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The Miner and the Millionaire.

WE had completed our legal business one spring morning of the present year when I turned to our client, George C——, a miner, and asked him the date and circumstances of his conversion. His face became a study. Radiant joy lit up his countenance. It was evidently an unfeigned pleasure to him to turn to the topic of grace. He then told me a little of how it came about.

“I was a rough un,” said he. “Nothing too bad for me in them days. I scarcely ever spoke without an oath; I was fighting pretty well every day of me life, and spent most of me time in the pub’. Many’s the time on a Sunday I’ve started out with a golden sov’rin in my pocket and come home by midday wi’ scarce a copper—I’d gambled it most all away.

“I used to ‘do the garden’ for a crippled man, who was a Christian, and him and his wife ’od have a word with me if they could get me into the house about my soul and my sinful ways. I used to watch ’em and I knowed somehow as how they’d got a something I hadn’t. I could see they was happy. I used to think a lot about it. Well, one day I was a fightin’ in the pub’ and was so bad that the publican got four men to chuck me out. So

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they gave me the frog's march into the road. It was my last time in the pub'. I saw my folly and I gave myself to Christ.

"A few days later, with some Christians, I stood outside on the green facing the public-house, and I told the folk (they all knew me) what God had done for my soul. Said they, 'O he a' got a tile off.' 'Yes, friends,' I said, 'it's quite true, I 'ave got a tile off, but since I've had the tile off it's let the sunshine in.' "

Happy George! Has the reader a share in his joys? Hast thou fled from sin's delusive and disappointing pleasures to the satisfaction and sunshine of a Saviour's love? Oh! bright exchange! "He calleth thee" is still true.

From the smoky Midlands (the scene of the first incident) let us travel in mind to sunny Devon, and reaching the south of that lovely county we will enter the mansion of a millionaire. He has called his secretary to his room, and there by his master's side he stands with everything ready to take his instructions down. All that money could buy lay within his reach—a wish expressed and the thing was done. Says this prince of fortune: "John, I want—"

"Yes, sir," replies the secretary.

"John, I want—"

Another pause.

"John, I want—"

"Yes, sir," again says the secretary, all ready to do his master's bidding.

“ John, *I don't know what I want.*”

Poor rich soul ! Money, with all it can buy, hath yielded thee no abiding gratification. Thou art still wishing, still *wanting*, still stretching forth the hand of unsatisfied desire for a something, thou knowest not what, wherewith to fill the yawning emptiness of thy poor heart. The wise will not envy thee.

Reader, unto which of the two art thou like ? Art thou still *seeking*, like the miner and the millionaire ? Running in ardent search after the pleasures of time ? We would be thy friends in this matter, and hasten a speedy and happy conclusion to thy search.

Yea, we know of a *certain* issue for good. Lend us thine ears. We tell thee of “ *a giving God.*” And for the *asking* thou mayest receive of *Him living waters*. Waters to overrun in floods of satisfaction thy poor heart.

Oh ! if thou did'st but know. If but the veriest dream of what thou shouldest find in drinking of the waters that God gives should be conveyed to thee, then thou wouldest haste thee away to Christ *now*.

Say, then, to Him ere thou layest this paper aside, “ Give me this water.” Henceforth and for ever it shall be thine to say, “ The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall *not* want.”

The fountain of divine love has found a way by which to flow to the sons of the dust. And when the last obstacle had been removed that hindered love's down-flow there arose

from the parched lips of the Son of God to the heights of glory the joyous cry, "*It is finished!*" The floodgates of God's love and grace were opened, and the long-pent-up love flows even to thee. The gigantic obstruction to the love of God reaching us was *sin*; but, hearken! Christ has "put away *sin* by the sacrifice of Himself." (*Heb. ix. 26.*) Hallelujah! Listen again: "Their *sins* and iniquities will I remember no more." (*Heb. x. 17.*)

Reader, trust Him, for He died for *thee*!

E. W. W.

Found Out and Turned Out.

DURING the last summer Duchess X. gave a garden party at her beautiful and stately home not far from London. Detectives were employed to safeguard the house and the guests, many of the latter carrying valuable jewelry on their persons, whilst the former contained many things of costly worth. These detectives are men of good appearance, who would pass without remark among the guests, and who are trained to know by sight all the nobility and gentry likely to be the guests on such an occasion.

During the course of the afternoon they observed a guest quite unknown to them with a suspicious manner. They approached him, and asked politely to see his card of invitation. This not being forthcoming, they inquired if

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he knew the Duchess. He assured them he knew her very well.

"In that case," they replied, "if you know the Duchess quite well, she will surely know you. Come this way, and we will see."

The unhappy man had to go, and soon found himself in the presence of the Duchess.

The detectives said, "Does Your Grace know this gentleman?"

She looked at him narrowly, and replied that she was not acquainted with him.

Then rough hands were laid on the unhappy man, and he was unceremoniously turned out.

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Aye, and the day is fast coming when many an unconverted choir singer, an unsaved Sunday-school teacher, an unregenerate communicant, will be likewise *found out and turned out*.

"*He knoweth them that trust in Him,*" wrote the prophet Nahum long years ago, and his testimony is true to-day. Do you know the Lord? Yes, replies many a mere professor. If that is true, then the Lord will know you, for "*He knoweth them that trust in Him.*" The time will come when your profession will be thus put to the test.

We are exhorted to strive to enter in at the straight gate. There is no room for anything but *reality* there. Soon the Master of the house will rise up and shut to the door. How

despairing will be the answer to those who will clamour for admittance, "I know you not whence ye are." Useless will be their reply, "We have eaten and drank in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets."

But again the crushing answer shall come, "I know you not whence ye are; depart from Me all ye workers of iniquity." And away to the weeping and gnashing of teeth will they be forced to go.

Just think for a moment. "*We have eaten and drank in Thy presence.*" Unconverted, unhappy communicant, ponder over that when next you think of taking the Lord's Supper.

"*Thou hast taught in our streets.*" Yes, alas! that is only to their greater condemnation.

Professor, the gospel has been preached faithfully in your hearing; the good news of God's love and Christ's work has been again and again pressed upon your acceptance. Better, far better, be one of those countless tribes in Central Africa, who have never heard the gospel, never heard the sweet name of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, than to be like you with a false profession stumbling into hell over Bibles and preachers and opportunities.

May you find out your mistake before it is too late. Go to the Lord yourself. Without a card of invitation in your hand He will receive you, if you go in your true colours to Him now. He says, "*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*"

But die with nothing more substantial than a false profession, you will find the detectives bringing you into the presence of the Saviour and He will not know you, for you have never trusted in Him, and all that justice can do will be to describe you as

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May God save you from this awful doom that awaits each mere religionist dying in his sins, and give you to be a real believer on the Lord Jesus Christ and to really trust in Him, for "*He knoweth them that trust in Him.*"

A. J. P.

How a University Professor was Taught by a Peasant Woman.

A NAME, well-known and held in honour amongst German Christians, is that of Michael Sailer. The son of a poor Bavarian shoemaker, he had risen, by dint of diligent study and indomitable perseverance, to be a professor at the University of Dillingen.

Here, for ten years, his theological classes and lectures attracted pupils from all parts of the country, and even from foreign lands. He had become one of the most shining stars in the world of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical learning. His pure and simple life and lovable character, combined with his lucid, scholarly, yet unconventional teaching, gained for him

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the hearts, as well as the ears, of an ever-increasing number of students.

But rumours began to filter through to the ears of the Jesuits that matters at Dillengen required looking into. It was declared that "Christ and Divine love are spoken of more than the canons, and, indeed, without much regard to canons." Students were returning to their homes from the University affirming their belief in the Bible rather than in the dogmas of philosophy.

Terrible news this for the Jesuits, and, with the astuteness of trained detectives, they traced the stream to its source, and declared Sailer and his fellow professor, Feneberg, to be the chief contaminators of the young minds at Dillengen.

"Mystics! Jansenists!! Protestants!!!" cried these zealous Jesuit heresy-hunters, and with scant ceremony Sailer and his friends were hounded from their posts.

Strange to relate, that, while Sailer's teaching had been a ray of light in the dark to many a bewildered traveller, he himself was not at peace. He had never really been converted. Intellectually ahead of his compeers, he had yet to sit at the feet of Christ as a little child, and to learn of Him the way of life.

About this time tidings reached him of a remarkable movement in the little village of Wiggensbach. A young priest, Martin Boos, had been led to Christ by the words of a dying

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woman, and was preaching the glad tidings of salvation through His Name alone, without works, or penance, or the usual routine of religious observances.

The peasants were flocking in multitudes to hear him, and hundreds were being livingly converted to God.

Sailer was greatly perturbed. What new thing was this? he asked. His bold mind, untrammelled by the age-worn prejudices that hampered others, had out-distanced many along the road to light and knowledge, but never yet had he been brought into contact with a direct work of God, leading repentant sinners to the feet of Christ and saving them by His grace.

His old friend, Feneberg, had also heard of the strange, new preaching at Wiggensbach, and it had set him longing.

Filled with wonder the two ex-professors determined to take counsel of each other. At Feneberg's invitation, Sailer came to him on a visit.

After much debate they resolved to send for Boos, and hear from his own lips the gospel that he preached. Two curates, also interested, were invited, and a meeting was arranged for Christmastide, 1796.

Boos accepted the invitation and came, accompanied by some of the newly-converted peasants, who were to speak of their personal experience.

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It was a strange Christmas party: five Romish ecclesiastics met to talk about an evangelical revival, begun through the preaching of one of themselves and a few poor peasants into whose hearts the grace of God had shone.

When Sailer entered the room a peasant woman, struck by his appearance, whispered to Boos: "That man has much that is child-like, but he is still a Scribe and a Pharisee, and must be born again of the Spirit." Boos, who had understood that Sailer was a Christian of long standing, assured her that she must be mistaken.

But the good woman was right. As the evening wore on she felt that she must give utterance to her conviction.

"Sir," she said, turning to Sailer, "you are like Cornelius. You have done and suffered much for the truth, *but you have not yet received Christ.*"

An awkward pause [followed; no one knew what to say.

Sailer himself remained silent. Then Boos began, and with clearness and power explained the truth of the gospel. If ever Christ was uplifted as the sinner's only hope it was before that strange Christmas gathering in the quaint old country vicarage.

At length Sailer withdrew. Early the next morning he left the house before the inmates were astir. The new thoughts that were taking

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root in his very soul had made solitude, for the time, a necessity to him.

When the guests found that he had gone, they blamed themselves for an excess of zeal. The woman that had addressed him so personally wept. But one of the peasants reported that very early that morning he had met the professor on the road, and had repeated to him a line from the gospel of John: "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

"Good, good," Sailer had replied, but had ridden away with a troubled face.

Shortly afterwards a messenger came to the door with a note from Sailer himself.

"Dearest brethren!" he said, "God has given me an unspeakably quiet mind. I do not doubt that He has come to me."

"Blessed be God!" exclaimed Feneberg, who had all the time been praying, "Lord, if thou wilt come to us, come first of all to him!"

Before the Christmas party broke up, Feneberg, too, found "joy and peace in believing."

Thus two learned Romish ecclesiastics passed from death unto life. Their enlightened minds had for long given a modified assent to the doctrines of the gospel. But it was *Christ* that their souls needed. Not until they sought Him and claimed Him as their personal Saviour could they rejoice in the assurance of their salvation.

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A century has passed since Sailer and Feneberg found peace in Christ. Since their day, education has advanced with rapid strides. Knowledge, once the monopoly of a favoured few, is now within the reach of millions. In other ways, changes too numerous to mention have taken place. But one thing remains as true to-day as ever it was, and that is, that no culture, no knowledge, no superiority of character will set a sinner's soul right with God.

Romanist and Protestant, scholar and peasant, from the monarch in his royal purple to the pauper in his workhouse corduroy, this truth applies to them all.

It applies to *you*, reader. Personal contact of the soul with the living, risen Christ is the need of the hour. In having to do with Him thus one is brought into the benefits of His atoning death. What He won for sinners through the shedding of His blood at Calvary is available for *all*.

The sole condition upon which you may obtain it is that you *come to Him* for it. Reading a bill of fare will not satisfy a hungry man, nor will a clear understanding of the doctrines of grace suffice for the salvation of your soul. In each case there must be *appropriation*.

Be wise, reader, and apply in person to the Saviour without delay. Do not rest till you are assured that Christ is yours and that you are His.

H. P. B.

The Dissolution and Election.

THE Dissolution of Parliament has made politicians very busy of late. Everywhere the war cries of conflicting parties have been heard, and the huge posters, still staring us in the face from the walls of city, town and village, bear witness to the fact of the whole country having been in the throes of a General Election.

Some dissolutions are of more historic importance than others, but none can compare with one that is yet to come. I refer to

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of the present system of things.

The day in which we live is *man's* day. Man assumes to be the owner of the world, and would fain push God out of His own creation. But man's day is to be ended. "The day of the Lord will come," we read, and then "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." (2 Peter iii. 10.)

All the plans and schemes of men will be brought to nought; all their works and inventions will perish; the world, as we know

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it, and all that it contains, will fade away. "*All these things shall be dissolved.*" (Verse 11.)

In view of that great coming dissolution, of which God's Word so plainly speaks, let me appeal to the reader. Are the things which engross and absorb your mind among the things that shall be dissolved?

You may be an ardent politician; you may have your own opinions as to the doings of the late Government and the position of the present one; you may have decided views upon the Fiscal Movement, the Education Question, Alien Immigration, Home Rule, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and a score of other matters, but remember, "ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE DISSOLVED."

What would you think of an architect, who devoted his life to the erection of a massive cathedral in an island, which is periodically visited by violent earthquakes?

Or how would you regard a sculptor who lavished all his skill upon a figure in snow, which in a few days would altogether disappear?

Just as foolish are they who devote all their time, their ability, their energy, their wealth, to building up a system of things which will inevitably be dissolved.

You take pride, perhaps, in belonging to the British Empire, the greatest that the world has ever seen. But "*all these things shall be dissolved.*" Are you a social reformer—a fervent

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advocate of some system for equalising the conditions of life? Suppose that your scheme succeeds beyond your most sanguine dreams. It yet remains true that "*all these things shall be dissolved.*"

The truly wise man is he who devotes his attention to those things which will *not* be involved in the coming great dissolution.

Are there, then, things which will *not* be dissolved? Yes, there are the "things above" (*Col. iii. 2*); the "things pertaining to God" (*Heb. ii. 17*); "things which are not seen, eternal" (*2 Cor. iv. 18*).

These things are to be known only in connection with the Lord Jesus Christ. Once He was here on earth, graciously taking part in human life, though Himself the eternal Son of God. In the midst of earthly things He walked in heavenly grace, and acted in heavenly power for the blessing of men.

But He has died out of the things in which He once took part. God has raised Him from the dead, and has set Him in heavenly glory, as the centre of *another* world, a system of things which are altogether according to God.

Everybody, including both the writer and the reader of these lines, belongs to *one* of these two great systems:

(1) *The system of THIS world, which is to be dissolved.*

(2) *The system of THAT world, which is*

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established in Christ, and which will endure for ever.

To which of these two do *you* belong, reader?
Do you say, How can I tell?

That question is easily answered. Those who have bowed to the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have believed in Him, are *His*. They are linked up by His Spirit with Himself in the bright and new world where He fills the whole scene. If dissolution comes to them in the shape of death, it makes no difference. He has Himself declared that He will raise them up at the last day. (*See John vi. 44.*) They can triumphantly say: "*If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God . . . eternal in the heavens.*" (*2 Cor. v. 1.*)

To-day, in view of the coming great dissolution, a great election is taking place. In earthly politics a dissolution goes *before* an election, but in the matters of which we speak *the election comes first*.

It is for you to elect as to your eternal destiny. If you make the wise choice, and turn to the Lord Jesus Christ in simple faith, you will be justified from your sins, delivered from this present evil world, and made a co-heir with Him of His glorious inheritance. (*See Rom. iii. 24, viii. 17; Gal. i. 4.*) Yours will then be a bright and happy future.

If, on the other hand, the world and its politics, its pleasures, its pursuits are the

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things that absorb you ; if your affection is thus set on “ things of the earth,” you will go from the scene where you sought your portion with no companions but *your sins*. In that bright universe of bliss, which will succeed the present world upon its dissolution, you will have no part. Yours shall be the outer place of weeping and wailing, and you will feel and confess that *you richly deserve it*.

But it need not be. Christ still waits in patient grace. God’s long-suffering is salvation. There is yet an opportunity for you to turn confidingly to the Saviour. Will you not do so ? “ *Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved.*” (Rom. x. 13.)

H. P. B.

“I do not Believe in Judgment.”

THE court has assembled. The judge has taken his seat. The assizes are about to commence. The oath is being administered to the jury. “You shall truly and justly try and true deliverance make between the *prisoner* at the bar and His *Sovereign Lord* the King.”

