed."

"If you had given up the world, you would be walking barefoot, and give your railway fare to the poor."

"I am on my way to preach near London, and it is too far to walk. But it is a wonderful thing to know that my sins are forgiven, and

that I have eternal life; to be sure, if the train were to go off the line this moment, that I should go to heaven."

"Tut, tut, that is all nonsense."

"Oh, no it is not. It is precious truth. But, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God' (John iii. 3)."

"That is baptism."

"No, it is not. I was not born again until I was grown up."

"You must work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

"Ah! yes, quite true. But it is not the salvation of the soul that is spoken of in that passage, but our salvation or deliverance from all that is opposed to us in our path and progress through this scene as Christians. And, besides, who was it addressed to? Why, to saints. And therefore you must be a saint first before you can work it out. God calls all true Christians 'saints' in His Word. I can say I am a saint, through grace alone. Can you?"

"The saints are up in heaven."

"Some are, but I can show you dozens of passages of Scripture where there are saints spoken of as on earth" (Acts xxvi. 10; Phil. iv. 21-22).

"You shut out good works."

"I do not shut out works, but I put them in their proper place. I do not believe in a man as a Christian, unless he shows his faith by his works (James ii. 14-26). If the tree is good, it will bear good fruit. As one has remarked. If there is fire in the grate, there will be smoke issuing from the chimney."

"You must have works to know."

"But you put works first, and do not know the Lord at all. You must know Him first, before you can do good works."

"What do you mean by knowing Him?"

"Ah! that is it, you do not know Him. Faith does. We believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and we know we have eternal life (1 John v. 13). We know whom we have believed, too (2 Tim. i. 12). If you want to be saved, you must trust in His precious blood; nothing else can cleanse you from sin" (1 John i. 7).

"You must have works."

"They are the fruit of faith. It is not of works, lest any man should boast (Ephes. ii. 9). But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness (Rom. iv. 5)."

At this point in the conversation the train drew up at the platform, where the gentleman was to get out. His fellow traveller drew out

a little tract from his pocket, called, "Nothing to do, all done," and offered it to him. But, satisfied apparently with his own good works (!), he had neither heart nor ear for the blessed story of God's grace, and would not take it. As he descended from the carriage, his companion pressed home upon him the simple truth, "It is not of works, mind you; no nothing, nothing but the blood will do. Nothing but the precious blood of Christ can avail you. If you want to be saved, you must be cleansed in the blood of Christ. It is not of works, God says so. Nothing, nothing but the blood can atone."

He heard, but outwardly appeared to take no heed, and passed on without reply. God only knows what he may have thought within himself. A careless, or calm exterior often covers an anxious soul, a troubled heart. Man's natural pride often keeps back the lips from confessing to the misery and wretchedness within. The works of a man trying to please God in the flesh (Rom. viii. 7-8), are a poor solace to an uneasy conscience. Not of works; ah! that makes nothing of man and all his righteousness. We are all slow to learn that lesson. Nothing but the blood. Ah! that makes everything of Christ and His finished work. We are all slow to apprehend that.

Works instead of the blood, is a very old system of theology. You will find it practised by a member of the first family the world ever saw. The way of Cain is nearly 6,000 years old (Gen. iv. 3-7; Jude 11). Many follow it in enlightened Britain in the year of our Lord 1880. Strange infatuation! Awful delusion! Sinner beware! God says it is not of works. My reader, what is your religion worth? Is it "works," or "the blood"? Your works of righteousness or the precious blood of Jesus? Is it "I, I, do, do," or "Christ," and "done"? Christ is all. God's great salvation needs no sin-stained addition of yours. Christ's perfect work needs no patchwork of yours to improve it.

Whatever you are you need Christ. Whatever your creed down here in the world, heaven's occupants will be those who are washed in the blood of the Lamb. Without the shedding of the blood of Christ there is no remission of sins (Heb. ix. 22). And if you die, poor sinner, without that (and you might die to-day), you will rise in your sins to the judgment of the great white throne (Rev. xx. 12,13). Works of righteousness which you have done will avail naught there (Titus iii. 5). All who stand at that awful tribunal will hear the sentence of eternal judgment, and suffer

the penalty, Christless and hopeless, of eternal misery and woe (Rev. xx. 15).

Awake then, poor sinner, ere it be too late. There is no time to be lost. Think of God's wondrous love in the gift of His only begotten Son (John iii. 16). Think of God's wondrous grace reigning through righteousness (Rom. v. 21). Come as you are; come now, owning you are guilty and lost. That is the first step in true repentance towards God. Christ will deliver you from the coming wrath (1 Thess. i. 10). Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow (Isaiah i. 18). And he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life (John iii. 36). You need Christ; will you have Him? "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John i. 12). And let those which have believed be careful to maintain good works (Titus iii. 8).

E. H. C.



# QUESTIONS.

Rev. xx. 11 to 15.

WHAT will you do in that great day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away ;  
When all the pomp and glory here,  
Like morning dew shall disappear ;  
And *you*, from out your lonely tomb,  
Shall stand in judgment's awful doom ?

When God's great trump shall wake the dead,  
Where will you hide your once fair head ?  
What will you do ?—*where* can you go,  
Amid that fearful scene of woe,  
Where none can help ; and all *alone*  
*You* stand before that “ *great white throne* ” ?

What will *you* do when lightnings flash,  
This wide world quivers—thunders crash ?  
The “ earth shall melt with fervent heat ; ”  
But *you*,—oh ! *where* can *you* retreat ?  
Not e'en the grave can hide you more,  
For death and hell their dead restore.

Oh ! awful day ! who would not be  
Shelter'd, O *Lamb of God*, in THEE ?  
Safe at Thy side,—when wild and loud  
The shrieks of that unnumber'd crowd  
Shall rend the heavens, and fill the skies,  
Till hell's dark pit shall close their cries !

J. S.



“AND SO HE IS TO ME.”

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**A**S I was quickly passing along one Lord's day evening to the place where God's glad tidings concerning His Son were about to be announced, I was led to shorten the distance (as I wanted to be there in good time), by going through a narrow passage, at the end of which I met a venerable old man, whose words form the heading of this paper. I marked his coming, and when he drew near, asked him to accept a little book, which he kindly did, as if he appreciated it. I then said, "It is sweet to know Jesus—I have found the Lord, and He is everything to me." The old man calmly replied, "And so He is to me." I could not stay, that was *enough*; but went on my way rejoicing in this sweet simple testimony to the Person of Christ. Those few words filled my heart to overflowing, so that when I got to the hall I just asked for a pencil, and noted down the short but precious statement, that through the boundless mercy of God it might reach your heart, beloved one, and that so the dear old man's testimony to

the worth of Christ, might not fall to the ground; but that gathered up for your sake, eternal blessing to your precious soul might be found after many days, to the glory of God. Be it so.

What an answer that was, it rings in my heart now: "And so He is to me." My mouth might well be filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing. It was so fresh, so different from the usual answer one so often gets; "I go to church," or "chapel;" "I like Mr. So-and-so;" "I read my Bible;" "I like little books, and have a heap of them at home; I always read whatever is given me;" or something equally poor and wretched; seeing it does but touch the outside of the matter, and leaves the heart untouched, unreachd, dead. It is but a garb of hypocrisy, covering a heart which God declares is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; Who can know it?" (Jeremiah xvii. 9.) Only God ("I the Lord search the heart"), who tells thee this in His own Word, that thou mayest be *undeceived, unmasked*, and learn thyself to be "guilty before God."

There is a threefold action of the Spirit of God as regards the world. He is here to "convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." "Of sin," saith the

Lord, "because they believe not on me." Dear soul, let me stop here to ask one question; Dost thou believe on the Son of God? If you cannot say "Yes" to that question, may the Holy Spirit *now* convince you of *sin*, and may the knowledge of what you really are lead you to come to Jesus, and make known to Him the worst; telling Him the whole truth about yourself. But let me bring this comfort to you, He knows more than ever you can know of the depth of your ruin, for He has fathomed it; He knows fully how far you are from God, because He has been the measure of it Himself, when He hung upon the cross as the sinner's substitute; and cried in the anguish of His holy soul, when the waves and billows of God's poured out wrath against sin, rolled over Him there; "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." Oh, sinner! Why?

Oh! tell me, Why was Jesus there?  
 Why stooped He down our sins to bear?  
 God's love provided such a Lamb  
 To die for ruined, guilty, man;  
 'Twas love in Jesus' heart that burned,  
 Which took the wages we had earned;  
 And paid the mighty debt we owed,  
 Thus lifting from our souls the load;  
 Which, if not taken off, must be  
 The source of endless misery.  
 'Twas love that made the Shepherd go  
 Down to Calvary's depth of woe;

'Twas love that drank the cup of wrath,  
 'Twas love that saved the sheep He bought;  
 'Tis love that comes and speaks to you,  
 In still small voice—"Come! sinner, do,  
 To Jesus now—for He can hear  
 Your coming feet to Him draw near:  
 And He will make you white and clean,  
 His blood, it cleanses from ALL sin."  
 Yes, Jesus died: that you might share  
 His home above—that home, how fair!  
 Where He is gone to wait until  
 There are enough that home to fill.  
 "Yet there is room"—yes, room for thee,  
 Oh, come to Jesus while you may.  
 Did He ever, when below,  
 Tell a *sinner* back to go?  
 No, oh, never! Jesus said,  
 "Ask of Me, I freely give.  
 I am the door, oh! enter in  
 I came to put away your sin;  
 God's justice is well satisfied,  
 You cannot, will not, be denied)  
 If in my Name, you come alone,  
 YOURSELF a lost one fully own;  
 Then plead my dying in your stead,  
 Who now am risen, as I said."  
 "It is finished" Jesus cried,  
 He was dead, is now alive  
 (Yea, more than that, He's glorified).  
 For God raised Him up to show,  
 All was paid which we did owe;  
 Now He's on His glorious throne.  
 Ever pleading for His own;  
 Who by faith in Him do tread,  
 The desert by His Spirit led;  
 Waiting till He come again,  
 When they'll rise with Him to reign.

Surely these simple words declare Christ is everything. Yes, dear soul, He is everything to God, and can you now take up the old man's sweet words, and say from your heart: "And so He is to me." What living testimony. What joy to His heart to hear a soul down here say that of Him up there: "And so He is to me." Yes, He is; the living Christ in glory, the victorious One, who has trampled every foe beneath His feet; taken the sting from death, and spoiled the grave. He is enthroned in highest majesty at God's right hand; as the apostle Peter said to the Jews, "Let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." Have you bowed to Him as Lord, owning His claims upon you? Has your heart been attracted to His person, beholding His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Has your ear bowed down to listen to His words? or are you a mere professor, having a name to live, and are dead? Religious it may be, but Christless. Oh! wake up, the time is short; fling away your garment of unreality, and come to Christ on the spot, just as you are, and He will receive, and welcome, and forgive, and save you for ever.

But perhaps you say, "Oh, I make no profession at all; I am just what I am." Shall I tell you from God's word what that is, "Without Christ . . . having no hope, and without God in the world." Soul, you will make your bed in hell just as easily with a profession as without it. Do you say, "I make a profession, I am all right." The devil whispers, "Make a profession it's all right." Do you say, on the other hand, "I make no profession, I'm not a hypocrite." The devil says "Make no profession, it's all hypocrisy." And he laughs at your folly as you dream on the brink of destruction, and think you are your own master, doing just what you please; when all the while the cords of hell are bound around you, and unfelt, unseen, secretly but surely drawing you into the lake of fire. Just as the vortex engulphs the ship; so Satan by various and subtle means is trying to engulph your precious soul. May your eyes, now be opened to see the danger which threatens you, that the arch foe may lose his prey, and you be brought back to God in Christ. Nothing less than this will satisfy the heart of God about you. Listen! "But now in Christ Jesus ye, who once were far off, are made NIGH by the blood of Christ" (Ephesians ii. 13). He came into this world sent from God, to "seek and to save that which was lost." How won-

derful is His love ; the sinner-seeking Saviour. That word from His own lips, "Come to seek"—how it speaks to the heart ; it says, "He wants you, lost one."

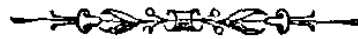
I cannot tell why He wanted me so ; why "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." I cannot tell why, I say, and the more through grace I know of my own vileness, the more I see what I am, the less I can understand it. There was nothing in me to attract Him, but He does love me, and I know He died for me on the cross ; and gave Himself to God for me, the sinner ; and I know He lives, and because He lives, I live also ; for I am united to Him. It must have been my deep need that called forth His compassion, and led Him in the riches of God's grace to meet it all.

