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PLAIN
GOSPEL
WORDS.



FOR
OLD and YOUNG.

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and
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“Be Sure your Sin will Find you Out.”

IN the district where the writer lives there are several very deep wells. The country is hilly, and in order to get water it is needful to go down in some cases to nearly 400 feet. Talking to a local resident about one of these wells, he said :

“When I was a boy there was a very large stone lying near the top of the well, and out of pure mischief I decided one day to try to get that stone down into the well. I worked at it until I got it to the edge of the well, and then down it went. But that was not the end of it.

“Some years after, when I was grown up, I had to go down that same well and clean it out at the bottom, and I found that very stone had to be got out of the well. I hardly knew how to manage it. I thought if I put it on the bucket for the others to wind it up to the top it might be thrown out of the bucket, and I should be killed. I couldn't leave it at the bottom of the well. So I decided to put the stone in the bucket, stand upon it, and lay hold of the chain so that the stone and myself might reach the top together.”

The stone that had been buried so long was now seen at the top.

The same thing is true with regard to sin. YOUR sin so long committed, so long buried,

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must come up against you. And if you die in your sins you will be raised in them, and they will come up into the light of the divine presence in the judgment day. Let me earnestly beseech you not to bury or cover over your sins any longer, but uncover them now, confess them now. There is forgiveness now offered, full and free. God is ready to forgive, to pardon and blot out.

Listen! Jesus, His beloved Son, has visited this world. He has gone down into the depths. He has brought up the sin so long buried in oblivion. He has suffered on sin's account. He has made a sacrifice for sin. He has brought it up into the light of day and had it thoroughly exposed. And judgment on sin's account fell on Him as He hung upon Calvary's tree.

Is this nothing to you? Was there any sorrow like unto His sorrow? He felt what sin was. He who was absolutely holy and sinless, was made sin, and when making atonement had to realise distance, darkness, judgment. What a Saviour! If you trust in Him you will discover that your sin has been atoned for by Him. He was treated as you righteously deserved that you might get the favour He deserved.

My friend, come to Christ, and that just now. He will receive you. Our friend of whom we have written, we fear, loves not the Lord. Christians he hates, and yet they desire

his soul's eternal blessing. He is on the brink of the grave. Threescore years and ten have rolled over his head some time ago, and yet we have never heard of his bowing to the claims of Christ. Be warned. Let your sin find you out in *time*, otherwise it will find you out in a lost eternity. E. G.

A Victorious Saviour.

IN Blenheim Park there is a very fine monument erected to the memory of that world-famed conqueror, the first Duke of Marlborough.

In the inscription these words caught the writer's eye :

“He gained an absolute and glorious victory.”

How fittingly may they be applied to the Lord Jesus !

The Duke truly had a most formidable foe to meet, but he had likewise at his command the pick of the British army, men who unflinchingly obeyed the orders of a leader in whom they had the fullest confidence.

The Lord Jesus, single-handed and alone, met Satan and all the hosts of darkness, and “triumphed gloriously.” His *life* attested His power. He foiled Satan in the temptation in the wilderness. Hitherto Satan had gained

the mastery over all. Flushed with the unbroken victories of centuries, he was absolutely beaten by the Lord Jesus, the meek and lowly Man, with no other weapon but dependence and "Thus saith the Lord." Later on demons had to cry out in despair, "Art Thou come to torment us before the time?"

In His *death* on the cross He gained His most wonderful victory. The Duke found in death an invincible foe, but the Lord Jesus by dying broke the power of death. He died for us. On the cross He performed the work of atonement. Now, as Victor over sin, death, and the grave, He has taken His seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high, exalted a Prince and a Saviour.

Such is the One whom God presents to the sinner as a Saviour *mighty to save*. Oh! for language to speak worthily of Him!

Another statement on the monument could well be applied to such a Saviour:

"All the usurpations of the enemy were recovered."