The first man tried had committed robbery. He had not robbed the king. It was a poor old widow with whom he lodged, *but in robbing the widow he had broken one of the king’s laws*. When the judge pronounced sentence, it was

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according to the *penalty attached to the breach of that law.*

Did it ever occur to you, my unsaved reader, that is exactly what will happen in your case if you appear at the Great Assize. You will be judged, not according to the way your thoughts, words and deeds have affected yourself or your neighbour; the verdict will be according to law, the way you have treated the sovereign commands of God.

"Ah!" you say, "I am not a common criminal, I have done my best to keep all man's laws and God's." Let us see. The charge sheet containing some of your crimes is found in 1 *Tim. i. 9.* Let me read the terms of the indictment:

"Murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers."

"Not guilty," you reply.

Stop a bit. Are you quite sure you did not break your old Christian mother's heart, and bring your father's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave by your godless ways?

"Lawless and disobedient."

"Not guilty," you plead.

Is that absolutely true? Have you not often said, "Oh! I don't care what anybody says, *I mean to do as I like*"?

"Ungodly and sinners."

Do you again plead "Not guilty"? Be careful; as sure as you say that, another count will be charged against you. What!

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"*Liars and perjurers.*" For listen!

"*ALL have sinned.*" (*Rom iii. 23.*)

If *all* have, *you* have. Look back at your past history. Do you mean to assert that since you were a child at your mother's knee you have never lied? Go over your school days. Look back at the time when you were growing up. Scan closely your private and public life, and tell me if you can say honestly, "I never deviated in the smallest way from absolute truthfulness." Before you reply let me remind you that the God in whose hand your breath is says, "*ALL have sinned.*" If you say you have not, *you make Him a liar and perjure yourself in doing so.*

The other day a man was convicted. He had brutally treated his wife. She loved him and forgave him, and besought the judge to let him off. How could he? He was there to administer justice. The man was sentenced, and had to undergo his term.

"Oh!" you say, "I am one of those people who do not believe in judgment." Now, what would you think of a prisoner whose case has been tried? Witnesses have been called; books have been produced which prove his guilt beyond a doubt. The jury has pronounced him *Guilty*. The judge is proceeding with his sentence when he is interrupted by the prisoner.

"My Lord," he says, "I am one of those people who do not believe in judgment. I

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think a man ought to do what he likes and be responsible to nobody. Besides I never injured the king personally, and I do not see what it matters about breaking his laws."

"Perhaps you do not believe in judgment," the judge might reply, "but his Majesty the King believes in judgment. The policeman who arrested you, and the witnesses who testified against you; the gentlemen of the jury who have pronounced you guilty; they all believe in judgment. I, his Majesty's judge, believe in it. The warder who will now conduct you to your cell believes in it, and the moment those *black doors close upon you, you, too, will believe in it.*"

"Oh!" you say, "that man must be a fool." Exactly; but if you think because you have injured nobody, and are as good as your fellows, you will never come into judgment, you also stand in a similar condemnation.

Let me urge you to take your Bible, and find *Daniel vii. 9, 10.* "*The Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of His head like the pure wool: His throne was like the fiery flame, and His wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him: thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened.*"

Then find *Rev. xx. 12—15:* "*I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and*

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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 . . . And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

If you die in your sins you will surely and certainly appear there. You may be a *small* sinner or a *great* sinner in your own estimation. The great point is not what *you think*, but what your Judge has determined. For one sin man lost an earthly paradise. One sin is enough to shut you out of the paradise of God for ever. The second death is the lake of fire. Will you risk your everlasting happiness by indifference? If you do, you will surely find yourself a prisoner at the bar of the Majesty on High to answer for your sins, and *you will not be let off*.

Listen! There is only one way of escape. *You may have broken every law on the Statute-book and still be free if you now obey two.*

Do you ask, "Which two?" I will tell you. "God . . . now commandeth all men everywhere to *repent*." (Acts xvii. 30.) "This is *His commandment*, That we should *believe on the Name of His Son, Jesus Christ*." (1 John iii. 23.) Let me urge you to plead "*Guilty*." Repent, cast yourself upon the clemency of God, fix the eye of faith upon Jesus, risen from the dead. Thus, and thus only, shall you *never come into judgment*, for it is written, "He that heareth My Word, and

believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and *shall not come into condemnation.*" (*John v. 24.*)

Only thus can you escape judgment.

God *says* there is judgment to come. I believe it, *because God says it.*

God *said* it.—The flood came. God *said* it.—Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed. God *said* it.—The Jews were scattered. It all came true. God *says* that judgment shall overtake the unbelieving, small and great. What He *said* He carried out in the past. What He *says* He will certainly carry out in the future.

Get down, then, on your knees. Read those verses in Daniel and Revelation. Put your finger on them. Look up into God's face. You dare not say, "I do not believe in judgment." H. N.

Saved by the Standard.

THE Cubans had risen in rebellion against the Spanish Government. A sailor, whose home was in America, but who was English by birth, was wrongly suspected of having supported the rebels, and was condemned to death. In vain the British and American consuls demanded his release. He was led forth one morning on to the parade ground, and placed before a number of soldiers

with loaded rifles. Both the consuls were present and entered their protest, but the Spaniards would not listen to them. The command was given to prepare to fire. At that moment Mr. Romselen, the British consul, sprang forward, threw the standard of his country across the shoulders of the sailor, and placed himself immediately in front of him. The American consul followed his example, and covered the prisoner with "the Stars and Stripes." Pointing to both flags the Englishman then said, "If you are determined to shoot, you must shoot through our standards!" There the man stood. A single shot would have ended his life, but it was not fired. He was saved.

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" This is the inexorable judgment of the law. "*All* have sinned," we read in *Romans iii.*, and if we had nothing more to tell there would not be the slightest hope for any one of us. That merciless word "*all*" brings everyone under the judgment of God. But just as that poor prisoner had some who were interested in his welfare, so have we. The two consuls sought to save him because he was *innocent*, but the Lord Jesus came to save us "while we were yet sinners." The sailor's friends placed the standards of their countries between him and his enemies, and the soldiers did not dare to fire. But Jesus placed *Himself* between the sinner and the judgment of a holy God,

and the stroke fell upon Him. Had the sailor really been guilty, neither consul nor standard could have saved him, but the gospel reveals the wonderful truth that Christ died for the *ungodly*.

There was no other way of saving us. The judgment of God must be borne, and a full atonement must be made for our sins. Divine justice demanded the life of the offender, whereas divine mercy longed to save him. To meet the case the Blessed Saviour came, and was wounded for our transgressions. The fiery stroke of judgment fell upon that holy head. He drained the cup of wrath and exhausted all the bitterness of death, and now—

*“Stern justice can demand no more ;
And mercy can dispense her store.”*

How is it with you, my reader? Is this Saviour yours? If not, your position is an awfully solemn one. Soon the day of mercy will be over, and the blood that cleanses will be available no more. Maybe *this* is the last message from God to your soul. Delay not! Accept this salvation, so freely offered.

W. L.

A Useless Counsellor.

NOT very long ago, James Clarence Snape, a blind man, sought to achieve notoriety by walking alone across England, from Blackpool to Margate.

The day after he had started upon his long tramp he wished to inquire the way to the next town. Hearing a movement close at hand, he asked :

“ Is this the right road for Freckleton ? ”

The answer was an unexpected one : “ Moo-oo-oo.” He had asked his way of a cow !

You smile at the mistake, pardonable in a blind man, but what are we to think of the multitudes, who inquire the way to heaven of guides that are just as useless and untrustworthy as counsellors as the cow ?

Thousands say to Ritualism : “ Can you tell us the way to heaven ? ” Thousands more ask the question of Morality. Some are foolish enough to take their own hearts as their advisers.

But you might just as profitably consult a cow as seek counsel in any of these ways as to your eternal salvation.

You remind me, perhaps, that the man was blind. No one who had the use of his eyes would ask guidance of an animal.

True: but does not this suggest the reason why so many seek help and direction from untrustworthy sources? *They must be blind!*

So indeed they are. The Scriptures declare that Satan, "*the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not.*" (2 Cor. iv. 4.) He has put a thick, blindfolding bandage across their eyes, "*lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ . . . should shine unto them.*"

If J. C. Snape could have read the words upon the finger-posts along the road, he would never have addressed his inquiry to the cow. And if you had spiritual eyesight to perceive the plain, unmistakable directions given by God in His Word, you would never be guilty of the folly of seeking salvation in any other way.

Thank God! He openeth the eyes of the blind. May He open *your* eyes that you may see the true and only way of blessing while I put it before you in the very words of God.

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"Every man at his best state is altogether vanity." A. "For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." B. "There is no difference: for *all* have sinned." C. "There is none righteous, no, not one." D. "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for

WILL YOU BE THERE?

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us." E. "Christ died for the ungodly." F. "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." G. "God raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory." H. "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." I. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." J. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." K. H. P. B.

(A) *Ps. xxxix. 5.* (B) *2 Sam. xiv. 14.*
 (C) *Rom. iii. 22, 23.* (D) *Rom. iii. 10.*
 (E) *Rom. v. 8.* (F) *Rom. v. 6.* (G) *1 Cor. xv. 3.* (H) *1 Peter i. 21.* (I) *Acts xiii. 38, 39.*
 (J) *Acts xvi. 31.* (K) *Ps. ii. 12.*

Will You be There?

fifty years ago
 The year 1897 witnessed the "Diamond Jubilee" of the late Queen Victoria.

Celebrations and illuminations were general throughout the whole Empire, and nowhere were they on a more extensive scale than at its very heart—the City of London.

There nightly during those few days great crowds paraded the streets, reaching their greatest density before the Bank of England. It was not the extent and magnificence of its illuminations which attracted them, for more elaborate schemes were to be

viewed in the City, but rather that the single sentence which stood out above the main entrance in letters of blazing light had fairly taken the popular fancy. There the people stood, fired with an enthusiasm which now and again found vent in a mighty roar of cheers.

And what was this sentence? Not a record of great battles won, of great improvements made, or of great laws passed, but just a simple line from one of Tennyson's poems:

"She wrought her people lasting good."

If ever a sovereign deserved such words Queen Victoria did. Do you wonder that the people cheered?

Good is what we all want. *Lasting good* is yet more to be desired. Best of all—though but a day-dream as far as man is concerned—is *everlasting good*.

Victoria's reign, though the longest of reigns, reached its end, and the great queen died. Her influence for good upon the nation ~~may justly be said to be lasting, inasmuch as it is still felt amongst us, yet who can say for how long it will last? Doubtless it, too, shall pass away, and~~ the name of Victoria mean no more to coming generations than the names of Alfred the Great or William the Conqueror to us.

Yet ~~over nineteen~~ ^{over nineteen} ~~eighteen and three-quarter~~ centuries ago there died at Jerusalem, upon a Roman gibbet,

One who now lives, and lives in heaven ; and after the lapse of so great a period His influence ; immense—there are some millions upon earth to-day who eagerly respond to the very mention of His Name—His influence will yet become greater, until at the name of JESUS every knee shall bow (*see Phil. 2: 10*).

And the reason of this is, that He has wrought His people good which shall *last forever*—EVERLASTING GOOD.

Do you know Him ? And is that “good” your own ?

It is only sober truth to say that if your sins had no painful results in eternity, had you nothing to shun, nor heaven to gain, yet it would be downright loss to go through life without Him.

Is it not true that, “There be many that say, Who will show us any good” ? (*Ps. 14: 6*.) They say it below their breath, if not audibly. Are you not one of them ? for have you not often felt an aching void this world can never fill ?

Oh ! why do you spend the transient moments of your existence in this world in the pursuit of bubbles ? Your pleasures and your prospects sparkle before your eyes ; you have them, but you cannot firmly grasp them, and they are gone !

What *you* want is real good, good that will last for ever.

And for this you must be delivered from your sins—not only from their penalties, but from their power.

To whom will you turn for this? To JESUS. Before His birth the angel said: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for *He shall save His people from their sins.*" (Matt. ~~2~~ 21.)

Again, you must have an object to live for, and a life that is well worth living. Your heart must be filled with joys which are deathless and eternal.

To whom will you turn for this? Again the answer is: To JESUS. Blessed words, twice repeated: "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, *but have everlasting life.*" (John ~~8~~ 15, 16.)

And then eternity will come. Not that dark night of gloom and speechless woe that shall inevitably be the doom of the Christless, but a bright day of eternal blessedness in the presence of God and of the Saviour Himself.

Millions—untold millions—will be there, and He shall be the centre of the blood-washed throng: the object of their worship, and the theme of everlasting praise. His fame will be twofold:

"He wrought His God everlasting glory,"

and

"He wrought His people everlasting good."

When that day comes,

WILL YOU BE THERE?

F. B. H.

A Striking Coincidence.

IN June, 1901, an express train bound for Carlisle had just entered Rugby Station as the writer was awaiting the arrival of a Coventry train. Very soon a crowd had gathered around one of the compartments, where some porters had been hastily summoned with an ambulance. He was just in time to see them remove the body of a lady supposed to be in a fit. A doctor, however, travelling in the same train was soon on the spot, and, after making a brief examination, pronounced life to be extinct. With a grave look upon his face, he said, "*She is dead.*" One felt the awful solemnity of such a moment, and how blessed to be ready when the summons comes. Cold, stern, relentless death had seized another victim. How constantly we are reminded that sin is in existence, and, consequently, sorrow, suffering, and death!

I shall not readily forget the serious look on the doctor's face, and the grave countenances of those who surrounded him when he solemnly stated that the lady was dead. The words in the chorus of a hymn came unbidden to me, "*Oh, be ready!*" She had gone into eternity, whether to be "with Christ" or "in torment" we know not; but this we know from the Holy Scriptures, that the believer on the Lord Jesus Christ has passed from death unto life, so that should his departure into eternity be slow or

sudden, all will be well. He "would depart . . . to be with Christ, which is far better." We, who believe, can say, "God . . . hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." (1 *Peter*, i. 3, 4.) How blessed to know this! you say. Yes, indeed, it is; and it may be your portion if you will but repent and believe the Gospel.

In September, 1905, a startling announcement appeared in the local paper, which read as follows: "FOUND DEAD IN A TRAIN AT RUGBY." It appears that on the arrival at five o'clock that morning of a train from *Carlisle* a well-dressed elderly gentleman was found dead in the corner of a second-class compartment. Enquiries were instituted, and it was found that deceased was well known in bird-fancier circles, and was also author of a book which enjoyed an enormous circulation. It was concluded that "*death was due to natural causes.*"

What does God say? Listen, "*The wages of sin is death*" (Rom. vi. 23), but God be praised for the remainder of the verse, "*the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" Mark well the words, "*Through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" Not through anything we have done, or can do. All blessing flows freely from God to lost sinners through Jesus our Lord. God loved, God gave, Jesus died, Jesus rose, Jesus

lives a Prince and a Saviour. May you turn to God this very hour in true repentance, and have faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, lest it be true of you, according to the words of the wise man, "Therefore shall his calamity come **SUDDENLY**; suddenly shall he be broken **WITHOUT REMEDY**." (*Prov. vi. 15.*)

J. M.

The Statue.

WE are told that Pietro, Duke of Florence, once ordered Michael Angelo to mould a statue of snow—a statue which in the heat of an Italian sun would melt away in a short time, leaving no trace whatever of the sculptor's genius. What a waste of time and skill!

And yet how like this statue is to sinful man; not as God made him, but as he has become in his fall. No sooner does he begin to live than he begins to die, and all his knowledge, skill, and reputation pass away, as if they had never existed.

Aye, and what does the world care about your death? Another name will appear in the death column, a fresh grave, another funeral, while the keen, cold world will rush on with its great tide of human souls, leaving little or no trace of the terrible moment when you sank into eternity.

* * *

The old Roman emperors deified them-

selves, and were worshipped by the populace. Man's chief end is to glorify himself and to leave God out. Man must exalt the race. Every erection—from the lofty pyramid to the meanest monument that raises its head above the earth—is pointed to by men to glorify the race.

Indeed it would seem, from the way some men talk, that the very heavens declare man's glory, and the earth his handiwork, instead of the glory and handiwork of Almighty God.

Man, in truth, worships himself. Literary, commercial, military, and political heroes are adored with almost superstitious blindness; thousands of victims are immolated every day on the altars of human greatness—a terrible price indeed for the purchase of empty fame.

How truly could God say of many to-day, Thou "hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven . . . and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." (*Daniel v. 23.*)

Remember that you cannot escape from the fact that God must be glorified—glorified either in your blessing or judgment, but glorified He will be. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." (*Isa. ii. 22.*) "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man." (*Jer. xvii. 5.*)

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You need a divine Saviour to prepare you for dying and for eternity. The dark record

of your sins is stereotyped on the plates of an irrevocable past, and nothing but the blood of a holy victim can erase it. Jesus is a mighty, glorious Saviour. He longs to gain admittance to your heart; to possess your soul; to hold for you a glorious destiny. "If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?" (*Prov. xxiv. 12.*)

Human works go for nothing, but "this is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." (*John vi. 29.*)

Why not trust Him now?