Do you feel your present need of Him ? then come and venture your all on Christ. Come, prove my Saviour's love. Do you believe He wants you ? Suppose a messenger came from one who had a special love for you ; saying, "So-and-so wants you." What would you do ? "Get up immediately," you say, "and go to such an one." Sinner, burdened with guilt, pressed down with sorrow : Jesus WANTS you now. Will you go to Him ? As I was walking once, I saw a piece of paper lying in the street, covered with dust ; a man came by, and he

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stooped down to pick it up, and put it into the breast pocket of his coat. Ah! thought I, he wants it; others might say it was of no value; he says, "It's just the thing that's suited to me; I'll carry it home." You are like that, only black all over, inside and out, in God's holy sight (you know you could not bear to meet God just as you are at this moment); but, because you are this, God gave His Son, His only Son, to die for you, that He might have you back into His own presence and home above. It is sweet to know Jesus—I have found the Lord, and He is everything to me. Can you reply? "And so He is to me."

R. B.



"HE CAN'T DO WITHOUT ME  
UP THERE."



SUCH was an expression made use of by one the writer was privileged to visit a few days before he passed away to be "absent from the body, present with the Lord." I had heard that dear A—— had been unwell, and that the doctors feared a general break u so felt led to go and see him, and



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sweet, indeed, was the time I spent with him, full of praise to the Lord for all He was TO him, as well as what He had done FOR him. At that time he was not sure of the Lord’s purpose concerning him, whether He was about to restore him to health or call him home. The “far better” was uppermost in his mind, and with this thought before him he spoke of his son, and said, “I tell my boy perhaps he will have to have his father’s grave opened for his conversion.” Alluding to his unconverted relatives, he said, “I am looking to the Lord, that if I should fall asleep, a good many of them will be at the funeral, and that He will be pleased to use some word ministered at the grave for their blessing.”

In the course of our happy communion together, among other things, I quoted that verse of the hymn, which I knew had been such a source of joy to a dear one who had then but recently fallen asleep:—

“As weaker than a bruised reed  
I cannot do without THEE,  
I want THEE here each hour of need.  
Shall want THEE too in glory.”

“Ah!” he said, “how true;” but looking up quickly, added: “There is something more blessed than that—*He can’t do without me up THERE*, He can put any one into my little post

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of service down here, but He can't do without me up there." How precious true—how thoroughly humbling at the same time.

Dear friend, have you through mercy been enabled to enter into this, that on account of your union with our risen Head in glory, as the feeblest member of that body, He can't do without YOU up there. Most true is it you can't—nor would you if you could—get along here a single day, nay, one hour, without Him, as that verse of the hymn quoted above correctly puts it; nor would He let you, such is His loving care. For not only (see Luke x.) has He come where you were—had compassion—bound up your wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set you on His own beast—but He takes care of you all the way along, till He lands you in that same glory where He is, and as He is—"presents you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

Praise Him for His shepherd care—and how we need it, and draw upon it, too. But that He can't do without you up there, have you learned THIS, and are you resting upon IT? "For we *are* members of his body, of his flesh, of his bones" (Eph. v. 30). On the other hand, have *you*, beloved worker—much used one, it may be, in the Lord's service—learned that while "He can't do without *you* up there," He CAN do without

“ HE CAN’T DO WITHOUT ME UP THERE.” 235

YOU down here? A needful lesson, indeed, and one which has to be learned at some time or another by every SERVANT, while the former is most true of every MEMBER of CHRIST, every CHILD of God, and learned, too, in His presence, either in personal experience—laid aside, it may be, in the midst of a vast “sphere of usefulness,” as it is called—or through some precious servant, whom one had judged could ill be spared, being called away in the “midst of his work,” as man would say. HE could do without him down here. And you and I have to learn through Him this humbling, but needed lesson—He CAN do without us down here.

The Lord make us apt scholars, dear believer—dear fellow journeyman of God. He CAN do without me down here. He can’t do without me up *there*! We can’t do without Him either down here or up there, and He doesn’t mean us to, for down here it is, “I am with you”—“The God of peace shall be *with* you;” up there it is “For ever with the Lord”—and then:—

“How shall I meet those eyes?  
Mine on Himself I cast,  
And own myself the Saviour’s prize;  
Mercy from first to last!”

S. P. H.

## MANASSEH : HIS SINS, SORROWS, AND BLESSINGS.

(Read 2 Chron. xxxiii. 1-20).

**I**N reading this portion of Scripture there is one thing which strikes us very forcibly, and bows the heart before God in thanksgiving; it is this, "Where sin abounded, grace did *much more* abound." And I am sure while we adore and wonder at the grace, we shudder as we think of the sins, horrible in the extreme, and daringly committed by one who had the best surroundings—the greatest privileges, the most light, and therefore the least excuse.

Thus, while we look at Manasseh's history, we are forced to learn two things. First, the best surroundings and greatest privileges do not change a man's heart. Second, the worst possible crimes do not change God's heart, nor hinder the outflow of His grace. Let man be what he may, God is always what he is—"Light and Love"; "Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy" (Ps. ciii. 8); "Ready to pardon" (Neh. ix. 17); "And of great kindness" (Jonah iv. 2.) We shall see how it

all comes out in this history, which is another Old Testament picture of man's heart and God's heart.

Manasseh was blessed with a pious father, of whom Scripture says, "He did what was right in the sight of the Lord" (2 Chron. xxix. 2). And no doubt Hezekiah would oftentimes speak to his son about the God of Israel, "Who saved them from their enemies, and guarded them on every side" (2 Chron. xxxii. 22). Taught, too, the true worship of Jehovah—encircled continually with religious influences—preserved with that privileged people—thus the history of Manasseh began. Notwithstanding all this, his heart remained untouched, "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jeremiah xvii. 9). He was still a stranger to grace, and no sooner was he left to himself, than he sank into the most horrible and debasing crimes. How very solemn What a warning!

Oh, how many, like Manasseh, have had godly parents, who alas! have never had any godliness themselves. Brought up religiously, but still strangers to Christ; born sinners, and have never become saints; gone to church or chapel, but never come to Jesus; holden with the cords of their sins, but have never been drawn by the cords of a man (the Man

Christ Jesus), and held by the bands of love ; associated with sinners in their sins, but have not been bound up in the bundle of life with Christ. Alas, alas ! it is true of too many, and "the end of these things is death." Possibly as the eye of the reader is scanning these lines, his memory is turning over the leaves of the past, and as he reads, conscience is speaking loudly, demanding a hearing—saying, in unmistakeable language, "Thou art the man." Is it so, my friend ? Oh, let memory do its work for a while—and as from the well remembered, though fain forgotten, past—there come visions of a happy home, praying parents, kind friends, an earnest Sunday-school teacher, and the boy almost persuaded to be a Christian, when Satan made him his special mark, poured into his ear his fearful lies, steeled his heart against Christ, stopped his ears to the message of love, secretly enticed him into the company of the wicked—then, in course of time all restraint being set aside—madly—recklessly—rushed on in fearful sins, down the broad road which leads to the lake of fire—let conscience be heard for once ; do not smother it again, and while this history shows to you the goodness of God surmounting the most fearful array of evil, O may that goodness lead thee to repentance, while God is ready to pardon.

No sooner does Manasseh's father die and he is free to act for himself, than he rushes madly into the most horrible and debasing sins. He built altars for the host of heaven—caused his children to pass through the fire—observed times—used enchantments—used witchcraft—dealt with a familiar spirit—set a carved image in the house of the Lord (v. 5-7). And, to crown all, "He shed innocent blood very much, till he had filled Jerusalem from one end to another" (2 Kings xxi. 16). What a fearful catalogue of crimes: *Idolatry—Witchcraft—Murder*—and one long course of *unrestrained evil*, characterising one who had been brought up from infancy in the very midst of good. And not only doing all this himself—but influencing others: "so that he made the people to do worse than the heathen" (v. 9).

Oh, how terrible. And sad to say, it is not merely the history of Manasseh; but, alas, it may be said of too many in our own day whose history has closed till the great white throne; and too true of many whose history is fast closing. They have had godly parents and religious training, but they have never been converted to God themselves; then the time came for them to leave the parents' roof and their restraint; going out into the world to make

their way through it, they have been ensnared by Satan, led on to the committal of the most fearful sins, and appalling crimes. Yea, some have behaved more like devils incarnate than men; forced on by Satan, who seemed to have taken complete possession of them—maddened by drink, they have rushed on in their sins and brought themselves to an early grave, and an eternal hell; while others are fast following in their steps. Alas! alas! would it were not true. Reader, salvation runs not in the blood—each individual must be converted, and know God for himself.

Now that we have seen Manasseh's sins, the next thing we notice is God's expostulation. How wonderful to see God expostulating; quietly remonstrating with him, instead of allowing judgment to take its course, and consume this guilty rebel and his associates in evil. Ah, judgment is His strange work—how slow to judge, how swift to bless. Thus God bears with, and pleads with, Manasseh and his people (v. 10), but their hearts are set in them to do evil. They harden their necks, they will not hear. So in Zedekiah's day (Chron. xxxvi. 15, 16.) "God sent to them time after time, but they mocked the messengers—despised His words—misused His prophets—until the wrath of the Lord arose against them, and there was



no remedy." Reader, has God been expostulating with you? seeking to reach you, causing both memory and conscience to do their work? Do you remember the earnest gospel addresses and loving appeals you listened to? How you trembled, how you vowed, what resolutions you formed—and are they kept? Not one—all broken—all gone on to the judgment seat. You heard of God as being ready to pardon—willing to save even the vilest—but you listened to Satan, saying, Only this one sin, but it led to another, until you are almost hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Oh, if not altogether hardened, if there are the faintest desires in your soul for blessing, it is the voice of God, heed it at once—do not mock or despise, lest wrath break out upon you. It is love that seeks to lead you to repentance; if that fails, judgment must fall; but remember, it will be eternal judgment, and all the more terrible when it does come, having been kept back so long by love.

Now we come to Manasseh's sorrows. God will speak more loudly. He has set His heart upon blessing, and who shall hinder? "Wherefore God brought up the captain of the host of the King of Assyria, who took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him in fetters, and carried him away to Babylon" (v. 11). God

will make him hear. "God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. . . Then he is chastened with pain. . . Yea, his soul draweth near to the grave, and his life to the destroyer" (Job xxxiii. 14, 19, 22). Now see how Manasseh flees, and tries to hide his guilty head among the thorns; but it is God who is after him. There is no getting away from God. He is found out, bound in fetters, and carried away. Sin always makes cowards of men. Only let God come in, and like Adam or Manasseh, they flee, or cry out in distress and alarm for some one to come and pray with them. Take care, trifler. God has spoken to you more than once in a quiet way, and you refused to hear and obey. He may speak in a more solemn and serious way next; maybe afflict you with some painful disease—perhaps take away from your side the loved ones and break your heart; and if that fails to bring you to Himself—the rude hand of death may find your heart some day when you least expect it, and still its throbbings for ever, while your Christless spirit takes its flight to the deep, dark pit of endless woe.

In his *sorrow*, Manasseh begins to think of his sins, and the God whom he had despised and provoked to anger, and in his affliction he begins to pray and humble himself greatly (v.

12). Memory and conscience are at work, and the heart is bowed and broken, while the lips are opened in confession and prayer. Ah! affliction clouding the cheek, and death standing at the door, are real things, and force men to seek mercy. When *they* make their appearance, no need to tell men to pray then—pray they will—pray they must—look how it comes out here in v. 12; look, too, how it comes out in Psalm cvii. 10-15. Brought down through their sins—none to help (just like Manasseh)—then they cried; God heard—helped—and delivered. It is all grace. Oh, my reader, ponder this wonderful history, and while you see the goodness of God shining out in such bold relief to all man's sins, let that goodness of God which has been manifested in sparing you so long, and which gave Jesus to die for you, lead you to that Saviour. God *expostulates*, and says, "Turn ye, why will ye die?" He *beseeches*, and says, "Be ye reconciled to God." He invites you to *reason* with Him, and says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." "He *commands* you to repent." Harden not your heart.

Now we come to Manasseh's blessing. God heard him when poor, penitent, and believing, and "brought him again to his kingdom; then Manasseh knew that the Lord, he was God"

(v. 13). So must it be with every person. Individually, they must know God for themselves. Manasseh has learnt his lesson now—then his good works follow and prove the change that has been wrought in him (see verses 14-16). Thus may it be with you, dear friend. If you are a poor penitent, believing soul, God knows your heart—He has seen your tears—He has heard your groanings and confession, and now He sends a message of love for your faith to lay hold of—it is this, “Through this man (the risen Jesus) is preached unto *you* the forgiveness of sins. And all that *believe* are justified from *all* things” (Acts xiii. 38, 39). “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin” (1 John i. 7). Believe His message to you and go in peace, and let your whole life after show forth the virtues of Him who has called you out of darkness into His marvellous light, as Manasseh’s life proved the change wrought in him.

May God, the Holy Ghost, give you to feel your terrible condition—captive in Satan’s chains—on the way to the deep, awful dungeon of eternal misery—to eternal imprisonment in the blackness and darkness of night that knows no morning; awake you up in time, ere the prison doors close on you for ever—make you earnest—humble you greatly, and

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cause you to receive mercy from the hands of that God you have so grievously wronged, and who has so patiently waited and forborne to execute judgment upon you, and now offers you eternal blessings, paid for by the blood of His own dear Son. “If any say I have sinned. . . . He is gracious to him, and says, deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom” (Job xxxiii. 27, 24). Oh! what a ransom. His own Son. Will you refuse Jesus? The Lord by His spirit work in your soul and lead you to that confession, and to receive that deliverance from the pit—obtained by Jesus, and offered to you in the gospel.

