

GOSPEL TIDINGS ANNUAL. 1905.

Whither Bound?

OR,

Heaven and how to get there.

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and
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Lost by Three Seconds.

THE tragic loss of the submarine AI is fresh in the minds of the public. We reproduce Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty's account of how it happened. After unveiling the Nelson Memorial Tablet at Bath shortly after the loss of the submarine, he said:—

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

ONE OVERSIGHT.

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

“Then what followed? That, I think, we can tell you also exactly, because we have recovered from the wreck the remains of the optical tube and a part of the conning tower, and the marks on it are such that I think we can exactly reconstitute the accident.

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

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

"That three seconds was just missing, and so the submarine was run down and perished."

What would the drowned men not have given for those three seconds had they had time to think matters over, but it was all so sudden? What would widows and orphans not have given for those seconds? But death is so irreparable.

The officer in charge did not look *all* round the horizon sufficiently. Hence the disaster.

Reader, have you scanned *your* horizon sufficiently? You may be young and strong. Life is sweet to you. You have no pinch or trial, and at present there is not a cloud in your sky. But let me press my question, Have you scanned your horizon *sufficiently*? The fact is, you have not looked *all* round. Things may be likely to go on smoothly with you for the next six months, or six years, for the matter of that; but what is more than likely to happen within the next sixty years is — YOUR

DEATH. *Death* is looming on the horizon. But why must you die? Because you are a sinner. "It is appointed unto men once to die, BUT AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT." (*Heb. ix. 27.*) *Judgment*, too, is looming, then, on your horizon.

What would the officer in charge of the AI not have given if someone could have tapped him on the arm and pointed out three seconds before he saw it himself the liner crashing upon the top of his frail vessel. How instantly he would have heeded the warning, acted upon it before he had even thanked the giver of it. We warn you, reader. You have an immortal soul. Sin must be punished. Judgment is looming ahead on your horizon. Death may swoop down upon you without any warning, and your next six months may see you in the grave. Within your next sixty years it is almost, if not quite, a dead certainty that death will run down your frail vessel.

There is one thing, and only one thing, that you can do to avert the danger. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts xvi. 31.*) "A Man shall be as an hiding place" (*Isa. xxxii. 2*), and that blessed person is Jesus. He is the Saviour, the Substitute, the Redeemer.

Neglect the offer of Christ as your Saviour, and the question comes home to your door: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

There was no escape for the AI. The danger was seen too late. Three seconds too late. If you die unbelieving there will be no escape for you. The drowned men *ENDED their lives here*, and I have seen the place where their bodies lie in the Haslar Hospital Cemetery, Gosport. But if you die neglecting the warnings of grace and refusing "so great salvation," then you will *BEGIN your eternity in hell*. How awful! The tragedy of the AI is as nothing beside that awful tragedy.

Friend, we warn you to "flee from the wrath to come." Your only wisdom is to turn to the Lord *at once*. May God give you to do so is our earnest prayer.

A. J. P.

Haunted for Fourteen Years!

"I WOULD like to have a few words with you in private."

It was at the close of a gospel service in Chicago that a middle-aged woman approached the preacher with this request.

An appointment was made for two o'clock the next day. The preacher, in company with a Christian friend, sat in his room, waiting for the visitor.

Presently she appeared. After a few moments' conversation, the preacher asked:

"Now, what is your trouble?"

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"Oh!" gasped the woman, "I am a murderess. Fourteen years ago, away in the old country, in the darkness of a forest, I drove a dagger into a man's throat. I escaped without anybody seeing me. The man was found with the dagger by his side, and everybody thought that he had committed suicide. For two years I remained in that district. No one ever suspected me, but I was wretched.

"At last I came to America, to see if I could find peace here. First I went to New York and then came to Chicago, and I have been here for twelve years, but have not found peace.

"I often go to the lake and stand on the pier and look into the dark waters beneath. I would have jumped in if I had not been afraid of what lies beyond death."

Can you conceive, reader, a more terrible state of mind for anyone to be in than to be haunted and hunted for fourteen years, as this woman was, by an accusing conscience? It must have been a veritable hell upon earth.

What was it that had brought her to such a condition? *Her sin.* And "are there not with *you*, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?" Answer me: Are there no sins of which your conscience accuses *you*?

"Of course, I am a sinner," perhaps you reply; "we are all sinners. But I have never committed such an awful sin as murder."

But, reader, who told you that one sin is more awful in God's sight than another? Men

may speak of "little sins," but God does not. No sin is trivial or excusable in His regard. The smallest bit of wrong-doing is sufficient to exclude a man from His presence for ever. In His sight *there is no difference* between the religiously brought-up sinner, who has never done anything grossly and outrageously wrong, and the poor woman who drove the dagger into the throat of a fellow-creature.

Do you doubt the truth of this? Then open your Bible, and see for yourself. Turn to Romans iii. 22, 23: "*There is no difference*, for all have sinned." All stand on a common platform before God.

If *you*, reader, were as much awake as you should be, to the seriousness of sin, your conscience would be as burdened as was that of the murderess. You would be haunted by the fearful knowledge of your guilt. You would be filled with unrest and anxiety.

That you do not feel like this is only a proof that your conscience is seared and your eyes blinded. It is a fact that Satan, as the god of this world, has power to blind men's eyes. (See 2 Cor. iv. 4.) To think that he should have blinded *yours*!

Now God—who made you, and cares for you, and seeks your eternal blessing—desires to *open your eyes*. (See Acts xxvi. 18.) He has various ways of doing this. Sometimes He does it by means of a heavy blow—a bereavement, an illness, a pecuniary loss, a disappointment.

At Dresden, in Germany, not long ago, a

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blind man was crossing the street, when he was struck on the head by a passing cart. As a result of the shock, the man recovered his long-lost eyesight.

Have *you* ever suffered any grievous blow? Any sore trial? Any heavy affliction? Any serious loss? It was from the loving hand of God that it came that your eyes might be opened!

But there is also power in *His own Word*, when applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit, to open blind eyes. In His Word God expresses His abhorrence of sin. He shows that it cannot be passed over, but that it must be punished.

If only you saw this, how concerned you would be about your own sinful condition!

But there is another sight for the opened eye to gaze upon besides *sin* in all its ugliness and blackness. There is JESUS, who willingly became the Sin-bearer upon the cross, and endured the bitter punishment that was our due in order that we might be forgiven.

Only by believing in Jesus, and knowing something of the results of His atoning work, can the accusing conscience be set at rest. Only in this way can salvation and peace be known. Only by this means can the burden of guilt be removed. Only thus can the sins of a lifetime be washed away.

Stephen Holcombe was a most vicious man and one of the worst gamblers on the Mississippi. One night, at the gaming table, a man

accused him of cheating. Quick as thought, Holcombe whipped his revolver from his pocket and fired. The bullet went straight to the mark, the blood poured from the gaping wound, and in a few minutes the man was dead.

The murderer was arrested and tried, but was acquitted on the ground that he had shot the man in self-defence. But though acquitted by a human court he felt condemned before the bar of God, and before the bar of his own conscience.

He tried in every way to find peace. Two years after that awful night he was in his room alone, miserable, his face buried in his hands, and the memory of his crime haunting him. Kneeling down, he cried, "O God, can anything blot out the awful memory of what I have done?" And immediately the strains of the old familiar hymn, learned long ago in the days of his boyhood, came ringing through his heart :—

*"What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."*

Then and there Stephen Holcombe staked his confidence upon that precious blood. He understood that Christ had died on the cross for *his* sin. He believed that all his sins, the murder and all, were laid on Christ, and that He was punished in his stead.

Believing this, he found peace, and from that day he has been a faithful servant of the One who saved him.

Reader, go thou and do likewise! H. P. B.

Not Another Hour!

NOW, come! treat this great matter in a serious and business-like way. When do you expect to be able to speak definitely and with assurance as to your soul's salvation?

You will admit, I expect, that things between you and God are not as they should be. You have sinned, and you know it; and God, inasmuch as He is the "Judge of all"—the Supreme Arbiter of right and wrong—must punish sin. Further, you know that salvation is to be had. Christ has died and risen again to procure it; in the Gospel it is announced, and any poor sinner, however dark and many his sins, may possess it, if only he repents and turns to God with faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, I want to know, *when* are you going to make that salvation *your own*, and boldly stand up to confess Jesus as your Saviour and Lord?

Will you delay another year? The year of grace, 1905, is just starting. Will you definitely vanish all thought of God and Christ, of heaven and hell from your mind until 1906 shall come? Nay, you dare not. Ere the first quarter of the year is gone you may find yourself in the grip of some deadly disease. Look back over 1904. You can think of many, and so can I, who started the year in full

health and strength, but they are gone, and their bodies moulder beneath the sod. If you value your soul delay not another year!

Will you delay another month? The longest of our months contains but thirty-one days. Yet you are not safe for thirty-one days. Much less than a month ago I was speaking to a young fellow in health and strength, and now as I write it is five days ago since I heard he was dead. Gone! and in much under a month. What about his soul! Ah! it is well with his soul. But that is not the point. What about *your* soul? If you value it delay not another month.

Will you delay another day? and a day contains but twenty-four hours. Yet when a friend and I were preaching in Bloemfontein a few months back a young Irish lad, a fireman on the Central South African Railway, came to our meetings—and came, thank God, to listen. One Sunday evening he came as before. My friend saw him on the Monday about midday and gave him a copy of a book to read entitled, “The Journey and its End.” Before midnight his journey came to an end—an abrupt, a fearful end. Suddenly, in the dark, from an unexplained cause, he slipped from his engine and was literally cut to pieces. Only one day. Yet a day often makes all the difference between bliss and everlasting woe. If you are wise, delay not another day.

Will you delay another hour? An hour of

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sixty flying minutes. Take care! Not much more than a year ago, with another friend, I preached the gospel in Kendal, and at one of our meetings we noticed an elderly woman. She listened eagerly, and at the close of the meeting stayed for conversation, desiring to possess full assurance that she was saved. At 8.45 P.M. I shook her hand, and bade her good-bye. She walked home, and, in the act of hanging up her cloak behind the door, at exactly 9 P.M., she dropped, a corpse. Little as we imagined it, she had not another hour to live.

To you who read these pages—yet unblest, yet undecided for Christ—to you I appeal. Your years, months, days, and hours are fast being spent—soon you will cross the fatal line. Oh! if you ever mean to be saved—and I believe you do—see to it that you delay not another hour.

You understand—

NOT ANOTHER HOUR,

for thus saith the Lord:—

“*TO-DAY* if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.” (*Heb. iii. 7 and 8.*)

“Behold, *NOW* is the accepted time; behold, *NOW* is the day of salvation.” (*2 Cor. vi. 2.*)

F. B. H.

BREVITIES.



Death is busy. With unrelenting hand he is bearing away the inhabitants of the earth. About 96,480 persons pass into Eternity every twenty-four hours.

Every step men take is in the direction of the tomb. If you could look into the coming week it may be that you would see a grave gaping athwart your pathway.



Your Soul going Where? The tombstone is but the narrow gate opening upon the vast continent of Eternity. Though there is but a short walk to the grave, there are ten thousand miles beyond.

Did you ever raise the question—Where shall I be a hundred years from to-day?

Your **Body** may be in the tomb; your **Goods** may be possessed by your friends; but what will become of your **Soul**?



“The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.” “When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are.”

(Luke xiii. 25.)



“Now is the day of Salvation.” God is waiting to be gracious. “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” *(Isaiah i. 18.)*

C. H.

Where is Happiness to be Found ?

NOT IN INFIDELITY.

VOLTAIRE was an infidel of the most pronounced type. He wrote :—

“ I wish I had never been born.”

Why was this? Well, poor man, he evidently discovered at the end of his days a very simple fact. We shall do well to remember it though still in the midst of our days. It is this. Infidelity is *destructive* and not *constructive*. It will take away from you everything; it will give you nothing. It matters little what form it may assume. Atheism—with its blank denial of God. Agnosticism—with its deadly hostility to faith. Higher Criticism—with its destructive efforts against the inspired Word of God. The tendency of each is the same. They will destroy, if you will let them, all the foundations of your soul. You shall have no God, whose love can brighten all the years of your life. No Christ, whose blood can cleanse from all sin. No Holy Spirit, to open the heart to eternal things. No Word of God, on which you may with certainty rest. And instead of all this you shall have—what? A string of theories and deductions, a life of proud self-sufficiency, a Christless deathbed, a frightful leap in the dark, the judgment of God, and Voltaire's wish, very fervent and for ever, “ I wish I had never been born.”

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NOT IN PLEASURE.

Byron lived a life of pleasure if anyone did. He wrote:—

*“The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.”*

Sad words! Picture to yourself that brilliant man sitting upon some sunlit prominence and gazing over the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Nature is gay, and youth is still upon his side. For a moment he retreats from the whirl of pleasure and unbosoms to us his inmost feelings. What are they? *Worm, canker, and grief!* Is it possible? Indeed it is, and in your heart, reader, you know it full well. The pleasures of sin do not satisfy, even while they last; so soon they will be gone for ever. Oh! the grief of a life fooled away in the empty pursuit of pleasure. May it never be yours.

NOT IN MONEY.

Gould, the American millionaire, had plenty of that. When dying he is reported to have said:—

“I suppose I am the most miserable devil on earth.”

Mark! he said that when *dying*. You have to die, and when you draw near to death's portals your money will charm you no longer. It can give you no happiness *now*. It is necessary, no doubt. It can provide you with practically everything this world has to give except happiness, and that the world can neither

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give nor take away. There is, however, one redeeming feature about this remark. He did say "*on earth.*" See to it, then, that you do not make money the be-all and end-all of life, lest when all is over you have to say, "I am the most miserable companion of the demons *in hell.*"

NOT IN POSITION AND FAME.

Beaconsfield enjoyed more than his share of both. He wrote:—

"Youth is a mistake, manhood a struggle, old age a regret."

Think of the pathos of this statement, and be wise in time. Doubtless you have ambitions for "success" in this world. In your imagination, then, draw a picture of what you would like your future to be, and paint the picture as rosy as you dare. Now let me affectionately warn you that these dreams and resolutions of youth are a mistake. You will only realise them—if at all—by dint of a terrific struggle, which will consume the years of your manhood, and leave you, in old age, full of regret that you have spent all your energies in the pursuit of a bubble, and that, having grasped it, it has burst. If your life, when it is over, can be summed up in these words, "a mistake, a struggle, a regret," it will be sad indeed for you.



Thus they all agree: Voltaire, the literary infidel; Byron, the pleasure-loving poet;

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Gould, the multi-millionaire; Beaconsfield, the famous politician. One and all they confirm Solomon's verdict, though long centuries have rolled by since that eastern potentate penned the words:—

“ *All is vanity and vexation of spirit.*”
(*Ecc. ii. 17.*)

Happiness is to be found in none of these things. Where, then, is it to be found?

Jesus said, “ I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.” (*John xvi. 22.*) The answer is simple—

IN CHRIST ALONE.

With you, there is the burden of sin. *Until that burden is lifted you will never be thoroughly happy.*

One sin pressing upon the conscience is enough to spoil the happiness of a lifetime, to say nothing of the happiness of eternity. You have sinned, and, therefore, you need to be forgiven. Thank God! there is forgiveness for you. God is the God of all grace, and the death and resurrection of Christ have enabled Him to righteously send the proclamation of forgiveness to *everybody*, and hence to you. His heart is love, and, though your sins are many, they need not hinder your blessing. God is more concerned about you than ever you have been about yourself; and there is cleansing and justification for you in virtue of the precious blood of Christ.

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Before you there lies the impenetrable gloom of eternity. *So long as your future is dark you will never be thoroughly happy.* Small wonder if you shrink back at the near approach of death. Many a man, strong both in body and mind, has quailed when the darkness of the day of wrath has cast its shadows across his path. And what can banish this dread from your heart, and light up the future for you? One thing alone, and that the knowledge of Christ as your own personal Saviour. If you put your case in His hands you may be certain of this: He will see you through. He will not only remove your sins, blotting them out, but He will give you a title to glory without a flaw. Heaven shall be your destiny, and you shall rejoice in hope of the glory of God. If you are Christ's, your eternity is bright, and you may well rejoice.

But there are the sorrows and troubles of life, and *while these weigh you down and crush your spirit you will never be thoroughly happy.* There is only one thing that will give you joy and victory day by day, and that, wonderful to say, is the very same thing that can remove the burden of your sins and light up your future with glory—the knowledge of Christ as your Saviour and the might of His delivering power. He not only saves, but keeps. When you can truly say—

*My PAST is forgiven,
My FUTURE is bright,
My PRESENT is victory,*

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then, and not till then, will you be HAPPY. But remember these three things are to be found *in Christ alone*.

*Taste for yourself, and you will say,
"None other Name for me;
There's love, and light, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee."*

F. B. H.

A Message through a Broken Window.

TWO Christian boys in New York City were on their way home from the Central Park, where they had been skating. It was early in the afternoon, and they were sauntering along, stopping here and there to play as they went.

As they were passing a small house, the door opened and a man looked out.

"Boys," he said, "please do not make a noise, for there is a poor woman dying in this house."

The boys were quiet at once, and were going away, when one said to the other: "I wonder if she is ready to die. Let's go back and see."

Back they went, but when they were about to ring the bell their courage failed, and they started to go away. The thought struck one of them, however, that they might find easier access by the back door. So they walked

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round to the rear of the house, and there, through a broken window, they saw the dying woman on her cot.

One of the boys put his mouth to the window and shouted: "Sick woman! 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' " Then they ran away.

Now it happened that the dying woman was sorely perplexed with doubts and fears. She was not unfamiliar with the terms of the Gospel, she knew that the Lord alone could save her, yet she could not say for certain that she was herself really saved.

The words that came ringing in through the window came to her as a message from God. They reached her just when she needed them. All her doubts were scattered, and death was robbed of its terrors. She saw that salvation was indeed hers through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

I take it for granted that the reader is not a sceptic, nor a professed unbeliever. But, let me ask, what kind of belief is yours? Is it a mere assent of the mind to certain truths? Or is it confidence of the soul in a living Person?

It is possible to believe *about* the Lord Jesus Christ and yet be lost for ever. But it is not possible for a repentant sinner to believe *on* Him without that sinner being eternally saved.