W. O.

In what are You Trusting?

NOT very long ago a friend of mine was distributing gospel tracts in the village of S——. Meeting a woman he offered her a little book, and enquired if she was saved.

"*Saved!*" she replied, with a look of amazement on her face, "*I should think I am; I work hard, and I fare hard, and I pay my way. If anyone goes to heaven I should think I shall.*"

And her appearance fully bore out the former part of her statement, and we firmly believe it was her honest conviction.

Would you think it possible in this "20th century" of God's grace, when the light of the glorious gospel has been blazed abroad, from "Land's End to John-o'-Groats," when sinners

are being told of the perfect pardon that awaits them, if they will but repent and believe the gospel, to find such a case? Yet we are convinced that this poor woman's case is not an isolated one.

Oh! the craft and cunning of Satan by which he keeps souls under his fearful power, and lulls them to sleep till their day of grace is past.

Reader, let him not delude you; listen to what God's Word says:

For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me, saith the Lord God. (Jer. ii. 22.)

Job, too, had to say: *If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean; yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me. (Job ix. 30, 31.)*

Yes, your sins are written up yonder in God's own book, and the remedy lies, not in the washings of your own doings, but in the full, complete acknowledgement of your guilt and corruption, and faith in God's sovereign provision. As it is written:

The BLOOD of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from ALL sin. (1 John i. 7.)

Without shedding of BLOOD is no remission. (Heb. ix. 22.)

It is the BLOOD that maketh an atonement for the soul. (Lev. xvii. 11.)

Trust that precious blood, dear reader, and you will be safe for time and eternity. F. T.

What is meant by "Conversion"?

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG is to be married to the King of Spain. But, first of all, we are told, she is to be "converted." The newspapers announce that her "conversion" will take place very quietly at Biarritz.*

What does it all mean? The question may well be asked, for such talk sounds strange to English ears. To put it into plain language, it means that Princess Ena, in order to become Queen of Spain, will turn her back upon Protestantism and become a Roman Catholic.

But does "conversion" consist in a mere change of religion? It is well that we should be clear upon this point, for upon conversion depends much that is vital. Issues of tremendous importance are staked upon it. To be truly converted means that one is an heir of heaven. To remain unconverted means that one is on the road to eternal doom.

We cannot be too emphatic in saying that conversion is *not* a mere change of religion. A man may renounce Buddhism or Mohammedanism in favour of Christianity, or he may exchange a grossly corrupt form of Christianity for orthodoxy of the most correct kind, yet

* Since this article was written the "conversion" has taken place on Spanish territory.—ED.

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all the time he may remain utterly unconverted.

Conversion is an outward *turning* that is the result of an inward work of God in the soul. It is a turning, not from one religion to another, not merely from drunkenness to sobriety, or from sinful habits to a moral life. It is a turning of the soul *to God*; a turning from darkness to light; from sin to salvation; from self to Christ. But no one turns to God after this manner unless God Himself works in the soul. The new birth is as necessary for effectual conversion as it is for the enjoyment of any other blessing. Unless you have been *born again*, reader, do not dare to speak of yourself as "converted."

You have perhaps been the subject of certain impressions at an evangelistic service. You have thought how nice it would be to be a Christian. And, along with others, you have expressed your intention to serve God and lead a better life.

But if this is all, do not delude yourself with the idea that you are converted. Conversion is a change far deeper than that. A truly converted person has discovered himself to be utterly lost, vile and helpless. He has come as a wretched sinner to Jesus, not to *give*, or *promise* anything, but to *receive* forgiveness and salvation. His faith rests, not on any act of his own (whether called "decision for Christ," "giving the heart to God," or anything else),

but on the work of atonement which JESUS did, long centuries ago. He knows that *because of that work* God can righteously justify an ungodly sinner. His sins are washed away by the precious blood of Christ. *Grace* has saved him and now *grace* teaches him. If rightly instructed, the genuinely converted person does not put himself under law, or set about making rules and regulations to shape his conduct. He keeps his eye upon Christ. The Spirit of God indwells him, and becomes his guide. As the days fly past he grows in the knowledge of Christ, and finds happy occupation in serving Him, until He comes.

Reader, do you know anything of "conversion" after this fashion? Do not be content with anything short of it. Take your Bible and hunt up the passages which speak of it. Read Matt. xviii. 3; Acts iii. 19; 1 Thess. i. 9, 10; 1 Corinth. vi. 11. And may God give you no rest until you can say truly: "I am converted."

H. P. B.

Faithful to the Promises.

ONLY yesterday I visited an old woman in her eighty-ninth year. Though she had been in bed for months, yet her cheeks were rosy, and there was a buoyancy of spirits and a merry twinkle in her eyes, which even old age and weakness could not quite subdue.

She is trusting the Lord as her Saviour,

and in years long fled she committed to memory countless passages of scripture, which are now a stay and comfort to her. But, spite of all this, she is not clear as to her salvation.

She declares that it is the Lord who will save her *if she keeps faithful to the promises.*

I spoke to her like this: "Mrs. C——, if I *promised* you a five pound note, would you be sure of it, if *you* kept faithful to the promise?"

This seemed to puzzle her, so I proceeded, "How could you be faithful to a promise you had never made? Impossible! But if I, who made the promise, was faithful to my promise you would get the five pound note. You see that would depend upon *my* faithfulness, not *yours.*

"Now," I said, "who made you the promises?"

Her eyes lighted up, and she said earnestly and deliberately, "A faithful, covenant-keeping God."

"And who," replied I, "will be faithful to these promises?"

"A faithful, covenant-keeping God," she again responded.

"Is there any doubt of His faithfulness?"

"Oh! no," she answered.

"Then it is not *you* who have to be faithful to the promises, but the One who made the promises—EVEN GOD HIMSELF.

"If that be so, then the promises are AS SURE

AS IF THEY HAD BEEN ALREADY FULFILLED."

What a happy climax to reach! Grace is *pure* grace. Centuries ago the first covenant that was given to Israel partly depended upon Jehovah's faithfulness and partly upon the people's; and because it *partly* depended upon the people's it *altogether* failed, so that the Apostle could say, "The commandment, which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death." (*Rom. vii. 10*).

But the new covenant depends *altogether* upon God's faithfulness, and therefore is *altogether* to be depended upon.

The Apostle Peter writes of "exceeding great and precious promises." (*2 Peter i. 4*.)

The Apostle John writes, "This is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life." (*1 John ii. 25*.)

The Apostle Paul writes of the blessing of believers: "Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace; to the end the promise might be sure." (*Romans iv. 16*.)

If the simplest believer on the Lord Jesus takes in the thought of God's pure grace and faithfulness to His own word, he or she will be delivered from all doubt as to the future. We are entitled to be as sure of reaching glory as that our Saviour, our great High Priest, is there already for us in virtue of His finished work, and able to save to the very uttermost all those who come to God by Him.

Of course, there are many things that are ours *already*, and do not come under the head of promises. The forgiveness of my sins is not promised to me when I get to heaven, but is mine the moment I believe on the Lord Jesus. So with salvation, although there is an aspect of salvation that is future. But the moment I believe on the Lord Jesus I am saved from God's righteous judgment against me for my sins; I am saved from hell, and the future is divinely assured. So with justification. That is mine also.

But the promise of being with Christ and like Him for ever, the promise of eternal life, the promise of a glorified body, the promise of being in the Father's house, these are as sure as those things that are mine already. May we enjoy our present blessing and future prospects!

A. J. P.

A Free Passage.

WHILE travelling in a railway carriage a week or two ago I was drawn into conversation with two young women, one of whom was most anxious to travel abroad. Her companion told of her experiences in South Africa, India and Malta, mentioning the trials she had gone through both on sea and land, from storms, fevers and insects in different parts: still her young friend seemed

undaunted in her desire to see for herself these lands about which she had often heard. Then came the question of the cost of such a passage as that to South Africa.

After talking for some time I ventured to remind the would-be traveller of a far better land than any we had yet spoken of, where heat and cold, disease and suffering, disappointment and death never come. The passage also was free and the way clear, only waiting for her acceptance. I told her, too, of the One ready to receive her in heaven; while in the countries we had mentioned there was no certainty of even a temporary home for a stranger, and not a friend to greet her.

Never shall I forget how the look of eager interest on the young woman's face changed to one of indifference, nay even of disgust, at being reminded of the fleeting things of time and of the loving Saviour, who was waiting for her.

Dear reader, have you accepted the offer of a free passage to a better land? Secured at such a cost—even the cost of the death of God's only and beloved Son. If indifferent to such an offer I beseech you to consider of what vast importance must be the salvation of your soul, when God had to spare His only Son to die in order to make a way of salvation for you. Think how He has thought and planned for *you*. Oh! own *your* poverty and accept *His* riches before it is too late.

“For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.” (2 Cor. viii. 9.)

*“Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.”*

C. V.

“It is Finished.”

SUPPOSE some proficient workman had accomplished a fine piece of workmanship and had pronounced it *finished*, would it need any other person *to attempt to complete what was already done*? Nay, would not every interference with such a piece of work be a gross insult offered to the one who had executed it?

Now, the work which the Lord Jesus Christ accomplished by dying on Calvary's cross is a *perfect, finished work*. He Himself said, “IT IS FINISHED,” and God has been so glorified and satisfied by the sacrifice Christ has offered, that He perfects for ever every one who (by grace) relies, or trusts in its efficacy. (See Heb. x. 14.)

The precious words, “*It is finished*,” are

full of sweetest comfort for every one who confides in Him, who uttered them, and for the anxious sinner they bear the most assuring message.

It is the announcement of an accomplished redemption, in virtue of which God is offering eternal salvation.

Are you still unsaved? If so, will you not now accept so great salvation? (See *Heb. ii. 3.*) Do not continue to neglect it. Soon your last moment on earth will have fled, and death have placed you eternally beyond the reach of either hope or mercy.

It is not the *finished work of Christ and something of your own that can save.* No! we are not saved by aught that we can do, but simply by believing in what Another has already done long, long ago.

Christ has accomplished the work alone, and salvation is now offered to the vilest through believing in Him.

The value of His precious blood is upon all them that believe.

S. B.

Rich in Mercy.

THE story is told of a native of Virginia, who was at one time indebted to General Washington to the extent of a thousand pounds.

Whilst the General was living at Washington as President, his agent in Virginia, zealous for his master, but without consulting him, brought an action against R——, who, being unable to pay, was cast into prison.

Friends of the unfortunate man, hearing what had taken place, and knowing the generous disposition of Washington, urged him to write to the President, explaining to him all the details of the case.

R—— did so, and by the next mail came a full discharge from Washington, who was ignorant of the course his agent had taken.

What would you say, reader, if we were to tell you that R—— refused to accept both the discharge and the release? “Refuse!” you would say, “he certainly would not be so foolish or ungrateful.” No, he was not; and yet, how many there are in this world who, when they are told that a full, righteous, divine clearance of all their sins is held out to them, if they will but take their place as those who have “nothing to pay,” turn away with indifference that is appalling to witness. Oh! reader, beware how you treat God’s gracious offer.

Remember, it may close ere long, and close eternally.

Accept, then, we beseech you, reader, God’s offer of mercy while it is called “to-day,” and then you will be able to sing:

*"I'll give you a piece of good news to-day,
My sins are remembered no more;
For Jesus has taken them all away,
My sins are remembered no more."*

F. T.

Strange Indifference.

IT is strange that some men are utterly careless. They are anxious to make their mark in this world, but care nothing about the next.

They know how to make money, but count the treasures of heaven as not worth a thought.

We have met men eminent in this world's wisdom, who were as dark as midnight as to the future; they could not tell, should they die, whether they would reach heaven's eternal shore or go down to the woe of hell.

We would ask the question: "*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*" (Mark viii. 36-37.)

But can *you* speak with certainty on this point? If the cold hand of death were laid upon you to-night, where would you go? Do not say, I hope it would be all right, for, in a matter of such tremendous importance, you ought not to be satisfied with merely "I hope": you ought to have certainty.

See that poor criminal under sentence of death: it is the eve of the execution. He is hoping against hope that a pardon will be given him. Go and talk to him about politics, is he interested? He cares not whether trade is good or bad, or how the war ended. He has no interest in the latest cricket or football match. He is thinking of the hoped-for pardon. Has that been procured for him?—and an answer in the affirmative is the only word that will bring the flush of joy to his pale cheek.

If you have not yet been pardoned through the blood of Jesus, you are the criminal—"condemned already"—and you are being borne along swiftly into eternity, where you will be awakened to the terrible fact that there is no room in heaven for the unforgiven sinner. How can you be occupied with this world's trifles, and be heedless of this dark outlook?

But you say, I don't mean to be lost. Then you had better decide at once for Christ. One day's delay may mean hell for ever. Oh! let not this world's gold, tinsel or pleasure rob you of eternal joys. The novel, the theatre, the gambling table will give no solace in hell. Short is mercy's day. Hesitate no longer. For the sake of your precious soul, "Flee from the wrath to come."

J. T. M.

Lost Without Knowing it.

“**W**E were travelling over the prairie once,” says an American writer, “a small company of us, on a beautiful autumn day, entertaining one another with jest and story and song. The stretch of prairie seemed boundless. There was not a tree or shrub in the entire vision, not a living creature except a few birds, ourselves, and our team.

“Suddenly one of the party caught at the reins, and called on the driver to stop.

“‘I believe we are lost!’ he said gravely, as he faced his companion, who was still smiling over some repartee.

“We stopped the horses and began to take account of our surroundings. After deliberate consultation we were forced to agree that we were off the stage road, which was the track to our destination, and that probably, while occupied with our story-telling, we had let the horses take some abandoned waggon trail that branched off from it.

“We gazed helplessly about us. The sun was just going down. There was absolutely no sign of a house or of any mark of human

habitation. We retraced our way in an effort to find the stage road, and after going back over fifteen miles, we found it, and reached our destination the next morning.

“More than once during those fifteen miles, as we trudged at the head of the horses in order to keep to the faint outline of the old waggon road, one of our party repeated the words, ‘*We were lost all the time, and didn’t know it.*’”

The italics are mine. It is these last words of the narrative that I wish to emphasize, for they accurately describe the spiritual condition of many who will read these lines.

There is the young lady, for instance, who moves in a gay social circle, and whose life seems filled to the brim with pleasure. Her face always seems rippling with smiles. She would be shocked if you called her *a sinner*. She thinks no more of her soul than if she were a butterfly. *Eternity* is a mere word of four syllables to her. It conjures up before her mind no vision of never-ending weal or woe. Merrily she trips along life’s pathway, never pausing to ask herself the question, “Whither am I bound?” *She is lost all the time, but she doesn’t know it.*

What a different type of person is represented by that religiously-inclined lady! She is rarely, if ever, absent from the services at the ritualistic church that she attends. Her

whole soul is thrown into an ecstasy as she kneels, listening to the solemn notes of the organ and the sweet voices of the youthful choir, and witnessing the elaborate ritual gone through by the vestment-clad priest. Whisper in her ear: "Lady, you are *a lost sinner!*" and she will turn upon you a glance full of concentrated indignation. Yet if she has never been *saved*, your words would assuredly be true. *She does not know it, but all the time she is lost.*

Not far off there lives a man of the most exemplary moral life. If he does not profess to believe in Christianity his works and ways compare favourably with those of many who do. His watchword is: "Do to others as you would that they should do to you." He orders his life by *the golden rule*. Is there a case of need brought to his notice? He is ready at once to lend a helping hand. But how does he stand with regard to Christ? Has he bowed at His feet in repentance, and accepted His proffered salvation? If not, in spite of his kindness to the poor, and his exemplary moral life he is lost, *lost without knowing it.*

Is it possible, reader, that YOU are in this condition? Whether you know it or not, unless you *are saved*, you *are lost*. Are you aware of it?

It may sound paradoxical, but let me assure you that the first step towards being saved is to discover, and to own, that you are *lost*.

I do not, of course, mean by this that you are *eternally* doomed. I use the word "lost" as Scripture uses it, in the sense of perishing, utterly undone, altogether without strength, ruined, treading the road to everlasting destruction. This is the true condition of everyone who is not saved.

"*If our gospel be hid,*" says the inspired page, "*it is hid to them that are LOST.*" (2 Cor. iv. 3.)

Do you take the place of a lost sinner? Do you own that you have no hope save in the mercy of God? Then listen: "*The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was LOST.*" (Luke xix. 10.)

If Jesus came to *save*, you may be sure that salvation is to be had. Does not this fact awaken within you any desire to be saved?

If you have been indifferent as to your lost condition, *God* has not been indifferent as to it. Rather than let you perish without hope, He gave His own Son to be the Sin-Bearer upon the cross. The death of Jesus was no mere martyr's death. There was *atonement* in it. He bore the judgment and wrath of God, and poured out His soul unto death to make expiation for sin.

On this ground, and on this alone, God can hold out the hand of forgiveness towards guilty sinners. Because of what Jesus did at Calvary He can save the lost.