Satan was the great usurper. He has taken man captive at his will. But the death and resurrection of Christ have broken his power, have declared God's infinite love to man, and have bowed myriads at His feet, where all the bonds of Satan's thralldom have been eternally snapped, so that those who once feared God

and were afraid to meet Him now call Him Father, and are perfectly at home in His presence.

Yet another statement on the monument calls for comment :

“He was not content to triumph alone.”

The great Duke on various occasions showed his magnanimity by giving place to some of his officers, thus allowing them a share of the victories, and the consequent honour and reward bestowed by a grateful country.

But what shall be said of Him who faced such a foe and gained such a victory *alone*, and now desires that even His enemies should be sharers in all His spoils? “*For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.*” (Rom. v. 10.)

“*He bore our sins that we might be His partners on the throne.*”

What grace! What love! Do you know this victorious Saviour? Are you rejoicing in the results of His triumph? Are you sharing in the spoils?

Trust Him, and every gospel blessing will be yours. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts xvi. 31.) “By Him all that believe are justified from all things.” (Acts xiii. 39.)

B.

The Poisonous Pills.

MADAME HARGAULT, a lady of sixty years of age, resided with her son, a lace manufacturer, in Paris. Not feeling well, she sent for a doctor, who found that her heart was affected, and prescribed sulphate of sparteine pills for her. The prescription was sent to a chemist to be made up.

When she received the pills, the old lady took one, and died half an hour later in terrible agony. The doctor, examining the pills, found that they were composed of strychnine, a deadly poison. The chemist had made a mistake, owing to the similarity of two jars, thoughtlessly making the pills of strychnine while chatting with a customer.

A serious occurrence was this, serious for the lady, serious for the chemist, serious for all concerned. But not so serious as something that is going on all around us, namely, *the poisoning of souls.*

There are thousands of people who depend largely upon others for guidance as to the most important of all matters, their eternal destiny. They listen to sermons, they read books, they converse with friends.

Those who preach, who write in the religious papers, or who in any way offer advice on this great subject are like the

chemist of my story. There are two jars, as it were, from which they may dispense their physic for the soul. There is the jar of *truth* and the jar of *falsehood*. What is dispensed from the first jar is wholesome and helpful; what comes from the second jar is poisonous, pernicious, and ruinous to souls.

I earnestly warn you, reader, against taking any pills, even if they are sugar-coated, that come from the wrong jar.

You say, perhaps, "How can I tell whether what I hear and read is right or wrong? Surely the responsibility lies with the preachers and writers." Yes, a *very grave* responsibility lies with them, just as a very grave responsibility lay with the chemist who dispensed the poisonous pills. But the fact of the chemist's liability to punishment would have been a poor consolation to the old lady as she lay dying. Her agony was not one whit the less on that account; the chemist's culpable carelessness did not lessen her sufferings in the least degree, nor avert her death for a single moment.

The chemist was guilty, but the lady had to suffer in consequence as well as he.

Now listen! One, who was the Truth itself, declared that if the blind lead the blind, *both* shall fall into the ditch. If people with never-dying souls blindly imbibe the poison which others blindly administer *both* shall assuredly suffer, the poisoned as well as the poisoner. Is not this most evident?

The writer's earnest desire is that your soul should not be hurt with Satan's poison. The object of this paper is to point out to you the true and wholesome remedy for your sin, to hand out to you, as it were, medicine from the jar of eternal truth. First, however, some of the pills from the other jar must be branded as poisonous and pernicious.

Here is one. "Christ is not so different from other men after all. The story of His being born of a virgin is a fairy tale. As to His being God, the Creator of heaven and earth, — well, we know better now-a-days."

"Poison!" I cry, "Deadly, murderous poison! Imbibe it at your peril. To believe this is to fling your soul away into utter darkness."

Here is another. "The death of Christ was merely that of a martyr. There was no such thing as atonement in it. How could One man be punished for the sins of thousands?"

"Poison!" again I cry. "Swallow this, and you do deadly damage to your soul. You shut heaven's door in your own face."