Do you, in your heart of hearts, *trust in* or *believe on* the Lord Jesus Christ? Is He the only hope of your soul? Is His precious blood

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your only plea ? Is His atoning work the only ground of your confidence ?

Then let the words spoken by that Christian boy to the dying woman give you peace and assurance. They are words from God's own Book. They are meant for such as you.

It was this simple text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," that enabled Mr. A—— to speak with assurance as to his salvation.

Mr. A—— was upon his dying bed, and by his side stood two visitors. One was a believer, the other was not.

"Mr. A——," said the Christian visitor, "you have often expressed yourself to me confidently with regard to the future. But do you not sometimes have doubts in reference to it ?"

Quietly and meekly the dying man replied, "No, I do not. I don't see why I should have. I believe the Bible is the Word of God and that it cannot fail. It says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I *do* believe on Him ; I trust Him as my Saviour. Can there be any doubt about it, then ?"

Soon after the visitors took their leave.

"What do you think of Mr. A—— ?" inquired the Christian.

"I never saw anything like it," replied the other. "He is just as clear in spiritual matters as he always was in business."

That is exactly how *you* may be, reader, as

to your soul's salvation, if you are a believer on Jesus. Could dreams, or feelings, or happy experiences give you the same assurance as this promise from God Himself? Read it over again, thoughtfully and prayerfully. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *THOU SHALT* be saved." (*Acts xvi. 31.*) H. P. B.

Doors that Close.

"The Door was Shut."

(*Matt. xv. 10.*)

There are many doors that close upon men beside the one spoken of in the parable. Let me enumerate a few.

THE DOOR OF YOUTH.

When we begin life it seems as though this door will never close.

But how quickly the years fly! Soon we begin to say with Moses: "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

In youth we do not want things that are dull and uninteresting. Now the Gospel is aglow with light and sparkling with gladness. If a man would go through life with joyous heart and uplifted soul he needs to come to Christ while young. Then as he treads the pathway of divine wisdom he will find "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace!"

THE DOOR OF HEALTH.

Vigorous manhood will not continue. Sooner or later weakness and disease will invade the frame. The tent is to be taken down, and so the pegs will be drawn and the cords loosened. While the muscle is strong and the spirits are buoyant men often think they can do without Christ.

Yes, but wait till the sick-chamber is reached, and the physician whispers that the door of health is finally closed.

A London bank clerk, when forced to quit his employment because of failing eyesight, was so depressed at the closing of the door of health that he laid violent hands upon himself, and rushed into a suicide's eternity.

No man can afford to hear that the door of health is closed unless he knows Jesus, the Great Physician, who makes for His people their bed in their sickness and strengthens the soul.

THE DOOR OF EARTHLY PROSPERITY.

Sometimes it is closed by a crash in the commercial world.

Savings of many years vanish suddenly. Riches take wings and fly away. Eventually all earthly possessions will be taken from our grasp.

We are but stewards. Naked we came into the world and naked we shall quit it.

Hence the Saviour says—"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

THE DOOR OF LIFE.

Upon each of us the door of life is closing GRADUALLY. Directly we begin to live we begin to die.

The candle burns slowly down to its socket and the flame expires. Sometimes the door of life closes SUDDENLY. How many sudden deaths there are. A merchant having been told of the death of another, said, "Well, as for me, I am so busy I have no time to die." Then he went into the kitchen and, stooping down to put on his boots, fell a corpse to the ground.

But whether the door of life close gradually or suddenly, it closes CERTAINLY. There will be no opportunity to return and rectify any mistake.

If the door of your life were to close to-day, would it close HAPPILY? Can you say, with the believer, "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"?

THE DOOR OF THE GRAVE.

It is commonly stated, "We must all die," but men do not add, "We must all be buried."

Men shrink from the tomb, but cannot escape it.

A little boy said he had been measuring tombstones, and had found one shorter than himself. Who has not, when walking through the cemetery, noticed that someone younger than himself has been interred?

But are you acquainted with Him who said,
“ I am the Resurrection and the Life ” ?

Can you say—“ O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory ? ”

THE DOOR OF HADES.

When the disembodied spirit enters eternity the door of hades closes upon it. The soul is immediately ushered into Paradise, or thrust into the prison-house of the impenitent. The resurrection is awaited either in the company of Christ or in the gloom of unutterable despair.

The apostle Paul thought of the disembodied state with joyous anticipation, and said : “ To depart and to be with Christ . . . is *far* better.”

THE DOOR OF HEAVEN.

This is the one spoken of in the text at the head of this paper, and it may close at any moment upon the neglecter of salvation. “ The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.” “ When once the Master of the house is risen up and hath shut to the door ” entreaties will be unavailing.

But, thank God, the DOOR OF SALVATION is now wide open. Jesus says : I am the Door; by Me, if any man enter in, He shall be saved.” (*John x. 9.*)

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

C. H.

The Two Pictures; or, Infidelity and Indifference.

SIDE by side upon a page in the writer's album lie two pictures. One is a photograph taken in a German cemetery, the other a copy of a painting that attracted much attention at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1904.

The first is a view of the tomb of a certain Countess of Hanover, who lived and died a pronounced infidel, a vehement hater of God, and a determined opposer of His people.

Before she died she designed the structure that was to surmount her grave. Human skill was to do its utmost to ensure the permanence and indestructibility of her resting-place. Huge solid blocks of granite were to be placed above the tomb, and one of them was to bear the inscription:

**"THIS TOMB SHALL REMAIN
UNDISTURBED
THROUGHOUT ETERNITY."**

These impious words were evidently intended as a challenge to the God of resurrection. And the solemn part of the story is that God accepted the challenge, and used the occasion to prove His wisdom and might, and to confound the daring folly of the unbeliever.

It was years after the Countess had been buried that it came to pass.

God said to the frost, "Prove the folly of this infidel." And the frost heaved until in

the massive masonry of the tomb there came a crack.

Then God said to the wind, "Prove her folly." And the wind blew until the crack was filled up with loose earth.

Then God said to the birds, "Prove her folly." And a bird carried a seed and dropped it into the crevice.

Then God said to the sun and the rain, "Prove her folly." The one poured down warm rays of sunshine, the other descended in refreshing showers, and under their combined influence the seed germinated and grew into a young plant. In course of time the plant became a tree. The tree gathered strength, and, lifting its trunk above the proud tomb, it pushed the great solid mass of granite aside. There, to this day, it may be seen, holding up the rock with the boastful inscription.

Oh, the madness of puny humanity pitting itself against the might of the Creator! He who formed our bodies can form them again after death has dissolved them. He whose word called the world into being can, and will, call our bodies from their graves, that we may give account of ourselves to Him.

Perhaps my reader is disposed to agree with every word that I have written. *You*, Sir, or *you*, Madam, would shrink from approving or imitating the foolish impiety of the Countess. But let me ask you to consider the other picture, lying on my album page alongside the first.

The original was painted by Sigismund Goetze, and bears the title—

“DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN.”

In the centre of the picture stands a Figure which it would be better never to attempt to portray. No pen or brush can rightly depict the face “so marred more than any man,” and the endeavour to do so does not strike us as becoming.

Still, there it stands, bowed with sorrow and suffering, the Figure of Him who came to be the world’s Saviour.

On the right hand and on the left a motley group is seen. There is, first of all, a racing man, with jockey, whip, and sporting paper. Then a scientist, holding before him a glass tube, absorbed in watching the result of some experiment. Then one of the butterflies of society, fresh from the ball-room, with her attendant cavalier, who bends over her as if whispering something in her ear. A little flower-girl is pressing a bunch of sweet violets upon the lady’s notice. Behind the girl sits a desolate, forlorn-looking object, nestling her new-born babe to her breast.

On the right of the picture we see a socialist orator addressing a mob of men, who wave their hands and hats in frantic applause. A soldier is there in uniform and Brodrick cap; a vestment-clad ecclesiastic, with closed eyes and sanctimonious expression; a parson of a different school, with open book, endeavouring to argue with the priest; a hospital nurse; a

student ; a bare-armed workman with a pickaxe across his shoulder ; a newsboy, upon whose placard we can trace out sensational announcements of a robbery, a divorce, and the winners of a race.

Of all the throng only the hospital nurse is turning to look upon the Saviour, and she with a countenance more expressive of repugnance and dread than of anything else. The others, differing so widely in their character, their position, their occupation, their tastes, are alike in this respect, that they manifest the most absolute indifference to the One in the centre of the picture. As far as they are concerned, He is truly the “ Despised and Rejected.”

Yet they are samples of the men and women who surround us on every hand, denizens of this big world in which we live.

Possibly, if you were an acquaintance of the painter, he would have depicted *you* among the crowd. And if he had represented you as showing the same supreme indifference towards Christ as the others, would it not have been the truth ?

You may not share the gross infidelity of the presumptuous Countess of Hanover, but are you one of the multitude to whom the Saviour is “ the Despised and Rejected ” ?

Have you ever turned to Him with gratitude in your heart for all that He has done for you ? Have you ever looked to Him in faith ? Have you cried to Him for salvation ?

Or are you still amongst the indifferent and

OR, INFIDELITY AND INDIFFERENCE. 29

unconcerned? If so, there is a sermon for you in Goetze's painting. He who is now "Despised and Rejected" by the many is soon to appear in glory and power. "Every eye shall see Him." (*Rev. i. 7.*) None will be indifferent then. Panic will seize those who are now so unconcerned.

Reader, your whole future destiny hangs upon your attitude towards Christ. If He is your *accepted Saviour* and *confessed Lord* all will be well with you throughout countless years to come. If, on the other hand, you are still one of the thoughtless crowd to whom He is the "Despised and Rejected," no tongue or pen can describe the horror of the future that awaits you.

One more thing remains to be told. In the background of the picture stands an angel wrapped in gloom, as if unable to solve the mystery of earth's indifference to heaven's Lord.

A sight indeed it is for angels to muse over, that their Creator should offer Himself as a Saviour for sinful men, and that men should not care to accept Him!

May I give you, once again, the invitation in my Master's name?

*"Come! for angel hosts are musing
O'er this sight, so strangely sad;
God beseeching, man refusing,
To be made for ever glad."*

Whether it is infidelity or indifference that

30 COMMON OBJECTIONS BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.

keeps you from Christ matters little. Both are deadly. Either will rob you of your soul. Be persuaded: turn to the Lord at once and be blessed. "Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live." (*Isaiah lv. 3.*) H. P. B.

Common Objections Briefly Considered.

I am doing the best I can, I shall not be far wrong in the end.

MY friend, you deceive yourself. You are *not* doing the *best* you can—that your friends and neighbours know right well. Allowing that to pass, however, you must face this, that God has a standard by which He measures, and that standard is absolute perfection—"the glory of God." You talk of "doing your *best*." God says, "There is none that doeth *good*, no not one." (*Rom. iii. 12.*) You talk of "not being far wrong in the end." God says, "All have sinned, and *come short* of the glory of God." (*Rom. iii. 23.*) You have come short of the divine standard, and whether *far* wrong in the end or not, you will certainly be *wrong* in the end. That is the point; for in the matter of obtaining salvation a miss is as good as a mile.

And Satan—oh, the pity of it!—is using these ideas to blind you to the greatness of God's salvation, which through the precious

COMMON OBJECTIONS BRIEFLY CONSIDERED. 31

blood of Christ has been provided for sinners, whose very best falls far short of His holy and unalterable demands. Be wise in time and accept salvation on God's terms.

An eternity of suffering cannot be a just punishment for a short lifetime of sin.

The Lord Jesus spoke very plainly as to the future of the lost. He said "these shall go away into everlasting punishment." (*Matt. xxv. 46.*) You pronounce this unjust, and therefore deny it. Are you, then, a better judge of what is just and right than He?

Do not forget that *one* sin of Adam's closed the gate of an earthly paradise against him and his posterity *for ever*. God did that, for sin is to Him perfectly abhorrent. Was it just? Yes or no. Dare you say, No? Then man, repent of your wickedness, for "who art thou that repliest against God?" Will you say, Yes? Then you think that eternal banishment from God cannot be a just result to flow from a lifetime of sin and neglected opportunities of salvation.

Leave others out of the question, and think of yourself alone. You have had, and are having, countless opportunities of salvation. You let them slip. You die a sinner in your sins, and leave the world of change for the world where everything is fixed. You must go into the eternal dark of banishment from God. The door closes behind you for ever, and your blood is upon your own head.

32 COMMON OBJECTIONS BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.

I am waiting for God's time, and can do nothing until it comes.

There is a mistake somewhere. You cannot be *waiting* for God's time, for the simple reason that God's time is *now*. "Come *now*, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." (*Isa. i. 18.*) "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (*II Cor. vi. 2.*)

But, though not waiting for God's time, you *are* waiting, and thus neglecting the great salvation. You belong to one of two classes. Perhaps you are a fatalist, looking upon yourself as a piece of mere machinery, controlled by a blind fate, and forgetting that you are a responsible creature. You forget, too, that, as far as God is concerned, He desires "all men to be saved" (*See I Tim. ii. 4*), and that the hitch is not with Him, but with you. "Ye *will not* come to Me, that ye might have life," (*John v. 40.*) True, you cannot *do* anything, but you certainly *can* submit, you *can* yield. Submit, then, at once. Perhaps, however, you are a trifler, and this is a mere quibble to cover your follies or your sins. O trifler! "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

God is too good to consign any to perdition.

You say that God is good. From whence did you get that information? Not from nature, nor from the world, for death, destruction, and misery mark both. That idea comes from the Bible. To the Bible, then, let us

turn. Mark these words: "*The Lord God . . . abundant in goodness and truth . . . and that will by no means clear the guilty.*" (*Ex. xxxiv. 6-7.*) Again: "*Despisest thou the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.*" (*Rom. ii. 4-5.*)

You travel on, O sinner, to the day of righteous judgment and of wrath! But God is good—He is, but His goodness expresses itself not in a silly and weak-kneed sentimentality, that passes over everything and makes no distinction between right and wrong, but in seeking to lead you to repentance. To reject God's goodness is to invite His judgment. "Except ye repent, ye *SHALL* all likewise perish." (*Luke xiii. 3.*)

F. B. H.

No, Thank You.

IT was night, and too dark to discern the features of the passers-by. It struck me that it would be a good opportunity to offer a few gospel books to those who might be too proud to receive them in daylight.

The first recipient, upon his own confession, was a tramp, and most gratefully he received

it, and I passed on gladdened, lifting up my heart that God would use the book as an instrument in His hand for the man's blessing.

Next came along a lady and gentleman, whose voices were easily recognisable. On offering them a book the gentleman most politely said, "*No, thank you!*" I passed on saddened, feeling how inexpressibly solemn it would be if they treated God as politely in refusing His offers of salvation, as they treated me in declining the little book containing those offers.

Friend, bear with me. Whether you are a tramp limping along life's highway, or refined and educated, *you need salvation*. You have sinned against your Creator again and again. Your sins have separated you from Him, and there must come a settlement sooner or later.

But we have glad good news. God Himself has taken up your case, and in the Person and by the work of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, all His claims against sin have been met, so that He can meet you as a Saviour-God.

Do not say politely to God, "No, thank You!" It would be terrible if He took you at your word, and you could not blame Him if He did.

On the contrary, bow the knee, receive the offer of salvation, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall receive the Father's kiss of forgiveness, the best robe, the ring, the sandals, the right royal welcome to His heart and heaven.

F. G. W.

Grace for the Guilty. 35

WE were sitting in a railway carriage in South Wales whilst a friend was standing on the platform waiting to see us off.

For the benefit of our fellow-passengers he said in the hearing of all, *There is grace for THE GUILTY because there was judgment for THE INNOCENT.*

For the sake of a larger audience we pen these pithy words, and trust that many may be blessed by them. They are well worth pondering over. They contain the truth of the gospel, the great truth of substitution.

All of Adam's race are guilty. Only one perfect Man has been in this world, God's Son, the Lord Jesus, and this blessed One has died for sinners. In the words of Scripture,

"Christ . . . once suffered for sins, the JUST for the UNJUST, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.)

There it is—*the just for the unjust*. Does it not touch your heart to think that the Lord Jesus came all the way from glory to the cross of shame to die for you? You are the unjust, the guilty; He the just, the innocent, and in love He took your place that God might be able *righteously* to forgive.

Weigh well that statement—*There is grace for THE GUILTY because there was judgment for THE INNOCENT*. Write the sentence out, substituting "me" for "the guilty," and "Christ" for the innocent," and receive this wondrous grace. It is for you. In faith accept it.

A. J. P.

BREVITIES.

BARABBAS or JESUS?

That is *THE* question, and it awaits *your* answer. One *or* other it must be. *Both* it cannot be. In some form this question comes to everybody.

It came to *Gallio*, and he said :—

“I will be no judge of such matters.”

(*Acts xviii. 15.*) He refused to consider the question. He did not wish his worldly ease disturbed. The language of his *lips* might be—Indifference; the language of his *heart* was—“*Barabbas.*”

It came to *Felix*, and he said :—

“When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.” (*Acts xxiv. 25.*) Instead of committing himself to a definite decision he put it off. But “he who hesitates is lost.” The language of his *lips* might be—Procrastination; the language of his *heart* was—“*Barabbas.*”

It came to *Festus*, and he said :—

“I doubted of such manner of questions,”

(*Acts xxv. 20.*) He did not know, and thought that nobody could know. Evidently he did not care to know. Though the language of his *lips* was Scepticism, the language of his *heart* was—“*Barabbas.*”

It came to *Agrippa*, and he said :—

“Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.” (*Acts xxvi. 28.*) Conscience-smitten through Paul’s mighty appeal, he threw off the impression with a jest. Alas! though the language of his *lips* was “Almost persuaded,” the language of his *heart* was—“*Barabbas.*”

Now, reader, it is *your turn*. What do you say? Out with it like a man. Let your language be plain. *Yes or No?* BARABBAS or JESUS? Join in saying :—

“—*my immortal choice is made—*

CHRIST FOR ME.” F. B. H.

The Name above Every Name.

IN the town of Woolwich some years ago a Christian visited an old man on his death-bed. He was anxious to find out if he was prepared to die.

“*Where will your soul go after death?*” he questioned.

“*To heaven, I hope,*” was the answer, sadly and doubtfully given.

“*Whom do you know in heaven?*” was the next question.