And He *delights* to do it. Will you not let Him save you?

Remember: if you die in your sins you will be *lost for ever*. If you are to be *saved for ever* it is NOW and HERE you must be saved.

After reading this paper, you will have no excuse for continuing as a lost sinner. *You will never be able to plead ignorance*. Will you not face the matter at once? H. P. B.

A Sad Story.

"I AM dying of consumption, judge, and I know that any sentence can have but little effect on me," and she coughed a hollow, vacant cough. The expression on the face of the judge remained unchanged, but his eyes dropped, and he did not raise them as the woman continued, "Years ago I was admired of all the gay society around, I was my father's pride, but a man came and professed affection for me. My father said he was bad, and contrary to his wishes I ran away and married him.

"Father said I should never come home again—my home—how I longed to be there just to tell him all." She coughed, and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she held to her lips. "My husband became

addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote again asking father to let me come, but the answer came, 'I do not know you.' My husband died. Homeless and wretched I went out into the world. My child died, and I wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote again, but the answer was, 'I know not those who disobey my commands.' I turned from that letter hardened; I embraced sin; I rushed madly into vice. Now I am here." A crimson tide flowed from her lips; they caught her as she fell, but she was gone. The judge had not raised his eyes. He, too, was dead. The woman was his daughter.

Perhaps the reader may be just like that young woman, out in the world, alone, homeless and wretched; your father's heart may be steeled against you; your longings for his forgiveness may be deep and real; you may yearn to get back to the old home circle which you so foolishly left for a life of worldliness. I want to speak a few words of cheer to you, for there is One who loves you, although you are a sinner. Thank God, His love abounds over your sin, and He waits to welcome you. This is a world of sorrow and sadness because of sin. Man's heart is so proud and hard, on the one hand, and so weak and foolish on the other, "but God, who is rich in mercy, for His *great love* wherewith He loved us, even when we were *dead in sins*" (*Eph. ii. 4, 5*), has declared forgiveness for

such, for "Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

He has died for sinners. "Be it known unto you, therefore . . . that *through this Man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and *by Him all that believe are justified from all things.*" (*Acts xiii. 38, 39.*)

The judge in our story was rigid and would not bend to the pleadings of a breaking heart when his wayward child wrote to him. *But Jesus says, "Come unto Me."* Get alone, and look up. He knows your history, but, oh! how He loves to hear it from your own lips, from your breaking heart. No doubt you have forfeited all claim to God's mercy, but He loves you notwithstanding all. Listen again to His loving welcome: "Him that *cometh to Me* I will in no wise cast out." "Come *unto Me*, and I will give you rest." You will not require to go twice. No; for He has said,

**"Ask, and it shall be given you;
seek, and ye shall find;
knock, and it shall be opened unto you."**

Will you trust Him? Tell Him frankly that you want Him to save you, and He will do it, and bind up your bleeding, breaking heart with the healing balm of His love, and fill it with the deepest joy. You say, How will I keep right? Ah, He will keep you right, and right on through everything, until He has you just where He wants to have you, with Him and like Himself for ever.

Trust Him, and your heart will be filled with the memory of His matchless love. You will be able to look up and say, He “loved me, and gave Himself for me.” Then you can carry the glad news to your friends and neighbours, that their hearts too, may be filled with joy.

“There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one sinner* that repenteth.” (*Luke xv. 10.*)

Give the Lord Jesus the joy at this moment of receiving YOU. God grant it. w. o.

“Fear Not!”

FOR many years the tongue of prophet and priest had been silent, but at the time of which I write God had again spoken to men. Within the Temple at Jerusalem Zacharias had heard strange tidings of a great Deliverer, who was coming to the earth, bringing blessing to the Jews and salvation for all nations.

Time passed on, until suddenly, at night, out on the plains of Bethlehem an angel host came forth out of heaven to declare to the shepherd watchers that He had come.

“Fear not,” is the angel’s word. “Is there,

then, no cause for fear?" No, none! "But I have sinned, and, if I tell the honest truth, I believe that God is against me." But, see it is not so, for His first word is, "*Fear not.*" Although we have sinned and turned our backs upon God yet He has not turned against us, for *He has sent His Son that He may become the Saviour of the world.* And as He steps into the earth on His wonderful mission to save a ruined race we find Him, "a Babe lying in a manger." That holy Person will by and by die in the sinners' stead, bear the sinners' sins, and be made sin. There is nothing to repel. On the contrary, if God has advanced towards us in such a way surely we may trust Him, and believe in His love for us. Believe in Him as a Saviour-God, "now is the accepted time."

R. B.

Refused Because Too Cheap.

A PREACHER had gone down into a coal mine to tell the miners of the Saviour in the noon hour. After hearing the simple story of God's love to lost sinners, a full, free salvation offered, the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation?

The man replied, "Oh, it's too cheap. I can't believe in such a salvation as that."

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"Does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh, no; only a few seconds."

"Well, certainly, that is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help raise yourself?"

"Of course not," said the miner; "you have nothing to do but get into the cage."

"But what of the people who sunk the shaft and perfected all this arrangement? Was there much labour or expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is 1,800 ft. deep, and was sunk at great cost to the proprietor; but without it we should never get to the surface."

"Just so; and when God's word says, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' you say, 'Too cheap,' forgetting that God's work to bring you out of the pit of destruction and sin was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of His Son."

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 14.) A. D.

The Acceptable Year.

AT the beginning of His ministry on earth Jesus went to the synagogue of Nazareth on the Sabbath Day. Here He was doubtless well known, and would be recognised by many of those who were assembled for the customary service. He stood up to read, and, having been given the scroll of Esaias, the prophet, He read as follows: "*The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.*" (Luke iv. 18, 19.)

"*And He began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.*" (v. 21.)

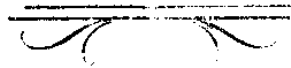
The people in the synagogue fixed their eyes on Jesus as He read over these wonderful words. Possibly they had heard them read before, but never as He read them. Isaiah had uttered the words nearly 700 years before, but no one had ever come until now who could take them up as being true of Himself. As Christ Jesus spoke them they were true: He had come to preach good news, to heal, to deliver, and to relieve the oppressed.

And, thank God! He has done it in tens of thousands of cases—in mine and, may I say, in

yours? Think it over. God's Son—He who is God—came to earth to tell men good tidings of God's forgiving grace to the guilty—His mighty power put forth to meet all human need, and to crush the power of the oppressor, so that the poor, weary sinner might be free.

All you need is to be found in Him: no longer a man on earth, but the living Lord enthroned in the highest heaven, He who was dead but lives to die no more. And it is still the acceptable year: you may receive the gospel of God's grace, may find deliverance and know by faith and in the Spirit's power a Mighty Deliverer. "Now is the accepted time." Friend, do not come too LATE.

R. B.



The Only Question.

TALK of questions of the day! There is only one question, and that is the Gospel."

So wrote W. E. Gladstone, and the statement is a remarkable one to come from the pen of one who was so thoroughly acquainted with all the "questions" of his day.

But is it true?

Ask yonder man, from whose bedside the doctor has just turned away with a grave face. He has but a few days to live. What question commands his interest to the exclusion of every other? If he is wise, he will reply, "The Gospel."

No question of business, wealth, prospects, friends, amusements can vie in his estimation with that of the Gospel.

But you, my reader, are a dying creature, as well as he. Can you deny it? Do you know of any power on earth that can keep your door bolted when death knocks? *a past*

Hear what one of the leading infidel writers of ~~the day had~~ to say upon this subject.

"Of our loving and our studying, of our fortunes and our fame, what comes but vexation and disenchantment and a narrow bed, with a pillow of gravel and a counterpane of moss?"

Poor Robert Blatchford! His words are true. Would that it could be said that to him also the question of questions was the Gospel!

What is the "Gospel," this question that eclipses every other?

It is good news, glad tidings. The very word "gospel" means that. But THE Gospel, or THE Glad Tidings, is the message that has come into this world from God Himself, addressed to all mankind.

It speaks of a Saviour from sin, from the power of Satan, from the fear of death, from the judgment of God.

Do *you* realise that the pursuer, Death, is already upon your track? Have *you* discovered that your sins have exposed you to God's righteous wrath? Then, surely, to you there can be no question of such interest as this: How may I be saved?

For an answer, we point you to JESUS. Though the eternal Son of God, He became Man, and sits as such upon the throne. In Him alone salvation is to be found.

Long years ago He came into the world, declaring God's love for man. But His words were refused and Himself crucified.

His death, however, was no mere martyr's death. *He suffered and died to make atonement for our sins.* In virtue of the work which He thus accomplished the sinner who believes in Him is saved.

THE ONLY QUESTION.

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No works, no prayers, no promises, no strivings are necessary to complete the sacrifice. *The work is finished.* And the Gospel which is preached to you is the glad tidings of present forgiveness and salvation. *On that account*

“Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.”

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” (*Acts x. 43; xiii. 31.*)

The great question, then, for you is, How do you treat the Gospel? You may treat it in one of three ways. You may either

Reject it;
Neglect it; or
Accept it.

~~Robert Blatchford rejects it. He refuses it as false, and labours with his able pen “to smash Christianity,” as he says.~~

You, reader, are probably *not* an atheist. You do not absolutely reject the glad tidings. But are you spending your days in indifference to God’s message? Do you go on your way unconcerned as to the appeal which it makes to your soul? “How shall we escape, if we NEGLECT so great salvation?” (*Heb. ii. 3.*)

The wise course is to ACCEPT the Gospel, as God’s gracious message to *you*. Flee to the Saviour of whom it speaks, and, assuredly, the forgiveness which it proclaims shall be yours.

64—AMAZING INDIFFERENCE.

“ If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are LOST: in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which BELIEVE NOT, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.” (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.)

Compare this passage of Scripture with the one already quoted from *Acts xvi.*, and see how these things are joined together:

“ *Believe* ” and “ *saved* ” go together.

“ *Believe not* ” and “ *lost* ” go together.

Reader, how do you stand as to this matter?

H. P. B.

Amazing Indifference.

THE old saying that “ familiarity breeds contempt ” has once more been strikingly illustrated during the recent eruption of Vesuvius. Not that there was any pressing need for this fresh demonstration. Its truth has been only too manifest for centuries in connection with a far graver matter; and one that far more intimately, my reader, concerns you. How often have you treated the Gospel with indifference and contempt? Pause a moment and let your conscience answer.

A volcanic eruption is certainly no child’s play. One would have thought that it was just the thing to make a permanent impression on people’s minds, and that one such event would be quite sufficient to forbid all idea of

living within its reach for a century. But, no; Vesuvius is an every-day matter for the Neapolitans. Hence they give it but little consideration. Let an eye-witness speak. He says:

“The disaster of yesterday, when the central market collapsed like a house of cards, has caused anxiety lest other like catastrophes should follow. The neglect which brought about the disaster referred to is chronic here. . . .”

Again:

“The indifference of a people so bright and quick-witted as are the Neapolitans is amazing. Along the Partenope, that beautiful drive which is the boast of Naples, no attempt at clearance has been made, and the thick dust still lies on the footpaths untouched. Yet nobody appears concerned.”

These words are strangely suggestive. Who is there who does not sometimes feel a certain amount of anxiety when disaster happens to some near relative or friend? When death seizes them with icy grip and flings them out of this life into eternity all unprepared? Ah! *then*, even *you* have felt anxious lest another like catastrophe should happen, and your turn should come, and find you “without Christ, having no hope, and without God in the world.” (*Eph. ii. 12.*)

Time and again this has happened, and yet swiftly, like a morning cloud, these fears have

vanished away, and, perhaps, to-day your attitude towards God and His Gospel is just summed up by the words of the Naples correspondent—"chronic neglect" and "amazing indifference."

And why is this? Simply because you have been accustomed to the sound of the Gospel all your life. The Gospel visits a South Sea island through the labours of self-denying men, and many a dusky Polynesian cannibal is turned to God—the whole man is transformed, and his very face shines with a new-found joy and deliverance. You have heard it a hundred times, and received not an atom of benefit.

Oh! friend, forgive my telling you plainly that you are being most grievously blinded and duped by the devil. He will swamp your mind in business, or pleasure, or anything else that will keep you living in fog and dreamland as far as eternal realities are concerned.

Awake! awake!! Put sleep from your eyes! Soon, for each of us, this world of sham and change will be over, and we shall have entered the world where all is *real* and all is *fixed*. What about your soul?

Ah! you have not thought much of that. You have never realised its value. And yet, when your body lies mouldering in the dust, your soul will live on, on, on, through an endless future. Then "what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (*Mark viii. 36.*)

What of your sins ?

These you have conveniently forgotten as far as lies within your power ; but this unconcern will not last for ever. It cannot, if these words are true : " Walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes ; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." (*Eccles. xi. 9.*)

But it is because you are indifferent to these things that you neglect the " Good News " of God's grace and of Christ's finished work. And more than this, very likely you have never understood what the Good News really is. What is your idea of the Gospel ?

The Naples correspondent whose words I have above quoted also speaks of some who were not altogether indifferent to this visitation of Providence. He says :

" Dead women were found kneeling with their beads in their hands. They had evidently found escape impossible, and the only consolation vouchsafed to their friends is the swiftness of the fate which fell upon them. One old lady was found in a confessional box, dead."

So, strings of beads, and the confessional box were the refuges to which these poor people turned in their hour of need. Bead telling is a question of what *I* can do, the value of *my* prayers, or of the value of *my* confessions if I enter the box. You do not, of course, agree with these poor superstitious folk, but do you agree with the idea which

underlies their action, viz., that salvation is a question of human merit, more or less?

If this is so, *you* do not understand the Gospel.

The very pith and marrow of it is this, that God presents Himself to you as a Giver and a Blessor. He does not ask from you insisting, Give! He offers to you urging, Take! He demands neither prayers nor confessions, nor good works, as though there were any merit in them. No! He brings to you, through the Lord Jesus Christ, forgiveness and life and joy and blessing. The Gospel is:

“God so loved that *He gave* . . .”
(*John iii.* 16.)

and

“Be it known unto you . . . that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.” (*Acts xiii.* 38.)

And since God is always a *Giver* you must be always a *receiver* if any transaction of blessing is to take place at all.

Why be indifferent to such a Gospel as this? Why treat it with neglect? Ah! did you but know the joy it brings to the believer you would not do so for another hour.

Receive, then, the Lord Jesus Christ. Receiving Him, you receive everything.

“As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.” (*John i.* 12.)

F. B. H.

From Laughter to Terror.

WITHOUT the slightest warning the awful catastrophe fell upon the gay and godless city of San Francisco. An eye-witness writes: "The day before had been an ideal Californian day, clear and bright, with bracing breezes and a glowing sunset. The night following was like quiet sleep. Hundreds of hacks and automobiles whirled the people to the Opera House to hear Caruso sing in 'Carmen.' The great theatre was packed with the wealth of the Golden West. After the opera the hotels and restaurants were crowded with joyous opera parties, which were not long finished before shrieks of terror were heard where there had been laughter, while the very scenes of merriment were obliterated by ruin and fire."

Is there no message to you in this voice of the earthquake and fire? Is San Francisco specially wicked that such a dramatic ruin should have overtaken it?

Similar questions were asked of the Lord when in His day the tower of Siloam fell, killing eighteen people under its ruins. Were they sinners above all that dwelt in Jerusalem?

The Lord made answer, "Nay; but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." (*Luke xiii. 5.*)

From this we gather that the fate of

San Francisco is a call to you for repentance. The unrepentant sinner will assuredly perish, and by that is not meant "annihilation," or ceasing to exist, like the beasts of the field, but the eternal doom of the lost in the lake of fire. Repent! Repent!! Repent!!! is the voice of earthquake and fire to you; nay, the very voice of God Himself in urgent tones.

When will men think of their future—not the future of to-morrow, or next week, or next year, but of ETERNITY? Oh! the folly of a man toiling and moiling to obtain a competency for an old age he may never reach, whilst making no provision for the great forever which may be as near him as it was to the people of San Francisco on that beautiful day of "bracing breezes and glowing sunset." What a startling thought that you may be as near your eternity as that!

We read that 200,000 were rendered homeless by earthquake and fire. But if you reach eternity unsaved you will be *homeless FOR EVER*. "Outer darkness" is no home. The lake of fire is a poor gain for earth's follies and soul-indifference.

The distress of the homeless was soon alleviated, for the United States Government appropriated £200,000 for their relief, and millionaires like Rockefeller and Carnegie, and rich corporations donated large sums. But in a lost eternity there will be no relief—there the worm never dies and the fire is not quenched.

The fire brigade chief died in the vain attempt to stop the irresistible march of the conflagration that followed the earthquake. His death put an end to his power to help the living.