I might continue my warnings. I might warn you against the deadly poison of the statement, "That the Bible is not altogether true, that there are some things in it not to be believed." I might raise a warning note against the poison that lies in the teaching that affirms "There is no hell; or if there is such a place, it will not last for ever."

All such teachings will have terrible consequences for *your soul*, friend, if you put yourself in the way of listening to them.

But, not to dwell further on this, I offer for your acceptance some true and wholesome medicine from the sure word of God Himself. If you receive this medicine, your soul shall be cured of its dire disease.

Before reading any further, close your eyes for a few seconds. Lift up your heart in prayer to God. Say, "O living God, I am about to read some of *Thy* words. Make their meaning clear to me. Help me to believe them."

Now read the following words carefully. They are taken, every one of them, from the Holy Scriptures.

"We must needs die, and are as water spilt upon the ground. But after this, the judgment. Every idle word that men speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.

"But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Christ died for the ungodly; came into the world to save sinners; came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; came to seek and to save that which is lost.

"Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God? The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin. It is

the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.

“Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. There is none other name under heaven given amongst men, whereby we must be saved. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him. He lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory. By Him, all that believe are justified from all things.”

These are the words of truth. They point out the only way of salvation, through faith in Christ.

Let no one entertain the notion that it does not matter what he believes if only he is sincere. Poor old Madame Hargault was thoroughly sincere when she swallowed the strychnine pill. She thought it would do her good. But her sincerity did not save her from an agonising death.

Neither will your sincerity save you. Something further is needed. There is a holy, gracious Saviour in heaven. Draw near to Him as a sinner. Close your ears to all that would belittle Him. And take Him as the ground of your soul's confidence. H. P. B.

Prepare!

FOR what am I to prepare?
 "To meet thy God."

But is the need urgent? Why be in such a hurry?

Because "he that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (*Prov. xxix. 1.*) It is not enough that your life is a consistent one and that you do your best. You may make good resolutions by the score; you may sign the pledge and so forth, but these things are no guarantees that you will reach the right place at last. They are all very well, as far as they go, but it is as true to-day as ever it was, that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast." (*Eph. ii. 9.*)

Maybe you will say: "I should like to be converted, but not just now." I doubt the sincerity of one who talks like that. Could you but see yourself as God sees you, you would be in a ferment of eager desire to get the matter settled at once. Your heart-burdened cry would be: "What must I do to be saved?"

Procrastination is one of the readiest means of filling hell. See that it does not take *you* there.

You *need* not be for ever lost. Holy and just, yet infinitely gracious is the God of the

Bible. His heart is full of compassion, and in order that you and I might be saved He gave His Son.

Do you still halt between two opinions? The world, with its costly delusions, stands on the one side. On the other stands the Saviour, with arms of love outstretched to you. Let me urge you to delay no longer. You cannot afford to trifle. Death is too busy. With your sins and your fears, come to Jesus. He is mighty and willing to save.

“Before I can become a Christian I must mend my ways and lead a better life.” So say some, but it is a delusion of Satan.

“If you tarry till you’re better,
You will never come at all.”

The years of your life have been full of *sin*. You are leaving them behind, and time is carrying you on. Months fly past; weeks come and go; days are disappearing with alarming swiftness. Yet still you tarry. You choose the world and its gaieties rather than Christ and salvation.

Beware! Are you going to fling your soul away for a few paltry morsels of unsatisfying pleasure? The Holy Spirit is here to strive with you. By this printed page warning is once more brought to you, and you are invited to *come*. You may be nearer than you imagine to your *last* opportunity.

F. M. W.

The Blind Chief.

THE martyr missionary, John Williams, with undaunted courage planted the banner of the gospel in the South Sea Islands with glorious results. Idols were broken, the temples in which they were worshipped destroyed. Instead of spending their days in fighting, men began to cultivate the ground and live industrious and peaceful lives. Instead of assembling for cannibal feasts they came together to hear the word of God. The darksome huts, in which they dwelt among lizards and rats, gave place to bright and healthy dwellings.