He hoped that by way of answer he would mention the Name above every name, the Name that fills heaven with endless praise.

“*My mother,*” was his reply.

The Christian asked him still further, “*Whom else do you know in heaven?*”

The dying man, upon being pressed, enlarged the circle of his acquaintances in heaven till he had enumerated father, mother, grandparents, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, cousins, friends, and ministers.

But THE NAME was never mentioned, and the visitor could only come to the sad conclusion that the old man did not know the Lord. He put the gospel before him, and then left.

It was a Sunday afternoon, and the Christian visitor was returning home down the High Street, when he was startled by the sound of hoofs and the rumble of wheels. Turning round he saw a runaway horse dragging a cab after it, in full flight down the narrow street.

To his horror he saw a little girl right in front of the danger. He dashed forward and snatched her from before the horse's feet, just in time to save her from being run over.

"*Whatever would have happened to you, my child, if you had been killed?*" he exclaimed.

Clear as a bell, not sadly and doubtfully, the answer came, "*I should have gone to heaven, Sir.*"

"*Whom do you know there?*" he asked.

"*JESUS, Sir,*" was her answer.

What need to ask her more?

And you, reader? Do you *know* Jesus? Not a school child in this favoured land but knows *about* Him. But do you *know* HIM?

"This is life eternal, that they might KNOW Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." (*John xvii. 3.*)

"*Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee.*" (*Job xxii. 21.*)

A. J. P.

The Raiatean's Reply to the Officers of the "Seringapatam."

TIDINGS of the wonderful work of God in the island of Raiatea had travelled far and wide, and had reached the ears of the Commander of H.M.S. "Seringapatam" while on a cruise in the South Seas.

OFFICERS OF THE "SERINGAPATAM." 39

Through the labours of the devoted John Williams, the Gospel had made great headway amongst the islanders. Hundreds had turned to the Lord, amongst whom was Tamatoa, the king, and many of the chiefs.

No doubt amongst the multitudes that assembled from time to time to hear the truths of Christianity propounded, many were influenced by motives that were not of the highest order. But beyond question, numbers were truly converted to God, and by their faithful testimony and changed lives gave evidence of the reality of their profession. King Tamatoa himself was wont to press upon his subjects the need of reality.

"Let not our profession," he said, "be like the bamboo, which, when lighted, blazes most furiously, but leaves no firebrand or charcoal behind for future use."

But the commander and officers of the "Seringapatam," were inclined to be somewhat sceptical as to the piety and sincerity of the native converts. When, therefore, their ship touched at Raiatea, they went ashore to make inquiries and to judge for themselves of the character of the work.

John Williams, who happened to be on the island at the time of their visit, suggested that the officers should themselves examine the converts. This they proceeded to do. To one house after another they went, putting questions and obtaining answers that convinced them that the erstwhile heathen were

sincere and intelligent in their profession of Christianity.

At one house, they asked a man who had formerly been a priest of the idol-worship, "Do you believe the Bible to be the Word of God, and Christianity to be of Divine origin?"

The man immediately began to move his fingers and wrists. He then opened and closed his mouth; after which, lifting his leg, he swung it in different directions.

"I have hinges all over me," he replied; "if I wish to handle anything, the hinges in my hands enable me to do it. If I want to utter anything, the hinges to my jaws enable me to say it. If I wish to go anywhere, here are hinges to my legs to enable me to walk. When I look into the Bible I see there proofs of wisdom which correspond exactly with those which appear in my frame. I conclude therefore that the Maker of my body is the Author of that Book."

Perhaps, reader, *you* have never considered how wonderfully your body is made. Any surgeon could tell you of mechanisms and devices in various parts of the human frame that bear irrefutable testimony to the infinite wisdom and consummate skill of the Maker. Those who are familiar with the Bible can in like manner bear witness to its marvellous perfections which speak eloquently and convincingly of its Divine authorship.

Does it not strike you that a being so wonderfully constructed as *you* are must have

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been formed to move in a wider orbit than your present one? "YOU" are more than a mere body. Your body, wonderful piece of workmanship though it be, is but the case that contains the still more valuable contents. "Spirit and soul and body" (1 *Thess. v. 23*) make up the "YOU" that must live as long as God lives.

Would not true wisdom lead a being like yourself to give more than a passing thought to the question of your future destiny?

And does not a book like the Bible deserve something better at your hands than to be placed upon the shelf in company with other volumes? It is a book that has by its teaching brought sunshine into the lives of untold millions; it has done more than any other book to change the course of history; it has outlived the opposition of centuries; it claims and carries with it an authority that makes rivalry an impossibility; since its advent into the world, it has been the close and constant companion of the best men and women that have lived, and loved, and laboured. WHAT IS THAT BOOK TO YOU?

It teaches the way of salvation: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts xvi. 31.*)

It brings promises, like cheques from the bank of heaven, to the weary and the sinful: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (*John vi. 37.*)

It declares that a day of reckoning is coming:

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“Every one of us shall give account of himself to God.” (*Rom. xiv. 12.*)

It witnesses to the efficacy of Christ's atonement:
“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (*1 John i. 7.*)

A thousand other truths are found in the sacred volume; and to sum the whole matter up, it is like a finger-post pointing every reader to Him who is the subject and substance of its teaching, and who alone is “the Way, the Truth, and the Life.”

May you understand, reader, as the Christian islander of Raiatea did, that the Maker of your being and the Author of the Book are ONE; that the Book is intended to enlighten and command the being; and that the being is only wise when he believes and obeys the Book.

H. P. B.

Common Objections Briefly Considered.

“I am quite young yet; may I not wait until I am older?”

NOT if you *value* your soul. Of course, it is obvious that you *may* choose to wait.

Only remember that every hour sees your prospects darkening, and there is a proverb which says, “He who hesitates is LOST.” And why this strange anxiety for delay? Is it not because you have a totally perverted idea of the Gospel? To you it is as a noxious drug, a kind of nauseous black draught—to be taken

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eventually, of course, since your life depends upon it; meanwhile to be placed on the shelf as long as safety permits. The very word "*Gospel*," however, means "*good news*," and my Bible says, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." (*Prov. xxv. 25.*) Dip the glass in the crystal spring, and offer it to the *thirsty* traveller. Does he say, "May I not wait?" Ah! if you but knew the depth of your guilt and need, how eagerly you would seize God's proffered mercy and deliverance from sin's penalty and power. If you miss it in your youth you are not likely to find it in your old age.

"I believe in making the best of both worlds."

A tempting creed, truly, but one that is not so easy when it is a question of putting it into practice. An old fable tells us of a certain dog which, crossing a stream on a plank, bearing a bone in his mouth, saw the bone reflected in the water, and, considering that two bones were better than one, he eagerly snapped at the shadow. With what result? Only this—that he lost his bone and the shadow vanished. That dog's creed was evidently, "I believe in making the best of both bones." Put into practice, however, it meant that both were lost.

Friend, have you never yet discovered that this world is but a passing shadow? "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof." (*1 John ii. 17.*) Make the best of it if you will,

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but see how quickly it slips through your fingers. You *die*, and in eternity you will discover with awful dismay that in making the best of the shadow you have missed the substance.

If you *really* possess the substance you will not trouble about the shadow; and remember it is written, "Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." (*James iv. 4.*)

"Time enough to repent when I am on my death-bed."

The fact of the matter is just this. You are being grievously duped by the devil.

You may never have a death-bed. Yours may be a sudden death. A few faltering steps, a fall, a sigh, and then in a moment *death*. Time for absolutely nothing!

And *if* you were to die thus suddenly you would discover that it is emphatically *not* the time or place for the settlement of eternal questions. But—the dying thief! at the eleventh hour! True; yet remember, as a case it stands alone, a solitary exception; and, further, with nothing to show he had ever enjoyed an opportunity before. It was his *last* chance; it probably was his *first*. How many neglected opportunities will rise against you in the day of judgment?

But are not death-bed repentances common? No, very rare. I will tell you, however, what is sadly common,—*death-bed fright*. Beware lest you join the multitude whose history runs

COMMON OBJECTIONS BRIEFLY CONSIDERED. 45

thus : A wordly God-forgetting life, a death-bed of scare and anxious forebodings of judgment, prayer, perhaps sacrament-taking, a few penitent expressions, *death*, and a drop into a lost eternity. One word more. "God . . . NOW commandeth all men everywhere to repent." (*Acts xvii. 30.*)

"But what about the heathen?"

There are some folk who find in the heathen excellent raw material for the manufacture of shields of unbelief wherewith to turn aside the keen edge of the sword of the Spirit and their own consciences. Are you one of them? To reject God's salvation because you don't understand the destiny of the heathen is about as sensible—or otherwise—as the procedure of some drowning man, who flings from him the friendly lifebelt because he cannot fully comprehend the principles which govern its floating properties.

But after all, what about the heathen? Why! simply this: God will deal with them in perfect righteousness. "Shall not the Judge of *all* the earth do right?" (*Gen. xviii. 25.*) Nothing will happen to them except what is perfectly right and just, and you too have to stand before a God of perfect justice. What will become of *you*? Transfer a little of this concern from the heathen to your own case; for what with your sins, sins against light and knowledge, *hell* must be your portion, and no mistake. Weep not for the heathen, *weep for yourself.*

F. B. H.

The End of the Voyage.

EVERYBODY was astir and all seemed more or less excited, for the port was at length in sight. The long voyage with its tossings and sickness, monotony and frivolities was at an end, and few seemed sorry that it was so. There were two people on board, however, whose feelings must have been vastly different as the good ship neared the jetty. One was on the tiptoe of expectation, eagerly straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of the one who was to make her his bride on the coming day. The other, a poor criminal, in charge of an officer of the law, going to meet the judge for a very serious offence.

As I watched the faces of the two I fell to musing. I thought of the voyage across the waters of Time to the shore of Eternity, a voyage which all are taking. I thought of the end of the voyage when the trifles of Time, its sins and pleasures, will be left behind. Ah! what kind of a reception will the voyagers receive when they reach the end of the journey, and what will their feelings be as they approach the vast forever?

The Word of God can tell us: we learn from its sacred pages that every man, woman and child belongs to one of two companies. One company, like the bride on our ship, will meet the Bridegroom. He shall meet them amid the triumphant shouts of heaven, for they are dear

to Him. He loved them and gave Himself for them, and ransomed, blood-washed, and saved for ever they shall share His home and His throne as His bride.

Alas! for the other company, they shall meet the Judge. Nor is there any doubt as to how the case will go with them; they are "condemned already," and at the judgment bar of the great white throne will receive in perfect justice their eternal sentence. But what makes the difference between these two companies? Are not all sinners alike? Yes, truly, "all have sinned," but some have believed God's wondrous gospel; they have heard and believed that "God is Love"; they, by faith, have seen the way in which He has proved His love in giving Jesus to die for them, and knowing themselves to be sinners, indeed, they have fully accepted God's wondrous salvation, which is in the Lord Jesus Christ. The other company—the judgment bound sinners—are not worse than those who are on their way to heaven, but they reject or neglect God's offered mercy—they will not have His salvation. They have turned from Jesus, and beside Him there is no Saviour. The only just and possible consequence of their folly is judgment after death and the lake of fire forever. Have you thought of the end of the voyage, my reader? and, if so, how will you meet it? Are you looking for the Bridegroom or dreading the meeting with the Judge?

J. T. M.

BREVITIES.

CONVERSION.

The conversion of Saul of Tarsus was a sample one. Every genuine conversion, though not accompanied by the same outward manifestations, runs on the same lines. Notice

What he saw: "A light from heaven" which surpassed the best and brightest he had ever known. The truly converted man has seen something far beyond anything to be found on earth. He has seen *Jesus* in all His love and grace and saving power.

What he did: "Fell to the earth." He was utterly humbled and abased by what he saw. He discovered that his whole life had been one huge mistake. There and then he abandoned his opposition to the name of Christ.

What he heard: "A voice saying unto him." That voice revealed to him the uselessness of the course he had been pursuing. He had only been kicking against the pricks. His strength had been spent in vain.

What he said: "Lord!" He acknowledged himself now to be the subject of the One who had overcome him. Henceforth He was to be his all in all—the Saviour of his soul, the Lord of his life.

What he became: "A chosen vessel." Having been saved, he became serviceable. He would be the faithful and earnest servant of Him to whom he owed so much; not from fear, or a mere sense of duty, but from *love* and *gratitude*.

Reader, have you had a conversion like this? Read the whole story in Acts ix.

H. P. B.

The Mother's Rock.

“**D**EEP in a forest of tropical South America, not far from the ruins of an Indian village, Alexander Humboldt was shown a rock outstanding, called ‘*The Mother's Rock.*’

“In the days of the Spanish Conquest, the invaders had raided that village and carried away prisoners—among them a young Indian woman who left three little ones behind. They went by river, and travelled at night, that the captives might see no landmarks to help them to find their way back again. But the mother, lying fast bound at the bottom of the boat, watched the stars, and judged of the course by them. The way was long—three days’ journey, I think, but I write from memory—and when the Spanish camp was reached, the young mother was still kept tightly bound. But the cry of her babes was in her ears—the call that is the same in every language. She bit through the cords—sped unseen, noiseless, with her bare feet and dusky form, out of the camp in the darkness, and plunged into the forest where the eyes of the wild beasts glared. She heeded not; and the fierce creatures never touched her—as if they knew! She swam rivers and waded morasses—fought her way through thorn and thicket, guided by the stars at night and the sun by day, with the wild fruits for food—till she reached her children,

and dropped down, spent and bleeding, but in a rapture of joy, her dark babies in her arms, clinging to her.

“The Spaniards followed, and found her—tore her from her children, scourged her without mercy, and brought her back. Again she escaped and made her way across flood and forest, home to her babes: again they followed and brought her back, after such punishment as left her helpless. But no sooner had a little strength returned than once more she fled—dragged her spent limbs over the terrible distance, and sank at last, utterly exhausted, but by her children's side—the soft arms round her, the little lips and cheeks pressed to hers.

“The Spaniards were upon her quickly this time, for she had been long on the way. Hardly had she drawn one draught of utter bliss when they were there—seized her, and bound her to a rock. There they scourged and scourged her, and her blood streamed red over the rock, until she sank and died; and up to near a hundred years ago it was still called after her, ‘*The Mother's Rock.*’ ”

A story like this has lived for many, many years, and it well deserves to live. But there is a story that has lived for nigh two thousand years. It is called the Old, Old Story. It will live for eternity.

Reader, your heart has been touched as you read the story of the poor black mother's devotion to her offspring. Your heart is not human were it not so. But oh! has your

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heart ever been moved by the Story of Calvary?

The mother died for her offspring, the Saviour died for His *foes*. We have reprinted the story of "The Mother's Rock" to lead you to think of The Saviour's Cross. Get your Bible and read the story of it—the most touching and transfiguring story of all time; a tale not to be compared with the most touching on earth. The most moving earthly story that man could pen only affords a contrast to the wonderful story of the ages.

Shall that story have no charm for your ears? If the Saviour died for *you*, and you do not avail yourself of His love, then the most solemn of all questions will seek an answer one day from your despairing heart, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" There is none, positively none, and that is why we are anxious to get your ear as to the story of all stories.

**"I have found out the reason they loved it so well,
That old, old story is true."**

Yes, true, as myriads of poor, repentant sinners have found out. True, that God is a Saviour-God. True, that the believer on the Lord Jesus Christ is saved eternally.

Will you trust the Lord? You have everything to gain by doing so, and everything to lose by refusing.

A. J. P.

Señor Hyppolyto's Conversion.

FOR twenty years Senor Hyppolyto was one of the most popular and brilliant priests of the Romish church in Brazil. A complete master of more than one language, and a man of great oratorical ability, he was looked upon as a prospective bishop.

In the year 1898 he was selected by the Romish authorities to give a course of lectures against Protestantism, and in order that he might have the necessary local status for this was appointed vicar of one of the most influential city churches.

To fit himself for the work before him, he procured a copy of the New Testament, and applied himself diligently to the study of it.

Then, the better to know what the "heretics" taught he went night after night, under cover of darkness, to listen to the preaching of the Protestant missionary, Dr. Tarboux. Standing outside the building, secure from observation, he heard every word.

As this studying and learning went on, Senor Hyppolyto began to feel that the people to whom he was so violently opposed had a rest and joy in God to which he was an utter stranger. Well he knew that even amongst the most zealous and sincere of his co-religionists there was not to be found this peace, this rejoicing of soul that the hated Protestants possessed.

At last, under deep conviction of sin, he

sought an interview with the missionary. With tears in his eyes he said : "*I want you to tell me how to be saved, for I am not saved.*"

The way of salvation was explained to him. He was shown that the gulf which sin has created between God and man is too deep, and too vast to be bridged by penance, or prayers, or good works, or anything that the sinner can do. The only bridge across the gulf is that which was built at Calvary. The work of Christ, the merits of His atoning blood, alone suffice to save the believing sinner. In Christ alone is salvation to be obtained.

It was not long before the enquirer found the Saviour whom he sought. He was filled with "joy and peace in believing." An experience hitherto unknown filled his soul.

His conversion created a profound sensation in Brazil, especially amongst the Romish ecclesiastics. All sorts of means were resorted to to bring him back, and all kinds of offers and concessions made, but Senor Hyppolyto now stood on the Rock of Ages, and nothing could move him.

He who might have been a bishop is to-day a humble itinerant preacher of the Gospel. His life is sometimes in danger. He knows that he may at any time fall beneath the blow of the assassin's knife, but the love of Christ constrains him to devote his life to the spread of the glad tidings amongst his fellow-countrymen.

Reader, which would you rather be: the

brilliant, popular favourite *without Christ*, or the humble, despised preacher *with Christ for your portion*?

“*Men of the world*,” we are told, “have their portion *in this life*.” (*Psalm xvii. 14.*) *Men of God* may suffer the loss of all things here, and may end their days at the martyr’s stake, but they have “an inheritance . . . that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven” for them.

Make the wise choice. Let your watchword be, “Christ, only Christ, for my Saviour, and His precious blood my only plea.” H. P. B.

Is Christ Really Coming?

I WAS pacing up and down the platform, waiting for my train to return home, after having preached the Gospel in the town of —, when the clear voice of the porter awakened me from my reverie—“Purley, Croydon, Norwood, London Bridge train!”