May I be permitted to draw your attention, reader, to the death of the Son of God? It was not His living, *but His dying that made Him all-powerful to save*. He came to this earth to die, "the Just for the unjust." By His very dying He broke the hitherto irresistible march of sin and death. He is now the Victor, crowned on high, and He offers shelter, pardon, salvation, and forgiveness to all who stand in need of Him. "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (*Acts x. 43.*) Hear the invitation from His own lips, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (*Matt. xi. 28.*)

But once let the golden day of opportunity go by, and His death will be in vain for you. Here and now is the hour of forgiveness.

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

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

As I write, 300,000 are starving. One man was shot for washing his hands with the precious drinking water. Rich and poor are

alike without food. Money is of no value. What a reversal of things! "The almighty dollar" to be no more potent than the ashes left by the fire!

In eternity rich and poor will be alike, and money of no value, Even here all are on one common platform before God, and money is powerless to buy His favour. He does not judge by the size of the house in which we live or the style we keep up, but He has respect to the man of a broken and contrite spirit. He gives pardon to the king upon his throne and the beggar in the workhouse alike upon the condition that they will come empty-handed and needy, and receive the forgiveness which is alone to be had through Christ, who gave Himself a ransom for all.

Oh! be warned while mercy may be yours. "Prepare to meet thy God." Time quickly passes. Life is so uncertain. Eternity draws nigh. God waits to pardon. The blood of Christ still avails. "Now is the accepted time." Trust Him now. Do not delay.

A. J. P.



Sins—Other People's or Your Own.

NOTHING is easier than to perceive and decry the misdeeds of other people, while forgetting all about one's own faults. "Other men's sins" afford a subject for conversation by no means uncongenial to many, who would resent the question, *What about your own?*

Yet the truest wisdom is to be very personal with regard to this matter, and to begin with *number one*.

Two clerks, employed at the War Department, were sitting at their desks, when one, gazing out of the office window, remarked to the other :

"Just look at that Government workman on the roof over the way. I've been watching the lazy beggar for half an hour, and he hasn't done a stroke of work. That's the way they cheat the Government."

Meanwhile the workman was remarking to one of his mates: "Just look at that clerk down there. I've watched him half an hour, and he's done nothing but stare out of the window all the time. That's the sort of chap we have to pay taxes to keep."

The clerk, while observing the workman's

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laziness, entirely forgot his own. The workman, while reproaching the clerk, was altogether unmindful that he was himself doing the very thing he complained of.

I do not wish to occupy your mind, reader, with sins which other people commit. We will not discuss that murder of which the newspapers have so much to say; nor that jewel robbery; nor the cases of drunkenness and foul language brought before the magistrate. We will not discuss with ~~mistresses~~ ^{employers} the delinquencies of ~~servants~~ ^{workers}, nor with ~~servants~~ ^{workers} the shortcomings of ~~mistresses~~ ^{employers}. We will not touch upon the questionable conduct of Mr. So-and-so. There is a challenge which I would pick up from the pages of Holy Scripture and ring in your ears:

"Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?"

There can be only one answer to this question. Yes; there are sins that *you* have committed. Sinful motives, sinful desires, sinful words, sinful deeds—all these are SINS. There are sins of omission as well as sins of commission; secret sins, as well as those about which others know.

This is a most serious matter, for by your sins you are separated from God. "*Your iniquities have separated between you and your God.*" (~~Isaiah~~ ^{Isaiah} 2.) ^{59.}

You will, of course, retort, "What about yourself? How does the question apply to

“The blood of Christ, which satisfies the JUSTICE of God, may well satisfy the CONSCIENCE of an awakened sinner.”

Should there be a soul trusting Christ, and yet not sure of his acceptance with God, reading these lines, we feel sure that they may well bring peace and comfort to his mind.

The lesser is included in the greater. *The greater* is that God's justice should be satisfied. Without that there is no salvation for any. With it there is forgiveness and pardon for all. That God's justice has been gloriously satisfied is claimed by the words of the dying Saviour, “It is finished”; and that claim has been most blessedly allowed by God in that He has raised Jesus from the dead, and crowned Him with glory and honour. The same hand of justice that smote the divine Substitute on the tree has crowned the mighty Victor on the everlasting throne.

The lesser is the satisfying of the guilty conscience of the awakened sinner. Once the anxious soul learns that God is satisfied then it follows that it is proud presumption for the believing sinner not to be satisfied. Faith sets to its seal that God is true. A foundation such as this nothing can shake. “God is just and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.” (*Rom. iii. 26.*) Have you believed in Him? That settles everything.

* * *

“Half-way to Christ is a dreadful place. Take you heed—to be NEAR the lifeboat is different to being in it—take you heed.”

In one sense no one can be half-way to Christ. There is no half-way house. You are either in your sins or in Christ. There is no middle ground. On the other hand King Agrippa could say to the Apostle Paul, “*Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*” Bethsaida was exalted to heaven and yet thrust down to hell.

So you may be the child of a praying mother, know the Gospel as well as the preacher does, and yet perish in your sins. You may often have felt impressed at a Gospel service, and yet die a hardened sinner.

The reflection of such privileges, as we have outlined being theirs, and yet slighted and refused, will but add to the torments of many of the lost. Far better to have died a dark, ignorant heathen, to whom the name of Jesus is unknown, than to pass away into God's presence unrepentant and unsaved from all the light and warmth of Christianity.

* * *

“‘It's a very simple way to Heaven,’ said a poor, unlettered man, ‘if people would only take it. There are only three steps. Out of self —into Christ—into glory.’”

Alas ! it is the very simplicity of the Gospel that stumbles so many. If only *we* were more

simple we should get along better. We are too complex, and judge God by the standard of a man. We say the Gospel is too cheap, or too easy, or too good to be true, and in that way God is insulted and His word refused. The Gospel cheap! Nothing has ever or will ever cost so much. Creation cost a word. Salvation cost God His Son; it cost the Lord Jesus all the shame of Calvary. The Gospel too easy! If it were not without money and without merit, it could not be universal, for some have no money, and according to Holy Writ, none have merit, for "they are together become unprofitable." The Gospel too good to be true! Why, thousands have proved it to be good, superlatively good, but—*true!!* emphatically true. Oh! reader, take these steps to blessing: Out of self—into Christ. Into glory will come in God's own good time.

* * *

"After the death of Mr. Sandeman, a devoted missionary in China, there were found written in large letters in his notebook, 'ETERNITY, ETERNITY.'"

Would that every man and woman in the land lived in the light of eternity! What a difference it would make in their whole outlook. Business would not be everything. Pleasure would not engross. Indeed, our chief business and pleasure would be in connection with eternal things. A gentleman offered a tract to a lady in a train, and received the withering

reply, "Please attend to your own business."
 "That's exactly what I am doing, madam,"
 he replied ; "my business is with souls."

And do not think it is gloomy when one's chief business and pleasure is with eternity. Ask any bright Christian acquaintance of yours, and they will tell you the pleasures of this life are but as "the crackling of thorns under the pot," that in Christ they have "a deep, sweet well of love," to use Samuel Rutherford's quaint but expressive phrase. Only try it, and you will see, and above all let eternity have far more weight in your thoughts than time, for time is like a drop in the ocean; eternity, the ocean, boundless, fathomless, shoreless. ETERNITY! ETERNITY!!

* * *

"During the last year it is computed that between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 of the world's population have died and been buried."

Place them in a long array, and they will give a moving column of more than 1,300 to every mile of the earth's circumference.

Their march began with the cradle and has ended with the grave so far as this earth is concerned. *Your* march was begun, perhaps twenty, thirty, forty years ago. Each step you take brings *you* nearer to the fateful end. Longfellow sings sadly enough, but how truly, that

"THE DOOMED CITY."

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*" . . . our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."*

And after the grave, what then? Resurrection,—eternity, either with Christ in glory or with the lost in despair.

Reader, had you died during last year, where would your soul have been? Do face the question. We are your true friends in urging this upon you.

God is merciful. Christ has died. Salvation is offered. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Now is the time to face these things, and may the issue be a happy one for you.

A. J. P.

"The Doomed City."

ONE who escaped from the ruins of San Francisco telegraphed: "Death and sorrow have levelled all grades, saint and sinner, rich and poor, the lady of quality and the woman of the city's unspeakable slums, huddle together in the desolate streets, starving and benumbed. Only the dead are at peace."

A day of far greater distress and confusion than that depicted in the above newspaper cutting will, before long, dawn for all who

"forget God," and they shall be "cut down" and "withered." (*See Job viii. 12-13.*) The dead shall *not* be at peace, for God says: "After death the judgment." (*Heb. ix. 27.*) And again: "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (*Isaiah lvii. 21.*)

Dear reader, if indifferent to the oft-repeated story of God's great love in giving His best gift, even His only Son, for our eternal salvation, let me plead with you once more, asking you to listen to the warning voices around. Earthquakes, famines, wars, or the sorrowful parting from some loved one—are not any of these sufficient to tell us that things are unstable, and here there is no abiding city? God says: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." (*Matt. xxiv. 35.*)

Now there is a way of safety, *now* a way of escape to an abiding city, and a patient, loving Deliverer waiting to conduct you there. Will you not let Him save you?

San Francisco, that beautiful city of wealth and prosperity, proudly called "Queen of the West," has had her strength shaken, her beauty marred, and her riches buried in the dust. How will you stand in the day of God's wrath, when He will utterly destroy all those, who have neglected His way of salvation?

"All grades are levelled" comes the news from that terror-stricken city; and so it will be again, only world-wide, when every knee

shall bow to God. Bow to His love now, and He will exalt you in the day of His glory. Surely it is no hard thing to submit to love, love that would draw you as a tired child out of the strife and confusion around.

*“ Oh, what will you do with Jesus ?
The call comes low and clear ;
The solemn words are sounding
In every listening ear.
Eternal life’s in the question,
And joy through eternity :
Then what will you do with Jesus ?
Oh, what shall the answer be ? ”*

C. V.

Why am I not a Christian?

IS it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me ?

“ Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed.” (Luke ix. 26.)

Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians ?

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

Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ ?

“What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” (Mark viii. 36.)

Is it because I am afraid I shall not be accepted?

“Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.” (John vi. 37.)

Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

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

Is it because I am afraid that I shall not “hold out”?

“He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.” (Phil. i. 6.)

Is it because I am thinking that I will do the best I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

“Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all.” (James ii. 10.)

Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason?

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow: for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” (Prov. xxvii. 1.)

Sudden Conversions.

“Mr. G — wrote his niece and sister to say that he was suddenly converted while riding home on horse-back.”

SO writes a young friend in Jamaica. The Mr. G—— referred to has for many years been earnestly prayed for by his Christian relatives. More than one bearer of the glad tidings has spoken to him plainly and pointedly about his soul. But it all seemed utterly in vain. Now, however, it appears that he has been “suddenly converted.”

My reader is perhaps inclined to be somewhat sceptical as to these “sudden conversions.” They are phenomena which cannot be explained in the terms of twentieth century ethics. They suppose an experience altogether beyond the bounds of human reason. No wonder, then, that there have always been men ready to sneer at “sudden conversions.”

Facts are facts, however. Let me give you two more, vouched for as true by a gentleman well known to the writer.

A reckless man, riding home from market one day, was thrown to the ground by his horse falling. Fearing that he was going to be killed, he cried to God while in the act of falling, and was saved before he reached the

ground. His life from that moment bore witness to the reality of his conversion. Subsequently he became a preacher of the Gospel, and wrote some lines commencing :

*“ Between the saddle and the ground,
I mercy sought and mercy found.”*

A godless bricklayer was blown off the scaffolding of a house by a violent gust of wind. As he fell, the Scriptural words about the “stormy wind fulfilling His word” came to his mind, and before he reached the ground he was converted. He was marvellously saved from serious injury by alighting upon some cabbages, and lived for many years to bear testimony to the grace of God.

These facts, which might easily be multiplied, cannot be explained except by acknowledging the supernatural intervention of God. Bring *God* in, and all is clear.

I am not by any means asserting that in every case of conversion His intervention is so distinctly manifest. Nor is every conversion what is called a “sudden” one. But, unquestionably, in every real conversion there is a definite work of God. Conversion is not merely a change of mind, accompanied by more or less repentance on the part of the sinner. It is not merely a decision to abandon sin and practise righteousness.

In real conversion there is a turning of the soul to God, a transference from darkness to

light, a bringing from the far-off land to the joys of the Father's home. All this may not be understood at once. It rarely is. But none the less, *that is conversion.*

Now nothing but the direct intervention of God in mercy could bring this to pass for any soul. If *God* has not acted, the "conversion" is a spurious one: it is nothing but the action of the human mind and will.

Must the sinner, then, fold his arms and say, "I must wait for God to act"? By no means. Grace has placed exhaustless stores of blessing within reach of those who claim them through Christ. If you feel your need, apply to Him. Trust Him for salvation. He will respond to your call, you will be pardoned, welcomed, saved. And then you will be the first to own that from beginning to end it is *all of God's mercy.*

Reader, are you converted?

H. P. B.

Between the Years.

THE closing hours of the old year and the dawn of the new is a season of great interest, alike to young and old. The many drown the more serious thoughts suggested by the event in mirth and vanity, while those are not lacking who love to spend the time in prayer, experiencing the blessedness of waiting upon the Lord.

In a large tenement of a northern city, high above its din and bustle, sat a poor, lone widow. That house had seen better days, but in course of time had been sub-divided amongst a number of tenants, all the rooms opening upon a common passage. The widow's attic was dismal enough, yet not devoid of a few comforts, saved from the wreck of former years. She had few friends, and little earthly hope to cheer her. Both sight and hearing were upon the wane, but her faith and hope were in God.

She sat alone that night, during the quiet hours of the fast-closing year, reading the Scriptures, and gathering comfort from the words, which speak of the believer's blessed hope "in Christ Jesus," and the certainty of being for ever with Himself.

No sound was to be heard but that of a piano played in a room below. Young and skilful fingers touched the keys, and tune after tune followed each other in rapid succession.

But who was the player? Let us look downstairs and see. The room whence the music came formed, in many respects, a contrast to the attic above, being large, airy, and well-furnished. At the instrument sat a young woman of about twenty summers, with dark hair, pale, but pleasant features. Music was her passion—her one employment; and, as she remarked to the widow as they met on

the stairs a few days before, "It is all my consolation."

Poor thing! She little thought as she uttered the words so gaily that eternity for her was so near, with all its great realities of weal or woe; still less did she ponder the solemn words, spoken long ago by Him who is the Truth: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

She was the only child of her parents—loved, indulged, and idolized. But, alas! she evinced no love for Jesus. His sweet name had no charm for her ears, and her heart and lips were never consecrated to sing His worthy praise.

That old year's night she sat with her fingers nimbly passing over the keys of her piano, and at times singing merrily to the strain.

The sound reached the ears of the widow in her little room, and she thought—Surely Alice is merry to-night. The city clocks pealed midnight, and from the distant street were heard the cheers of welcome to the advent of the new year, as the foot passengers exchanged greetings. Then all was still again, save the piano notes. In a moment they suddenly ceased, never to be heard again. The gay singer had ruptured a blood-vessel, and lay stretched upon the floor.

She never spoke again, only being able to

give her stunned parents a parting look of recognition. All was consternation and hurrying to and fro. The alarmed father rushed for a doctor, but all too late. As the old year finished its course and the new-born year dawned, the soul of the maiden-minstrel had *passed from the bounds of time into the realities of a far-reaching eternity.*

Let this brief, sad history, my friend, carry to you an earnest word of warning, yet of loving entreaty. You live for the world, of which God says: "The fashion of this world passeth away," and its "friendship" is "enmity with God." You have a choice to make. Let it be Christ. He is worthy of your choice. He suffered for sinners, "tasted death" for you. He is risen and glorified at God's right hand in heaven; and the Scripture, which "cannot be broken," declares that God gave His Son that "whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Will you believe on Him? Do be persuaded. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

Satan, your enemy, uses a thousand things to hinder you from being saved—the fear of man, love of dress, a novel, a companion, music, dancing, education, pleasure, a form of godliness, and last, but not least, "putting off." Perhaps you say: "I am young, strong, full of hopes, the world lies smiling before me, I have

bright prospects of life for years to come, mar not my peace by your dark forebodings." Or, perhaps, you seek to reassure yourself with the plea, "I intend to be a Christian before I die." Ah! you trust the devil's "to-morrow" instead of God's "to-day." Be warned, I implore you, by the above sad history of one cut off in the bloom of youth by that same "destroyer," who may grasp you when you think not, for "childhood and youth are vanity." (*Ecc. xi. 10.*)

T. R. D.

Gospel Jottings.

The Inconsistency of Atheism.

THE infidel, desiring to deny the existence of God, must of necessity deny the existence of a Creator. In loud, swelling, empty words he will tell you that the earth, with its beauties, was the result of "a fortuitous concourse of atoms," which simply means that a lot of atoms coming together without guiding hand, by pure chance, produced this world. The belief infidelity requires is far beyond that which revelation asks. The latter is simple, understandable, and majestic. The former is staggering beyond all belief. For if there is "a concourse of atoms," how came they to be atoms? and if they came together, who gave the law of motion? In short, how did something come out of nothing? Of course, the

idea of an uncreated, eternally-existent God is beyond the creatures' powers of explanation, but yet the soul demands such an idea; and if we could explain the idea it would cease to satisfy our souls, for God is to be worshipped and adored. How can the creature understand the Being of his Creator?