W. E.



“GRACE AND GLORY IN THE SON.”

“For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. Neither doth God respect any person: yet doth he devise means that his banished be not expelled from him” (2 Samuel xiv. 14).



IN reading the history of David and his son Absalom in connection with the circumstances immediately surrounding this verse, I have been much struck with the beauty of the type which it contains of God's way of dealing with and restoring to His presence, the sinner who is banished

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therefrom on account of his sins. First of all, before looking into it, let me say, by the way, that no type, however lovely, can bring out, in all its fulness, the blessed truth—that God, in wondrous and infinite love to poor sinners, who are already out of and unfit for His holy presence, and deserve to be eternally banished from Him—that God, I say, has devised means by which such, yea, even the chief of such, may be brought back to Himself, and brought back in such a way that, while it redounds to His eternal glory, it secures this new and marvellous place of blessing to them on so perfect, so righteous a foundation, that neither earth nor hell, men nor devils, can ever question or assail it, nor lay one single accusation to the charge of those who stand thereon.

I do not desire to dwell on the type itself. I ask my reader to make himself acquainted with it by reading the Scripture, and then to pass with me to the consideration of the blessed truth already mentioned. In connection with it, four principal thoughts have suggested themselves to me.

First, the motive God has in blessing poor sinners.

You find a wonderful thing in chap. xiii. 37 and 39, "David mourned for his son every day

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... and the soul of King David longed to go forth unto Absalom.”

What does this typify, if it be not a picture of that wondrous, yearning heart of God over the poor sinner who has wandered far, far away from Him? Oh, my reader, you may be like the prodigal “in a far country,” away from God, and ignorant of His heart, but I tell you, it is a blessed real truth for you, now, as you are, where you are—God loves you. He loves you, even though you are this moment sunk in sin. His heart yearns over you, and He would fain have you in His own presence, cleansed and washed from every stain and made fit to be there. “God is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins” (Eph ii. 4, 5).

Oh, you say, I have been quite ignorant of His love. Yes, so was Absalom of David's love. He thought his father could but hate him. Don't you think if Absalom, in that distant place, knew how the heart of his father longed to go forth to him, he would have returned to his father? Do you know that the God you have sinned against, nevertheless longs to have you in His presence in order to bless you and save you. “How can this be?” you ask. I tell you, that though there is not one single thing in yourself to call it forth, it springs from the very

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heart of God, and His motive is his own wondrous inconceivable love; "Herein is love; not that we love God, but that He loved us."

But, secondly, I want you to observe that there is not only this blessed motive in the heart of God, but He has devised means by which He can accomplish all His thoughts of love in perfect righteousness. The mighty barrier of sin, like an impassable mountain, barred the way for a sinner to approach God. God could not (I say it reverently) come out, and the sinner could not go in. Man might try and devise means to overcome the obstacle, but all in vain. Men are trying, since the days of Cain and the Tower of Babel, to find out a way to heaven. Witness the numbers in the present day who by good works, moral living, close observance of a strict ritual in religion, and many other paths, are trying to devise means whereby they may attain to heaven.

Let all such ask themselves one simple solemn question! "What about my sins?" Can all your efforts blot them out? If so, then the word of the living God is not true. But away with even the insinuation. Let God be true, and every man a liar. He has said, "Without shedding of blood is no remission." This effectually shuts the door of heaven against all who hope to enter in by their own works.



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But here we see the very means God has devised. Oh poor devising, planning soul, cease your efforts. God HAS devised means whereby you may be saved. Take His way, “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from ALL SIN.” God gave His Son. What a gift! Gave Him to the death of the cross, and there made Him to be sin for us (who knew no sin) that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. What blessed glorious means are these by which poor sinners may be brought back to God! Who could have devised them but God Himself? God the Father devised the plan. God the Son came to accomplish His will; and now that He has accomplished it all, God the Holy Ghost has come down from heaven to earth to announce the glad tidings, so that all who simply believe may be assured of salvation—present, perfect, and eternal.

This brings us to the third point, and that is the blessed message God sends to poor sinners, by the Holy Ghost. “Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things” (Acts xiii. 38, 39). “Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ, for He is our peace” (Eph. ii. 13, 14). “He that believeth

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on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36).

The blessed message might be extended a thousandfold. God sends it in His Word in countless ways; but even from these three Scriptures, see what you are offered—forgiveness, justification, nearness, peace, everlasting life! It is all offered to you this moment, poor sinner, if you will only take it. The instant you take it, it is yours. God offers it. It has cost Him His only Son. It cost the Lord Jesus His life-blood. Now by that blood, it is offered to you freely. Will you have it? Oh, I would plead with you to accept it. Sin, death, judgment, hell, must be your present and eternal portion if you refuse it. A complete deliverance from all, and blessings untold await you if you receive it. What will you do? How are you going to treat this blessed message God is sending you? If you only knew that to which I now desire to direct your thoughts for a moment, in the fourth place; if you but knew the manner of reception that awaits you; how the Father would receive you with open arms; how your sins and iniquities would be remembered no more; how you would be brought into the favour of God and be accepted in His Beloved; how the best robe of heaven would be yours—the shoes, the ring, the fatted calf,

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the welcome of God, the joy of heaven! Oh, I say, if you knew all this you would come at once.

Well, then, it is all true; and God says, “Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. xxii. 17). “Come unto me,” says Christ. “Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” Then come, dear reader, come at once, come just as you are. Say to Him—

“Just as I am without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee  
Oh! Lamb of God, I come.”

He will never leave you, nor forsake you, He will let no man pluck you out of His hand, you shall be led by Him into pastures of untold blessedness, and repose beside the still waters of His infinite love, from which nothing can or will ever separate you. And when you shall no longer need the river of His grace, it will be but to lose yourself in the ocean of His glory! Perfectly like Him, eternally with Him, sharing His glory, His love, His throne, your blessed endless occupation will be to worship before Him, casting your crowns at His feet, and singing, “Thou art worthy; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy

blood." "Unto Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

H. P. A. G.



THE GRAVE OF LAZARUS.

John xi.


THE mourning sisters weep around  
Their brother's early grave ;  
But soon their heart a friend had found,  
One who had power to save.

Lazarus, he sleeps the deathlike sleep—  
He slumbers in the tomb ;  
Jesus beholds the sisters weep,  
In all their downcast gloom.

And He too weeps ! He mingles tears  
With those whose brother slept ;  
Their grief upon His heart He bears,  
Yes, Jesus—Jesus wept !

The massive stone was rolled away—  
With majesty He spoke—  
And lo ! behold ! the lifeless clay—  
The sleeping Lazarus woke !      A. M.

“TWELVE YEARS, AND THEN DIE !”

 OHN K—— was a large farmer, and like many of his neighbours, made use of his spare moments for many years, by enjoying most of the fleeting pleasures within his reach, that this poor world could give, but going through the outward observance of religious ordinances on Sundays.

A relative, who also had a large farm, some distance off, found one day that some dozens of his lambs had been killed by a large dog, belonging to a neighbour. He sought redress, but finding it was refused, went to law with him, and the case was given in his favour. The farmer thenceforth made the day, when he gained the case, an occasion to invite several of his friends to a sort of jollification, in the shape of various games, a good dinner, &c.

J—— K—— was amongst the guests on one of these occasions ; and late in the evening, as the song, and the glass, and the pipe were alternately having their share of attention, various stories and anecdotes going the round, a doctor who was present, suddenly said jokingly to the rest.

“ Here, friends, I will tell you something.”

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"What's that?" they rejoined, "let us have it."

"I will tell you each one how long you have to live."

And then, beginning with the one next to him, he went from one to the other, setting a time for each, accordingly as he judged of the state of their health, until he came to J—— K——, when he said:—

"As for J—— K——, he can't live for more than twelve years, why he has no breath now."

The doctor little thought of the effect of his words. J—— K—— did not answer, but thought all the more. The Spirit of God used them to convict his conscience of sin. "Twelve years, twelve years," said he to himself, "die in twelve years. I thought I should live longer than that. Twelve years! and where shall I be then? Eternity will come then, and where shall I spend that?"

Returning home next day in a gig with a friend, a drive of about twenty miles, J—— K—— was silent as to what was pressing upon his heart, until they had arrived almost at the end of their journey, when he could keep it in no longer; so turning to his companion, he said:—

"Did you notice what the doctor said last night about me."

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“What do you mean?”

“Why that I could not live above twelve years. I’m not fit to die, I can’t die, Robert. All my sins are on me, *thirty years’ sins*. What’s to be done, Robert, what’s to be done?” For although the doctor calculated that he had yet twelve years to live, the conscience being burdened with sin, the time seemed very near, and he thought he might die even long before that.

Robert’s theology being about on a par with J—— K——’s, he was at a loss altogether how to answer the question.

“Twelve years, twelve years, and then die!” These words haunted John for months and months, and do what he would, or go where he would, he could not get rid of them. He read the Bible, went more regularly to church, tried all he knew how to be a better man, stopped going to jollifications, &c., and did all he could to please God, hoping that the reformation of the present (vain delusion!) would make up for the sins and shortcomings of the past. Two years of the twelve ran swiftly by, but still there was no peace. The burden of sin grew heavier every day; salvation seemed further off than ever, John was still following the natural man’s religion of D—O, *do*.

One bright summer’s morning he started off

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into his fields about eight o'clock with a heavy heart, the burden of his now more than thirty years' sins pressing upon him, until his sense of guilt in the sight of God seemed almost to overwhelm him. He was filled with despair, and felt if it continued, that he could not bear it; when suddenly, about half way down a meadow, and close by a pit, the words at the opening of Rom. viii. flashed across his soul, as though a voice had spoken them, "*There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.*"

It was indeed the voice of the Spirit of God; and the Word of God, quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, did its mighty work (Heb. iv. 12). In a moment the burden of sin was gone, and John was free. Faith laid hold of the precious words, and made them his. His heart seemed as though it would burst with praise and thanksgiving. Christ and His finished work (John xix. 30) had met all his deep need. The precious blood cleansed him whiter than snow in the sight of God (Ps. li. 7). Peace like a river flowed into his soul, and he went on his way rejoicing (Rom. v. 1-2).

The twelve years have long ago run out, and J—— K—— still lives; but the fear of death, and judgment after, have long since gone (Heb.



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ii. 14-15). For nearly thirty years John has continued a bright and happy Christian, rejoicing in and testifying for the Lord. His heart being full of Christ, it was his delight, as he could not preach himself, to invite the Lord's servants to preach in the old farm brew house, and several others in the neighbouring hamlet were brought to the Lord. But Satan always opposes God's work, and so it was in this case. The landlady, through her steward, being influenced by some who were content with the externals of religion, without Christ, sought to stop the preaching; but John was firm and would not yield. Two years' notice were then given him to quit the farm, where he had lived all his life. Nothing daunted, and esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than worldly benefit (Heb. xi. 26), he still continued to have the preaching until he was ejected from the place.

The offence of the cross of Christ has not ceased (Gal. v. 11), and where there is faithfulness to Him, the Christian must expect to suffer (2 Tim. iii. 12). But the sufferer now will be rewarded in that day (2 Tim. iv. 8), whereas the oppressor, unless he repent, will be judged according to his works (Rev. xx. 13). And be ye sure of this, your sin will find you out.

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And now, dear reader, *how long have you to live?* "I don't know," you reply. True, nothing is more uncertain; it may be twelve years; it may not be twelve moments; you might die to day; you might die now. And then where will you be? Are you ready to die? How about your sins? One sin, the smallest that you ever committed in thought, word, or deed, would be enough to sink you into hell. But, "Be it known unto you . . . that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). Are your sins forgiven? Are you justified? Perhaps you reply, "Well, I believe, but I cannot feel it." That is just where you are mistaken. You look into self to *feel*, instead of looking out at Christ *believing*. God does not say *through you*, but *through this man* is preached forgiveness; not *by you*, but *by Him* all that believe are justified. It is *all* through and by *Him*. Will you have Christ? "He that hath the Son hath life" (1 John v. 12). "This life is *in Him*" (1 John v. 11). And "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1). Rest on this precious word, and you, like J—— K——, may go on your way rejoicing.

E. H. C.

## JESUS AND PETER.

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**I**T is a precious moment in the history of a sinner when he is brought as a convicted one to the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ, then, not to find himself repulsed, as he expected, but to his joy to find all his deep and varied need met in the One to whose feet he is brought.

It was so in the case of Peter in Luke v. It is a simply-told story, but how deep and precious the lessons contained there: lessons which every unconvicted sinner has to learn ere he can be saved. Conversion is a real work in the soul, and it means turning to God.