In a few moments the long line of carriages had drawn up, and the passengers had pressed in, and seated themselves for their journey. I took my place in a third-class compartment in which there was only one other passenger, and he, a gentlemanly-looking man, was half hidden behind his Sunday paper.

Almost as soon as we had started I leaned forward and said to him, “Can you tell me, sir, if Christ is really coming back again?”

He dropped his paper, and, staring at me in evident astonishment, said, "I don't understand you at all. *What do you mean?*"

I replied, "I have heard that CHRIST JESUS, who was once here on earth, is alive and is SITTING UPON THE THRONE OF HEAVEN, and that HE IS COMING BACK to take up His great power and reign in the world. Can you tell me if it is true?"

My companion looked at me for a minute or two like a man scared, and then very slowly he answered:

"Well, yes, I believe Christ is coming back again, but it is difficult to realise."

"Yes," said I, "it is difficult to realise, but if it is true, how will it affect our lives; for it seems to me that things cannot go on as they are if He comes?"

"But," said my fellow-passenger, "I don't think Christ will come yet, for I fancy I have heard that there are to be wars and rumours of wars and great happenings in the world, and the faith of men will disappear."

"Ah, no!" said I, "I hear that He is to come mysteriously first, and those who know and love Him will be taken away, whereas those who have neglected Him will know nothing about it until it is too late." Tell me," said I, "are you ready to meet Him?"

Alas! his answer was very indefinite, and having reached his station he bade me good night and passed out.

I remained alone to think over the subject

which impressed me so much. "THIS SAME JESUS . . . SHALL SO COME IN LIKE MANNER AS YE HAVE SEEN HIM GO." (*Acts i. 11.*) "THE LORD HIMSELF SHALL DESCEND FROM HEAVEN WITH A SHOUT." (*I Thess. iv. 16.*)

Reader, ARE YOU READY TO MEET HIM? If not, I beseech you go down upon your knees now as this paper is in your hand, and own Him as your Lord, and trust Him as your Saviour.

He will receive you, and He will bless you, and you will then join the writer in an earnest cry to Him—"Come, Lord Jesus." R. B.

Thousands Striving.

I THOUGHT one day I would search for the people, who were striving to enter in at the strait gate, the narrow door, and in my dream I wended my way to the Halls of Science. I saw the astronomer turn his telescope to pierce the mysteries of yonder starry heaven; I watched the geologist with his hammer make the very stones disclose their secrets; I marked the wise physician intent on finding some new alleviation of suffering, some fresh remedy for the ills which afflict mankind. But when I asked: "Gentlemen, are you striving to enter in at the strait gate?" the astronomer turned upon me the pitying look one bestows on a child or on a person deficient in natural wit, and answered, "Such a question is out of place here."

Another scene rose before me. The hum of many voices was in my ear, the sounds of some eager conflict. I was in the Exchange of a busy city. Surely here are signs of some earnest striving, was my unuttered comment. A benevolent-looking man approached, to whom I timidly put my question :

“Sir, are these men striving to enter in at the strait gate ? ” His gaze saddened as he said, “I am afraid most of them have not even heard of it.”

Again, it seemed in my vision, I passed into another world—the world of refinement, of art, of literature—and there, too, men suffered, and strove, and toiled, but their striving was not to enter in at the strait gate ; it was for fame they toiled, for the laurel wreath of popular applause, for the fading crown of earthly honour and reputation. Disappointed I said, I need not ask here ; I will seek my answer in the religious world.

Presently I espied one whose garb betokened his sacred calling, and at once I questioned, “Do you strive to enter in at the strait gate ?”

“Sir,” said he, “are you aware that your question is altogether out of date ? Doubtless the exhortation was very necessary for the illiterate fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, but in this cultured age we have removed the boundaries and enlarged the entrance. There is no longer any ‘strait gate,’ ” and he passed on.

Effort belongs to youth, I soliloquised. I will seek the young ; perchance they may know

that which seems to be hidden from the eyes of men. I knew well where they were. I found them in the tennis court, on the golf course, in the concert room, the opera house, all earnestly seeking—but what? Pleasure! I laid my hand gently on the arm of a fair girl, and asked: “Are you striving to enter in at the strait gate?” “No,” she briefly answered.

“But are not these the words of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself?” “Yes,” she said, more thoughtfully.

“And did He mean them?” Very slowly and reluctantly her answer came: “I suppose so.”

“Do you not think, then, that you should strive to enter in at ‘the strait gate’?”

A sound roused me. My dream was over; but it was painfully like reality. Reader, what answer have you to this momentous question? Do you not think *you* should strive to enter in at “the strait gate,” for many will seek to enter in and shall not be able?

A little boy was crying at the end of a Gospel meeting in Yorkshire because he didn’t want to be shut out. Have you ever pondered the possibility of your being shut out? You, for whom the precious Gospel has no charm. You have heard it so often, and have not obeyed it. The day may soon come when you shall seek to enter in and *shall not be able*—
SHALL NOT BE ABLE.

Once more, with all the loving entreaty my soul is capable of, let me ring these words in your ears:

“ Strive to enter in at the strait gate : for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.” (Luke xiii. 24.) L. R.

A Contrast.

HOW often we have seen outside a place of business, displayed in prominent letters, the notice, “A SPECIAL DAY”? On such days articles are to be bought a trifle cheaper, or something is to be given in with purchases; and see what a rush there is for the advantage.

Reader, I would earnestly remind you, *you* are living in “A SPECIAL DAY”—*a very special day*, even “*the day of salvation.*” And oh! see the few that avail themselves of it. Have you availed yourself of it?

You have not! Then you have not yet realised your position before God.

I am all seriousness. Listen to what *God* says: “*All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.*” (*Rom. iii. 23.*) Does not that include you? Most assuredly; and God *must* judge you for your sins. He cannot pass them over. But oh! the wondrous grace of God. He says, “I have found a ransom.” (*Job xxxiii. 24.*) “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.” (*John i. 29.*)

God has provided a Substitute, even the Lord Jesus Christ, who bore the judgment due to sin, so that by believing on that Substitute you may not only be free and forgiven, but

spend eternity with that blessed Redeemer. What grace! What love! Won't you trust Him? "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 *Cor. vi. 2.*)

But there is a solemn warning. God says: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." (*Gen. vi. 3.*) This may be your last warning. Oh! then, dear reader, believe on Him before it is too late. S. H.

Saved by a Look.

YES, you may be saved by a look; and what can be more simple? But it must be a heart-look—not the mere casual glance of the passer-by, but the deep, earnest look of one who realises who it is that bids him look, and why he has to look.

The bitten Israelite, dying from the serpent's bite, looked, believing that there was life in the look, and so there was. He looked only at the brazen serpent; he did not look at others; he did not look at himself. He felt death in himself, and he wanted life; and he looked to get life. *And so must you.*

Listen again to the words of Jesus: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." (*John iii. 14, 15.*)

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." (*Isaiah xlv. 22.*) H. W.

The Man at the Look-out.

TWO days out from the St. Lawrence, our gallant ship was ploughing her way through the stormy seas that wash the bleak, barren coasts of Labrador.

Suddenly a cry broke upon our ears: "Ice ahead!"

It was the voice of *the man at the look-out*. From his point of vantage he had caught a glimpse of something that was still invisible to us as we strode up and down the lower deck.

Far on the eastern horizon he had seen a huge, floating mountain of ice. Should the ship by any means come into collision with that white, glistening mass, it would mean almost certain destruction. But the timely warning from the man at the look-out enabled the helmsman to change the course of the vessel before it got too close, and thus to pass in safety.

Christian workers, preachers of the gospel, tract writers and distributors, and all who seek to win souls for Christ are as *men at the look-out*. Our duty is to warn you that danger and destruction lie ahead.

Do not imagine that we claim to be wonder-

ful people, or that we consider ourselves better than others. No, indeed. We are simply people that have made a discovery. We found out that we were in terrible peril. Our sins had well-nigh driven us upon the rocks of eternal perdition. But we learned where refuge and shelter were to be found. We fled to Jesus, and have obtained salvation through Him.

This is why we warn *you*. We look ahead, and though *you* may not see them, we see gathering upon the horizon of your life, the thick clouds of judgment and doom. We see you travelling on, heedless of your peril, and with the friendliest of feelings we flash the danger-signal across your path.

To one of His look-out men of old, the Lord said: "Give them warning from Me." (*Ezek. iii. 17.*) This is what we seek to do. Will you let us warn *you*?

But there is another who wishes you to heed his voice. He does his best to persuade you that there is no danger, and that those who so earnestly warn you are fools and fanatics.

When the Apostle Paul faithfully warned the centurion, Julius, as to the danger of the course he was bent upon pursuing, the "master and owner of the ship" contradicted him, and succeeded in making the centurion believe that all was well, and that there was no cause for alarm.

This is what *Satan* tries to make men believe. He whispers in the ears of one that there is

“plenty of time yet.” He persuades another that though *some* have a black prospect before them, yet all is well for those who try to lead a moral life and pay their way in the world honestly. He induces a third to launch out upon a course of religious observances in the hope of escaping the danger by that means. But these are delusions and snares.

God, who made you and loves you, tells you plainly that doom awaits the impenitent. But He also points out the true, the only, way of escape.

The atoning work which Jesus accomplished, when He shed His blood upon the cross, is the sinner’s only hope. By means of it his sins may be washed away. In virtue of that precious blood, he may be made safe and happy.

How is this priceless boon to be obtained? In one way only, the way of *believing on Jesus*. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (*Acts xvi. 31.*)

This “believing” puzzles some people, but in reality it is very simple. It does not mean a mere conviction of the truth of the Bible, or of the Deity of Christ, or of the efficacy of the Atonement. It includes all this; but it goes further. Saving faith is the heart’s confidence in Jesus as the Saviour. In staking all your hopes upon *Him*, in trusting Him to do for *you* what He has promised to do for all who come to Him, you will find salvation.

Reader; do you, in this true sense of the word, believe on Jesus? H. P. B.

Reason Gone Mad!

IN France, on September 30th, 1863, infidelity had a golden chance to show how superior it was to Christianity. Under the banner of reason men had acted as if reason had gone mad. Traditional beliefs had been given up, men had become more like wild beasts than reasonable creatures, and the upheaval has been most justly described as "The Reign of Terror." What an opportunity when infidelity had got all into its power to show how much better it was than Christianity! How completely it failed; for, indeed, there can be no more damning accusation against infidelity than to soberly read the historian's account of what was done at that time.

Let us take a peep inside the historic cathedral of Nôtre Dame on the day in question. Alsace, goddess of reason, sits enthroned on the altar. They dress her in white robes, cover her shoulders with a blue mantle, place the red cap on her head and a pike in her hand. Oh, the pity of the show! for hollow, vulgar show it was at the best. Look at her handsome but brazen face as the woman carries out the awful programme of the hour by mocking at Christ. Hear the shouts as she is hailed as the new deity, who is to redeem France. Poor France!

Look at the people's self-chosen saviour, who mocked in the hour of her fleeting triumph the

true Saviour, whose love, expressed on the cross, has won the homage of countless multitudes. Seventy years after this hideous show in Nôtre Dame see France's new deity. She is old now, very old, indeed dying. Poor, miserable, blind, idiotic, toothless, the goddess of reason passed into the presence of her outraged Creator.

Was there ever a more clear exposure of the *madness* of mere reason in the things of God? When reason got the upper hand of a nation she wrote heavily on the page of history in letters of blood her own utter condemnation.

Let September 30th, 1863, teach us a good, wholesome lesson.

Let us look at another scene. A girl lay dying. Her father was an infidel, her mother a Christian. He had often ridiculed his wife's faith to the children. Now a great sorrow is ploughing through the man's heart—his child is dying.

Presently a weak voice, soon to be hushed in death, is heard: "Father, shall I believe you or mother now I am dying?"

"You had better believe your mother," came the answer softly and distinctly. Aye, and infidel, you had better embrace the faith of your meek, Christian wife.

We plead with you, reader. Give the verdict to Christianity. Believe the gospel. Receive Christ.

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation."
(2 Cor. vi. 2.) A. J. P.

The Facts of the Case.

THERE are certain people, who sometimes alone, but more frequently in small bands, stand forth in the street and preach. Probably you have often seen them at it, especially on a Sunday evening; and possibly you have even stopped for a while and listened, until something that was said had an uncomfortable ring about it, when you passed on, dismissing their words from your mind with the reflection that after all they were only "ranters," good people doubtless, and well-meaning too, but much mistaken in their efforts. People who benefit nobody by their earnest shoutings, and only succeed in making tremendous fools of themselves.

Being myself an occasional preacher in the open air, I want to remind you of this: that making full admission of the many mistakes which the best of us make, and the inexcusable absurdities of some, admitting poverty of speech, lamentable ignorance of English grammar, grotesqueness of attitude, and all the rest of it; yet behind and beneath these things there lies the bed-rock of FACTS, and that when presently you render an account of yourself to God, it is with these facts you will have to make your reckoning, and not with the way in which they were preached.

For after all, a fact couched in very inadequate language is—*a fact*. A fact expressed ungrammatically is—*a fact*. A fact emphasized

with gestures so inappropriate as to be ludicrous is—a *fact*.

Preachers, or no preachers, you must face the facts of the case. Afresh we earnestly urge them upon you. Briefly they are these :

(1) **YOU ARE IN THE GRIP OF SIN.**

Like a mighty octopus, sin has within its grasp all the unconverted members of the human family. None are excepted. "*They are all under sin; as it is written. There is none righteous, no, not one.*" (Rom. iii. 9, 10.)

Do you require further proof of this? Then I call upon you to face, fairly and squarely, the actual record of your life. You will tell me that your recollections are very imperfect, and God alone can know it. Precisely! Then honestly face your history as you remember it, and commence with the history of *to-day*, then try last week, then the months and the years. Begin! and spare not! Do not forget those thoughts defiled and defiling which often flit across your brain—that storm of passion which swept across your soul when you were so recently thwarted—those words too, no sooner uttered than you could have bitten off your tongue, but said for all that—that half-truth skilfully uttered to hide the whole truth, a lie to call it by its right name—that deed, and no eye saw it but God's. Ah! sinner, these things you know, and it is to these and not to sins of immorality and the like, that I appeal as proof that you have sinned, and that sin like a monster has you within its grasp.

And if, while admitting your sins, you still think that to say you are under sin's power is going too far, I will propose to you one last test; it has only to be applied with absolute honesty to bring conviction. It is this. Attempt to liberate yourself from sin's grasp, and stand forth a free man or woman, just for one month. Will you try?

The fact of the matter is that the action of sin with some of us is very mild, but none the less sure. Moreover, people quite unconsciously slip into its grip; just as with the "drug habit" of which we have heard lately in certain newspapers. If they are to be believed, there is many a fashionable lady and gentleman in London to-day who has become an absolute slave to the taking of drugs. The victims themselves seem unconscious of their captivity, and only awaken to its reality when they attempt to break off the habit. Then the hideous fact is discovered. They are as much a slave to their dram as the drunkard to his pot, only in a respectable way.

Unconverted reader, I repeat it. You are in the grip of sin. Now for our second *fact*.

(2) YOU ARE ON THE ROAD TO JUDGMENT.

"And thinkest thou this, O man, . . . that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?" (*Rom. ii. 3.*) How can you possibly think this? In every well-governed state upon earth the commission of crime is followed by the judgment of the criminal, except where through man's fallibility he remains undetected,

or justice miscarries. God is infallible, and do you dream for one instant that God will govern His universe less righteously than man governs his state? Impossible!

Oh! do you wonder that we are in earnest about your soul? Think of the end of life's journey. Think of the last farewell to the lovely scenes of earth, and all that your heart holds dear; and then think of that moment when beyond the grave, called to life by the almighty voice of the Son of God you stand before Him. No evasions then. No excuses then. Cornered you *will* be at last, and forced to face facts as you have never faced them before.

You will stand before God, and stand there ALONE. You must not talk about forgiveness. Justice steps forward with unsheathed sword, whilst Mercy stands with averted face. And then the rehearsal of life's sad story with all its sin and guilt, when conviction like the lightning's flash will strike home to your soul; then collapse, total irremediable collapse followed by the dread sentence, "Depart from Me," and then you will go from the presence of God and of Jesus, of light and of love, into the blackness of darkness for ever—*for ever*—FOR EVER. By the terror of the Lord be persuaded to flee to Christ, that its awful reality may never be known by you. But we have a blessed *fact* now to draw your attention to.

**(3) GOD IS, AT THIS MOMENT, BOTH WILLING
AND ABLE TO SAVE YOU.**

God ever was willing to save, but now His

willingness is clearly proved by the death of Jesus. Actions speak louder than words, and if "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," then it is clear that He is willing.

But more, He is able. Again we turn you to the Cross of Christ. The self-same death that proved that He was willing has become the means whereby He is righteously able to save. It has met the claims of God's righteousness against us, both in respect of our sins, and our wretched and hateful condition as sinners.

God is willing and able to save you, but remember! JUST NOW. Yesterday is past, beyond recall. To-morrow, for you, may never be. *To-day* is the message. "To-day if ye will hear His voice."

And the way of salvation is simply this:

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (*Rom. x. 9.*) F. B. H.

Mud Banks.

CAPTAIN H—— was in command of the sailing ship M——.

One day, after having been on shore, he was returning in an open boat with his wife and daughter and a man, named O'B——, at about ten o'clock at night.

As they were nearing the ship the boat was struck by a heavy squall, and driven on to a

mud bank, rendering it impossible to get it back into the channel.

A couple of inches of water lay upon the bank. The squall drove this as spray over the party, who could only huddle close together for warmth and wait for the morning.

At daylight the captain's daughter got out on the mud and managed with the greatest difficulty to reach the shore. After a couple of hours a tug was despatched, the boat was pulled off the mud and brought into harbour.

The captain's wife by this time was dead and frozen stiff, and the two men were in a precarious condition.

Reader, there are many "mud banks" in this world, upon which many precious souls are swept, and whereon they perish. There is the mud bank of

INFIDELITY.

How many thousands perish upon this, content to have the spray of their own infidel reasoning dashed into their faces until they are washed on the shores of a never-ending eternity—*without Christ*. We warn such against their folly. Unlike the friends of our story, who had to wait for help till the morning, Jesus is ready now to befriend you. Only turn to Him and He will bless you.