A well-known writer ridicules the inconsistency of atheism. He says: "You can put away the mystery of God, and you get in return the greater mystery of *godlessness*. The infidel's account of creation is neither more nor less than a fool's account. A *chair* could not have made itself, but the infidel says that the *sun* is self-created. Your *coat* had a maker, but the infidel says that your *soul* had none. The *wax flower* of your table was made, but *the roses* in your garden, the infidel says, grew by chance. The *figure-head* on the ship was carved by some hand, but the face of the carver, so the infidel says, became a face by chance, without design or without law." Shall we believe such arrant nonsense? The devil will try to deceive you, weaken the Creator's hold over the conscience, but I beg you to refuse his lies, and remember not only that God is the Creator of all things, *but that you are His creature*, and to Him you must give your account. "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." (*Rom. xiv. 12.*)

* * *

The Need of Redemption.

It is very evident that a man who disbelieves in the Creator is not likely to believe in the Redeemer, and yet it is just because God, the Creator, is holy and must punish sin, and we His creatures are sinful and lost, that we need a Redeemer. We cannot put away our own sins—no amount of reformation or religiousness can atone for our guilt. The king upon his throne, the beggar upon the dunghill, the professor of morality in his chair, and the lewd sinner in the unspeakable slums—all alike need a Redeemer, a Saviour. It has been most solemnly said, “At every swing of the pendulum a soul goes into eternity. Between the rising and setting of every sun 43,000 souls are summoned before their Creator. Death is very busy, night and day, at all seasons, and in all climes.”

What a dreadful life this would be had we no Redeemer! To be sinners—aye, *dying* sinners, the heavens as brass above our heads, and hell yawning to engulf us, and each step taking us nearer to an awful eternity, would be sad indeed. How different! God in heaven ready to forgive each sinner pleading the blood of Jesus; nay, a God who beseeches us to be reconciled; a triumphant Saviour sitting on God's throne, who can say, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out”; there is no excuse for any missing the blessing.

Will you miss it? Thousands are doing so. Your neighbours on every hand are doing so. Will you do so?

Oh! be in earnest. God is willing to save you; the redemption price has been paid by Jesus in blood on the cross of shame. There is no barrier on God's side. Indifference or pride may hinder you—indifference as to your state before God as a sinner; or pride, preventing you from taking the low place before Him and receiving without any return on your part the free gift of salvation.

* * *

When is the Time to be Saved?

God says, "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." It is folly to put off such a question to old age, when the faculties are enfeebled, and procrastination has become a second habit, or to a deathbed, when the body is racked with pain, and weakened by disease.

"Millions of money for a moment of time," exclaimed Queen Elizabeth as her end approached; but money was without value. Death was not to be bribed.

"It is too late, I am lost," was the dying cry of a young man. A gracious revival had visited his district, but he had passed through it unmoved. Sudden sickness laid him low, death stared him in the face, and he was filled with anguish and despair. And so he died.

“I won’t die, I can’t die,” shrieked a young lady, as she covered her head with the bed-clothes. And thus she died. No power of will could avert the blow of death; willing or unwilling, the end had to be faced.

We could multiply cases, but forbear. You have ample witness of the awful power of death. We cannot do more than bear solemn testimony to its power, and draw your attention to the fact that it is the wages of sin. (See *Rom. vi. 23.*)

And above all we would draw your attention to the *death* of Jesus, for He died “the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.” (*1 Peter iii. 18.*) It is just here that the good news comes in, and death becomes no longer feared by the believer in Jesus. Death for the sinner is like the young lion that roared against Samson; death for the believer is like its carcase filled with honey, it can no longer terrify, but ministers food and sweetness. Out of the eater has come forth meat; and out of the strong has come forth sweetness. The believer can exultantly say, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” (*1 Cor. xv. 55.*) “To depart, and to be with Christ . . . is far better.” (*Phil. i. 23.*)

Oh! NOW is wisdom’s hour and God’s hour for salvation. God grant that, if unsaved, you may not allow any further delay in this most important matter, but trust the Lord at once.

A. J. P.

How is it with your Soul?

ONE day, as Felix Neff, surnamed the Apostle of the Alps, was walking in the city of Lausanne, he saw, at a distance, a man, whom he took to be one of his friends. Running after him, he tapped him on the shoulder, before looking him in the face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?"

The stranger turned, and Neff, perceiving his error, apologised, and went his way. Some three or four years afterwards a person accosted him, saying he was much indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not know the man, and begged for an explanation. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person, whose shoulder you touched in a street in Lausanne, asking, 'How do you find your soul?' I was that person; your question led me to serious reflection; and now I can say, through the teaching of God's Holy Spirit—'It is well with my soul—for ever well.'"

Reader, how is it with your soul? It must live for ever. Thou must face eternity. How soon thou knowest not.

D. M.

Now.

“ **I** *HAVE had a very sad experience to-night,*”
said a woman earnestly to me.

There were three of us. I had been holding a gospel meeting in a populous Durham mining village on a Sunday evening, and was returning home. I had got into conversation with a man and his wife, and, after a little talk, the wife made the remark quoted above.

She went on, “We have been to chapel to-night, and a young local preacher was the supply. He spoke very earnestly on the text, ‘Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.’ He kept ringing this verse in our ears, and his one burden was the importance of deciding for Christ at once.

“Well, the service ended, and the congregation dispersed. Just outside the door of the chapel a young man, who had been present, was laughing and joking with some girls, when suddenly he fell to the ground, and died without a moment’s warning.”

I could see that the event had shaken the nerves of the woman, and, as she ceased her story, a very solemn feeling came over us.

Was the young man converted, or was his conduct, laughing and joking at the close of a solemn gospel appeal an indication that he had

remained untouched by the warning, so specially suited to his case, had he but known what the near future held in store for him?

We cannot say. We must leave that. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" But, oh! we turn to YOUR case with great solicitude. Are you converted? Are you saved? If not, never did the young preacher's text apply with greater force to your case. You never were so near your end as you are this moment. You never were so near the closing hour of grace as you are now. Oh! that God would give you wisdom to understand the pressing importance of the statement, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

The fact that "now is the accepted time" proves that there is nothing for you to do to be saved but to believe. It is a marvellous fact that God can, and does, offer to save you on the spot *just as you are*. Your sins are no barrier, for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

If only you were in deep earnest about it, how simple it would be to accept God's offered mercy through faith in Christ.

I once visited a lady in a Scotch watering town. Frail and wasted, she evidently was not long for this world. After a little conversation in order to gain her confidence, I ventured to ask, "Are you saved?"

Her answer thrilled me. She covered her

face with her thin, wasted hands, and shuddered as she exclaimed with deep pathos, "*I would give worlds to know that.*"

It was such a joy to explain to her that she could do nothing towards her salvation, that Christ had done everything, that on the cross He had triumphantly exclaimed, "IT IS FINISHED!" and that His place in glory was the proof of God's satisfaction in His work. That all she needed to do was to trust that Saviour, and God would save her on the spot. We opened our Bibles, and read Acts x. 43; xiii. 38, 39; xvi. 31; John v. 24, and other plain Scriptures.

I shall never forget how the light broke in upon her, and when once she saw that all she had to do was to trust the Saviour she jumped at the offer, and earnestly accepted the Lord Jesus as her Saviour.

She lingered some months, giving a bright testimony to her faith in Christ. She has now passed away to be with Him who died for her and saved her.

Will you not trust this same Saviour? He is so trustworthy, and He will do all that He has said He will. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (*Matt. xi. 28.*) "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (*John v. 24.*)

Miss Havergal truly wrote—

*“ They that trust Him wholly
Find Him wholly true.”*

A. J. P.

A Royal Visit to a Rag-Room.

DO you know why so much of the blotting-paper that is made to-day is either red or pink? It is because the process of removing the scarlet dye of the rags that are used in its manufacture is so difficult and so expensive, that it is a practical impossibility.

Yet not altogether an impossibility. The colour *can* be removed from the cloth of deepest crimson hue, and the reddest of rags *can* be turned into paper of purest white.

No dye is so difficult to remove as the deep dye of sin. No human process whatever, moral or religious, can make the sinner white. His character may change for the better; his manner of living may be amended, but the deep stain of guilt remains.

With God, however, all things are possible. What no efforts on the sinner's part can accomplish, He can bring to pass through the cleansing power of Jesus' blood. Because of the merits and atoning value of that precious blood He can address the sinner, no matter how vile, in terms like these:

“ Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be

as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

One day the late Queen Victoria visited a paper mill, and was conducted over the works. When she saw the filthy, dirty rags in the "rag-room" she exclaimed: "How can these ever be made white?"

"Ah, madam," replied the owner, "I have a chemical process of great power, by which I can take the colour out of even those *red rags*."

A few days later the Queen found lying upon her writing-table a lot of the most beautifully polished paper she had ever seen. On each sheet were the letters of her name, "V. R.," and her likeness. There was also a note, which ran as follows:

"Will the Queen be pleased to accept a specimen of my paper, with the assurance that every sheet was manufactured out of the dirty rags which she saw on the backs of the poor rag-pickers, and I trust the result is such as even the Queen may admire.

"Will the Queen also allow me to say that I have had many a good sermon preached to me in my mill? I can understand how the Lord Jesus can take the poor heathen, and the vilest of the vile, and make them clean, and how, though their sins be as scarlet, He can make them white as snow. And I can see how He can put His own Name upon them; and, just as these rags may go into a royal palace and be admired, so poor sinners

can be received into the palace of the Great King."

Do *you* know, reader, what it is thus to be cleansed from your stains of scarlet dye; to have Christ's Name written upon you; to be made fit for His abode of light?

Is it possible that you never seriously think of these things? Can it be that you have never realised that you *are* deep-dyed with stains of sin, and that your *only* hope lies in the power of Christ's blood?

Will you not from your very soul utter the plea of the penitent: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." (*Ps. li. 7.*)

Then remember: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin." (*I Jno. i. 7.*)

Cleansed from your sin, you will be called by His Name, you will be a *Christian*; and your happy heart will rejoice in being made meet to be a "partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." (*Col. i. 12.*)

Is not all this worth going in for?

H. P. B.

Peace Follows Confession.

"**H**E will never get peace till he confesses," said one gentleman to another in a railway carriage in my hearing.

"Never get peace till he confesses," thought I. Whatever has the man done. Guilty of some

sinful, unworthy action that has brought him into trouble ?

I did not know the facts of the case, but if the one against whom the offence was committed was both willing and able to forgive the offender, then it should not have given him much difficulty to confess the whole truth of his sin.

It is just in this way that sinners find peace with God. All have sinned. Without repentance and confession there can be no forgiveness, and without forgiveness there can be no peace.

And what invites us to make a clean breast of our sinful past is the fact that the One against whom we have sinned is ready and willing to forgive. If He commands men everywhere to repent the knowledge of such love in His heart ought to make them repent. "The goodness of God leadeth . . . to repentance."

Hear the proclamation, "COME NOW, and let us reason together, saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah i. 18.)

Think of a creditor sending forth such an invitation to his creditors. "Come to my office and acknowledge your debt, and I will give you a discharge in full and forgive you all." Who would stay away? Nor would you blame the creditor if he announced that any failing to accept his offer would never have another opportunity.

Yet God offers again and again the Gospel to indifferent men and women. Whom can they blame if they find themselves lost for ever and the opportunity gone beyond recall.

We may well enquire how God can act so graciously to sinful men, and yet maintain His righteous claims. God is righteous, and has claims on us His creatures.

You remember the case of the murderer, Absalom, fleeing from the justice of the throne. The occupant of that throne was his own father. David longed to bring Absalom back, but how could he do it and yet maintain the justice of his throne? Impossible.

Alas! he sacrificed justice to affection—Absalom was brought back, but what trouble it brought David into.

God must act differently. His throne is established in righteousness. If He shows mercy to the sinner it is not at the expense of His throne. Before God can send forth His servants with the proclamation of pardon and peace it must be at a tremendous cost.

Creation—the vastness of which we have but little conception—showed His “eternal power and Godhead,” but not His *heart*. How, then, can He show His love to sinful men, and yet be righteous? Ah! for that we must turn to the cross of shame. He gave His Son; and, in the Person of His Son, He Himself came down into the midst of the rebels.

What a marvellous conception! What

infinite wisdom ! What love displayed in the redemption of man ! There we learn the secret of that wonderful verse, " Mercy and truth are met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (*Psalm lxxxv. 10.*)

Are we brought back unrighteously, like Absalom ? No ! "*Righteousness* and peace have kissed each other." An infinite atonement has been made. All the claims of God's holy throne have been met. God forsook Jesus on the cross, and He underwent all the judgment due to our sins, until He was able to exclaim in mighty victor tones, "IT IS FINISHED !" What a work ! What a finish ! All God's divine and glorious attributes upheld and the love of His heart able to flow out righteously to sinful men.

From the throne of high heaven, where the Saviour sits in righteous grace, His brow encircled with glory's crown, the message is sent : "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.*)

It is indeed a message of pardon and peace that can never be shaken, because it comes from

A Righteous Throne.

Well may the poet sing :

*"That which can shake the cross may shake the
peace it made,*

*Which tells me Christ has never died or never
left the grave.*

*Till then my peace is sure—it will not, cannot
yield.*

*Jesus I know has died and lives—on this firm
rock I build.”*

The work of redemption finished, and alive from the grave, well might the Saviour's own lips in resurrection power say to His own, “PEACE BE UNTO YOU.”

How blessedly simple and true, “Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (*Rom. v. 1.*)

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, dear reader, and forgiveness and pardon, and peace are yours.

P. W.

Whose Fault?

Condemned—Condemned—Condemned.

THIS word, thrice repeated, stamped in large white letters over the sides and roof of a shed standing close to the railway, attracted my attention lately as our train passed rapidly by.

Whose fault, I thought, will it be if that man's goods are spoiled in the next storm that comes this way. He is trying to make the best of a tarpaulin which has been tested and proved by good authority to be valueless in the time of strain and difficulty.

While the bright days continue, this covering serves his purpose well, but wait till the wind blows and the rain falls in torrents. Ah! then defects in his ill-chosen cover will be found out. Little by little the water will get into the crevices, and at last work its way into the shed, damaging, if not entirely spoiling, the goods.

Foolish man, you perhaps exclaim, to put any trust in a thing condemned already. Stop and think. Are you not trying to get some good out of a thing *God* has "condemned already." Are you not by your honest and upright life hoping to patch up and make the best of your life here, hoping in this way to fit yourself for the Holy Presence of God? Are you not by some merit of your own seeking to secure a shelter for yourself in the day of God's reckoning? If so, let me impress upon you, on the authority of God's Word, that in the day of judgment's storm you will be found wanting.

Your false and condemned shelter will not stand the great storm which, ere long, will burst on all those who forget God and His sure and certain refuge from every tempest.

Hear how God has condemned you and your efforts just as surely as that old tarpaulin was condemned:

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Romans iii. 23.)

"He that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY." (John iii. 18.)

"All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." (Isaiah lxiv. 6.)

But if you and your efforts are of no avail, there is a way of safety and shelter. Hear the words of the Lord Himself:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and SHALL NOT COME INTO CONDEMNATION, but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.)

We, who have believed, can say—

"God is a refuge for us." (Ps. lxii. 8.)

Come to God's Refuge now, even to Jesus. He waits to be gracious. Don't let the day of reckoning come to find you still under a condemned shelter. If it does, yours will be that awful doom of being shut out of God's presence for ever, the doom summed up in one word—*Condemned*.

Have you ever thought of it—your soul's worth is greater than all the riches of the whole world, for "what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37.)

Oh! think of it now, and see to it that your soul is *safely* sheltered. *Now* there is time, *now* there is a way. Accept it *now* we pray you. If the storm comes and you are unsaved whose fault will it be?

C. V.

Pamela and Her Snakes.

QUITE lately there lived in France a celebrated snake-charmer named Pamela. She was in the habit of taking her venomous pets to bed with her, and letting them sleep by her side.

One morning she never woke. Her lifeless body, swollen into a shapeless blue mass, was found by her friends. The snakes so long tolerated and toyed with had set upon her and bitten her to death. Constant usage had caused her to regard them as harmless, but she had trifled with them *once too often*.

Not unlike Pamela's snakes, reader, are *your sins*. In hugging them to your bosom you hug a nest of serpents. They cling to you wherever you go. You take them to bed with you. While your eyes are closed in sleep they surround you. One of these days, unless you get rid of them, they will be your ruin.

When I speak of *your sins*, I do not mean only what may be called your besetting sins, bad habits, and the like. I mean the great sum of all the wrong things that you have ever thought, or said, or done.