Jesus stood by the lake of Gennesaret, and the people pressed upon Him to hear the word. There were two ships standing by the lake, and He entered one of them, which was Simon's, and He prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And He sat down and taught the people out of the ship.

We now lose sight of the crowd on the shore, for Peter is the chief subject of the narrative. Conversion is always individual. We have

sinned individually, and we must be converted to God individually. In conversion we have to do with God about our whole course as sinners. When the prodigal of Luke xv. was converted, the very first utterance of his soul was, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee." He took the ground of being an unworthy sinner. Surely it was the only ground that suited his condition, and that was proper in the presence of his loving father, whom he had treated with such base ingratitude.

It was a wonderful moment when Peter the sinner in his own ship heard the blessed Lord preach the Gospel to the people on the shore. The word fell upon his own heart, and wrought in his own conscience, and did a blessed work there for eternity. "Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it" (Eccl. iii. 14.); and this is blessedly true, whether we speak of the work of Christ on the cross for the sinner; or the work of the Spirit in the sinner. It is divine, and therefore it is for ever.

After the Lord Jesus had finished His discourse to the people He said unto Simon, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon, answering, said

unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake, and they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both their ships, so that they began to sink. When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

What else can an unsaved soul do but toil all the night and take nothing. It is night in his soul and his efforts are unavailing; in fact his efforts and struggles but increase the distress and weariness. It is not thus that a weary soul gets rest; it is not thus that his need is met. "Cast the net on the right side of the ship," but proves that there is a divine way; and Peter's saying, "Nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net," but expressed his simple faith in that divine way. There is man's way which ends in "taking nothing," and "the ways of death;" for "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. xiv. 12). There is also God's way which is blessed for time and eternity. Jesus said, "I am the way,

and the truth, and the life ; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (John xiv. 6). What a contrast ! The one ending in death, the other in life ; the one trodden by the sinner in unbelief, and the other by the child of faith, and therefore a child of God, and an heir of eternal glory. Which of the two are you, my reader ?

The discourse that Peter had listened to had wrought wonders in his soul. It had ploughed up the ground ; it had made his conscience respond to the word of God and own its claims, for he is ready now to say, "At thy word" like the centurion of Luke vii., who said, "But say in a word, and my servant shall be healed." Beautiful faith ! "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. x. 17). The "word of faith, which we preach," says the Apostle Paul. "He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true" (John iii. 33). Such is simple faith. It believes God, and reposes unquestioningly on His blessed word. "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 3).

But if the word of Christ had wrought in Peter's conscience thus, there was to be also a revelation of the person of Christ to his heart. For the Gospel not only brings me conviction

of what I am, and what I need, but it also leads me to One who is infinitely sufficient to meet that need.

So, as Peter beheld Jesus working the miracle, and at His word gathering together a multitude of fishes, the truth as to His Person entered his soul, and he fell at Jesus' knees, and said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Blessed place to occupy, surely, and blessed utterance, coming as it did from the depths of Peter's moral being. He was a sinner, but a confessed sinner, at the knees of the Lord and Judge of heaven and earth. He owned himself a sinner, but in the same breath asserted the Lordship of the One at whose knees he had fallen.

What must be the result of all this? Had not Jesus said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out?" Had He not declared that He had come to "call sinners to repentance"? And had He not said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? And did He not come from heaven to earth "to seek and to save that which was lost"? Blessed be His holy name, yes. And a great deal more He had said that encourages sinners in their sins to seek His blessed face and presence. Thus

it was with Peter, therefore he shall be blessed for ever.

And Jesus said unto Simon, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him."

Had the word of Jesus reached Peter's conscience, giving him to feel that he was a sinner? It had. Well then, words from the same gracious lips shall speak peace to his soul, and give him rest in his troubled conscience, and clothed with divine authority send him forth to preach the word of God. "Fear not." What blessedness there is in those words, "Fear not," when spoken to a convicted, confessed sinner, at the feet of the Saviour. "Fear not," and "Peace be unto you," are words that are ever dropping from the lips of the Saviour into hearts weary because of sin and guilt. And what a relief and peace they bring!

Peter is *now* the converted sinner, and one in whose soul dwells a depth of peace that no human line can fathom; but more, he stands on God's earth a vessel of rich eternal blessing to others. "Out of him shall flow rivers of living water." And to a greater or less degree this is what every saved sinner is.

Beloved reader, I close with one question.



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Have you, as a convicted, confessed, converted sinner, been at the feet of Christ and received pardon and peace for your soul? *Eternity is involved in the answer to this question.*

E. A.



"AS I HAVE LIVED, SO SHALL I DIE."

**T**HE solemn words which appear at the head of this paper at once raise the question, "And how did he live?" for he expressed his determination so to die. How *did* he live? He was a gay young man, who loved the world, its pleasures and its sins. He took his fling and swing of all that his heart desired, wasting his substance in riotous living. At last he began to be in want, but instead of turning, like another, to the father's house and the father's heart, he sought employment in one of our city theatres. Shortly after, during the prevalence of the smallpox epidemic in Edinburgh, he was seized by that fearful malady and borne away to the hospital to die. For four days he lay in

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one of the wards of that hospital in the deepest bodily suffering and mental agony, uttering the most terrible oaths, and ever and anon repeating those solemn words: "As I have lived, so shall I die."

Several servants of the Lord endeavoured to point him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world—to the One who said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" to the One that saved the chief of sinners. It was all in vain. They met with no other response than, "As I have lived, so shall I die." And so he died, as he lived—*without Christ*.

Dear reader, you perhaps shrink from the tale of that prodigal, for you have not lived a life like his, but tell me, if *you* die as *you* have lived, will it be "with Christ" or without Him. If you are unsaved, it is futile for you to draw a distinction between yourself and the one I have told you of, for the "Scripture hath concluded all under sin." There is no difference, both as regards state and condemnation, for, "He that believeth not is condemned *already*." You may be in affluent circumstances, surrounded with all the ease and comfort that wealth can command. You may be personally beloved by all who know you for your sterling qualities, for the virtue and purity of your life,

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for the amiability and uprightness of your character, and yet be UNSAVED.

Yes, UNSAVED. Under condemnation; at enmity with God. And if unsaved, I beg of you to consider your position, to contemplate for a moment the awful place you occupy. Liable at any moment to be called to meet that God with whom you are at enmity in your unsaved and unforgiven state. What a future is before you! What an eternity awaits you! without Christ; without hope. Lost, lost, lost! But oh, I cannot think this of you. The gate of mercy open stands. You *may* be saved. You are in life, in health, in strength, and not on your deathbed. Come now to the Lord Jesus Christ. He is ready, with open arms, to receive you. The depth and tenderness of His love are only measured by the weight and reality of the sufferings and death He underwent for you. He gave Himself a ransom for you, and now He offers to present you in all the dignity and worth that His person, and all the value that His work supply. Can you refuse? What heart can be steel to Him? “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”

C. S. R.

## THE TWO NEIGHBOURS.

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HEARD that a poor Christian woman was very ill, and I thought she might need some encouragement, so I went to see her.

I found her looking even worse than I had expected, for her features had lost the beauty of health and glow of youth, and her pale emaciated appearance told at once that Death had already marked her as its victim. The condition of the poor suffering body was indeed deplorable, but I soon found to my great joy, that she was bright and buoyant in spirit, for she knew Whom she had believed, and as her confidence was in the living God as her Saviour, this lifted her heart happily above the weakness and the pain she felt. So that, although I was very sorry to see her look so ill, it was with a thankful heart I noticed how fully she realised the faithfulness of Him who has promised, "As thy day thy strength shall be."

My next visit found her even worse in body, but as bright, if not *brighter* in spirit. Truly the Lord was sustaining her in wondrous grace. Her "outward man" was evidently fast perish-

ing, but her "inward man" was "renewed day by day." She was very weak in body, but in spirit she was "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

Now it happened that another poor woman, a neighbour of this dear child of God, was at the same time very ill: so ill, indeed, that the doctor gave hardly any hopes of her recovery. And at one of my visits to the first-mentioned sufferer, she began to tell me of the sad condition of her poor neighbour, adding, in broken sentences, as her failing breath would allow her, "And the district lady when she called told me that Mrs. — will not own that she is so ill. She keeps saying that she shall soon be better. I do not think she is prepared to die, and they say that her husband does not want any one to come and read to her. I am so very pleased that you come to read and to speak to me but I cannot help thinking about her and I should be so glad if you would go and see her. Perhaps they would let you in."

I could not but consider this to be a call from the Lord, so I promised the dear sick one, that I would go as she wished, at which she was not a little comforted. And looking to the Lord to grant an open door, and to give me a word for the poor woman, I went to the house, and knocked. The door was soon opened, I asked

for her, and was agreeably surprised at being at once invited in.

There lay the sick neighbour, upon a sofa; and in answer to my inquiries as to her state of health, she told me that she was "not so very ill;" there was "nothing very particular" the matter with her. She spake very freely about the body, but I was anxious to know the state of her soul; and as she was silent upon this subject, I began to speak of the uncertainty of our natural life: no one knew what should be upon the morrow; and then I went on to speak of the *certainty of eternal life* to all who believe on Jesus. And I told her of the wondrous love that the Son of God displayed for poor sinners upon the Cross. But I soon found, that although my words were very welcome when I spake only of her body, she did not desire me to speak about her soul.

There were two of her children present in the room, and she turned to these, and said abruptly, "Ah, if you had two little children like these, would *you* like to go away and *leave* them?" I told her that the very same Lord Jesus, who loved sinners so much that He shed His precious blood that we might be cleansed from all sin, He also loved her children, and she might safely leave them to His kind care and keeping, and as safely commit the salvation

of her soul to Him. And again I pointed to Jesus, the sinner's only refuge; but, alas, "the cares of this world" filled her heart, and while I was speaking of things "spiritual," she kept turning the conversation to things temporal. So I could do no more than entreat the Lord for her, and I left the room with a sad heart.

After this, when I went to the Christian's house, my knock was answered, with a "Yes, you may go up, she will be glad to see you: but you must not stay long: for the doctor says she must be kept very quiet." And I was soon at her bedside, speaking of Jesus.

But whenever, after my first visit, I went to her sick neighbour's house; I was met with, "Mrs. — cannot see anyone to-night, she has some friends with her." Or, "Mrs. — is too unwell to see anyone to-night."

My dear reader, ponder deeply the words, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them" (Ecc. xii. 1).

Of these two neighbours; the *one* sought the Lord, while the beauty of youth and health was upon her cheeks: and when the day of trial came, she could lean upon "the everlasting arms;" and though she was suffering pain and weakness, she could still enjoy "peace

with God, through Jesus Christ." Indeed, as death approached, she was only the more desirous "to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." And she has passed away, her spirit has departed, she is now with her Lord and Saviour in paradise.

But as to her neighbour, how sad was the difference! I know but little of her early life, but the state of mind in which I found her upon my *first* and *only* visit, was sufficient evidence to prove that *she* had *not* remembered her Creator in the days of *her youth*; and when "the evil days" came, it was but too plainly shown that she had "no pleasure in them."

She could plead her own affection for her little ones, but she was evidently a stranger to the love of Jesus! And yet she was at that time upon the very brink of *eternity*. Only One could save her from the death that never dies. Jesus had invited her to come to Him. He was able and willing to save her from a doom too awful for the mind to dwell upon. His precious blood alone could cleanse her from all sin. By Him alone could she come to the Father.

And did she come to Him? Was she saved from "the wrath to come"? Alas, I cannot say more, than that when I saw her, she dis-



played no special desire to know Jesus, and His salvation. She died with unexpected suddenness. And I never heard any record of her repentance. But her spirit has departed, and *where is she?*

When I think of her, I remember the words which the Lord Jesus once spake to those who had *not* "ears to hear." He said, "And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." Beloved reader, shall He say this of you? God forbid.

"O do not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light;  
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:  
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?"

Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun:  
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?"

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,  
call ye upon him while he is near."

A. J.



## “GOD IS SATISFIED.”

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“**M**AY I ask, Are you saved?”  
 “I hope so.”  
 “Are you not sure about it?”  
 “Not exactly. I only wish I were. I am seeking, and praying for it; but I cannot say I’m sure; I don’t seem to get satisfied.”

You are exactly in the condition of a young sailor I spoke to a short while ago. He had been in that state for about three years; seeking, praying, and trying to feel satisfied. And what do you think delivered him at last and made him happy? Just one simple fact which he had overlooked the whole of the three years, and which you, too, have never apprehended. The fact that God is satisfied. Now you think of it—turn it over in your mind, read it slowly, and let your poor weary heart drink it in—“GOD IS SATISFIED.”

“Oh,” said the sailor, as his face brightened, “I never thought of that before. ‘God is satisfied.’”

“Yes,” I said, “He was the offended party by your sins. You were the offender. Jesus came to satisfy God’s holy and righteous

claims by dying for our sins, and He did it. And God has proved His satisfaction in the person and work of Jesus by raising Him from the dead. Had God not been satisfied with the work of Christ. He would have left Him in the grave ; but He has taken Him out and thus proved He *is* satisfied. And it was all for you. Surely if God be satisfied with the work of His Son, you may be also.