But we would warn you of another mud bank. Many are deceived by it. There looks enough water to float their boat into the haven; but oh! how deceptive. That mud bank is

A CHRISTLESS RELIGION.

How many are content with an empty, hollow, Christless profession! Such imagine that "the filthy rags" of their own righteousness will suffice to cover them and keep them from perishing. What folly! The day of exposure is coming. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." (*Isa. lxiv. 6.*) "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (*Rom. iii. 23.*) "Without shedding of blood is no remission." (*Heb. ix. 22.*)

It is a good thing for his own health and the happiness of those around him when the drunkard reforms; but reformation never has, never can, and never will fit a soul for the presence of God.

Many have the mistaken notion that there is a spark of goodness within them, which only needs fanning into a flame; but what they need is not reformation, but

CONVERSION.

Have you been converted, reader?

"Christ is the Saviour; He never will fail.
All hope to save yourself will nothing avail.
Man is a total wreck, can never reach the shore,
All who trust in Jesus Christ are saved evermore."

May God give you to trust the precious blood of Jesus, which alone avails to put away sin.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (*Heb. ii. 3.*) F. T.

How to Obtain Pardon.

DO you know how your sins can be pardoned? Do you know how a just and holy God can forgive your many transgressions, and yet be just and holy still?

Will you turn to preachers, and put your trust in them? They cannot give you pardon: they can only tell you where it is to be found. They can set before you the bread of life; but you yourself must eat it. They can show you the path of peace; but you yourself must walk in it. They can point you to Christ; but you yourself must trust Him.

Will you turn to *sacraments and ordinances*, and trust in them? They cannot supply you with forgiveness, however diligently you may use them. They cannot justify the sinner; they cannot put away transgression. You may go to a place of worship every Sunday in your life, and yet after all die in your sins. You may attend a daily service regularly; but if you think to establish a righteousness of your own by it, in the slightest degree, you are only getting further away from God every day.

Will you trust in your own *works and*

endeavours, your virtues and your good deeds, your prayers and your alms? They will never buy for you an entrance into heaven: they will never pay your debt to God: they are all imperfect in themselves, and only increase your guilt: there is no merit or worthiness in them at the very best. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." (*Isaiah lxiv. 6.*)

Will you trust in your own *repentance and amendments*? "You are very sorry for the past: you hope to be better for time to come: you hope God will be merciful." Alas, if you lean on this, you have nothing beneath you but a broken reed! The judge does not pardon the thief because he is sorry for what he did. To-day's sorrow will not wipe off the score of yesterday's sins. It is not an ocean of tears that would ever cleanse an uneasy conscience and give it peace.

Where, then, must a man go for pardon? Where is forgiveness to be found?

The only way is simply *to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour*. It is to cast your soul, with all its sins, unreservedly on Christ,—to cease completely from any dependence on your own works and doings, either in whole or in part,—and to rest on no other work but Christ's work, no other merit but Christ's merit, as your ground of hope. Take this course, and you are a pardoned soul. "To Him," said Peter, "give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of

sins." (*Acts x. 43.*) "Through this man," said Paul at Antioch, "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (*Acts xiii. 38, 39.*) "In whom," wrote Paul to the Colossians, "we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (*Col. i. 14.*)

The Lord Jesus Christ, in great love and compassion, has made a full and complete satisfaction for sin, by His own death upon the cross. There He offered Himself as a sacrifice for us, and allowed the wrath of God, which we deserved, to fall on His own head. For our sins He gave Himself: suffered and died,—the just for the unjust,—that He might deliver us from the curse, and provide a complete pardon for all, who are willing to receive it.

And now the Lord Jesus is exalted by God the Father to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give remission of sins to all, who will have it.

Reader, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Come to Him this day, with all your sins and wickedness, with all your doubts and fears, with all your feeling of unfitness and unworthiness, and He will not cast you out nor refuse you. He has said it. He will stand to it. He never breaks His word. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (*John vi. 37.*)

J. C. R.

Common Objections Briefly Considered.

It does not matter what one believes, if only one is sincere.

SINCERITY is good, and could you find it coupled with infallibility, nothing more could be desired. Would you sail on an ocean liner, however well constructed and up-to-date, if her captain's motto was, "It does not matter how one navigates, if only one is sincere"? "No," you would say. "The man may be a first-rate seaman, but he is not infallible, and if he sails under **SINCERELY MISTAKEN** impressions we go to the bottom."

Sincerity, then, is good, but it is no Saviour; and after all it does matter—very much matter—what one believes, and I will tell you why. Because, what you believe concerning Christ, will adjust your attitude towards Christ—you will receive or reject Him—and upon your attitude towards Christ, the weal or woe of your eternity will depend. "What think ye of Christ?" is still the great question. If you *think* well of Him you will receive Him, and if you receive *Him*, God will bless you. (See John i. 12.)

*"What THINK ye of Christ is the test
To try both your state and your scheme:
You cannot be right in the rest
Unless you think rightly of Him."*

COMMON OBJECTIONS BRIEFLY CONSIDERED. 77

But what about the heathen?

Do not needlessly alarm yourself. Nothing will ever happen to the heathen that is not absolutely just and right. Abraham asked: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" (*Gen. xviii. 25.*) Certainly He will!

But why this great concern about the heathen? Is it genuine? In the vast majority of cases, No! but a feeble effort to cover one's own neglect of the gospel and to smother the voice of conscience. If in a land where trouble reigns, such as Russia at the present moment, a proclamation were issued, with a message of forgiveness to both rebel and deserter, do you think that an imprisoned workman in St. Petersburg would be likely to refuse, or ignore the offer, because he could not exactly understand how some deserters in Manchuria were going to be treated?

Friend! allow me to tell you that the destiny of the heathen is no concern of yours. The destiny of your own soul is; God will judge *you* in righteousness, as well as the heathen. Beware, lest in that day you miserably perish in your sins.

Why should I be punished for Adam's sin?

To speak thus is to entirely misrepresent the case. *You* will never be punished for Adam's sin, nor for anybody else's sin, but for your own. Nothing is more plainly stated than this in Scripture: "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die.*" (*Ez. xviii. 20.*) "So then every

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one of us shall give account of *himself* to God.”
(*Rom. xiv. 12.*)

It is perfectly true that Adam's sin—since it was the first sin, the entrance of sin into this world—has entailed certain results upon all his posterity, therefore on you amongst the rest. It is equally true that Christ's death—the culminating point of His obedience—entails great results of blessing. They are for everybody, and the certain portion of those who believe. *Rom. v. 12 - 21*, contrasts Christ's work with Adam's sin, and shows the results of the former to be as wide in their scope as those of the latter, and in depth *greater*. “Where sin abounded grace did *much more* abound.” So in respect of this you really have nothing to complain of.

Why could not God save in some other way than by the death of Christ?

Let us take one thing at a time. First of all, God could not save apart from *death*, because to save He must settle the question of sin, and “*the wages of sin is death.*” (*Rom. vi. 23.*) Now, death, as a sentence, stands quite alone. In this country we often hear of men being sentenced to so many months imprisonment, *or* so many pounds fine; never do we hear them sentenced to death, *or*—anything. Why? Because for death there is no equivalent. Nothing but *death* can meet *death*—the wages of our sin. Now the other question: *Who* shall die? If we are to be *saved* the

victim must be personally spotless, and, further, he must be able to exhaust the judgment and live again. Only One could meet these conditions, and He, the Son of God. For salvation we are shut up, therefore, to *the death of Christ*. But after all, sinner, this question concerns God, and not you. He can do what He likes without consulting you. Your wisdom is to submit to *His* way of salvation.

F. B. H.

Choose your Colours.

AFTER a stubborn and heroic resistance, the city of Limerick was compelled to open its gates to the besieging forces of King William. The articles of surrender were drawn up, and the brave Irish regiments obtained the privilege of marching out with all the honours of war. Then they were to choose whether they would serve in the armies of their conqueror, or follow their allies to France.

It was a grey, October morning, more than four hundred years ago. Beyond the suburbs of the city, on a large, open space, the flags of the two rival nations were planted, at some distance from each other. On the one side the royal standard of England was set up; on the other, that of France.

The plan agreed upon was that the Irish-

men, as they marched out of the city, should proceed to this spot, and should then wheel to the right or to the left, and range themselves beneath the flag under which they elected to serve.

At the head of the Irish marched the foot-guards, the finest of their regiments, fourteen hundred strong. On they came, amid breathless silence and acute suspense, for well was it understood that the decision of the first regiment would powerfully influence all the rest.

At length the critical spot was reached, and the guards, in a body, wheeled round to the colours of France, barely seven men turning to the standard of King William.

The next regiment to follow was Lord Iveagh's, and, contrary to all expectation, it marched unanimously to the English side.

Regiment followed regiment. Some turned to the right, and some to the left. According to the choice that each soldier made, his future destiny was fixed.

Has it ever struck you, reader, that YOU have to make a similar choice? *You have to make a decision that will affect your future destiny for all eternity. Vast interests are at stake. The everlasting weal or woe of your soul depends upon the course that you decide to take.

To put the matter in a nutshell: You are called upon to decide whether in true repentance and faith you will turn to the Lord,

seek salvation at His hands, and be on His side; or whether you will continue unrepentant, unsaved, loving your sins, and serving under the black flag of Satan.

If you are still unconverted, if you have never been born again, if you have never knelt at the Saviour's feet and sought cleansing through His precious blood, then I must tell you the plain truth about yourself: YOU ARE STILL IN THE RANKS OF SATAN.

In order that you may be on the Lord's side, you need forgiveness. You also need deliverance from the power of besetting sin.

When David asked the young man whose life he had saved, to be on his side in his warfare with the enemy, the young man asked for assurance as to these two things before he gave his promise. "Swear," said he, "that thou wilt *neither kill me, nor deliver me into the hands of my master.*" (1 Sam. xxx. 15.) He deserved to be killed, for he had helped to burn and destroy David's city. But he sought forgiveness for this and obtained it. He was also set free from the claim of his cruel master. *Then* he could take his place definitely and whole-heartedly on David's side.

This is what the Lord Jesus wants you to do. He promises you forgiveness for all the sins of your life, if you will but apply to Him for it. In Him, too, you may find deliverance from the iron hand of the besetting sins that have ruled you for so long. *Then* you can serve under His flag and be on His side.

It is for you to choose. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The Lord's side is the *safe* side; it is the *winning* side. Be persuaded to turn to Him, and accept Him as your Saviour. If you do not, even though you may not be what men would call "a great sinner," yet your neglect to obey the call of Jesus is, in reality, a decision for sin, for Satan and for judgment.

H. P. B.

Infidelity.

VOLTAIRE prophesied that at the end of a certain time the Bible would be an exploded book, that it would go out of print, and only specimens be found, relics of a superstitious age.

So much for Voltaire's prophecy. What of *facts*? His own printing press at Geneva was, after his death, busily employed in printing Bibles, and to-day, long after the expiry of the time of Voltaire's prophecy, there are more Bibles in the world than ever, and it is translated into many more languages than it was in his day.

Thomas Paine wrote the well-known infidel work, "*The Age of Reason*." The house in which he died in such agony of mind and body was afterwards used as a young ladies' school, and the room in which the infidel studied and

wrote was for long utilized for a prayer meeting by the young ladies of the school.

The other day I stood by the statue of Charles Bradlaugh, in Northampton. I am told that Sunday after Sunday a band of Christians preach the gospel close to the spot where it stands, and that many souls have been converted to God under its shadow.

It made me both glad and sad to think of it. Glad to think that infidelity cannot hinder the blessed work of God, glad to think of the gospel being sounded out in clearness and power on such a spot. Sad to think of the dead infidel as beyond the reach of recall. I can imagine eyes glistening with emotion when the story of stories is being told out at the foot of the statue, but no gleam shines in the eyes of the statue. How many ears have rejoiced as the old, old story has been sounded out by men, who have been converted by it themselves, yet the ears of the statue hear not.

But what of Charles Bradlaugh himself? Is he a believer or not *now*? I assert without a shadow of doubt that he is a believer. If the prayers of his evangelist brother are answered, and at the last he turned in reality to the Lord, then, of course, in the best of senses he is a believer. But oh! the deep remorse that must have seized him as to his propagation of infidelity, if such were the case. But if, on the other hand, he died as he lived,

he is *now* a believer. "The devils also believe, and tremble." (*James ii. 19.*) ALL *in heaven* believe. ALL *in hell* believe. On this sad earth alone is found the unbeliever, the indifferent, the careless.

But here lies the whole secret. There is all the difference between believing *about* a Person and believing *on* a Person. Christians believe *on* the Lord Jesus Christ. They believe *on* Him "to the saving of the soul." They know Him as a personal Saviour. They are cleansed by His blood. They confess Him as Lord. They are sealed by His Spirit. They are happy in His love.

But the one who believes *about* Christ merely is one whose mind bows to the fact that such a Person existed, assents that He was divine, admits that He died to save sinners on a cross of shame. But they have no *personal* link with Him, and, with all their knowledge, are only on a par with the demons and those who have believed too late, with this difference, that the great gulf is not fixed for them yet. There is no more terrible description of hell than that it is "*the truth believed too late.*"

Infidelity is a poor business. It tends to make a man unlovely in life and despairing in death. It helps to make a man hard and cynical until the truths he will not own are burned into his soul when too late.

A. J. P.

The Forgotten Monarch.

SOME travellers, passing through a desert, discovered a boulder, which had been buried, perhaps for ages, in that sandy wilderness, and had now been partially uncovered by a furious storm of wind. The stone, upon close examination, appeared to be a fragment of some great sculpture or monument.

On searching further they found other pieces of stone, with distinct traces of human workmanship upon them, though some of them were worn smooth by long exposure to the elements and the ceaseless friction of the desert sands.

At last they uncovered what seemed to be the base or pedestal of a mighty statue. Upon it was an inscription, which they carefully copied. The copy was submitted to some eminent scholars, who all declared that the language in which it was written was quite an unknown one.

But after much labour these learned men succeeded in finding the key to this strange tongue, and deciphered the inscription. The words on the huge stone were these :

*My name is Ozymandias, king of kings !
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair !*

Commenting upon this discovery, a well-known American journal asks :

“Who was Ozymandias? Over what vast realm and multitudinous peoples did this great monarch rule? Where was his capital? Where his court? What were his palaces, his temples, his cities, and the records of his illustrious achievements? Where the works which were to be the despair of coming generations? Alas! The desert, with its sea of sand dunes, and its dreary solitudes, keeps its secret well. Time and the elements have blotted him out as completely as though he had never been. His dream of imperishable fame was a vain one.”

As I write these words a contrast forms itself in my mind; a contrast between the forgotten Ozymandias, and Another, mightier than he, who will *never* be forgotten. For this *Other* to style himself “King of Kings” is no vain boast. He is that, in very deed.

And what of His *works*? You may see them on every hand. Creation’s wonders are all the work of JESUS. But I speak now of a work more beneficent, more stupendous, more absolutely beyond the power of human strength and wisdom to accomplish than even the work of Creation.

I refer to

The Redemption Work of the Cross.

To call the world into being needed a Creator; to save our guilty souls a Redeemer.

To bathe the universe with light He had but to speak ; to bring the joys of heaven to hearts like ours He had to suffer and to die. To hang the stars in space, to spread the sky like a curtain of blue above our heads was an exhibition of *marvellous power* ; to leave His home in the realms of light, and to bear shame and woe for our sakes, was a display of *infinite love*.

No selfish, vain-glorious work was His, like the works of Ozymandias. He wrought in order that salvation might be made possible for sinners. His work was atoning, vicarious, substitutionary, redemptive. *He died instead of us.*

That glorious redemptive work accomplished upon Calvary is the only ground upon which we can build a sure and certain hope of eternal glory. If that work is nothing to you, reader, you have no foundation beneath your feet, no anchorage for your soul, no refuge from your sins.

The mighty host of the ransomed, who shall tread the golden streets of glory will, every one of them, be there *because of that work*.

Happy is the man who, distrusting himself and his own works, turns to the Lord and puts all his confidence in the efficacy of *His* work.

“ Wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others. Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, . . . they call

their lands after their own names. Nevertheless man being in honour abideth not. . . . When he dieth, he shall carry nothing away ; his glory shall not descend after him." (*Ps. xlix. 10—17.*)

In contrast to the forgotten works of forgotten men, those who owe everything to the work of Christ, delight to say " I will remember the works of the Lord : surely I will remember Thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all Thy work, and talk of Thy doings. . . . Thou hast with Thine arm redeemed Thy people. (*Ps. lxxvii., 11—15.*)

The " mighty " of the earth were invited by the inscription on the stone to regard the works of Ozymandias in order that they might *despair* of ever being able to rival them.

Not the mighty, not the noble, not the righteous are invited to regard the work of the Saviour. The feeble, the poor, the sinful, the hopeless may plead that work as the means of their everlasting salvation. Not despair, but comfort, peace, assurance, will be the result.

Change the words of the vain-glorious Ozymandias. Make the inscription refer to Calvary. Read the message thus :

My Name is JESUS, King of kings !

Look on My works, ye sinners, and rejoice !

Reader, is the Lord Jesus anything to YOU ? Are your hopes for eternity founded on *His work* ?

H. P. B.

A Maori Mother's Love.

“JUNE 10th, 1886, is a well-remembered day in Rotorua, N.Z.,” writes a well-known author. “In the early hours of the morning there was a terrific volcanic eruption. The top of Mount Tarawera was blown away, causing the destruction of the world-famed white and pink terraces, and the death of one hundred and forty persons. The whole of a Maori pah, or village, with its inhabitants was buried forty feet deep in volcanic mud and ashes. In Wairoa eleven persons—Maoris and whites—perished. During a recent visit to the village our guide showed us the ruins of several houses, where some of the inmates were killed.

“At the outbreak of the explosion a Maori woman took shelter in her ‘whare’ (native hut). The volcanic mud fell steadily on the roof, until the strain became so great that it began to give way. The mother’s heart was filled with sorrow and anguish at the prospect of losing her darlings. Doubtless she did her utmost to save them. Taking her children in her arms, she knelt down upon her hands and knees, while lower and lower sank the roof, until it rested on her back, and thus next day the relief party found them, *the children living*, but *the mother*, whose back had borne for so many hours the awful strain, *dead*.”