I know a man who committed an awful sin that has stamped its black image upon his memory for life. Perhaps *you* cannot be

charged with any such terrible crime. But is it not true that you have been guilty of a vast number of what people call "little sins"? Petty deceits; lies that you do not think it worth while to trouble about; outbursts of temper; hasty words; wrong thoughts: do none of these things lie at your door?

There are sins of omission, too: duties neglected, and God's claims slighted. Such things you may regard as trifles. But all are marked by God as SINS. In His reckoning they are very serious, and render you liable to His righteous judgment.

No wonder that there have been men and women unable to eat, or to sleep, or to work because of the appalling remembrance of their sins! The wonder is that any can go on from day to day heedless of their danger and unconscious of the terrible peril to which their sins expose them. They little realise that they are drifting towards the rocks of eternal despair.

Do you tell me, reader, that you are not one of these? Are you alive to the seriousness of your position? And are you anxious to get right with God?

You reply, perhaps, that you are. You have been trying to turn over a new leaf, doing your best to keep from sinning, and praying for God's help. But none of these things go to the root of the matter.

Would it not be glad news to *you* if I could

tell you of some means by which all your guilt might be cancelled, and your many sins wiped out? That is the very thing that I *can* tell you of, by the grace of God.

By means of the atonement of Christ the sins of your life may be for ever blotted out. He became the Sin-bearer upon the cross of Calvary, and took upon Himself the punishment that was due to us. His was the suffering, that ours might be the rejoicing.

If you stake your confidence upon the merits of His blood, and build your hopes upon the atoning sacrifice that He offered, your sins will be washed away. God will put down to your account all the value of that sacrifice. On the ground of it, you will ultimately be taken to heaven. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 *John* i. 7.)

If you turn away from this offer of forgiveness, nothing remains for you but to perish. If you will continue in your sins, you will at last die in your sins; and the Lord Jesus Himself said of such: "Whither I go, ye cannot come!" (*John* viii. 21.) H. P. B.

Cold at the Summit.

IT may sound strange, but it is only fact to say that it is quite possible not only to freeze, but to die of cold, in tropical regions, whilst one's companions but a few

miles off are sweltering beneath a burning sun.

There is nothing weird about this. You need not call in a "witch-doctor" if you wish to experience it. You simply find some mighty mountain whose crest pierces the clouds far above the snow-line, then, leaving the heat-bound plains, you climb it—that is all.

Only quite recently has man's foot for the first time been planted on the summit of the mighty mountain Ruwenzori, in Central Africa. Attempts have been made before, but the first to succeed was the Duke of Abruzzi, cousin of the King of Italy.

After accomplishing this feat he sent a cable to his royal cousin.

"No one can imagine," he said, "the emotion which I felt when we came to the summit of the glorious mountain. Around us rose peak after peak of glittering, snow-clad mountains, all virgin white, and *without a sign of life anywhere*. When silence fell upon us the only sound which broke the awful stillness was the crack of the ice; even the wind was calmed, and the sun, while turning the snow and the ice into one vast diamond, *gave not the least heat*. We were like to die of cold. What cold! Your Majesty has no conception—no Italian can have—of the cold on that awful mountain, and the majesty and grandeur *which reduced us men, so proud of our achievements, to atoms at the mercy of Nature*."

It is hardly likely that either you or I shall

ever accomplish anything beyond a trip up Snowdon or something of that sort. The pleasures and perils of mountaineering are reserved for the few. And yet all around us are millions striving; they toil and moil through the livelong day, and why? Only that they may attain to a little greater height, and plant their feet upon some eminence to which they have not yet attained.

Many are climbing the mountain named "Wealth." Money is their god. They value it for its own sake, and delight to amass it. But its peak is very lofty. It rises to the height of quite £40,000,000 sterling, and though one or two are at or near its summit the great majority are toiling far below.

Multitudes are on the mountain of "Pleasure." They are eager for money it is true, but they want it not to keep, but to spend on the gratification of their own natural desires. It is a very alluring mountain, its crest crowned with innumerable pinnacles. Each climber thinks his own particular pinnacle is the best.

Again, not a few climb the mountain of "Religion." They aim at securing a place in the favour of God and a mansion in heaven. Onward they toil, adding prayer to prayer, work to work, observance to observance, rite to rite. One day they hope to reach the summit of full self-satisfied complacency with themselves and that kind of good and holy feeling which will assure them that all is well.

But these are only prominent peaks in the great mountain chain, and around them are many lesser ones each of which has its own votaries.

What is the end of it all?

You may well ask that. The italics in the quotation from the Duke's cablegram were mine. I purposely put them that you might notice what he found when he reached the top.

He found himself in the region of DEATH.

He was chilled to the marrow by the awful *cold*.

He apparently never in all his life felt so small before. He started a *Duke*, but there he was only a *man*, nay, less—"an *atom* at the mercy of Nature."

Which mountain do you climb? and on what are you spending your energies? Well, whichever it be, this is the prospect before you. In the book of Ecclesiastes we read the pitiful wail of Solomon. He tells us how dead and cold and small everything is to the man who has reached the top. Do you not sympathize with him?

The fact of the matter is, we all of us naturally travel in the wrong direction. The way into life and warmth and blessing is not by *climbing up*, but by *getting down*.

Salvation is not something to be attained to by earnest, upward efforts. No! it is a deliverance wholly undeserved, but wrought out by Christ alone upon the cross, offered to all,

and obtained by those sufficiently *lowly* to receive it in faith, and on God's terms. Hence "Salvation is *of the Lord*." (*Isaiah ii. 9.*)

Will you have salvation on God's terms? It means coming down, and taking the sinner's place. It means confessing yourself to be but an atom—a very sinful atom—at the mercy of God. Then you will swiftly learn the riches of His grace, and how the precious blood of Jesus, once shed upon Calvary, avails for the putting away of all your sins. There is great peace in having a complete settlement of all, based not on one's own strivings, however earnest, but upon the finished work of Christ.

Like Zacchæus, then, "Make haste and come down." (*Luke xix. 5.*) Thus and only thus will you be filled with the warmth and satisfaction of the love of God.

*"Weary working, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done,
Long, long ago."*

F. B. H.

Why can't You Trust Jesus?

SUCH was the identical question addressed by two Christian workers to two souls, desirous of being saved. Yet the question in the one case produced distress and difficulty; in the other, decision and peace.

How was this? you enquire. Simply by the

emphasis being placed on different words of the same sentence.

One worker said to the seeking soul, "Why can't you *trust* Jesus? The result was to turn the eye *inward*, to enquire if there was faith enough and trust enough, and to leave the enquirer in distress and difficulty.

The other worker said, "Why can't you trust *Jesus*? The result was to turn the eye *outward*, to occupy the mind with the Saviour, and the result was decision and peace.

I turn to my anxious reader.

Why can't you trust JESUS? It is not the question of how much you trust, but whom you trust. You may have implicit faith in the wrong object—the Brahmins and Buddhists have—and you will find the strongest trust in the wrong object is the sure road to ruin.

On the other hand, you may have the feeblest faith in the right object, and all will be well. And the way for your faith to grow, and God wants it to grow, is not by examining the extent of your faith, but by occupation with the trustworthiness of the Saviour.

Why can't you trust JESUS? Millions have, and not one has been disappointed. The dying thief; the woman who was a sinner; Saul, the chief of sinners, found in Him an all-sufficient Saviour. He has saved "the chief of sinners." Why not *you*?

Why can't you trust JESUS? He has satisfied God. He has met all the claims of

His holiness and righteousness. At Calvary He proved His ability to save. If He was able to do the mighty work of salvation on the cross, surely He is able to undertake your personal salvation. You will be but a tiny unit in the ranks of the redeemed, and He has saved them *all*. Why not *you*?

Why can't you trust JESUS? He has never refused a seeking sinner. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out," are His own words, and they are literally true. No sinner is too old or too vile for such a Saviour. Look at the wounds in His hands and His feet and His side; see the crown of glory on His brow, placed there by God, proclaiming Him indeed to be the victorious Saviour, and then give me your answer.

Why can't you trust JESUS? You tell me you cannot. Tell me rather that you will not. If you die without trusting Him, then He died in vain for you. That precious blood, which might have cleansed away your every sin, will call for vengeance from the ground. Refusing, neglecting the Saviour, you seal your doom for ever. Apart from Him there is no salvation. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (*Acts iv. 12.*) "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (*Heb. ii. 3.*)

Christ is the Ark of Salvation, the City of Refuge, the Saviour for sinners. Oh! take your true place before Him. Give Him the

confidence of your heart. Let His precious blood cleanse away your sins. Hear His assuring words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (*Matt. xi. 28.*) A. J. P.

A Warning.

"**S**UICIDE *while of unsound mind,*" was the verdict of the coroner's jury after inquiring into the death of a retired publican, aged 60, who had shot himself, and in whose pocket was found the following letter:

"The money found on me will do to bury me where I fall. Good enough for a dog like me. Going mad with remorse for my guilty soul. I am mad, mad, mad!"

What agony of soul must have been his! No wonder he was of "unsound mind." Without God, and without hope in this world, he sought to find peace in oblivion. Cruel delusion!

How often does Satan bolster up his victims with imaginary happiness for years, and then casts them aside as worthless, and the last we hear of them is the verdict of a coroner's jury.

"Remorse" for his "guilty soul" had driven this poor man mad. His dying words show

that after a long life, from which God had been excluded, he had at last wakened up to the reality that he was "guilty before God." What a fearful awakening!

My unsaved, Christ-rejecting reader, take warning. Remember that you, too, are "guilty before God," and that sooner or later you, too, will awaken to its solemn reality, if not in Time, then assuredly in Eternity; but if, alas! the latter, too late then, for there is no pardon beyond the tomb.

Awake now, and see yourself as God sees you. Read Romans iii., 9 to 19, and if you are honest with yourself, you will confess before Him that those verses contain a picture of yourself, and that you are indeed "Guilty before God."

Then for you, my reader, there is good news. Your guilt can be forgiven, for the judgment of sin fell on Jesus when on the cross He was "made Sin." During those three awful hours of darkness at Calvary, when God hid His face from that blessed One, the whole question was settled. Jesus gave Himself "a Ransom for all." Thank God, we can tell you He has risen again; and if you turn to Him now with a repentant heart and a contrite spirit you will get the blessed assurance that "Him that cometh to Me, I will in *no wise* cast out." (*John vi. 37.*)

Delay may be fatal, for your awakening may come too late, and on that great judgment day

you too, will realise what it means to be "mad with remorse" for your guilty soul.

Jesus died that you might be spared that fearful experience. He drained at Calvary the cup of judgment that sin deserved ; and to-day He pleads with you to turn to Him and live.

Sinner, beware how you "neglect so great salvation." Turn to Him now, and He will lead you into the blessings of the Gospel, and you will go through life with this song in your heart :

*"Conscience now no more condemns me,
For His own most precious blood,
Once for all has washed and cleansed me,
Cleansed me in the eyes of God."*

C. J. B.



The Real Reason.

THE self-styled prophet, Mokarma, always wore on his brow a silver veil, affirming that if the veil were lifted, such brilliant light would shine from his forehead that it would strike men dead.

One day, however, *the real reason* for the constant use of the veil was discovered. Upon Mokarma's brow, instead of celestial lustre, the white scales of leprosy were seen.

Has not Mokarma many representatives among men and women of the twentieth century? Are there not those whose correct creed, moral conduct, and religious zeal serve but to cover up what lurks underneath?

God must have reality. He knows that we have no righteousness, so He does not look for it. But He does look that we should be honest before Him in the confession of our guilt. "Thou desirest TRUTH in the inward parts." (*Ps. li. 6.*)

We may, in many cases, successfully conceal our sinful thoughts and wishes under the cloak of an *outwardly* blameless life. We may even deceive ourselves as to our true condition. But *God* cannot be thus deceived. He looks beneath the surface, and while there is abundant mercy with Him for the repentant sinner, He

declares that "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." (*Prov. xxviii. 13.*)

It is no true charity to cry, "*Peace, peace, when there is no peace.*" This is why we warn you that *reality* is an absolute essential if you are to be saved and blessed by God.

But reality is not everything. A man may be real and sincere, yet be journeying towards an eternity of woe. *Personal faith in Christ as your own Saviour is necessary.* A multitude of passages might be cited from Scripture in proof of this. Let one suffice: "*To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.*" (*Acts x. 43.*)

No finger-post directs the traveller to the right road with greater certainty than do these words direct the sinner to the way of salvation.

No explanatory words of mine could make them clearer.

Are *you* prepared to take your place before God, in all honesty, as a hell-deserving rebel? Will *you* abandon all hope save in the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work of atonement? Will *you* trust the Lord as your own Saviour here and now?

Then, to *you* these golden words apply. Read them again. Pause between each word. Do you not see how simple it is? "Whosoever—believeth—in—Him—shall—receive—remission—of—sins."

H. P. B.

Dr. Judson's Conversion.

DR. JUDSON tells us that whilst at college he imbibed infidel notions through associating with a young fellow named E. After he left college he was travelling, and one night slept at an inn. The landlord apologised for putting him in a room next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably dying, but he hoped it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that beyond pity for the sick man he should have no feeling whatever. He, however, spent a very disturbed night. He heard the movements of the watchers, the groans of the sufferer, but it was not this which perturbed him so much. He thought of the dying man, in the dead of the night, and wondered if he was prepared. He felt a blush of shame steal over him, for these thoughts proved the shallowness of his philosophy. He wondered what his late companions would say to him (especially the clear-minded, intellectual, witty E), if they knew. Still his thoughts would revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and restful in the hope of a glorious immortality? or was he shuddering on the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a free-thinker, once educated in a Christian hope, prayed over by a Christian mother.

The landlord had described him as a young man. In thought he pictured himself in his

place. At last daylight came, and he arose and went in search of the landlord to enquire as to his fellow-lodger.

"He is dead," was the reply.

"Dead!"

"Yes, he is gone, poor fellow!"

"Do you know who he was?"

"Oh! yes, he was a young man from Providence College, a very fine fellow; his name was E——."

Judson was stunned. Hours passed by. One single thought occupied his mind, and the words "*dead! lost! LOST!*" were continually ringing in his ears. He turned his horse's head back, abandoned the journey he was about to take, in short, he was *converted* to God.

His after-life, as you perhaps know, was spent in carrying the good news to many a perishing soul. He delighted to tell of the finished work of Christ and of the true knowledge of that God of infinite love he once professed unbelief in.

H. N.

Count the Cost.

"**I** CAN'T be a Christian; the cost is too great," said a young woman to me, as she shook her head despondently. She had night after night been present at some tent-meetings held in the north of London. She had felt convicted of her sin, felt drawn to

the Saviour, would, indeed, like the relief of heart and conscience the gospel brings, but she knew that to be a Christian would in her particular case cost a good deal.

I replied, "*If it will cost you a good deal to be a Christian,* IT WILL COST YOU MORE NOT TO BE A CHRISTIAN. It may cost you your living, your friends, your prospects FOR TIME to be a Christian ; it will cost you outer darkness, wailing and weeping FOR EVER not to be a Christian."

I believe she longed to break her chains, would have given worlds to do it, but sin had made her captive hand and foot.

* * *

And now, reader, Are you a Christian? A real, true Christian, a follower of the Lord Jesus?

If you cannot answer with a glad affirmative, will you count the cost? Indeed, you cannot count the cost, for "what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

And believe me, the gain of being a Christian far outweighs even *in this world* the cost of it. The great apostle Paul speaking of his conversion testified, "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ . . . I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." (*Phil. iii. 7, 8.*)

Whatever you do, count the cost, as far as

you can, of not being a Christian. Throw in your lot with the Lord Jesus. Trust Him. He will receive you. He will save you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts xvi. 31.*) A. J. P.

What is Wrong?

EVERYBODY seems to admit that there is something wrong. We live in a charming world, its beauties none can deny, yet a blight hangs over all. Medical skill increases, and yet disease abounds. New sources of fun and amusement are continually being tapped, yet sorrow broods in millions of hearts and homes. Parliaments meet, and out of much talking legislation springs, yet oppression, social misery, and discontent flourish as much as ever. We reason, and invent, we continually make fresh discoveries, yet death goes on as of old, flinging out of this world millions of human beings every year. It may be our turn next.

So far we all agree. It is when we ask the question, "What is wrong?" that differences appear.

The tendency is to tinker with details, and avoid going straight to the root of the mischief.

Many years ago an invalid sent for his physician, a Dr. Wheelman, and, after detaining him for some time with the story of his

aches and pains, said : "Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups. They don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the cause of my ailment if it is in your power to reach it."

"It shall be done," said the doctor, as, lifting his cane, he demolished a bottle of *gin* that stood upon the sideboard.

This was not at all what the patient expected, but doubtless it was quite right. Politeness had hitherto veiled the real cause of the trouble, but, being thus directly invited, the doctor had both the candour and the courage to point out the source of the mischief.