"I see quite clearly where you are making your mistake. You are trying to be better and feel different—trying to work yourself up to a certain state of happiness, and then feel satisfied with your own joy ; and because you are always failing, and never arriving at the standard, you are satisfied.

"Just suppose a man buying goods at a shop to the amount of five pounds ; and then he gets into difficulties, and is unable to pay. He cannot pay the debt himself, and he does not know that any one has paid it for him, and so you find him going about saying, 'Oh, if I could only get satisfied.' You would say to him at once, 'My friend, you never can be satisfied, until you have paid your debt, or some one has paid it for you. The shopkeeper *must* have payment, and be quite satisfied *first*.'"

"But suppose a kind-hearted friend goes to the shopkeeper and pays the bill, and obtains

the receipt and sends it to the man; he would not sit down and look at the receipt, and say, 'If only I could feel satisfied.' No! he would know the five pounds was paid, for the shopkeeper had given his receipt, and the proof of the shopkeeper's satisfaction would give him satisfaction.

"Thus it is in the gospel. The Saviour who stood in our place was 'delivered for *our* offences (He had none), and was raised again for *our* justification' (Rom. iv. 25). Then surely the risen Christ is God's receipt for me. *He* is satisfied, and so am *I*. Now why should *you* not be, this very moment, and give Him thanks?"

It was sweet to see the effects on the young man, as the *peace* and *joy* stole into and filled his heart, in believing that "God is satisfied" (Rom. xv. 13). "I see it all! I see it all!" he said, "I can go home and thank Him."

Now, dear anxious reader, will you lay down this little paper, and say, "I wish I could get satisfied?"

Never! never! never will *you* be satisfied till you have learnt that God has found infinite satisfaction in the work of Christ on the cross *for you*. "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree." He cried out "It is finished," and died; and "God raised him from the dead."

Matchless Saviour, Thy work is done. *Once* was sufficient for God, and *once* is sufficient for me. My heart rests there. I can meet God now without fear, for Thou hast answered every question, and settled every claim; and introduced me to that One who rests in His love, and joys over me with singing. The way in which He receives the poor dissatisfied, repentant, returning, prodigal, covering him with kisses, tells out the *satisfied heart* of a *satisfied God*.

Dear anxious soul, drop at Christ's feet and rest there. Try no longer to *do* anything—wait no longer to *feel* anything—but rest, yes, rest in that heaven and earth-supporting, soul-saving, Christ-exalting, God-glorifying truth, God is satisfied with the work of Christ.

W. E.



### “GONE, BUT WHITHER?”



FEW days since a pleasure boat left the river Mersey for a cruise along the coast. The occupants were two males, one married, with a family of five children; the other, single, employed in a large bank, and in receipt of a good salary, but they both, I fear, were strangers to God and His great

salvation, living for this life only. They did not like to think of death. Their thoughts were engaged on the jolly time they were expecting to have on their pleasure trip. They arrived safe at their destination, but, owing to the weather setting in rough, they left their boat behind, and returned by land.

A few days after they went to bring the boat back again, but had to return without her; so the Saturday following, the one that was married and his son started again, in company with the brother of the young man engaged in the bank to fetch the boat. They left R—— about ten p.m. all well. Soon the wind freshened, the waves arose and overpowered them, and the boat was capsized. The father was swept away almost immediately; the son was kept up by the other for some time, who bravely struggled towards the shore, but he could not hold on, and the son was drowned, leaving the only survivor to battle with the waves, as he struck out for the shore. He reached the shore much exhausted, and scarcely able to walk to the lifeboat station.

I have this morning (July 9th, 1880) received the above news from the parent of the one who is saved.

If this should meet the eyes of those who are living without Christ, who know

not my Saviour as the gift of a Holy God to a lost world, I would draw their attention to the uncertainty of things here, and the certainty of things hereafter. I have often written to the young man employed in the bank, warning him of the consequences of living for this world only. Having the means to enjoy himself as he thinks, he goes on heedless, unconcerned. Oh! may this sad affair awake him to ask himself the question, Why was I spared? Oh! the poor miserable worldlings who are led on by the devil, that great enemy of souls, lulling them into a false security. What an awful end awaits those who are living for time, and chancing eternity. A few fleeting years of fancied pleasures, then eternity. But where? In the regions of the lost, with those who had their fill at the polluted streams of this world's fountain; who are now where they thirst, but cannot have *one drop of water to quench that thirst*, and they are there *for ever*.

Oh, dear friend, while there is yet time to escape, I pray you flee to the shelter of that cross, which cruel hands raised more than 1800 years ago. There see God making Christ sin for us—He who knew no sin—that poor sinners through faith in Him might be made the righteousness of God. Oh! if this should

meet the eye of any one, especially those who are related to the above, I pray them to consider these things. God has once again spoken; take heed He doth not take thee away, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee. The survivor tried hard to save the son, but he could not do it. Jesus has done what poor man could not. He saves at the cost of His own spotless life, all that will come unto Him.

W. H.



### THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

HARK ! I hear a mighty chorus  
 Rolling from the courts above,  
 Strains of music roll toward us  
 Breathing forth the Father's love.  
 In the Father's house celestial,  
 Angel hosts with rapture learn  
 Of the Father's joy in telling  
 Of a wanderer's return.  
 From a far-off land a sinner  
 To the home of joy has come,  
 "Swell the triumph," do not linger,  
 Tell ye what the Father's done.  
 Clothed him with the best of garments  
 Kissed him with the kiss of love,  
 Cleansed him, pardoned his estrangement,  
 Set him in His home above.  
 Put a ring upon his finger,  
 Royal sandals on his feet,  
 "Swell the triumph," do not linger,  
 One more soul for heaven meet. S. L.



## “BLIND UNBELIEF.”

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**I**NFIDELITY increases; man grows bold in wickedness, and rejection of the Word of God. The Christian constantly finds himself confronted with the open denial of the very foundations of Christianity. Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased (Dan. xii. 4), but with it man gets puffed up (1 Cor. viii. 1), and thinks he knows better than God.

A servant of the Lord found himself in a railway carriage with a single fellow traveller, when the latter, with an open book of accounts in his hand, began making some remarks about bankruptcy; his avocation in life apparently being in connexion chiefly with the settlement of bankrupt cases. The following is the substance of the conversation which then ensued.

“Suppose that a man was bankrupt,” replied the other, “and I was to pay down as much as he owed, would he not be very foolish to refuse the discharge of his debt? Did you ever meet such an one?”

“Yes,” said he, “I met with one the other

day. His brother-in-law offered to pay it all, but he refused; but it paid him better, I expect, to remain in the business and go on. He was a deep customer."

"But suppose that, in addition to paying the amount, I was to put a large sum of money to his account in the bank, how then?"

"Ah! I never met one that would reject that."

"Well, that is the manner in which I have been treated."

"Indeed, sir," he replied, looking surprised.

"Yes. But I do not mean in a monetary way, but by the Lord. I owed to God for my sin, and His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, died upon the cross and paid it all in His own precious blood. And now God has put all the unsearchable riches of Christ to my account. I was a poor bankrupt sinner, and you are in a similar case. But have *you* accepted the payment?"

"I don't believe in it."

"Don't believe in it, then you will have to take the consequences, and the Word of God is very plain. The wages of sin is death (Rom. vi. 23); after death the judgment, and from thence to the lake of fire" (Heb. ix. 27; (Rev. xx. 15).

"I don't believe in that either."

“Indeed, you may profess not to believe it, but in your own conscience you know it is true.”

“I believe God is loving and merciful. You don't mean to tell me that He has prepared the lake of fire to torment us for ever.”

“No, certainly not; He Himself tells us that it is prepared for the devil and his angels (Mat. xxv. 41). But God is light, as well as love (1 John i. 5), and therefore as you are not fit for His presence, if you *will not have Christ*, He says He will cast you there, too.”

“Prepared for the devil! I don't believe in the devil.”

“I can easily prove that there is one.”

“How?”

“The Word of God tells us that the great dragon, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, *deceiveth the whole world* (Rev. xii. 9). And he is so clever in his deceit, that *he has deceived you as to his very existence*. Further ‘The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them’ (2 Cor. iv. 4). What would you think of a man, who had been found guilty by the jury, sentenced by the judge, in prison and in chains, awaiting the day of execution, rejecting a free pardon, and

seeking to persuade himself that he was not guilty, and that the chains, bolts, bars, and prison walls, and judge did not exist? And what must I think of you, a guilty sinner, under judgment, led captive by Satan, refusing and rejecting God's salvation, and trying to persuade yourself that it is all a myth. God *is love*, and has given His only begotten Son to die for sinners, that we might not receive the consequences of our sins (John iii. 16); but if you will not accept God's salvation, you will surely be cast into hell, and never get out."

"I'm a Unitarian."

"Are you," replied the other, taking out his Bible from his pocket, then here is a text that will upset all your Unitarianism at once. And opening it at Rom ix. 3-5, he read the words of the apostle by the Holy Ghost, in relation to the Israelites, "*Of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever, Amen.*" And here is another, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness, *God was manifest in the flesh, &c.*" (1 Tim. iii. 16). And here is a third, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and *the Word was God, &c.*" (John i. 1).

"Very likely that's a mistranslation. I don't believe Christ is God."

"Mistranslation! That's a very convenient

way of shirking the truth. The moment the Word does not suit you, convicting you against yourself, you are forced to cry, 'mistranslation.' It so happens I have another, and I believe, more exact translation of the original with me, and you shall hear it from that. And taking it from his bag, he read the blessed truth to him again.

"The fact is," he continued, "you are infidel; and bold and daring enough to tell God He is a liar to His face. You, the creature, denying the Word of the Creator. He says, 'Christ is God,' and you say, 'He is not.' You will not answer Him thus at the great white throne. Why, if you knew that this train was about to go off the line, you would tremble like an aspen leaf at the thought of meeting God."

"No, I shouldn't."

"I believe you would. And mark you, too, there is a moment coming, when, if you continue to set at naught God's counsel and reproof, He also will *laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh* (Prov. i. 25-26). Mind, I warn you; you will not be enabled to say that nobody ever told you. I tell you plainly, that unless you are washed from your sins in the precious blood of Christ, you will never meet me in glory. All you say only proves to me the truth of God's Word, for He declares

therein that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14). And again, that "the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," &c. (Rom. viii. 7). You have never been born again, and therefore know not God, nor understand His Word. You remind me of a man born blind trying to make another who can see, believe that there are no fields, nor trees, &c. I pity you, and warn you again, that without Christ you are lost, and if you leave this world as you are, in your sins, you will be lost for ever."

The train now drew up to the platform, and the travellers parted, perhaps never to meet again in this world, certainly never in the next, unless this poor deluded one should exchange his infidelity for the *bleseed Christ of God*.

And now, dear reader, a word with you. What think ye of Christ? Your eternal destiny depends upon the answer. The Christian can take up the language of the epistle of John, and say, "*We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true; and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life.*" (1 John

v. 20). Can you say it? Have you eternal life? He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the *wrath of God abideth on him* (John iii. 36). The devils believe in God and tremble; this poor blinded one professed to believe in God, denied His Son, disbelieved His Word, yet trembled not. But the moment will come, when, except he repent, he will tremble before Him as his Judge, in his sins. Awful moment!

Sinner, if you live a Christless life, you will die a Christless death; come forth from the grave to a Christless resurrection, stand before God Christless in your sins, and be cast Christless into hell, to spend a Christless eternity without a single ray of hope.

Dear reader, what will your lot be?

E. H. C.



“BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM !”

BEHOLD the Bridegroom comes !

It is the cry at midnight made,

And all the virgins rise, and trim their lamps.

The wise alone are ready, and with hushed voices, looks enraptured,

Wait the coming of their Lord.

“ O lend us of your oil,” the foolish cry,

“ Our lamps are out, O lend us, lend us of your oil !”

Hush ! Hush ! He comes. He comes to call His own.

And now what joy it is His blessed face to see,

His beaming smile, His look of recognition,

And to fall in worship at His feet, gazing upon His beauty,

“ Come in, come in,” He says ; and then—the door is shut.

But hark ! the night is wild, and on the breeze is borne a cry.

“ Open, dear Lord, to us.

Thou art so kind, so pitiful, sure thou’lt not say us Nay ?

We were not ready, Lord—we own it—and our lamps were out.

Our hearts went with the gay, bright world,

In music, song and feast.

Our feet have trod its flowery ways,

And yet found naught but thorns !

(But now they fain would tread the golden streets).

We saw it, Lord ; and Thee we could not see.

For “ out of sight” is oftentimes “ out of mind.

So we chose it rather than Thee,

And now, we are shut out.

We hear the sounds of bliss and joy within,

And our hearts long to enter.

Open, open to us !

Sad, sad, the answer comes.

“ Too late ! too late ! the door is shut !



## "BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM."

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No more may enter in."

Soul, canst thou not hear the wailings of the group, the fond regrets?