A mother’s love is proverbial. Nothing in this world is so strong, so pure and so constant.

There is every reason why it should be so. The child is part of herself. She has reared it from infancy, nursed it, fondled it on her knee, cared for it night and day—no wonder a mother's love is as nothing else in this world.

But even this love, wonderful as it is, is as the lighted taper compared with the sun in its meridian splendour, when we think of God's love to sinners.

“GOD COMMENDETH HIS LOVE toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” (Rom. v. 8.)

In the chapter from which this verse is taken we have a four-fold description of those to whom God thus commends His love :

- (1) “*Without strength,*”
- (2) “*Ungodly,*”
- (3) “*Sinners,*”
- (4) “*Enemies.*”

Does this description suit you? If so, Christ died for you.

(1) “WITHOUT STRENGTH.” *It is a fact* that we have no strength, though it is not all who will acknowledge the extent of the ruinous depths into which sin has plunged us. Let us apply a test. What can you do towards your own salvation? Nothing. Your religious observances, your efforts to live rightly, your discharge of your family and social duties—all will not avail to remove one single sin or bring you one hair's-breadth nearer God. You are “without strength.” Own it, for until you do

you will never be ready to accept God's salvation.

(2) "UNGODLY." Many have a mistaken notion as to the meaning of this word. They imagine a man must be outwardly depraved and vile to be ungodly, and that decent religious people cannot be so described. "*Ungodly*" describes the condition of every *unconverted* man or woman, however blameless his or her outward life may be. Saul of Tarsus, the chief of *Pharisees*, was the chief of *sinners*. With all his zeal for God's service he was godless. When Adam and Eve fell they became ungodly — they lost God. An impassable barrier, so far as they were concerned, was raised between them and a holy God by their sin. That is why God went in search of His fallen creatures, crying, "Adam, where art thou?" "*Ungodly*," then, is the character of every unsaved man and woman, boy and girl in the land.

(3) "SINNERS." Here we are on ground that none will dispute. There are great sinners and little sinners, as men talk, but all are sinners. If only we knew that *one* sin in God's holy sight is infinitely worse than *ten thousand* in ours, we would not draw such distinctions. God says, "There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (*Rom. iii. 22, 23.*) One apple upon a tree proves it to be an apple tree, just as much as if it were laden to the ground with fruit. "The soul that sinneth it shall

die" is awfully solemn reading, especially when we know that "after this [death] the judgment."

(4) "ENEMIES." This likewise is true of every unconverted soul. The Lord drew the line when He said, "He that is not with Me is *against* Me" (*Matt. xii. 30*); whilst James iv. 4, corroborates this in the memorable words, "The friendship of the world is *enmity with God*." The unconverted man loves the world's friendship and is therefore God's enemy.

What commendation of love is this that when we were in such a helpless, hopeless condition Christ should die for us. God's well-beloved Son to die for God's enemies! To die, to atone for our ungodliness, our sins, our enmity, and thus to turn all such into an occasion of displaying His love to us is indeed sufficient to win our hearts. God's *love* was displayed at Calvary, at the same time bringing out to the full His righteousness, His holiness and all that He is in Himself.

To appropriate this love you must accept Christ as your Saviour, you must come as a strengthless, ungodly, sinful enemy, give up all thoughts of saving yourself, and turn to the Lord Jesus Christ in full simple trust. Thus, and thus only can you receive the blessing God has for you, for it is "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*.) Christ alone is

the One, through whom the blessing of the gospel can be received. With Him, you have all ; without Him, you have nothing.

A. J. P.

God Speaketh.

THE busy iron-working district of B——— was rudely awakened, and shocked to hear of an alarming explosion which took place at the B——— Iron-works in 1904. Five men lost their lives, one or two of them being terribly mutilated and killed instantly.

As soon as it became known the whole place was astir. All was done that could be done to alleviate the suffering of those injured ; and to comfort those who had so suddenly been bereaved. Before very long thousands of visitors from many parts around flocked to the place, many, alas, only out of idle curiosity, to view the havoc the explosion had wrought.

Why I pen these lines is to warn you, reader, of the danger of neglecting the “Eternal Salvation” of your precious soul.

*Time is earnest, passing by ;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh :
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be,
Time and Death appeal to thee ?*

With your sins, death, eternity staring you in the face, let me ask you, Are you ready ?

Oh ! reader, let me tell you of God's wondrous love ; hearken to these words from

God's own book: "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly;" and again, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (*Romans v. 6-8.*)

What matchless love, which led Him to die in our stead, that we might be for ever blest.

Can't you trust Him, reader? "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." (*Psalms ii. 12.*) F. T.

Take Warning!

A WORD TO THE CARELESS.

WHEN a man is in danger it is an act of kindness to give him warning and put him on his guard: we all know this.

Now I want you to consider *whether your sins are forgiven*. You have sins, there can be no doubt: your own conscience tells you so.

These sins must be forgiven before you die, or you cannot be saved; and if your sins are not forgiven, your soul is in an awfully perilous condition. In a word, I come this day as a friend to entreat you to *take warning*.

Your soul is in awful danger. You may die this year; and if you die as you are, you are lost for ever. If you die without pardon, without pardon you will rise again at the last day. There is a sword over your head that hangs by a single hair: there is but a step between you and death. Oh, I wonder that you can sleep quietly in your bed!

You are *not yet forgiven* ! Then what have you got by your religion ? You go to church ; you have a Bible, you have a prayer-book, and perhaps a hymn-book : you hear sermons ; you join in services ; it may be you take the sacrament : but what have you really *got* after all ? Any hope ? Any peace ? Any joy ? Any comfort ? Nothing : literally nothing ! unless it is what is worse than nothing, a false peace, a miserable delusion.

You are *not yet forgiven* ! But you trust God will be merciful. And why should He be merciful, if you will not seek Him in His own appointed way ? Merciful He doubtless is,—wonderfully merciful, to all who come to Him in the name of Jesus ; but if you choose to despise His directions, and make a road to heaven of your own, you will find to your cost there is no mercy for you.

You are *not yet forgiven* ! But you hope you shall be some day. I cannot away with that expression : it is like thrusting off the hand of conscience, and seizing it by the throat to stop its voice. Why are you more likely to seek forgiveness at a future time ? Why should you not seek it now ? “ Behold, NOW is the accepted time ; behold, NOW is the day of salvation.” (2 Cor. vi. 2.) There is great danger in delay. The present only is yours.

You believe there is forgiveness of sins : you believe that Christ died for sinners, and that He offers a pardon for the most ungodly. But what profit is there to you in forgiveness,

except you get the benefit of it ? What does it profit the shipwrecked sailor that the life-boat is alongside, if he sticks by the wreck, and does not jump in and escape ? What does it avail the sick man that the doctor offers him a medicine, if he only looks at it, and does not swallow it down ? *Except you lay hold for your own soul, you will be as surely lost as if there was no forgiveness at all !*

Reader, if ever your sins are forgiven it must be in this life ; it must be now in this world, if they are to be found blotted out when the Lord Jesus comes again. There must be actual business between you and Christ. Your sins must be laid on Him ; His righteousness must be imputed to you ; His blood must be applied to your conscience, or else your sins will meet you in the day of judgment, and sink you into hell. Oh, reader, how can you trifle when such things are at stake ! How can you be content to leave it uncertain whether you are forgiven ! Surely that a man can make his will, insure his life, give directions about his funeral, and yet leave his soul's affairs in uncertainty, is a wonderful thing indeed.

Well, reader, you may not feel your danger now ! You may not see the necessity of seeking forgiveness at once. A time may come when you will alter your mind. The Lord in mercy grant it may not then be too late ! Once more I say, *Take warning.*

J. C. R.

“He’s No Deid.”

I WAS conducting a series of meetings in Aberdeen, Scotland. After dismissing the large audience one evening I noticed that I was being closely followed by a little girl, who kept at my heels like a dog. Finally I turned to her and asked, a little sharply—“Lassie, what do you want? Why are you not away home with the rest of the folk?”

Then, for the first time, I scanned her a little more carefully. First I was attracted by her face: there were evidences that tears had been running down her cheeks. Her eyes were large and hungry-looking, and still filled with tears. She was bare-footed, and bare-legged half-way up to her knees, and her clothes were of the poorest.

When I asked her what she wanted I had fully expected that she would ask for money.

“Lassie, what do you want?” I said.

Then the little lassie reached up on her tiptoes and whispered in my ear, “I want to be saved.”

Surprised and startled at the intensity of her words, I drew back.

“You want to get saved?”

“Ay, sir, I do”—oh! so pathetically, and still in a whisper.

“And why do you want to get saved?”

Again on her tiptoes she reached up, and whispered in my ear—“Because I am a sinner.”

This was so satisfactory a reason, and by this time the child had so interested me, that I drew her to a seat by my side.

“How do you know you are a sinner? Who told you so?”

“Because God says so in the Book, and I feel it right here”—laying her hand on her breast, as the publican did.

“Well,” I said, “do you think I can save you?”

Hitherto she had spoken in whispers, but now, drawing away from me, her words rang out short and clear:

“Na, na, man, you canna save me; no man can save a sinner. Only Jesus can save me.”

“Yes, my dear, you are quite right. Only Jesus can save you. What has He done to save you?”

Again her lips to my ear—“Oh! sir, He died for me.”

I do not know why I made answer as I did. “Then He is dead, is He? How can He save you if He is dead?”

The little thing sprang up from her seat. No whisper now, no timid putting of lips to my ear, but her voice ringing out as before:

“Man, Jesus is no deid. He died for me, but He is no a deid man; He is God’s Son! Man, did ye no tell us this vera nicht that God raised Him from the deid? He was deid, but He’s no deid noo. Oh! man, I want to ge saved.” Her voice dropped into the old

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pathetic tones. "Dinna fash ~~me~~ me, but tell me a' about it, and how I can get saved."

I had preached that night from the text, "Who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification." Here was a little theologian who had grasped the Gospel with a clearness that I have only seen among ~~Scotch~~ children; all of whom, however poor, have been taught the Scriptures from their youth. She knew that she was a sinner—she knew that only Jesus could save her. He had died, but God had raised Him from the dead, and now He was able to save. I need not say that the little one soon went away saved and happy.

"He's no deid. He died for me; but He's no deid." How often these words have come back to me, presenting as they do a living, loving Saviour for every sinner on the face of the earth!

~~G. F. P.~~

"NOW is the Day of Salvation."

IN an Oxfordshire village lived an old Christian woman. She was greatly troubled about the dark spiritual condition of the place, and prayed persistently for fourteen years for its blessing.

One day two young men preached on the village green. One statement that they kept repeating puzzled two of their hearers. They

Weary.

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betook themselves to old Ann, as likely to give an explanation.

"Ann," they cried, "there be two young men preaching on the green, and they do say that '*now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.*' What be they meaning, Ann?"

Here was Ann's opportunity. Her answer was not only true but wonderfully graphic. Her desire for the spiritual blessing of her questioners quickened her faculties, and the answer shows the true heart-longing of the winner of souls. Ann replied:

"If you believe on Jesus NOW, and died to-night, you would be in heaven to-morrow; but if you did not believe in Jesus, and died to-night, you would be in hell to-morrow."

There was no mistaking the plain English of the answer. One of the women weighed it over, and trusted the Lord Jesus without delay; the other woman, who asked old Ann the question, put off deciding. Two weeks later she was returning from her work in the fields, intending to light her fire, boil the kettle, and have an early cup of tea. Alas! the fire was never lit. The cottage threshold was scarcely reached when a neighbour saw her stagger up the little garden path, and fall prostrate to the ground. She ran to her help, but before further assistance could be obtained, and the poor woman placed upon her little sofa in the small kitchen, she had died. So far as our knowledge goes she made no

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profession of having trusted the Saviour, and thus she passed into eternity.

Beyond the inexpressibly sad warning contained in this incident, and the bare possibility of my unconverted reader dying to-night and being in hell *to-morrow*, ay, and sooner than that, our desire in bringing this incident before you is to press upon your acceptance the truth of God's own words:

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

God offers to save you on the spot. Sometimes people will tell you they are waiting for God's time. They cannot do that. It is an impossibility. If God promised to save you five minutes hence you could wait God's time, but when He says, "*NOW is the accepted time*," you cannot wait for NOW. Oh! that the loving importunity of a Saviour-God would lead to a wise and instant decision.

And I will tell you why "Now is the day of salvation." Because the Saviour has died. Because the work of salvation has been gloriously and perfectly accomplished—the work whereby God can in righteous grace save the vilest sinner who puts his trust in Jesus.

Just as in the parable the servants were instructed by the King to say, "My oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the marriage," so we, as servants of God, can say, Jesus has died, atonement has been made, all things are now ready, come and

trust the Saviour. You will find that if you accept God's time and offer He will accept you, for did not Jesus say, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out"? If you make NOW your day of salvation, and "died to-night," in old Ann's graphic words, "you would be in heaven *to-morrow*," ay, sooner than that, for did not the Saviour say to the dying thief, "*To-day* shalt thou be with Me in paradise"?

And if you really trusted the Saviour to-day, and there is no reason why you should not, and every reason why you should, and you lived for many years to come, then you would have the "joy and peace" that believing gives, *peace* as to your guilty past, *peace* as to your certain future, *joy* in the knowledge of the Saviour, *joy* in the prospect of being with Him and like Him for ever.

Oh! close in with God's proffered mercy, is the writer's earnest advice, and do it NOW.

A. J. P.

A Friendly Warning.

A MERICAN railway companies, though business-like and very progressive, have in one respect earned a bad reputation. The loss of life upon their systems yearly reaches alarming proportions. One of the greatest factors contributing to this state of things is the large number of level crossings throughout the country, and the free-and-easy

manner in which the American public has accustomed itself to stroll about the line.

At a crossing in a certain town accidents were of such terrible frequency that the railway company, desirous of reducing them to a minimum, offered a valuable prize in competition to the person who sent them in the best notice for cautioning the passer-by—the notice to be brief, terse, and arresting.

The winner sent in the following :

**STOP!—LOOK BOTH WAYS!!—
LISTEN!!!**

There is another kind of disaster which occurs with awful frequency, not only in America but in England, too. I refer to *the death of a sinner in his sins*.

Your death will be a solemn event to the small circle of your acquaintance, and to you intensely solemn, however it happens. But if you die in your sins, what tongue can tell the terrors of that hour!

One tongue has told it. That of Jesus, the Son of God. With a heart full of pity and compassion, He unveiled the truth :

“The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.” (*Luke xvi. 22, 23.*)

But are people really travelling on to this? Am I? Yes, really. See them marching unconcernedly on to the “level crossing” of death, there to be cut down by the swift expresses of God’s judgment.

What shall we do? Let us, in God's name, uplift the notice :

STOP !

You cannot stop the swift flight of a lifetime, or the ticking of the great clock of time, but you *can* pause and consider. Think! my reader. I beseech you, THINK! The devil does not want you to think. He carries you on in a perfect whirlwind of business, care, and pleasure. But is it well with your soul? Are you right with God? Be assured of this:

THERE IS A GOD ABOVE YOU, AND YOU MUST MEET HIM.

THERE IS A RECORD LEFT BEHIND YOU, AND YOU MUST FACE IT.

THERE IS AN ETERNITY BEFORE YOU, AND YOU MUST SPEND IT.

LOOK BOTH WAYS!!

Behind, at your sins; ahead, at the long ages of eternity. Look beneath you, into the pit of hell, with its terrors for the impenitent soul; above you into heaven, the abode of God and of Christ, and of all that is good and bright, and holy, and happy. Look not only at the allurements and pleasures of the world; look at them by all means, for if you look long enough you will see *through* them, and discover their vanity and emptiness; look also at the life of the Christian, not a life of ease, doubtless, but a life of peace, and rest, and holiness, and joy. The Christian sings :

*“ Oh ! the peace my Saviour gives ;
Peace I never knew before,
All my life has brighter grown,
Since I learned to trust Him more.”*

Having looked both ways,

LISTEN !!!

to the gracious gospel message, without any addition of mine, straight from the fountain of Holy Scripture.

“ 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.*)

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

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

F. B. H.

Too Late !

**“ Too late ! too late ! I have lived for this world ;
you have to live for heaven.”**

SUCH were the words of William B——, as he lay upon his dying bed.

He had lived a religious life, attended his church, and was known as a well-respected citizen of his town ; but now he was about to pass out of time into eternity.

News came one morning to his sister that he was ill and wished to see her. Let us hear the story from her own lips :

“ I went and saw him, and found him sitting

in an armchair, talking freely to one of his brothers of the things of this world. I spoke to him about his soul, but he would not listen; he turned the conversation into another direction. I felt very sad at heart, and after a few hours left. A few days later I received a letter, saying he was very ill. Again I went, and saw him for the last time. He was now in bed. His daughter and friends sat round his bed. I could see he was going.

"I again spoke to him about his soul, and to my horror those awful words rang from his lips, '*Too late! too late! I have lived for this world; you have to live for heaven.*'"

"'Oh, father,' said his daughter, 'do not say that. You have been a good man. You have always gone to church. You are all right.' 'Ah!' said he, 'I know I am not all right. You have to live for heaven.'"

"I spoke to him of the dying thief; how at the eleventh hour he got the forgiveness of his sins. I told him of the love of Jesus; how He bled and died for guilty sinners. But without effect. My time was gone, and I had to leave him; never to see him alive again.

"In a few days I received a wire to say he was gone, unconscious at the time of his death.

"Oh! how solemn. When I think of his mother's prayers, it makes my heart ache."

Let us draw the curtain over this awful picture, and concern ourselves about your soul, while still for you this is salvation's day.

Let me bring before you three indisputable facts, and with them ask you three plain questions :

- (1) YOU HAVE TO DIE—*but when ?*
- (2) YOU HAVE TO MEET GOD—*but how ?*
- (3) YOU HAVE TO SPEND ETERNITY — *but where ?*

You admit that you don't know the day of your death, but at the same time, you do not think you will die just yet. Beware, lest God should say to thee, "Thou fool, *this night* thy soul shall be required of thee." (*Luke xii. 20.*)

Supposing He should, what about our next question? You have to meet God—but how? Ah! those sins of yours, those secret ones will all have to come out there. You may have been like poor William—attended your church, done good, given your money to the cause, taught in the Sunday-school, possibly preached to others, and yet never faced things with God. I mean in plain English, you have never repented, and God says, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." (*Luke xiii. 3.*)

But what about our next question? You have to spend eternity—but where? for you have either to spend an eternity in heaven or in hell.