Open the Book of God if you wish an answer to the question, "What is wrong?" This Book will treat you with singular candour and unflinching courage. It lifts the rod of divine displeasure and strikes at, not a bottle full of *gin*, but a heart full of *sin* as the root of the mischief.

"Your *iniquities* have separated between you and your God." (*Isa. lix. 2.*)

"The *heart* is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." (*Jer. xvii. 9.*)

"By one man *sin* entered into the world, and death by *sin* ; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have *sinned*." (*Rom. v. 12.*)

These are plain words, and, what is more, they are TRUE. *Sin* is the root of all the mischief. Not our social system, as some men

think ; nor lack of education, nor insanitary dwellings, as others think ; but SIN.

Now the world—— ; but that is a bit too big and unwieldy ; let us come down to something more within our grasp ; now *you* and *I* will never be right or happy until this sin question is settled. Only One can settle it. His name is Jesus.

“Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their *sins*.” (*Matt. i. 21.*)

The story of Jesus you know right well, His life, His death, His resurrection. He died, remember, that he might make a settlement of sin, and meet God's claims concerning it.

“Christ also hath once suffered for sins . . . being put to death . . .” (*1 Pet. iii. 18.*)

His resurrection attests the validity of the settlement He has made ; and sinner, if you would get the benefit of it, you must trust the One who made it, or else He died in vain for you.

He invites you.

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” (*Matt. xi. 28.*)

He will never refuse you.

“Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” (*John vi. 37.*)

And if you come—God grant you may—these are His words to you :

“Be of good cheer ; *thy sins be forgiven thee.*”
(*Matt. ix. 2.*)

Then you will be free and happy indeed and
right for eternity ! F. B. H.

A Word in Season.

ASCENDING one of the Yorkshire hills I noticed a woman, evidently in ill-health, seeking to benefit by the health-giving breezes.

I engaged in conversation with her, and as her opinions are, alas ! shared by untold thousands, I venture to put down the gist of our conversation, trusting that it may meet the eyes of many like her, and that God may be pleased to deliver some from such opinions, which, if persisted in, will prove as fatal in their consequences as a course of open-handed sin.

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I began—“I wonder what heaven is like, madam, when some parts of the lower world are so nice.”

“Ah ! sir,” she replied, “no one has ever come back to tell us.”

“Quite true,” I answered, “but there is One, who has come down amongst men, who knew all about heaven, and He has testified to us. Did He not say that ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that

whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' ? (*John 3, 16.*) What wonderful words for sinners like us ! ”

“ Ah ! well, sir, that is right enough. Still, we must do the best we can, do our duty to our neighbours, and after that we shall stand a good chance of getting to heaven. I am not quite so bad as some people. I have read nearly all the Bible in my time, and I think it will go all right with me when I die.”

I replied, “ But, madam, do not be deceived. There is none of us good enough to go to such a holy place as heaven. You say you have read a good deal of God's Word. Hear what it says in Romans 3 :

‘ There is none righteous, no, not one.’
(*Verse 10.*)

‘ They are all gone out of the way.’ (*Verse 12.*)

‘ There is none that doeth good, no, not one.’
(*Verse 12.*)

“ That is very sweeping, madam, is it not ? Then again it says, equally plainly :

‘ All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.’ (*Verse 23.*)

“ You see, madam, Scripture is very plain and decided as to man's state before God. It leaves the best man or woman on earth without a leg to stand upon.

“ Besides, if we honestly look into our own hearts we can say from experience that what the Scriptures say is true. The heart of the most moral man would condemn him if he

stood in God's holy presence. 'Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts.'

"So you see man is corrupt in the inmost springs of his being. Were he taken into heaven in such a state he would want to get out as fast as he could."

"Ah! well, sir, I am trying to live as well as I can, and will trust to the mercy of God. As for that other place where people are going to be burned up, I do not believe there is such a place. I do not think God will burn up any of His creatures."

"But, madam, how do you know what He will and will not do? What authority have you for saying what you do?"

"I do not know much, though I have read the Bible a good deal; but I do not believe there is a hell."

"Well, madam, by the Bible we will take our stand. In describing the final state of the impenitent, the Lord Jesus says three times over, 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

"As I understand it, 'their worm' will be an accusing conscience, awakened for ever into activity—a conscience that will say, 'You did it, and you cannot blame God for it, and you must reap the results everlastingly. YOU have sown, YOU must reap.' 'The fire that never shall be quenched' is the just judgment of God on all who have despised His wonderful love, and that judgment will be for ever.

“To come to the point. The Lord Jesus said, ‘The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was LOST.’ If you are not lost there is no Saviour for you. ‘Christ died for the UNGODLY.’ If you are not ungodly, then He did not die for you. I leave this final word with you, madam. We may never meet again, but I beseech you to take your true place before God *as the only way of blessing*. Your opinions will only land you in the place you profess to believe does not exist. Moreover, if your way of looking at things were right, there would have been no need for Jesus to die, no need for all His untold sufferings on the cross.

“We may well work to show our gratitude to the One who has saved us, but working *for salvation* is to ignore and insult and set aside the work of redemption, His finished work upon the cross. ‘To him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness’ (*Rom. iv. 5*) is the testimony of Scripture.”

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If my reader is among those who share the opinions of the woman I conversed with, I pray God to open your eyes to the delusion of them before it is too late. Weigh over carefully what we have quoted from God’s Holy Book. May the entrance of His words give you light.

P. W.

Eternity, Where?

I *have nothing to expect, sir, but condemnation."*

These were the words of a dying man, as he tossed about on his pillow.

The moment had come when he was face to face with DEATH. Nothing before him but a dark ETERNITY. What a prospect!

Moreover, to add to all this, he was suffering intense physical pain. His nurse sought to do all that lay in her power to alleviate his sufferings.

"*Oh! don't talk to me of pain,*" he cried bitterly.

"*It is THE MIND, nurse, THE MIND!*"

Conscience was at work reminding him of *his sins, his godless life. All came vividly before him. "I knew it all the time, and every time, that*

A Penalty must follow Sin.

Yet I have done wrong, knowing that it was wrong; first with a few qualms, brushing aside conscience, and at last with the coolness of a fiend."

Very few are the men who will dare to say that they have not sinned, and full well they know that a penalty must follow sin. Is this not so in your case, reader? How solemn to meet a holy, righteous God with an unforgiven, sinful past! "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." (*Gal. vi. 7.*)

"Sir," said the dying man to his Christian

friend, "*I have not lived one moment of my life for Heaven, for God, for Christ. No, not one moment !*" Could you say any more ?

What a confession from a man who was just about to be ushered into the presence of the God against whom he had sinned.

How death brings men to their senses ! Levity and frivolity flee from its presence ! Men are eventually forced to view things as God sees them ! SIN, that has coiled itself around the heart, at last becomes a stinging serpent and a biting adder. THE TRUTH is forced out at last.

"*Oh ! yes,*" said the dying man, "*Christ died for sinners. My intellect is so clear, sir, clearer than ever before. Here the poor fellow's voice grew louder, until it became shrill and concentrated as he shouted in anguish, 'I can almost see into eternity. I feel that unless Christ is believed on, His death can do me no good.'*"

Eleven o'clock came, and the dying man, aroused by the striking of the clock, looked round and caught the eye of the nurse and his Christian friend.

"*It's awfully dark here,*" he whispered. "*My feet stand on the slippery edge of a great gulf. Oh, for some foundation !*"

As the dying man stretched out his hand, as if feeling for something sure, his Christian friend in response, said quietly, calmly, lovingly, "*Christ !*"

No wonder the prophet of old wrote :

*“ Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation
a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner
stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth
shall not make haste.”*

That sure foundation is Christ. No other foundation will stand *when the floods of death* beat with overwhelming fury at thy heart's door. No one, and nothing short of Christ and His atoning work will do. Thousands can sing :

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

What do you think was the response of the dying man as his friend bent over him with the one word, CHRIST? To his horror he replied, “NOT FOR ME.” Oh! the immeasurable woe wrapped up in that awful answer. Words cannot describe it.

The end came, and just as his soul was wrenched by the hand of death from the tenement of the body he exclaimed, “*I shall fall. I am falling,*” and he was gone.

And why have I narrated this true tale of one who once adorned society? I want to warn *you* to “flee from the wrath to come.” I want to warn *you* not to put off this important question till a death-bed, when the devil has such power to press despair upon the heart, when the life has been ill-spent and the body is racked with pain or borne down by weakness.

Oh! now in the days of your health and youth come to the Saviour. Aye, and if this meets the eye of a decrepit old sinner, there is mercy for you. God's grace follows you even upon a death-bed. Will you spurn such mercy, despise such grace?

Trust CHRIST, and eternal gain and happiness and peace with God will be yours.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (*Heb. ii. 3.*) G. I. A.

Saviour or Judge?

A MOST difficult case was to come before the court. A lawyer had written to one of the parties concerned and had offered his services, but she had replied, "*No, I am quite capable of pleading my own cause.*"

Letter after letter came, but still this foolish lady would not listen to the counsels of one who knew better than she her difficult position. She still persisted in saying, "*I know the case is a difficult one, yet I will undertake it myself.*"

As the day for the trial drew near she was not quite so boastful. She began to tremble at the thought of that day, when before judge and jury her case would be tried. Would she come off victorious? Now she wished she had taken the counsel of the lawyer and let him undertake the case for her. At length she sat

down and wrote a letter asking him to do so.

In due course a reply came. Opening the letter she read: "I am exceedingly sorry I cannot undertake your case, as, since the last time I wrote I have been promoted. I am now on the bench. I am *the judge*."

The day for the trial came, her case was gone into, and she lost it. Oh! if she had only let him undertake her case all would have been well. But now the case was lost.

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We will turn away from the court of justice with a pointed question for you.

We see people on every hand, some of them butterflies of fashion, others church-goers and sacrament-takers, saying, like the young lady of our story, "*We will undertake for ourselves.*"

But a wonderful offer comes from the Saviour of sinners, "Let Me undertake your case." But, no! they do not know that they are afar off from God, dead in trespasses and sins, and that their case is bound to go against them in the day when they stand before God.

What about you, reader? Jesus offers Himself now as a Saviour. By and by He will be the Judge. You had better let Him befriend you now. You had better commit your cause to His able hands, lest the day comes when He will refuse your appeal, and tell you that He is no longer Saviour, but Judge.

E. W.

A Biography in Eight Words.

THE world's greatest biographies pale into insignificance when compared with the life-story of Jesus, which can be compressed into four facts, and summed up in eight words. Around this story revolve two eternities. Through heaven's eternal day its echo shall be the glad song of millions who owe their everlasting all to the coming, dying, rising and ascending Jesus.

Jesus Came!

JESUS CAME! And myriads of angels heralded His birth by singing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

JESUS CAME! And the God-fearing Simeon, in the presence of the Holy Child, said: "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

JESUS CAME! And with His advent there dawned upon the horizon of this God-hating world eternal hope, for it is written, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

JESUS CAME! Yes, came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Christ's mission to this world was not to teach morality, nor to set a good example, as some would fain have us believe, but, blessed be His Name, *this* was His mission, to pardon and eternally save poor, lost, guilty sinners, and link them up with Himself by an inseparable bond of relationship

*“Which nought can ever sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.”*

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Jesus Died.

JESUS DIED! And the very heavens went into deepest mourning. For three long hours a thick pall of darkness hung over the guilty world, while Jesus died.

JESUS DIED! The hard-hearted, mocking Jews railed upon Him, spat in His holy face, and in vulgar taunt cried: “If He be the King of Israel let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe Him.”

JESUS DIED! But listen! Ere yielding up His Spirit to God, He prays. The grace of this prayer seems even to have broken the heart of the dying thief. “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

JESUS DIED! But where are the loved ones to whom Jesus had been everything? Where, in this moment of extreme anguish and sorrow, are those who professedly were His dearest friends? We read: “Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled.”

JESUS DIED! But lo! midst hatred and scorn, betrayal and mockings, a greater sorrow than all befalls this “Man of Sorrows.” Yes! ten thousand times greater. GOD FORSOOK HIM. What! the One whom He had so perfectly obeyed and served, and from the path

of whose will He had never swerved for an instant, the One who had said from the opened heaven, "*This is My beloved Son.*" Yes! God forsook Jesus, and therein lies the possibility of your soul ever being saved, of your heart ever being made happy. And this is why. Listen! God is holy and cannot look upon sin; then, since at that moment Jesus was bearing the righteous judgment of God against sin, it became an absolute necessity for God to hide His face from Jesus during those awful hours. It was in order that you and I might in perfect righteousness be pardoned and everlastingly set free from the thralldom of sin. Do *you* believe in Him as your Substitute and Saviour? If not, why not?

The work necessary for your salvation has been perfectly finished. Nothing need be added to it. He has saved millions. He can save *you*.

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Jesus Rose.

JESUS ROSE! All-glorious fact! He burst the bands of the tomb. He annulled the power of Satan. He robbed death of its sting, and triumphantly and victoriously, in spite of every foe, *AROSE*.

By wicked hands He had been crucified and slain; by gentle and reverent hands He had been lain in Joseph's new tomb; by the decree of Pilate a huge stone had been rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre, and sealed with the

Roman seal. By his orders a band of Roman soldiers was set to guard the tomb night and day, lest the One who said, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up," should actually carry out His word. With bitter hatred they watched to make sure that His disciples should not come and steal Him away. But in spite of all their plans, in spite of all their wicked hatred, *He arose.*

"Hallelujah! Christ arose."

The grave had to loose Him. Death could not hold Him. Jesus rose, and

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Jesus Lives.

JESUS LIVES—the God-glorified, crown-decked, and heaven-honoured "Son of Man." The sins that He bore are gone into the oblivion of the past. The work is finished, God is glorified, Jesus is raised. *To-day*, as in the days of old, He is saying to *you*, reader, "*Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest.*"

Then COME NOW to the One who came from the heights of glory to the depths of Calvary for you. Come now to the One who bore sin's awful judgment and rose triumphant so that you might be blest. Come to the One who, in resurrection, power, and life, says to-day, "*Look unto ME and be ye saved.*" He is worthy of your heart's implicit trust and confidence. Men come to HIM and come now.

"Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (*Acts x. 43.*) A. E. M.

“ I’m Dead ! ”

“ **Y**OU cannot take me, I’m dead ! ”

Anyone would say this was a most extraordinary statement for a sane man to make, but I think that when you have heard my story you will agree it was not so very extraordinary after all.

The events I am about to relate took place during the terrible war years ago in the United States of America, known as the war between the North and South. This war—as I believe is always the case—was entered upon with little idea of the tremendous cost in lives and treasure that it would entail. It was not long before more men to fill the thinned ranks were urgently needed, and sufficient volunteers were not forthcoming. The Government of the Northern States had to resort to a general conscription, and every town and village had to provide its quota, which was determined by lot.

In one village amongst those drawn was a young man, who had a widowed mother dependent on him, and who was most averse to a soldier’s life and risks. Fortunately for him there were others who did not dread the war so much, and he was able by the expenditure of the savings of his lifetime to purchase a substitute. Alas ! for the substitute ; it was not long before he found a soldier’s grave.

One can well imagine the feelings of the

young man when the news of his substitute’s death reached him—a death which might have been his if another had not taken his place. Truly he could say, Another has died for me ; and as truly, dear readers, you can say the same. Another has died for you, but ah ! He was no purchased Substitute, and His was no ordinary death. It was love, and love, too, beyond all thought or conception, led Jesus to give His spotless life and die under all the awful judgment of God and in *your* stead, for, by the grace of God, He tasted death for every man.

Has this fact ever moved your heart in gratitude and love to Jesus ? That He in all His worth should leave His home on high, unsought, to die for *you* ? And yet this is so—for us, for *you*, the unjust, He the just One died.

Well, to return to my story. The war went on ; more soldiers were required and again a conscription was resorted to, and again it was the lot of the young man to be drawn for military service. What was he to do now ? His money was all gone. The war more terrible than before. No fresh substitute could *he* buy, nor in fact could money buy any one. It was too grim an ordeal to find any equivalent in mere money. The case seemed hopeless. And yet there was a way of escape, and his necessity taught him to avail himself of it. He approached the authorities with the plea at the head of this paper, “ You

cannot take me; I’m dead.” Yes, he claimed that his substitute having died, he must be reckoned dead.

This is the good old Gospel plea. The apostle Paul argued, “For we thus judge that if One died for all, then were all dead.” Have *you* yet put in this plea? You, too, are a “prisoner appointed to death,” and “after this the judgment.” But Jesus has died and borne the judgment that “the lawful captive might be delivered,” that you might go free. Will you in all your need avail yourself of it? Will you put in your plea like the young man? Will you turn to God, owning that you are under His righteous judgment in respect of your sins, but pleading that Jesus died for you? If you do, be assured that your plea will be allowed, for faith can say, “He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification” (*Rom. iv. 25*). “When we were yet without strength . . . Christ died for the ungodly.” (*Rom. v. 6*.)

*“I need no other argument,
I want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for ME.”*

W. L. J. O.