Canst see the bitter tears

Wept o'er the sinful past? They slept! Yet now methinks,

Is rest no more for them!

\* \* \* \* \*

O Lord, our hearts are aching for the wanderers;

Many, Lord, we love are straying,

Make them Thine own.

Rest of the weary, Lover of our souls,

O turn them to Thyself;

Thou art all love, Thy heart is yearning for them, Lord,  
far more than ours.

We can do naught in this;

Our hands are folded and our feet are still.

We cast them upon Thee.

O draw them to Thy feet before the door is shut.

Teach them Thy love, make them to be for Thee

In this dark world, to learn the new song here.

Then by-and-bye we'll sing it in the Father's house

Together, and we'll gaze upon Thy beauty evermore.

We ne'er shall tire of gazing.

Faith anticipates the blessed time,

And lifts her hand and shades her straining eyes,

To gaze right through the opened heavens

To where Thou art.

O Lord, we praise Thee for Thy love,

Now make us praise Thee more

In heart, and life, and ways,

For Thy Name's sake, until Thou come. Amen.

M. L.

## A CURRENT RELIGION.

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**R**EADER.—We live in a day when “ever changing fashion,” stands high in the estimate of the great majority; “As well out the world as out the fashion” is a common enough statement, and you will agree with me when I speak thus, in connection with dress and worldly position; but how far you will agree with me, as I call your attention to the heading of this paper, remains to be tested.

To speak of “fashionable religion” with the object of laying bare the false, one needs definite authority. Whither shall we turn for such? Where, dear friend, but to the oft-slighted Word of God?

Come now with me, and see the “fashionable professor” unmasked by One who scans the deepest recesses of the soul.

The scene I ask you to look at is found in the Gospel by Luke, chapter xi., verse 29, to end. Jesus had been speaking to the multitude around Him, of sign-seeking and judgment, light and darkness, when a certain Pharisee asked Him to dine with him, and 'tis here we have the fair exterior of the professor standing

out so prominently to the human eye, while the dark interior is revealed by One who measured all in the light of eternity.

A clean outside, a patchwork robe of righteousness, interwoven (in market places and chief seats in the Synagogues), with many a long prayer; knotted together with almsgiving, seen of men. Such was the fair outside of the Pharisee with whom Jesus sat at meat.

But he wist not the man in his presence, mighty in word and deed, was very God, veiled in the likeness of sinful flesh; who takes the robe so fair in the eyes of fallen man, rending it from top to bottom as worthless filthy rags.

Hear His word in verse 42; "But woe unto you Pharisees, for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God."

Two things the religious Pharisee lacked—Jesus declared it—judgment and love, without which, the soul was dead to God. Listen to the prayer of such an one, and see if you can find either of such qualities named in the text before us, Luke 18: "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican :I

fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess."

No! no! must be the only reply, of all who bow to the Word of God. Self! Self! self alone stands exalted and unjudged. Therefore, love, we conclude, is an element foreign to the soul of such a professor.

Now mark the contrast in that other man; he, too, has entered that "house of prayer," without profession he stands, head bowed, and no word to God about his goodness; evidently he has concluded with God's word, that he was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity, a sinner by nature, and by practice too, he cries out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." His judgment is true—a sinner—and love from its eternal source, the love of God, meets, and justifies him a sinner.

And here I turn to you, my friend, for whom this message is written; you who are a professed believer in God and His Word, you, whose name has a place in the roll of a fashionable church, standing high in the estimation of its members, well known for your liberality and humble walk; so much so, who could raise a finger, to call in question, the reality of such prominent profession as this?

Hark! one special feature of this day is drawn by the Holy Ghost in 2 Tim. chap. iii.

describing a class who have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof.

Profession without reality, form without power, a name to live, and yet dead; dead to God in trespasses and sins.

Professor, are you saved for eternity? a possessor of eternal life? if not, where does this message find you, it must be one of two places?

Lost or saved. Which? No neutral ground is there to stand upon here. A child of the first Adam, only born once, or, washed in the blood, twice born, one with the second Adam, Christ.

No marvel that infidelity progresses, and open testimony against God ranks so high.

Thou, precious soul, art identified with those who swell its ranks, because thou art a professor, in whose religion, judgment and love are unknown. Thy sin-covered soul, unconfessed and unjudged before God, finds thee with an empty profession, a stranger to the love of Christ. What then, but a child of wrath? A hand-shaker with the world, a robber of God's glory, one that has not been born again, making haste to an infidel's hell.

Reader, words cannot be found to fully expose this soul-damning, fashionable religion; with Christ so closely shut out.

Mark the contrast. Jesus the Son of God,

took the lost sinner's place, on the accursed tree. He died, "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." And whosoever receives Him by faith, has his sins forgiven, has peace with God, has a robe of righteousness, has eternal life, has the Holy Ghost dwelling within, unfolding the beauty of Christ, by His precious Word.

He has no need of the world's passing pleasures, so attractive to the Christless professor, but separation from it, is the marked character of such a soul. "For me to live, is Christ," is written within, and in presence of such reality, flowing out of utter weakness, the unsaved professor, with the proud sceptic, alike, must own that the source of such joy, power and love, cannot be found here.

No, reader, its eternal source is the bosom of God, the channel through which it flows, the Lamb once slain, the communicator of it the Holy Ghost; and as He convinces you of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, may your soul bow in self-judgment before God, and look by faith at His heart of love, revealed on Calvary's cross; and say, dear friend, can you pass by or pass over such love as this, love stronger than death, mighty to save?

You have been long deceived by the deceiver, the eyes of your soul blinded by the god of this world, to hinder the "Gospel of Christ" shining

## I'M TOO BUSY.

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in. As you read, does your heart say Yes !  
deceived too long, and the deceiver would add,  
Too late. But, hark ! " This is a faithful saying,  
and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ  
Jesus came into the world to save sinners."  
To save you, will you trust Him. Is He not  
worthy ? Come, read with me that sweet verse,  
and as you read believe, and believing, rejoice.

" I hear the words of love,  
I gaze upon the blood,  
I see the mighty sacrifice,  
And I have peace with God."

O



## I'M TOO BUSY.

**A** MERCHANT sat at his office desk,  
various letters were spread before  
him ; his whole being was absorbed  
in the intricacies of his business. A  
zealous friend of the Gospel entered  
the office : " I want to interest you a little  
in a new effort for the religious good of your  
neighbourhood ; " said the good man.

The merchant cut him short by replying,  
" Sir, you must excuse me ; but really I'm too  
busy to attend to that subject now."

" But, sir, the bodies and souls of the people  
at your door are being led by the devil to ruin."

“Are they? Well, I’m sorry, but I’m too busy at present to do anything.”

“When shall I call again, sir?”

“I cannot tell. I’m really very busy. I’m busy every day. Excuse me, sir, I wish you a good morning.” Then bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repulsed those who loved the Lord and the souls of men in this manner. No matter what was the object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims on his attention. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for anything but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and said, “Go home with me.” The merchant laid down his pen, his head grew dizzy, his stomach felt faint and sick, he left the counting house, went home, and retired to his bedchamber. His unwelcome visitor followed him, and now took his place by the bedside, whispering, ever and anon, “You must go with me.” A cold chill settled on the merchant’s heart, dim spectres of ships, notes, houses, and lands, flitted continually before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved



heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death. All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, mercy, the claims of God, had alike sought to win his attention in vain, but when death came, the excuse was powerless, he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Reader, beware how you make yourself too busy to secure life's great end, the knowledge of God, the salvation of your soul. When the excuse rises to your lips, and you are about to say you are too busy to seek after God, remember, you cannot be too busy to die. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" A. T.



## JUST LIKE A LITTLE CHILD; OR, THE CONVERSION OF MADAME Z.



**I**T was in the autumn of 18— that I was first requested to visit Madame Z——. The friend who asked me had just come from her, and he said that he was very anxious for her salvation. He had been speaking to her, and thought she was in an inquiring state.

He told me further that she was a stranger in E——, being a French woman; had lost her husband, who was an officer, in an engagement, and was in very delicate health. All this made him much interested in her, but having to leave E—— himself, he could not again see her.

I took an early opportunity of paying her my first visit. She received me very kindly, and I found her a most refined and interesting woman.

She spoke English so well, that you could scarcely have discovered her to be a foreigner. Several other languages she spoke also, as I found afterwards. She had travelled a great deal, and seemed to know everything so well, that I could not summon courage to speak to her upon the one subject which was the object of my visit.

When I returned home I felt deeply humbled and dissatisfied with myself, while, I thought, how could Mr. —— ever send me to that lady. I cannot speak to her. So interesting, and knowing all about earthly things so much better than I did, I feared she would be insulted at the thought that I was seeking to teach her.

I waited about a week before calling upon her again. This time, however, I was determined that come what would, I would speak to her plainly. Accordingly, after inquiring kindly about her health, I at once began, and spoke to her of the new birth, and the necessity of knowing our true state before God. I no sooner touched the subject than the Lord gave me the most perfect liberty in speaking to her, while at the same time all reserve was taken away from Madame Z——, and she poured out her whole heart to me. There had been a wall, as it were, between us, but now the barrier was taken away, and what a lesson does it not teach us. How many may be longing and yearning after the living water, and we shrink in our unfaithfulness from showing the way to the fountain.

She told me all about her past life, how earth's streams had been embittered, and dried up for her. She who had known and tasted

of all the pleasures of the world, as few had done. She had found earth's cisterns to be truly broken cisterns, which could hold no water. She thirsted now for the water of life. As she herself expressed it, "I have gone from place to place, and from church to chapel, I have conversed with clergymen and others in many parts of Europe with regard to the salvation of my soul, but I don't know yet, what it means to be born again. One clergyman to whom I spoke advised me to take the sacrament, but it did me no good. I was as far from peace as ever." She had prayed for pardon, and prayed for mercy, she had read her Bible, but she could not say she was reconciled to God.

I turned with her to 2 Cor. v. 18, &c., and read over the following verses :—

"And all things are of God who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given unto us the ministry of reconciliation ; to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation."

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God."

I showed her from these verses that while she had been praying for mercy, and praying

for pardon, God was here beseeching her to receive it. "Now," I continued, "these are not my words. I have God's authority for beseeching you to be reconciled. He hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation."

"The Lord Jesus is not here in person now, but He sends His servants with His own word to you. This is the glad tidings. Instead of you having to plead with God, He is now beseeching you to be reconciled, and He can do this righteously. As we see in verse 21, 'For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.'

"You tell me that you have been seeking to be at peace with God for years: and all the while God has been beseeching you to be reconciled."

I then read the first two verses of the following chapter:—

"We, then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that you receive not the grace of God in vain."

"For behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."

"Now," I continued, "how could you receive the grace of God in vain?"

"When a thing is offered to you, and you do

not accept it, you receive it in vain. And when is God beseeching you, to be reconciled? It is *Now*. This present moment. There is not a promise for to-morrow, in five minutes you might be in eternity.

“Let us turn now, to 1 John v., and you will see something further.

‘Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God.’ “Now,” I said, “you may have some difficulty to know whether you have the right kind of belief.”

She said this was a difficulty with her. She thought the faith that saved people was some peculiar kind of faith. She had been more occupied with her faith than with the object upon which her faith was to rely.

I then read on at verse 9, “If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness for God which he hath testified of his Son.”

“This shows that you are to believe the witness of God in the very same way, that you receive the witness of men. With this difference that you keep in mind, that man’s word may fail, but God’s word NEVER.”

I read on.

“He that believeth on the Son, hath the witness in himself, he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth

not the record that God gave, of His Son, and this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son."

"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life.

"Now," I said to her, "Do you believe all those Scriptures I have been reading with you. Those in 2 Cor. v. about pardon and reconciliation, and those in 1 John v. with regard to eternal life?"

"I do," but she added, "I have always expected to feel some great change in my heart."

"That is," I said, "you have been looking for an evidence that you were born again within you, and all the while passing over the testimony of God in His Word, the reception of which would have filled you with joy. Suppose you were in great difficulties, and some one told you that a large estate had just been left to you, you would not rejoice over it until you believed it to be true. It is the same with the Gospel. These Scriptures are my title deeds for my eternal inheritance. There may be flaws in earthly title deeds, but in these, NEVER. If you were to tell me that you knew you were saved because you were happy, I should think you were building upon a very bad

foundation. Happy feelings are as changeable as the wind. We may be happy to day, and unhappy to morrow, but God's Word never changes.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but MY WORD shall not pass away." I sought to meet every difficulty by the written word, and again calling her attention to 1 John v. 10. "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar." I asked her if she were going to continue doing this by not believing His testimony.

"No ;" she said, "I will do so no more, I do believe His word."

"You will not wait till you feel something."

"No, I will trust Him now."

"And what do you receive by doing so."

"Pardon, and eternal life." She seemed to take it in with trembling, and I left her, for the Lord to perfect His own work, and truly He did, for when we met again she was filled with joy and gladness."