I came across a man the other day who said there was no hell. That did not prove that there was none! A bad life is the strongest reason for wishing to deny its existence. Listen to the solemn words of Scripture :

"In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." (*Luke xvi. 23.*)

Oh! that God would give you to see, reader, what a wonderful Saviour Jesus is, that you may never be heard to cry those awful words, "*Too late! TOO LATE!*"

*"Turn and believe, this very hour,
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power;
Then shall your joyous answer be:
Saved through a long eternity!"*

E. W.

Confess Him!

LOOKING the very picture of melancholy, a young woman remained upon her seat at the close of a gospel meeting, evidently wishing to be spoken to.

A Christian friend was soon at her side, and in reply to his inquiries she told him what her trouble was. She was not an unconverted sinner, anxious to be saved. Nor was she exactly a backslider, seeking restoration. Her unhappiness arose from the fact that she was making the terrible mistake of trying to be a *secret Christian*. Months before she had put her trust in the Lord, but had never confessed Him.

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "you are the first person whom I have told."

No wonder she was unhappy. To be a *secret* believer is to be a miserable one.

Reader, are you a believer in Jesus? Have you come to Him for cleansing in His precious blood? Then make no secret of it. Ask God for courage to confess Him boldly as your Saviour and your Lord. H. P. B.

Are You Sure?

IN a Surrey village I had a conversation with an elderly woman as she stood in the doorway of her cottage home. It sprang from my having given her a tract entitled, "The Way to Heaven," and it all hinged upon the salvation of her soul.

She evidently followed a very common form of religion. "I have always tried to do my best, and follow what is right, and I hope to be saved in the end."

I urged that in a matter of such magnitude it would never do to rest content with an "if," a "maybe," or a "hope."

Her only answer was an uncertain shake of the head, with the words, "*The older I grow the more doubtful I get.*"

We were not discussing the trend of events in the political world, or the developments of scientific thought, or even the possibilities of to-morrow's weather. Had we been I should have applauded the old lady's remark to the echo. We *young* folk get inflated ideas as to our knowledge and capacity, and become cocksure about many things. We live a few years and are not so sure. We lose a little bounce and gain a little wisdom. Quite right, too! Man is such an uncertain creature, and this world so full of changes, that he who feels

SURE about most things possesses more credulity than cleverness.

No! As I have said, the conversation hinged upon God, upon Christ, upon the way to heaven, and the salvation of the soul. All was mist and uncertainty with her. How is it with you?

Possibly you, too, are prepared to speak with great assurance on a thousand and one points of every-day life, but I ask about your soul, and eternity, and you have nothing to say, save that you don't know, and that you strongly suspect that nobody can know!

With me, things are just reversed. I learnt many things as facts when at school. Some have since turned out not to be facts, and I have had to unlearn them. The worst of it is I don't know how much more I may not yet have to unlearn. I am not sure.

I have taken up a newspaper now and again, and seen chronicled in its pages something about which I have personal knowledge. It has often been inaccurate, sometimes very much so. I read, but I am not sure.

But if you ask me about my soul and my destiny, then I am one of many, who are prepared to look you in the face, and say, "I KNOW."

The fact of the matter is that my school-books were written by *a man*; the newspapers are edited by *men*; but the gospel about Christ is

ARE YOU SURE?

III

A MESSAGE FROM GOD,

and if *God* speaks then we may know, and no mistake!

Has God spoken? Indeed He has. Listen! "God . . . hath . . . spoken unto us by His Son." (*Heb. i. 1, 2.*)

In the name of Jesus the apostles went out and preached. About their words, as recorded for us in the inspired pages of Holy Scripture, there is a ring of certainty. Let us take three examples.

People ask distractedly to-day, "Where is salvation to be found? To whom shall we go? Is it to priest, or pope, or preacher? Or does some place possess a monopoly of life and blessing?"

Let us hear God speak by His servant Peter:

"*Be it known unto you all . . . that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him doth this Man stand here before you whole. . . . 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. 10, 12.*)

Where, then, is salvation to be found? *In Jesus Christ alone.*

Another enquiry is often made: "How is salvation to be obtained? Am I to work for it or pray for it, or am I simply to do my best, and trust all will come out right in the end? or what?"

Let us hear God speak by His servant Paul :

"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.)

How, then, is salvation to be obtained ? *By faith.* "All that believe" receive the blessing.

Yet again it is asked, "For whom is salvation ? Is it for a special class, who have reached a certain standard, or is it for anyone and everyone ? Is it for ME ? "

Let us hear God speak again by His servant Paul :

"Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it." (Acts xxviii. 28.)

For whom is salvation ? *For Gentiles*, for outcasts ; for those who really need it. If you need it, for YOU.

Let these three rays of light from God's Word shine into that dark heart of yours, befogged though it may be with doubt and fear. God speaks that you may, not feel, or hope, or think, or conclude, but KNOW.

F. B. H.

Was it a Dream ?

SOME seven or eight years ago there lived at Klerksdorp, Transvaal, two young men, boon companions, godless, indifferent characters, imbued with infidel teachings, scoffers at Christianity.

Suddenly, without warning, one of them was gripped by the icy hand of Death, and hurried into eternity, there to face the reality of things at which he scoffed on earth.

I will repeat the story as it was given to me.

“The survivor was greatly moved by the sudden termination of their friendship in such a manner. One night, very shortly after his friend’s sudden death, before undressing, he lay down on his bed, and gave himself up to thoughts of his mode of life and of his late companion, when, to his horror, close alongside his bed, he saw an open coffin containing the body of his dead friend. As he gazed in terror upon the vision he saw the corpse open its lips, and one word fell distinctly upon his ears—burning into his soul like a red-hot branding-iron—one word only—‘HELL’—and the vision faded.

“Terror-stricken and conscience-pricked, the poor fellow realised that ‘*Hell*’ was no myth, and that he as a sinner, a helpless, hopeless sinner, stood trembling on the edge of that terrible abyss; and such was the effect of that awful visitation that for a while afterwards many thought him deranged. . . .

“Not long afterwards a wondrous light burst upon his soul; he heard the good news that a Mighty Arm was stretched out to save him; that Jesus, the sinner’s Saviour, had borne the consequences of his sins, and was ready now, aye, and eager, to snatch him from

the awful peril in which he stood. With joy this soul, prepared so remarkably, turned to Him, and was safely sheltered from judgment beneath that strong Arm. With heart filled with joy and peace, he thanked God for the terrible experience that had opened his eyes."

My reader may give a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders and say, "It was only a dream." Perhaps it was, perhaps not; one thing is certain—it was a warning from God.

The warning was heeded, and this precious soul was snatched as a brand from the eternal burning. To-day he lives as a testimony to the saving power of his Saviour.

Reader, the One who saved that man wants to save you. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (*Luke xix. 10.*)

You may despise and *forget* God's warning now, but when "the dead, small and great, stand before God," *memory* will be a silent but terrible witness.

*"Remember," like a peal of thunder falls
Full on the ear. The stubborn knee bows down,
And like the corn before the reaper lies,
Prone at His footstool all, while prayers arise.
Alas! too late, for Justice with a frown
Turns from their cry, and loud on vengeance
calls."*

Be wise. Heed God's warnings, and you, too, may rejoice in His salvation. C. J. B.

“Consider This!”

WITHOUT controversy, Shakespeare is the most widely-known and popular poet of all time. A keen student of human nature, his observations are well worth close attention.

It is most evident from his writings that he had a knowledge of the gospel, and was familiar with the letter of Scripture. For instance, the following clearly shows that he did not share the far too common and fatal delusion that doing the best we can, turning over a new leaf, striving to reform, being religious is sufficient for the salvation of the soul. He wrote:

“CONSIDER THIS—

*That in the course of justice none of us should see
salvation.”*

I would that all, who think that doing the best they can is sufficient, would, in the words of the poet,

CONSIDER THIS!!!

Besides which, to be honest, no one “does their best.” The majority are driven half-heartedly to do certain things, such as a weekly attendance at a so-called place of worship, if it is not too hot, or cold, or wet. Such go as a *duty*. And the little thus done is far short of doing one’s best. Is it to do one’s best to put a threepenny piece into the collection-plate because it is the *smallest* silver coin? Away with such a delusion as doing your best.

Besides which, suppose you did do your best; suppose you gave a five-shilling piece, because it is the largest silver coin, instead of a threepenny piece because it is the smallest, would that earn you heaven? Why, five shillings would not procure the best seat at an opera for a single night, and you hope to win a blissful eternity by such things. Moreover, your best would be stained with sin; besides which “God requireth that which is past.” (*Ecc. iii. 15.*)

“Doing your best” no more meets the strict requirements of justice than the promise to steal no more would prevail upon the judge not to sentence the thief; or the promise of committing no more murders would prevail upon the king to pardon the murderer. Such a line of argument is neither lucid nor workable in this world, and you may rest assured that it won’t answer in the next.

No, said Shakespeare, if it is a question of *justice*, “none of us should see salvation.”

Do you want salvation? Then you must look for *mercy*. Christ was sent into this world “to give knowledge of salvation unto His people, by the remission of their sins, *through THE TENDER MERCY of our God.*” (*Luke i. 77, 78.*)

Yes; not *strict* justice, but *tender* mercy is what you need. *Strict justice* is what your sins deserve; *tender mercy* is what your soul needs; and without it Shakespeare tells us truly that

“none of us shall see salvation,” not even the best of us.

One last remark, but it is most important that you should grasp the significance of it if you would enjoy peace with God. Why should “the tender mercy of our God” be expressed through the Lord Jesus? He Himself precludes all other channels when He says, “I am THE Bread of Life” (*John vi. 35*); “I am THE Door” (*John x. 9*); I am THE Way, THE Truth, and THE Life” (*John xiv. 6*). Why, then, should there be only *one* channel of blessing, *one* Person through whom it must come.

“Consider this!” Mark well the answer. Because GOD’S *tender mercy* must be founded on *strict justice*, and thus only through Christ’s bearing all the full weight of God’s wrath upon sin, only through His satisfying all the claims of holiness could tender mercy come to us. “Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.” (*Rom. v. 21*.) “There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” (*Acts iv. 12*.) A. J. P.

Eternity.

ETERNITY—how vast the thought! No human mind can scale its height, nor tell its length and breadth and depth. It never ends. It is THE GREAT FOR-EVER.

What is this life of ours when compared to Eternity. It is but the rain-drop in the ocean, it is gone in a moment. Gone, forgotten—and Eternity remains.

Yet, solemn thought, O soul of man, throughout Eternity—so boundless—thou wilt exist, but where?

In thought we take our stand upon some eminence. Beneath we view the unserried ranks of all the sons of men passing onward with steady tread. No step backward is taken, no retreat—ever onward. To what bourne are they pressing? ETERNITY.

But as we gaze upon that solemn scene—upon those multitudes pressing onward to the great For-ever—we see them part, that mighty army is divided, and in two columns now it goes—ever onward. To what bourne do they travel? ETERNITY. But in Eternity will there be division? Shall not men of every clime and faith commingle in one scene of bliss? Shall not the drunkard and the debauchee, the Christ-rejector and the godless, join hand with martyrs and with saints? Nay! not so, for look again at yonder marching crowd.

The steps of one vast company are upward. Upon the way they tread there shines the steady light of heaven; joyously they march, for the end of the way is assured to them.

Look well upon the other company. Their road, alas! is downward. Upon their pathway,

between the fitful gleams of pleasure's sunshine, dark shadows fall—the shadows of a lost Eternity. And as we gaze upon these companies we learn the destination of the one is—HEAVEN ; of the other—HELL.

Reader ! on which road do you travel, and where will you spend ETERNITY ?

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

J. T. M.

Too Sure.

STANDING side by side in the workings of a certain coal-mine were two workmen.

One was a young man ; the other a few years his senior.

It was a half-holiday, and as the time to cease work drew near the young man said to his mate, “I am going to the races to-day, and I'll take good care that nothing stops me.”

“Don't be too sure,” replied his companion, who was a Christian.

Making a light, flippant rejoinder, he turned to resume his work. About five minutes afterwards that young man was a corpse. He had scarcely got back to his work when a fall of coal and rock killed him on the spot.

How awfully solemn to be hurled into eternity in a moment, unprepared, without Christ. He boasted but a few minutes previously, "I'll take good care that nothing stops me." What an answer to his empty boast!

Reader, how is it with *you*? Have you taken heed to that short, solemn message:

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD"?

If not, listen. There is only the brittle thread of life between you and a lost eternity. May God wake you up to realise the uncertainty of life, and the positive certainty of judgment, if you die in your sins.

Thank God, it is still the day of His grace. Salvation is still offered you, then why not—

"Come to the Saviour now!
He ready stands to bless,
He bids thee nothing bring,
Only thy guilt confess!

"No anger fills His heart,
No frown is on His brow,
His mien is perfect grace,
He bids thee trust Him now!
Come! Come! Come!"

F. T.

A Theatre Audience Sings the “Glory Song.”

ON a recent Saturday night a London minister was announced to take part in a play, described as “that extravagant but ever popular farce, *The Swiss Express*,” in the Crown Theatre, Peckham.

He openly said that his purpose was not to advertise himself, but his church. He has succeeded in doing the former at any rate, for his extraordinary appearance as an actor in a farce on a Saturday night as a means for getting an audience on a Sunday night has made him notorious.

Appearing on the stage at 10.5 P.M., he addressed his audience, making a few humorous remarks, when a fustioned labourer in the gallery roared out, “Give us the *Glory Song*, sir.”

The reporter says: “Immediately the strong voice of the black-garbed man behind the footlights responded. ‘When all my trials and labours are o’er,’ he commenced. The bâton swung to the chorus, ‘Glory, glory, that will be glory for me.’ The pit and gallery started it; the dress circle was dumb for a few minutes, then began to look ashamed of its abstention, and presently

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plunged whole-heartedly into the song. The orchestra stalls succumbed next, and the boxes could not help themselves, and presently the whole theatre was engulfed in the chorus. Altogether it was the most remarkable performance ever seen in a London theatre."

It is no lack of charity to say that probably with few exceptions all in that audience were unconverted. If anyone cares to dispute this statement, let him take his stand outside any theatre, and ask as many as he can the all-important question, "Are you converted to God?" and he will be convinced of the truth of our assertion. And any stray Christian in the audience would not be an earnest, bright, right-minded Christian, you may be assured.

Can you not imagine, then, the awful mockery of men and women, some under the influence of drink, some whose lives would bring the blush to the cheek, many, mere pleasure-hunters, unconverted men and women, singing—

*"And when by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me!"*

A couple of lads were singing this chorus in the streets not long ago. A Christian turned round and asked them the question, "Will it?"

"Will what?" they asked.

"Will seeing His face be glory for you?" was the response.

They walked on, laughing scornfully and

THEATRE AUDIENCE SINGS "GLORY SONG." 123

rudely at the question. They were utterly careless.

That *you* will see His face goes without question. God says you will. If you care to prove this, turn up Rev. i. 7 in your neglected Bible. When the unconverted man sees His face it will not be "glory" but "wailing" for him.

Would that "the whole theatre . . . engulfed in the chorus [of the Glory Song]" could be brought to think seriously of the *lie* that was upon so many singers' lips that night.

If they had sung the *truth*, they would have sung the lines something like this :

*"When by His might I shall stand in His sight,
That will be WAILING, be WAILING FOR ME."*

How else will a sinner in his sins meet the Saviour, whose grace he has spurned?

We are not going too far when we say that there will be a very rude awakening in such cases.

None will find it "glory" to look upon the Saviour's face but those who have been converted. Will you? And I would as soon go to a haystack to find a needle as go to a theatre to find a true Christian.

A famous converted actor's striking testimony is, that in his unconverted actor days, when any of the profession were dying he noticed they took care to send for a minister, *who did not patronise them*. Does this not speak volumes?

124 THEATRE AUDIENCE SINGS "GLORY SONG."

The other day I knew of an utterly unconverted man singing a solo in a church on a Sunday evening: "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"

Oh! the mockery of unconverted lips singing such words in a church, or singing the "Glory Song" in a theatre—it matters little which.

Men and women may sing thus, but the testing time will come, and how will the Saviour speak?

The following lines may be seen on a tombstone in Germany. How applicable they will be to many! Alas! that they should be. We warn you that they may not suit your case.

"THUS SPEAKETH CHRIST, *our Lord, to us,*
Ye call Me Master, and obey Me not ;
Ye call Me Light, and see Me not ;
Ye call Me Way, and walk Me not ;
Ye call Me Life, and desire Me not ;
Ye call Me Wise, and follow Me not ;
Ye call Me Fair, and love Me not ;
Ye call Me Rich, and ask Me not ;
Ye call Me Eternal, and seek Me not ;
Ye call Me Gracious, and trust Me not ;
Ye call Me Noble, and serve Me not ;
Ye call Me Mighty, and honour Me not ;
Ye call Me Just, and fear Me not ;
 IF I CONDEMN YOU, BLAME ME NOT."

We beg of you, unconverted reader, to turn to God in real repentance of soul, and trust the Lord Jesus as your Saviour. "Believe on the

Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”
(*Acts xvi. 31.*)

Then you can join with us in heartily and thankfully singing the chorus :

“ *When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.*”

It will be “glory” for the believer to look on the face of the Saviour, but “wailing” for the unbeliever. Which will it be for you ?

A. J. P.

An All-Prevailing Custom.

“**D**O you see anything lacking in this imperial show ?” asked one citizen of another in the midst of the splendours of a Roman festival.

“Yes,” replied the other, “it lacks *permanence.*”

The same must be said of every form of happiness that the world can offer. The brightest joys of earth are darkened by the shadow of this fact : *they will have an end.*

This must be so, for the simple reason that the persons to whom the enjoyment pertains have notice to quit. They belong to a race of dying men. The most long-lived is but a brief sojourner in a land that will soon know him no more.

No sceptic or agnostic can call in question the fact that death is here. No kingly power can hold it in check. Fool and philosopher,

monarch and menial, old and young, fall in turn before its onslaught.