A chief on one occasion made this interesting speech: "Formerly there were two captivities among us; one was to our gods, the other to the servants of our king. What the former of these was we all know. I know the very cave in which one person, now at this meeting, hid himself several times, when sought after to be offered up as a sacrifice to the gods. The other captivity was to the servants of our chiefs. These would enter our houses and take whatever they wanted. The master of the house would sit, like a poor captive, without daring to speak, while they would seize his rolls of cloth, kill his fattest pigs, pluck the best of his breadfruit, and take the very posts of his house for firewood with

which to cook them. But now, through the gospel of Jesus, all these customs are done away, we do not hide our pigs under our beds, nor use our rolls of cloth for pillows to secure them. Our pigs may now run about where they please, and our property may now hang in our houses, and no one touches it."

As a sample of the subduing, saving power of the gospel which wrought in thousands of others, there was one man of whom we will speak. On the island of Raiatea there lived an old chief whose name was Me. During the course of his wild and reckless life he had been a great warrior. Many battles had he fought, and oftentimes had feasted on the flesh of his enemies. In his last battle he received a wound which left him totally blind, and thus his active life was suddenly ended.

When the gospel was proclaimed on his native island, this man was one of the *first* to come under its enlightening power, and through believing in Jesus he became a forgiven man.

Should not this fact arouse and exercise any, who are still undecided as to Christ? Possibly, up to this time, *you*, dear friend, have been content to hear about Jesus without bowing at His feet as a sinner and believing in Him as your Saviour. It should greatly shame those who live in Christian lands, where the gospel is valued so little by the many, when we see the heathen in China, Japan, Africa and the

islands of the far-off Southern Seas embracing it, and coming under its healing and life-giving power. Surely it shall be more tolerable, in the day of judgment, for the nations who have heard little, or nothing, of Christ, than for those nations who, having heard of Him, refuse to come under His influence and love.

The blind chief, Me, as soon as he was converted, became very earnest to hear and learn all that he could about the Bible. Whenever the gospel was preached, or when the more youthful part of the community came to the Sunday School, he rarely missed being present. In this way, by his perseverance and diligence, he stored his mind with many of the exceeding great and precious promises of God's word. Thus he lived a Christian, happy and consistent, for many years.

At length the old chief was missed from his accustomed place, where he so often heard God's word. Have you, by the by, seriously considered this, reader, that *your* place at business, your wonted seat at home, will one day be vacant? As a friend said recently, referring to his father's funeral, "The old arm-chair was empty, the hat and stick were gone, the familiar face, the greeting voice were seen and heard no more!" The solemn stillness of death was supreme, and they mourned for the dead. You, too, must go to your "long home, and the mourners go about the streets. . . . Then shall the dust return *to the earth* as it was,

and the spirit shall return *unto God*, who gave it." (*Ecc. xii. 5, 7.*) ARE YOU READY?

The aged and dying chief *was* ready, and yet there were exercises passing through his soul about departing from this world.

The missionary, hearing he was ill, went to see him, and exclaimed as he entered the blind man's dwelling, "Me, I'm sorry to find you so ill."

The sick man replied, "Is that you? Do I really hear your voice again before I die? Now I shall die happy!"

He was then told he had not long to live, and was asked how he felt at the thought of dying. In reply he said: "I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now. I thought I saw an immense mountain with steep sides. I tried to climb it, but when I got up some distance I lost my hold, and fell to the bottom. Wearied with toil and sad with disappointment, I went a distance and sat down to weep; but as I was weeping I saw *a drop of blood* fall on that mountain, and in a moment it vanished." Here he paused.

The visitor asked him what he meant by this.

"That mountain," said he, "was my sins. The drop which fell on it was one drop of the precious blood of Christ, by which the mountain of my guilt has been melted away." Two things, at least, had been learnt; these everyone must learn if they would enjoy the grace of God.