"Oh !" she said, "I know now what it is to be born again. The whole world is changed to me. I am just like a little child beginning to live. My whole past life has been wasted, but, henceforth I want to live only for Christ."

It was, indeed, passing from death unto life. Old things had passed away, ALL had become new. Her only sorrow was, that she had not



known Him sooner, and her cry was like one of old who said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."

Her delight in the Scriptures was refreshing to witness, every word seemed to come with such power, and was so real to her, that it made it all come with new power to my own soul. The knowledge of what she had got in Christ and how she was quickened together, raised together, and seated together in heavenly places in Him, filled her with praise and thanksgiving. And her joy literally overflowed as with all the vivacity of her country she spoke of the things of God.

One day she said to me, "I had such a striking dream the other night. I thought I was walking on a road which was covered with all manner of rubbish. As I walked, it gradually became more and more difficult to walk on, so rough and rugged. Then some One came, and taking hold of my hand, led me over the rough road into a beautiful garden. I thought I was just a little child, and he brought me to a number of others, each of whom held in their hand a bit of bread. They were all clothed in pure white. All around there flowed fountains of clear water. The one who led me there placed in my hand a bit of bread, saying, 'Now I must leave you, but in a little while I shall come again.' At

this I felt so sorry, and in the distress of seeing him leave me I awoke.

“That road covered with rubbish is the world with all its pride and vanity,” she went on; “then it became more rugged through trials, and sorrows which followed. But the Lord came and led me out of it all, and brought me to a place of rest and safety; gave me the bread of life upon which I am to feed in His absence, as I walk by faith down here, not by sight. ‘He that eateth this bread shall live for ever.’”

She had only intended to be in E—— for a few months, but one day she said to me, “Although France is the land of my birth, this has been the land where I have been born again, and now I shall not leave it. I have few friends there, and none of them have been to me what you have been.”

I was very glad when she told me this, as I was deeply attached to her, but far more than that, there was the deeper fellowship of the Spirit which made a stronger bond than any earthly tie could have done.

It was her desire to spend the rest of her life for the glory of God, and she had a path of service for Christ in view, but the Lord had planned it otherwise.

Her health had been delicate for some time,

but after her conversion had seemed to improve; but as autumn began to pass away, and the cold damp of winter to set in she grew worse. The little while she was left down here soon passed; but as it passed, her beautiful walk, her kind thoughtful care of any whom she could in any way help, shone out more and more, until she passed away to be for ever with the Lord. Amongst her last words to the one who waited upon her, as she wished her to take a little wine, were these: "No, no, nothing more of earth," gently pushing aside the hand that held it to her, "I am just feeding upon the blood of Christ."

Reader, do you know what it is to "eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man"? Many of old said, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" And, "Many also went back and walked no more with him."

Professor, do you know anything of this?

Jesus says: "Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you." "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

"For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him."

J. D.

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“A GATHERED FRAGMENT.”

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THE highest and most stupendous thought in the salvation of God concerning me is, not only that I am saved ; but that the *heart* of God is gratified in my salvation ; and that He has saved me for His own glory. Wonderful ! that man, by nature a sinner, and a rebel against God, should have been picked up in sovereign grace, as a mere lump of clay out of this vast graveyard, or cemetery (the world), and made the material upon which Divine skill should be displayed, in producing the most wonderful object for eternal glory, so that God Himself could look upon it, and say, “That is my own peculiar piece of work, produced by myself, for myself, suitable to myself, and for the gratification of myself.”

“What hath God wrought?”

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“AS SURE AS DEATH.”

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WHEN people wish to declare their conviction of the certain occurrence of an event, it is not unusual to hear them say—“Such and such will happen ‘as sure as death!’” Indeed, I overheard this expression in the train the other day; and immediately my thoughts began to work upon it.

Now, my reader, let me say, at the outstart, that *death is not sure* after all! I mean, in plain language, that all will not die. It may be that many, who are now living around you, and performing, like yourself, the daily duties of life—men of like passion—subject to the same cares and sorrows as the rest, may never close their eyes in death; never be laid in the coffin; never be buried in the tomb. *Death is not sure to the believer*, and by death I mean the dissolution of the body—the natural separation of spirit and body seen on all hands constantly. More of this presently, but, first, let me say that *death is the doom of the unbeliever*. To him death is sure—“It is appointed unto men once to die and after this the judgment.” Death is, therefore, God’s appointment; and escape from it is, to the unbeliever, impossible. It is the

wages of sin; so we read in Romans vi. and, just as though sin were personified, so it is viewed as a paymaster, whose payment is death. Clearly, then, he who is still in the service of sin must receive its payment; and such is the condition of every unbeliever. Death is due to him because of sin; and more, much more than death, yet death is the sinner's inevitable doom. He may well say, “As sure as death.”

And *your* death, my unbelieving reader, is sure! Can you think of it happily? Can you bear the idea of bidding an eternal farewell to all that now engages you—to friends, business, country, home, health—all? and of taking a leap in the dark?

Can you bear the thought of the coffin, and the tomb, the judgment seat and its awful verdict? The day will come for you to leave your darling sins, and your money, and your earthly all. The knife of divorce will rudely sever you from all your sordid selfish pleasures, and *you will die!* God has appointed you to death, and then to judgment. Man, woman, child, think! Oh, think! Oh! that they were wise. Are not the temporising, procrastinating ways of people really appalling? This love of sin and the world; this terrible unbelief is ruining souls. Be awakened at once to your state if you are still unconverted.

We read of some who made a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell—and who, no doubt, prided themselves on the bargain; but what said the answer of God? "Judgment will I lay to the line and righteousness to the plummet . . . and your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." We read of another, a rich man, who thus daringly soliloquised with himself—"Soul," said he, "thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease." But God said unto him, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." What short work does God make of all such covenants! The greatest fool on earth is the man who lives without God.

A dying infidel said, "I would give £10,000 if it could be proved to me there was no hell."

But let us return. You may have noticed that in the passage quoted we do not read that it is appointed unto *all* men—but only unto men—once to die; and this because it is elsewhere written: "We shall not all sleep" (1 Cor. xv.). Hence contradiction is avoided. Death and judgment are the natural doom of men—yet not of all men—of sinners as such, yet not of all who are, in one sense, sinners. They have escaped the doom of sin, and therefore its wages. "Christ was once offered to bear the

sins of many.” Observe the divine libration; the glorious equipoise of the “as” and “so” in this passage. “As it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many”—*this* counterbalances *that*. The work of Christ, as substitute, meets and outweighs the guilt of those who, by grace, trust in Him. “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” How simple, but, oh! how worthy of God!

Then, if sin be met, what of death? It is annulled! Christ “hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel” (2 Tim. i.); and further, the believer “is passed from death unto life”—and further, death is ours. “All things are yours . . . life or death, things present or things to come” (1 Cor. iii.). Hence the peon of victory,—“O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be unto God who *giveth us the victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ”

This is the relation of the Christian to death. But have not all died since these words were written by the Apostles. No, they have “fallen asleep,” their bodies have been “put off”—they have become absent from the body and present with the Lord; but, if Christians, they have not died. Death has no further



claim upon them. Redemption has placed them in life. "He that hath the Son hath life." "We have passed from death unto life," and so perfect is the work of the cross that when the Lord comes again, "We shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye—the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

Hence, the Christian is waiting for—not death but—the coming of the Lord. Death is no necessity. "We look," said the apostle Paul "for the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body and fashion it like unto His glorious body." Such is the proper Christian hope, not death, but the coming of the Lord in person, to take us where He is.

The aphorism "sure as death" is, therefore, faulty. But the coming of the Lord is more destructive of the hopes of the unbeliever, than the prospect of death itself. Death may be distant, and in all probability lingering. Hence there is time for repentance—a death-bed repentance will do! But when the Lord comes all will be over "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." The *ready* will be secured; the *unready* excluded. Not one moment for repentance then! Oh! sinner, be in time. "At such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." J. W. S.

## GOD'S WORD MY RESTING PLACE.

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**I** WAS what is commonly called, religiously trained, and at the age of eighteen, had a longing wish to be happy, like I saw some few, but could then see no one that could point me to the finished work of the Lord. I was often spoken to by others, but it was always, "Strive on, pray on, you will get the blessing some day."

In 1851, at the age of twenty-five, I left England for Australia, and after a seventeen weeks' passage, thirteen of which I was ill in bed, I arrived—a stranger in a strange land—but God had mercy on me, and I soon recovered. In these days of trial, I said, "God is answering my father's prayers for me." I very soon got into a large way of business, and all went well for some years, then reverses came, and I left Victoria and went to New Zealand.

About fifteen years ago, I was in Wellington, and going down the street one evening, I heard singing in a small public room. Being attracted by it, I said I will see what these people are doing. I did so, and the singing being ended, an old gentleman took from his breast

pocket a small Bible and said, "We will read the third of John together." I sat near the door, so that I could leave whenever it suited me, but there was a power in the reading of that word I had never felt before, so that my attention was riveted, and I could not move from the spot.

I may here say that I had been for years very anxious at times about my soul, and had shut myself up in my room, and prayed, and cried for hours, thinking I should get some special vision or feeling, so that I might know I was saved, but always came away disappointed. I always thought my disappointment was owing to my not being able to be sorry enough for my sins; I used to try hard to be sorry, but could never arrive at the point I wished. About this time I went to hear what is called a "Revival Preacher," known as "California Taylor." He preached as much truth as made me very miserable, so on the following day I sought an interview with him, thinking he would be sure to be able to set me right. I at once told him how wretched I was. He then asked me how long I had been like that, I told him for many years. He then asked me what business I was in, I told him I was a brewer, and owned a brewery in the city. He then said, "You will never get peace till you give up the accursed thing. Go

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home and knock in the heads of all the casks, and let the accursed thing go down the gutter; then you will get peace, not till then." I went away like the young man in Matt. xix. 22, and for two or three days walked about not knowing what to do, not seeing my way clear as to knocking the casks to pieces. He called upon me in a few days to see if I had followed his instruction, and finding I had not, he left me to the hardness of my heart. I was in a measure prepared for loss and giving up, but not on so large a scale as that.

Now to return to the little room which I have mentioned. As the speaker read on and came to the 16th verse, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," I shall never forget the thoughts I had. It was the words, WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH, that so took hold of me, but still I thought this can't be all, so I said to myself this is some new sect sprung up, and they have got a Bible of their own, for if that is true, *I am saved*, so at the close of the meeting I hurried away home as quick as possible, to see if it stated the same in my Bible.

The first thing I did was to get the word and look for myself, and as I read it, I said "Now I *know* I am saved, for God says so." This is

how God was pleased to use His own word, and that in a marvellous way. Without a word from any one, I saw it all. The Lord Jesus had left nothing to do. He was the one lifted up, and I had only to look and live. To His blessed name and person be all the praise.

C. R. G.



### PARADISE.



**T**HIS word in three places in Scripture (Luke xxiii. 43; 2 Cor. xii. 4; Rev. ii. 7) is used to describe the blessedness of the immediate presence of God in heaven, which it is the privilege of the believer in Christ to enjoy in spirit now, and in glory to come. It is a word thus used in connection with the new creation which God is now forming, and it is real happiness, which once obtained, has no end, is eternal in its character, that which God has to give, not what man can attain to, neither purchase or obtain by anything of his own, or anything he can do. Often this word is used in reference to earth rather than heaven, and we read of our first parents, Adam and Eve, being driven out of the garden of Eden, in that which our

own poet has written in a piece called "Paradise Lost," which fact is also recorded by God Himself in Genesis iii. 24.

Now using it as well in a similar way, to present our subject, I think it will be profitable to consider three things—first, how man lost paradise, that is on earth; secondly, how he seeks to have a paradise without God, on the earth; thirdly, how God, in rich grace, has opened the way, not for man to regain the paradise he has lost, certainly not to obtain a paradise without Him, but for him to obtain that paradise which is in heaven, where Christ, the second Man, and the last Adam now is, that to which the word properly refers.

For the due understanding of these three things, we turn to the Bible, the Word of God, which alone is the truth, and where alone we can learn how things are, and how man stands in reference to God, also how you, my beloved reader, stand as to your own position and condition before Him, with whom we have to do (Heb. iv. 13). So to turn to our first point, as to how man has lost paradise, and is outside it moreover, whether on earth or in heaven, unless by grace, he be a believer in Christ.

Well, the first three chapters of Genesis tell the tale: God created and made everything at the outset in this earth (Gen. ii. 3), and His

Word pronounced it very good, then He planted a garden eastward in Eden (Gen. ii. 8), and there He put the man (Adam) whom he had formed. Could more have been done on earth than He had done to make this man happy? And in addition to this God visited him in this earthly paradise, in which he was set. This is just the simple way in which things first commenced here on this earth. A child believing the inspired record can, by faith, understand, and know for a certainty, what was thus in the beginning.