Long years ago a young nobleman determined to "turn religious," and, after the fashion of those days, sought admission to the famous monastery of Bernard of Clairvaux. His father, enraged at his action, threatened to fire the building at each corner and burn it to the ground, if his son did not return. At length, after much pleading in vain, the young man said he would consent to return on one condition.

"Tell me what your desire is, and you shall have it," said his father.

His son replied: "In your domains there prevails a very ancient custom: if it were not in vogue I would settle there willingly."

The old man, ready to do anything to regain his son, swore by all that he held dear to abolish the custom, ancient though it was, if he would consent to come back with him.

"Well, my father," said the young man, "the custom to which I object is that *the young die as well as the old*. Till this custom ceases, I will not return to your domains."

Well might the young nobleman wish to fly from the country where such a custom held sway! But how vain the desire! No monastery walls could shelter him from death! He might, with as much reason, have tried to fly from his own shadow!

Reader, this same custom prevails in the town or village where you live. Nor can *you* discover a corner on earth where the custom of *dying* does not exist. You may choose for your abode the town with the lowest death-rate in the land; you may regulate your diet and habits in accordance with the latest teachings of science; but you cannot shut your eyes to the fact that *death* will one day knock at your door, and that you will have no means of preventing its entrance.

“An unpleasant thought!” you exclaim. Most men find it so. When Louis XIV. asked what a certain building was which he saw from his palace windows, one of his courtiers replied:

“Sire, that is the Church of St. Denis, where your royal ancestors lie buried.”

The king immediately gave orders for another palace to be planned with an entirely different outlook. He could not endure to live in sight of an object that reminded him of his frailty.

Does it not strike you, reader, that what is most urgently needed by our death-stricken race is a refuge, which death can never touch, and where joy does not lack permanence?

Thank God, there is such a spot. It may be described and summed up in a word—CHRIST. The Son of God is no stranger to death. He has tasted to the full its bitterness. But because of Who and What He is, He

triumphed over its power. The life which He lives to-day is altogether beyond the range of death. The wonder of it all is that it has been made possible for others to live in that life of His! *His* death has opened the way for *His* risen life to be shared by countless thousands. And it is a fact that at this moment there are multitudes on earth upon whom death has no power. Their sojourn here may be at any moment cut short. Their bodies may be laid temporarily in the grave "until He come." But already they have commenced to *live* a life which is eternal, which does not belong to this world at all, and upon which death can never intrude.

Happy people! *Their* joy does not lack permanence. *They* no longer belong to the country where the custom of dying prevails! They can gaze upon mausoleums and graveyards without a qualm of fear striking their hearts.

This blissful *way of life* is open to you. In Christ, if you will come to Him, you will meet a Deliverer from the reign of death, and One who will introduce you into God's world of life and glory, and unceasing joy.

Would you know more of this? Then take your Bible. Read Hebrews ii. 14, 15; 2 Corinthians v. 14, 15; John v. 24, 25.

H. P. B.

Insured for Ever.

I WAS travelling lately with a friend from London to the North of England. The train was about to start when a gentleman got into the carriage. A friend, who had just bidden him farewell, came back and said, "By-the-bye, have you got an insurance ticket?" "Oh, yes," said the gentleman, "I am insured."

My friend turned to him and said very quietly, "Are you insured for ever?" The gentleman looked up surprised, but answered (not at all understanding what was really meant), "No, I only insure for a year at a time." "But I," said my friend, "am insured for ever." Still misunderstanding, the gentleman replied, "Oh, yes, I know you can do it by one payment, but it costs a great deal." My friend answered, "Yes, mine was done by *one payment*, and cost a great deal indeed. It cost me nothing, but it *cost God His Son*."

I thought as I listened, How simple and how beautiful is the gospel of the grace of God! "It cost me nothing, but it cost God His Son." Can he resist such a message of love as that? Yes, alas! the heart of man rebels against the free love of God, though that love could only find its full expression in giving up to death and judgment His own beloved Son, that the poor, unlovely and unloving sinner might be saved.

Now that there could be no misunderstanding what my friend meant the gentleman at once turned away angry, and did not want to hear more.

A short time afterwards I said a few words to him, but he replied that it was out of place to speak of those things in a railway carriage. Out of place to speak of Christ anywhere! I asked him, if an earthly friend had done him some service of immeasurable value to prove his great love for him would he think it out of place to speak of him anywhere? and yet he thought it out of place to speak of the One who had left the glory of God to become a Man, and bear death and judgment for poor lost sinners. Could any earthly love bear comparison with that? But he only turned angrily away, and said he did not like my conversation. Such is ever the heart of man. They "saw no beauty in Him" when He was in the world, and they see no beauty in Him now.

And now, reader, let me turn my friend's simple searching question upon yourself. "Are *you* insured for ever?" Are you obliged to say No, when the "one payment" has been made, sealed in the Saviour's blood, and that Saviour the Son of God, who became a Man for you? If you were going to-morrow on a railway journey, you would not hesitate to insure your life, and by the payment of a few pence insure a thousand pounds for your nearest relations if you were killed. But how

little do you think of those solemn words, "*After* death the judgment." The world will promise you a thousand pounds for your relations, if you die, upon payment of a certain sum; God offers you eternal life without any payment at all from you. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Yes, it is all through Him, and at what a cost! In my friend's words, "It cost God His Son." Oh, what love! what immeasurable love, mercy, and grace! And all may be yours by believing on Him, whom man has rejected, and whom God has glorified. That is what God owns and honours now, and that alone; faith in Him whom this world cast out. That indeed is to be "insured for ever," and none need wait for death to get the benefit of it. Eternal life is yours the moment you in truth believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life." (*John vi. 47.*) A.P.G.

Why did she Stop them?

THE mourning coaches were returning from the cemetery when a lady suddenly stepped out from the group of bystanders, and motioning to the driver to stop, approached one of the coaches and began to talk to the occupants.

Her action, not one of every-day occurrence, had a reason for it. That lady had the true

welfare of the mourners at heart, and seized the opportunity of speaking a few faithful words to them as to their readiness for eternity. Reminding them that the one, whose body they had just left in the grave, had during her lifetime trusted in the Saviour and been washed from her sins by His precious blood, she pressed home the question: Had *they* done the same? Were *they* ready to be called away?

Were they? We cannot tell; we did not hear their reply. But the question that concerns us now is, *Are you?* Are *you* washed from your sins of crimson dye? Are *you* saved from the danger to which those sins have exposed you? Are *you* right with God?

Not only has *death* to be reckoned with, but another fact stares you in the face, namely, that *the Lord Jesus Christ is coming again*, according to the Scriptures. Never was His coming so near as at this moment.

If He came to-night, there would be no salvation for you to-morrow. It is offered you *now* in Christ's name. How will you treat His message? Will you accept it or refuse it? Accept it now and you are saved! Refuse it: you may be lost! "To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart," through unbelief and indifference, for God wants you to be saved, hence he points you to the Lord Jesus Christ and to His finished work, and says, "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed."

R. B.

One Hundred Years Ago.

ONE hundred years ago to-day* Lord Nelson died. Just in the moment of his supremest triumph he was mortally wounded in the breast by a sharpshooter in the rigging of a French ship. Covering his face and decorations with his handkerchief that the crew might not be disheartened, he was borne into the cockpit. Life was fast ebbing. Strength was going. He was past medical aid.

One hundred years ago to-day his last words to the chaplain were :

"I have not been a great sinner. Thank God, I have done my duty."

Let us take these two sentences, and see what they mean. *"I have not been a great sinner."* There is little comfort in saying this on a deathbed. For, reflect! It is not a question of being a *great* sinner or a *little* sinner, but—A SINNER. The Scriptures do not say, "The soul that sinneth *greatly* it shall die"; but "The soul that sinneth it shall die." The law does not say, "The man that committeth *many* murders shall be hanged"; but "The man that commits murder shall be hanged." *One* leak may as effectually sink a

* October 21st, 1905.

ship as many. *One* sin led to the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden.

Do you think then that *little* sinners go to heaven and *great* sinners go to hell? Who is to draw the line? Who is to adjust the sliding scale that separates between what is too good to go to hell and too bad to go to heaven?

Nelson said feebly with his dying breath, "*I have not been a great sinner.*" A few more beats of the heart, and all was over so far as this world was concerned. His ears heard not the thanks of the nation. His was no triumphal home-coming. But his was the solemn entrance into eternity, the meeting God to whom the triumphs of war are as nothing. *How did he stand with GOD? Was he right with HIM?* Alas! we have no satisfactory answer to give; but of this we are sure that just as Nelson entered into eternity a hundred years ago to-day, so he is—*to-day*—and FOR ETERNITY.

Reader, where will you be one hundred years to-day? I write these lines to warn you. Face the matter—the most important and far-reaching question you can ever settle. Whether you be a great sinner or a little sinner, you need Christ. The vessel sinking with one leak needs the lifeboat just as much as the one who has several holes knocked in her bottom. You cannot do without the death of Christ. The precious blood alone can cleanse you from all sin. If you are ever to

sing the glories of the Lamb in heaven you must enter not as a great sinner or a little sinner, but as a sinner *saved*, a sinner *cleansed*, a sinner *redeemed*.

One look to Christ will assuredly secure all this and more for you. He died for all—therefore you. He calls upon your trust. He invites your faith. He says, “*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*” (Matt. xi. 28.)

A Christian employer of labour, who took a deep interest in the souls of his workmen, knew that one of them was anxious to be saved. He wrote a note to him, saying, “Dear James,—Please come to the office at 6 o’clock—I want to see you. Yours truly, * * *.”

At the specified hour James knocked at the door of his master’s office. “Come in,” said his employer, and in he stepped. Taking no notice of him for some time, he at last said, “Why have you come?”

The man, in astonishment, said, “Why, this letter, sir, told me to come.”

The master bent over his desk, and, writing on a piece of paper, handed it to the anxious man, saying, “Attend to that letter, James.”

The workman read the beautiful, familiar words: “*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*”

A few moments of silence passed; then, with a sob and a catch in his voice, he said to his master, “Do you mean to say, sir, that I

have to attend to this message just as I attended to yours?"

"Exactly," was the answer.

"Then, I'll come," was the response; and on the office floor, there and then, the anxious man trusted the Lord Jesus Christ, and experienced the rest that He promised to those who should come. *Coming* simply means believing or trusting.

Lord Nelson's last words to the chaplain were, "*Thank God! I have done my duty.*" Doubtless he was thinking of the glorious victory he had just won, and that king and countrymen would say that he had done his duty. "England expects every man to do his duty" was the well-known signal, and he felt he had done his. But what of his duty to GOD? That is the important point. Miss that, and you miss all.

"Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole DUTY of man." This was the text inscribed on the coffin of an aged Unitarian years ago—a man who had stoutly derided the atoning value of the precious blood. Alas! he thought that he had feared God and kept His commandments. Now none have fully done that; hence the necessity of the work of Christ.

Why the most *outwardly* blameless man that ever lived, Saul of Tarsus, had to write of the law that it had convicted him *inwardly*. The law possesses more than Röntgen rays of

research. *Outward* blamelessness is not sufficient: *inward* purity is what the law demands. The very struggles men make to stifle their passions, and walk correctly, affords abundant proof of their sinnership. The Apostle Paul wrote: "*I had not known sin, but by the law: for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet.*"

Ah! just because I have not done my duty I have cast myself upon God's mercy and trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ. Be warned, dear reader, of the uncertainty of life. Nelson died in the moment of his victory; Sir Henry Irving died half-an-hour after one of his triumphs on the stage. You may die before this day closes.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

"Through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins. (Acts x. 43.)

If I died to-night my last words might well be, "I have been a *great* sinner; alas! I have not done my duty; but, thank God, Jesus died for me, and God forgives and saves me on the ground of what He has done."

As a rich south country squire wrote:

"I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

Thank God, *that* is sufficient. Can you say it?

A. J. P.

The Last Act in the Drama.

IT was a shock to many people to receive last Saturday morning the news that Sir Henry Irving, England's greatest actor, was dead. He had passed away at 11.30 the previous evening, a few minutes after reaching his hotel and within half-an-hour of his leaving the stage. Before the curtain fell he had said with much feeling, "I do commend my cause to God. . . . Into Thy hands, O Lord ; into Thy hands." These, the last words of Becket, were the last to be spoken on the stage by the great actor. A few minutes later and the curtain of death had fallen, and so ended the earthly life of a remarkable man.

Thousands mourn his loss. The stage has lost its most prominent ornament and the theatre-going public an old favourite. How full of real tragedy such an event is ! And how it brings home to each one of us the fact that we are one and all mere players of a part in the great drama of life. We pass in and out amid rapidly changing scenes, and very soon the drop scene of death will fall and hide all from view.

The players are made up of two classes only, saved and unsaved. Many eyes are intently watching the acting from three worlds: Heaven, Earth, Hell. The various parts are being daily and nightly performed under the

gaze of these anxious onlookers. The results of the acting will be known very quickly; to those who are saved by grace, when they appear before the judgment seat of Christ (2 *Cor.* v. 10); to those who die impenitent and unforgiven, at the great White Throne. (*Rev.* xx. 12.)

These two gatherings may be called the examination days of life's doings for the whole of humanity. What a wonderful change would take place in the lives of the actors if only these two days were kept in view! It is a tremendous fact that we are all shaping our characters for eternity. It is impossible to think, say, or act without impressions being made upon the life, which must tell in after days. If a believer leads a selfish life and does not move here at the impulse of the Holy Spirit, he will certainly suffer loss at the judgment seat of Christ.

The mass of unbelievers will be terribly awakened at the Great White Throne, for there each life, as lived on earth, will pass rapidly before the soul's vision like a living, moving panorama. Notice the words which describe the scene: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." (*Rev.* xx. 12.) Be it ever remembered

that God is an accurate book-keeper and will not make a single mistake.

Why was man brought into being? Surely that he might know and love God, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent. (*John xvii. 3.*) The salvation of man is bound up in the Lord Jesus Christ, inasmuch as there is "None other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." (*Acts iv. 12.*) It is awfully solemn to think that those who die unprepared to meet God have missed the great end of life. To live and die without Christ will cause millions to wish that they had never been born. There will be no pleasures in a lost eternity.

Most certainly Sir Henry Irving will never charm and attract an audience again as he was wont to do on earth. In perdition no such pastimes will be known, and, assuredly, they will not be wanted in glory. The things that have distinguished men here are unknown there. I have often thought how the fanciful dreams of multitudes will be disappointed. These dreams present a soul-deceptive picture of a good time coming, when friends, relatives, and associates of earth will again mingle in everlasting union and pleasure. Alas! alas!! how delusive is the picture! The truth is that heaven and all its blessedness is the very opposite of hell and its torments. In the former is light, joy, gladness, singing, pleasures for evermore; in the latter, darkness, misery,

THE LAST ACT IN THE DRAMA. 141

despair, woe, weeping, and gnashing of teeth.

It is a fact that no living artiste has been more successful than Madame Patti. If she dies a Christless death, which may God forbid, she will never sing again. Thousands in all parts of the world have listened to her charming voice with breathless attention. But in the lost world there is no singing, and in hell all melody will be hushed for ever.

Reader, are you ready to meet God? If not, halt! pause! consider! The old saying is true: "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people." There cannot possibly be any happiness or heaven for anyone who is not fitted for them here. Unless you have Christ as your soul's portion *now* you cannot know Him, much less be with Him, after your life is taken from the earth.

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

Permit me a last word. *Are you saved?* If not, flee at once to the open arms of love. Jesus waits to save and bless you. Tarry not. *This* is salvation's glorious day. Come to Him. He will in no wise (by no manner of means) cast you out. His own word says it.

E. M.

Whose Fault?

THE time fixed for the departure of the train was at hand, and the passengers on the up-platform at Heaton Chapel Station were waiting to be conveyed to Manchester.

Almost at the last moment a gentleman appeared on the platform at the opposite side of the station. Perceiving his mistake, he leaped down upon the rails and ran across the lines to join the group of waiting passengers on the up-platform.

Immediately afterwards an express dashed past. It was a close shave. The gentleman had escaped being cut to pieces only by a second or two.

A friend of mine, who was standing on the platform, stepped up to him and said:

“Suppose that express had knocked you down and killed you, what responsibility would belong to the railway company?”

“None, I suppose,” replied the gentleman; “it would have been my own fault.”

“Quite so,” said my friend, “for they have provided a means of crossing (pointing to the steps), which you did not avail yourself of. There would have been no one to blame but yourself had you been cut to pieces.”

The speaker then pointed out that God’s great judgment express is on its way. Sin must meet with the doom that it deserves.

But those who are overwhelmed by that terrible day will have no one to blame but themselves. God has provided a way of escape. He gave His Son to be the Sin-Bearer, and to make atonement for hell-deserving sinners. Faith in Him is the way of safety. Those who deliberately neglect this great salvation will be overtaken by irretrievable disaster, and *it will be entirely their own fault.*

All that God could do He has done. All that He could give He has given.

He has not only provided a way of salvation, but He has warned men of the danger of attempting to cross the rails in any other way.

The responsibility rests with you, reader, to avail yourself of God's merciful provision.

"He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." (*Prov. xi. 19.*)

"Whoso despiseth the Word shall be destroyed." (*Prov. xiii. 13.*)

Reader, be wise. Get the great question of your soul's salvation settled *at once* by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. H. P. B.

The Way of Salvation.

IN one of the Yorkshire towns the other day a great show was being held. On the walls all over the town pointers were posted bearing these words, "This way to the

show." Now no one could possibly make a mistake after reading one of these. And if any one had asked me on that day the way to the show, I should simply have told them to follow the directions on the walls. So God's pointers are so plain and simple that you need make no mistake about them, and to these I wish to direct you.

In answer to the enquiry of Thomas as to the way, Jesus replied, "I AM THE WAY." (*John xiv. 6.*) Don't make any mistake here. Jesus did not say—a way, but *the* way.

"Oh! but," says one, "we are all aiming at the same place, and it matters little which way we take." Possibly you are aiming at the same place; but it is salvation you need, and apart from that the place you are aiming at will have no room for you.

For salvation you are shut up to Christ Jesus. "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.*) This is decisive. This is God's truth in contrast to your opinion, and if you are wise you will cease to seek salvation in other ways, and flee to Christ at once.

God has linked the salvation of sinners with the glory of His worthy Son, and never will one sinner be saved apart from Him.

J.T.M.

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