1. *The magnitude of guilt.*
2. *The efficacy of Christ's blood.*

How clear and simple was his confession; how comforting to one so near the end of life's journey!

At length the last visit to the sick man came. He had been repeating some of the sweet passages of scripture, which had been treasured up in his memory. At last he exclaimed, with energy, "*O death, where is thy sting?*" His voice then faltered, his sightless eyes became fixed, his hands dropped and his spirit fled away to be with the Saviour whose precious blood had melted away the mountain of his guilt.

In conclusion, may I ask if you will not let this man's conversion and testimony serve as an example to you? Do not be content with a correct creed, church membership, or an active life in Christian work. By nature you are lost, by practice you are guilty. Do not be self-deceived, you cannot *earn* heaven, when by sin you have *forfeited* your place on earth. It is of all importance that you should *repent*. Yet repentance is not salvation, neither is it a payment of sin's debt. Repentance is the owning at Jesus' feet, "God is good, whilst I am bad." God in Christ offers salvation to us as a gift. Believe in Jesus, whom God has raised from the dead, *take* salvation, and you will know that the mountain of your guilt, by His precious blood, has been melted away.

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On the other hand, what encouragement the blind chief affords to any who are seeking the Lord. None need despair of obtaining forgiveness and peace with God. Not one has gone too far for Jesus to save, and bring home to God.

*“ For sooner all the hills shall flee,
And hide themselves beneath the sea—
The ocean, starting from its bed,
Rise o’er the snow-capped mountain’s head—
The sun, bedimmed of all its light,
Become the source of endless night :
And ruin spread from pole to pole,
Than JESUS fail a TRUSTING soul.”*

A. F. M.

The Diamond Ring and the Sawdust Pie.

IN the month of April, 1907, a pawnbroker in London did a most extraordinary thing.

In consequence of a wager which he had made with a friend he exposed for sale in his shop window a hundred-guinea diamond ring, priced at two shillings and threepence.

For five days the ring remained in the window, the ticket attached to it clearly stating that the price was only 2s. 3d. But nobody purchased it. Early and late crowds of people passed and repassed the shop, but not one

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among them would purchase an article worth a hundred guineas for the small sum at which it was priced.

Stranger still is the fact that something worth a great deal more than a million diamond rings is offered, not for a small sum, but *absolutely free*. Yet many pass it by as if it were hardly worth a thought.

To what am I referring? I refer to the great boon of *salvation and eternal happiness*, which God is offering "without money and without price," to "whosoever will."

Is not this great gift worth having? How is it that such multitudes live and die without accepting it? How are *you* treating God's wonderful offer? Have you availed yourself of it, or are you passing it by with cold neglect?

Not for five days, but for year after year has this marvellous offer been made. *It holds good to-day. You may be saved now.* But the offer is liable to be withdrawn at any moment. If you delay you risk losing your soul for ever. Take care!

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About three months previous to the diamond ring being offered in vain, a man was walking down Fleet Street, London. He was hungry and tired, and as he passed the well-known restaurant of Messrs. S—— he saw in the window what he took to be a pie. The temptation was great. Should he break the glass and take it? He would. *He did.*

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But to his unspeakable disgust he found he had stolen an imitation china dish filled with sawdust !

What a parable lies hidden in this incident ! Are there not many who, weary and hungry, eagerly seize upon one thing and another in order to appease their inward cravings, only to find them as unsatisfying as the sawdust pie ?

Have *you* ever had such an experience ? Have you tried to stifle the cries of your soul by novel-reading ? Have you sought satisfaction on the racecourse, the football field, or in drink ? Or have you turned in the direction of *religion*, and endeavoured to find therein something that would relieve your unrest of heart ?

Whatever it may be, you have been disappointed ! You have laid hands on the object of your pursuit, and lo ! it is nothing but a sawdust pie.