God started man at first, innocent and happy, and the question was would he abide in the estate he was in. To this end, and to prove for ever after that he could not stand by himself, yea, could only stand as absolutely upheld and kept by God, a test was ordained in the midst of that beautiful paradise, two trees were made to grow (Gen. ii. 9), one called the tree of life, the other the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and a command went forth, "Ye shall not eat of the fruit of it, lest ye die" (Gen. iii. 3). The question was, would man, left to the exercise of his own responsibility, obey God or not. Soon came the answer; tempted by the serpent's lie (Gen. iii. 4-5.) Eve, then Adam, took of the fruit which was forbidden, became thus sinners, and lost

paradise, being driven out by God Himself, who placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life (Gen. iii. 24).

What a terrible destructive thing sin is, dear reader, only think of it: you might perhaps think lightly of an act similar to that Adam was thus guilty of; simply picking and eating fruit he was told not to. A child in the fruit season of the year might often do so; yet, beloved, Adam lost paradise on account of that one little act. What is sin? Doing one's own will, disobedience to God's will; whether this is shown out in a little thing or a great thing it is the very essence of sin. Behold then what God thinks about sin, and what must He think about you, who have over and over again, for you must acknowledge it, if you look the truth in the face, done many an act worse than the above.

Is God so particular as that? perhaps you say. The answer is, He is holy, and reckons accordingly. Yet do not despair: for although man is outside paradise, and you, as one of Adam's race, are born outside it, and away from God, and have sinned against Him, we shall see presently how He has opened a way back to Himself in paradise in heaven, not on earth. But for the moment I want you seriously to



consider your position by nature and by practice ; do not refuse the truth, but bow before God in the acknowledgment of it, and behold yourself a sinner driven out of the presence of God, of an outcast race, and one who has multiplied your acts of sin up to this very moment : such, indeed, is the position of every one, who is still away from God, and unsaved.

Paradise is lost on earth for ever, and no happiness can be known until the sinner turns back to God, who is alone the source of it, and who is gracious as well as holy. Ah ! men do not like this, to look, as they think, at things so strictly and rigidly. Do you, my reader? Well, God does, and He declares unto us His counsel. He cannot sanction sin, it is an outrage on His majesty ; He has in love found a way to put it away, but sanction it He cannot. He may bear with it during this day of grace, but visit it upon the unrepentant in the day of judgment He most surely will. Do you, then, take His thoughts, and let go your own, and do not let prejudice hinder you to the ruin of your soul, as many do. It may seem difficult to you to understand, but, beloved, what I press is this, it is God's account, God's reckoning, and your wisdom is to *believe* it ; it is mercy on His part to make it known. If you do this, you will be led in repentance to own

yourself as guilty before Him, and be anxious to know what you must do to be saved.

But, before we answer this question in accordance with our subject, I turn to my second point, and address a few words to help, I trust, some, by showing how in most cases, man, an outcast from the paradise of God, is seeking to obtain a paradise of his own, without Him. I find that, Adam having lost paradise, no more to regain the same, a son of that very man, Cain, born after his sinful likeness, sought to do this. He, not only sinful by birth, but wilfully remaining in that state, for he would not avail himself like his brother Abel, of God's own provision, to meet his case (Heb. xi. 4), went out from the presence of the Lord, and built a city, calling it after the name of his son Enoch (Gen. iv. 16, 17), and his family and descendants became the authors of all that which made his city a pleasant and comfortable place to dwell in (Gen. iv. 21, 22).

Having rejected God, and turned his back upon Him, he and his, use the creatures of His hand, with their own inventions, to make, if it were possible, a kind of paradise of this poor, sinful world, without Him. We see the commencement, on a small scale, of all that is found in the world to-day, that which is comprised in the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of

life. What do we see before our eyes? What are men doing? For the most part, seeking to obtain as much of this world as they can, and enjoy it in the way that suits their particular tastes or likings best, seeking happiness or paradise where it is not to be found, for all under the sun is vanity and vexation of spirit (Eccles. i. 14), a just conclusion, that a certain man named Solomon—one who had greater opportunities than any of us—came to.

But perhaps you say there is no harm in these things. I answer, the harm is the use people make of them to shut out God from their thoughts (Psalm x. 4). There is a time, too, found for everything, "but Christ" (Eccles. iii. 1-8), and it is only as a true believer has Him for his object and that he has to take up these things consistently with Him, that he has any liberty to have to do with them, and serve God. But, my reader, let me ask you, if you are seeking now a paradise under the sun, have you not found in some measure, the vanity of so doing. God may allow a man to obtain what he seeks after, to climb step by step to the top round of the ladder in his particular pursuits, and then, to show the vanity of it, death comes—and what then? After death, the judgment (Heb. ix. 27). Ah! what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and

lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Mark viii. 36-37). What? I solemnly ask you, my reader. Let not present and temporal gain or pleasure be your choice, at the expense of future and eternal misery.

Perhaps some poor man may say, "Well, I have not much of a time of it on this earth." Often such an one thinks that because he has so much trouble and suffering here he will therefore escape judgment in the next world. But then the truth is, if your circumstances were more prosperous, you would most probably act just the same as your rich neighbour, for in the springs of our nature, all are alike. The one thing, my reader, for you is, whether you are rich, do not let your riches, or whether you are poor, do not let your cares (Matt. xiii. 22) allow you to go on without God, for paradise is not elsewhere to be found, and every one of us shall give account of himself to Him (Rom. xiv. 12).

Cain made the city a pleasant place, his sons made the country so (Gen. iv. 20), and men do the same to-day, and have their religion too, but it is condemned in the epistle of Jude as the "way of Cain." Oh, my reader, may you put yourself and course to the test in the solemn light of God's revelation. A mistake on

this point involves eternal issues. Do not think these are the particular views of any one, but look into God's own Word, and see them verified; weigh up all now in the balances of the sanctuary, do not put it off with the thought that you will take your chance, and you will get on as well as others, when God is speaking plainly to you, and may be your conscience is feeling the truth of it. I press this momentous question upon you, ere it be too late. Harken to the warning note, that you may have an ear open to hear the note of grace and love, God sounds in the Gospel to meet you just where you are, to save you, to show you the way back to Himself, to land you in the paradise of His presence, and to deliver you from whatever man vainly endeavours to persuade himself is happiness and a paradise without Him.

If now, you understand from these simple words, how Adam lost paradise at the first, and Cain's family seeks it away from God, and Solomon in all his glory could only conclude that all under the sun was vanity and vexation of spirit, let me call your earnest attention to the third thing, named at the commencement of this paper, how God has opened the way for man, for any one who may see these lines, to obtain that paradise which is in His presence in heaven, where Christ is.

Think of Calvary, where the Son of God was crucified between two thieves. What do we see there? Look at those three crosses erected outside the walls of Jerusalem : on the centre one hung Jesus, the Son of God, on either side of Him was a thief, two transgressors suffering the penalty of their crimes amongst their fellow men ; these two thieves represent simply the two classes of the whole human race, to one of which you, my reader, at this very moment belong ; both were sinners, exceedingly, not fit to live here ; both at first railed on the Lord of glory (Mark. xv. 32) ; one whilst hanging there said in the unbelief of his heart, “ *If thou be Christ, save thyself and us* ” (Luke xxiii. 39) ; the other, *just as he was*, a poor wretched dying thief, by faith was brought, with the fear of God upon his soul, to repentance, to own himself a sinner, and that they were suffering justly the due reward of their deeds (Luke xxiii. 41), accompanying the acknowledgment of his own state, with the confession of Jesus as Lord (v. 42), saying to Him, “ Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.” There was repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Unbelief characterised the one, faith the other, and Christ was the object.

Christ is God's way back into His presence in

paradise above. We present Christ to you. Which thief are you like? We, as those two, are alike, as to ourselves, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23). What, then, made the difference? One thing, mark it well, it was a question of faith or unbelief. There was the Saviour, the one confessed Him, trusted Him, believed in Him, died, and according to the word of Jesus Himself, went with him to paradise on high (Luke xxiii. 43); the other died with an "if" on his lips, and in the thoughts of his heart, unbelieving, and for such the lake of fire for eternity is the portion (Rev. xxi. 8).

What think ye of Christ, now raised and glorified in heaven? I ask *you*. You, as a sinner, need a Saviour; here is one, God sets Him forth (Rom. iii. 25). Do you be persuaded to trust Him, and you shall be saved, and paradise shall be your portion for eternity; if not, let the truth be told and pressed home, the lake of fire must be. Now think of the crucified thief, how he was fitted for paradise. I dare say he was the worst man outwardly on earth of his day, or one of them; when nailed to his cross he was, as the other, a railer against Christ. He could do nothing for salvation, bound up hand and foot as he was, he was not baptized, neither did he take the Lord's Supper,

he never did any good religious works, but *just as he was*, on account of what Another by his side, Jesus Himself, did, and finished, he went straight there and then, and in company with the Son of God to the best place in heaven, and found Christ to be the way to the very paradise of God's presence.

Such, beloved, was, and is still, the efficacy of the finished work, the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we invite you to trust it and prove it for yourself; without this, you must die in your sins (John viii. 21-24), and perish eternally. Solemn thought. *Just now*, trusting it, you will thus find your way back to paradise, by the way God has Himself in love opened up through the bloodshedding of His own dear Son. May you, seeing this, the only way open, decide for Christ, be found believing in His precious Name, and though the flaming sword of the cherubim, turning every way, guarded the gate of Eden, and barred the way back to paradise below (Gen. iii. 24), yet you shall know what it is to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God in heaven above (Rev. ii. 7).

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may you, as vile as he,  
Wash all your sins away."

J. S. C.



## 1880.—AN ENTREATY.



READER—The New Year found us awestruck by the Tay Bridge calamity. Dundee and district, aye, and the nation at large, have been saddened by it. From the Queen to the peasant sympathy has been expressed, and those living near the scene of the disaster, who have gazed, as I did, to-day, upon the shattered edifice, have, if at all thoughtful, done so with feelings of profound consternation and sorrow—"their thoughts too deep for words." Many a home circle is overwhelmed with grief; the tears of bereaved ones flow. Becoming sympathy is shown them, but welcome and soothing as it is, it does not bring back those so suddenly called from time into eternity, "carried away as with a flood." Ah! no.

Does this paper meet the eye of a mourner? To Jesus would I point you. Behold the Lamb of God. He came to heal the broken-hearted. He invites those who labour and are heavy laden to come to Him and get rest. Do turn to Him in faith. You need a friend like Jesus. See Him weeping at the grave of Lazarus.

See His heart unfolded in the little narrative in Luke x. (30th verse to 36th). How sweetly the binding up of the wounds and the in-pouring of oil and wine suits your case. Oh! stay not a moment if thou art yet a stranger "to grace and to God." To Jesus come, with thy sins and thy sorrows. He will "pardon, cleanse, relieve," and never, no never, forsake thee. He sticketh closer than a brother.

Does a *Christian* mourner read this? Then I would add a word of comfort. "All things work together for good to those that love God." Draw near, and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight," and you shall have perfect rest. This is taking the yoke of Jesus upon you. See in the trial a Father's hand, and remember that He never causes a needless tear. Firmly trust Him, come what may.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace :  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face."

But my reader may simply be one of the tens of thousands of curiously interested visitors and onlookers up and down the land. If so, let me put a question. If the accident had befallen you, how would it have been with your soul? Let the inquiry, I affectionately pray

you, rest in your mind. It is written, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Say, then, would it have found you ready to depart and to be with Christ? or, would you have been found unprepared, unsaved, unpardoned?

If the latter, dear friend, take warning. "THE LORD'S VOICE CRIETH UNTO THE CITY . . . HEAR YE THE ROD AND WHO HATH APPOINTED IT. BEWARE LEST HE TAKE THEE AWAY WITH HIS STROKE, THEN A GREAT RANSOM CANNOT DELIVER THEE."

DEATH may seize upon you any day; and another event of supreme, yea eternal, importance is approaching: not a thing of personal or local interest only, but of world-wide bearing. Do you inquire what it is? I answer "THE BRIDEGROOM'S RETURN!" The midnight cry of Matthew xxv. is going forth—"Behold the Bridegroom cometh." Soon, soon, He will return, and they that are ready (and, blessed be God, many *are* ready) shall go in with Him to the marriage—the marriage of the Lamb—and . . . the door will be shut! Shut upon multitudes of lifeless professors with oil-less lamps (if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His) and careless scoffers. Yes, the door will be shut.

But to-day, through the longsuffering of the

Lord, it stands open, and you may enter, and, believing, know the blessedness of the man whose sins are forgiven; and receive the Holy Ghost, the true, the only oil for your lamp. (Ephes. i. 13, 14.) Repentance and remission of sins is preached. Judge yourself then, and turn to God. He is rich in mercy, and says, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" Christ has once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. The atoning work is therefore DONE, and the believer sees now the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, as He sits on the right hand of the majesty on high. "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Delay not, but by faith appropriate the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, and you, too, shall be ready, but not till then. TO-DAY if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation!

Christian Reader, the night is far spent and the day is at hand: let us watch and be sober, and see that with well-trimmed lamps we go out to meet the Bridegroom and then shall we not be ashamed before Him at His coming. A.R.