Now we can tell you of something that can really satisfy the deep cravings of your soul. Rather, I should say, we can tell you of *Some One*. JESUS is His name. His love, true and strong and tender, is better than all that earth can offer you. To have Him as your Saviour and Friend is to have joy and peace without end.

It is not hard to see the reason why the diamond ring was neglected, while the sawdust pie was eagerly seized. With regard to the first, people *did not believe* that it was what it

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was. With regard to the second, the man *sincerely believed* it to be something other than it really was.

In the same way people have no real idea of the value of what God offers them. Some actually think it would spoil their lives and make them miserable if they were to accept it. At the same time they have exaggerated notions as to the world's power to satisfy. They grasp at this and that, and lay themselves out for pleasure and enjoyment, only to discover that they have been pursuing an object of no value—a mere dish of sawdust.

Let me urge you, reader, *to go in for the thing of real value.* Not religion but Christ is the object I would set before you. He died to make atonement for you, and His precious blood has power to cleanse all your sins away. Put your trust in Him. He is mighty to save, and freely saves every sinner who confides in Him.

The day of judgment is coming. *Then* things will be seen in their true light. And if you go on unsaved, careless, unready to meet God, you will never forgive yourself for

(1) Having neglected that which is of true worth, and

(2) Having been altogether taken up with things of no value.

Ask yourself the question seriously, *What is the true value of the things which absorb your time and thought?*

H. P. B.

Determined to Die Rich.

“ **I** *HAVE* lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to *DIE RICH.*” So said a seaman on board the ship “Britannia,” which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, and which was fast sinking. She had a large consignment of Spanish dollars on board, and in the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats.

The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if anyone was still on board. To his surprise there sat a man on deck, hatchet in hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

“*What are you doing?*” shouted the youth. “*Escape for your life!! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?*”

“*The ship may,*” said the man, “*but I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to DIE RICH.*”

The midshipman's remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and the man was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

We count such conduct madness, but alas! this sailor has too many imitators, and that

is a far more serious matter. Many from their boyhood seem determined to DIE RICH at all hazards. Least of all do they count the chance of losing their soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can keep in the *dying hour* and retain for ever are the riches of grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Reader, the bark of your life, pierced by the rocks of your many sins, may founder in the waves of death at any moment. Are you thoughtlessly or defiantly flourishing the hatchet of riches or pleasure or the vanities of this life, deaf to all the entreaties of a Saviour-God and the smittings of conscience? Let me re-echo the words of our narrative, "*What are you doing?*" Frittering away the precious hours of God's grace when He would make you rich indeed? The pleasures of sin, which are but for a season, will be dearly bought, if you wake up in a lost eternity. Escape for *your* life and flee from the wrath to come.

Are you determined to *die rich*? Then turn at once to Him who once was rich but for your sake became poor that you, through His poverty, might be rich. No mortal can ever estimate the depth of poverty to which the Saviour went in order to save the souls of men; for, laying aside His royal robes and His true title to life as the only Man who had glorified God in His life down here, He went to Calvary's cruel cross and there cried that bitter cry: "My God, My God, why hast Thou

forsaken Me?" Listen! It was for *you* that you might be rich indeed.

*" Was it for me—that agony
Sustained in dark Gethsemane ;
That scarlet robe, those thorns He wore—
Was it for me all this He bore ?*

*" Was it for me He bowed His head
Upon the cross, and freely shed
His precious blood—that crimson tide—
Was it for me the Saviour died ?*

*" It was for me—yes, all for me,
The Saviour came in grace so free !
For me He left those realms on high :
It was for me He came to die ! "*

Bow, then, at once to a Saviour's love, own your poverty that He may make you rich indeed.

" For the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him." (*Rom. x. 12.*)

F. G. W.

King Oscar of Sweden.

HE was every inch a King. Physically and mentally he stood pré-eminent above the majority. If he had not been a King he would still have been famous. Able to converse fluently in seven different languages, a poet of no mean order, statesman, soldier, philosopher, scholar—he was indeed a kingly man.

Just as he died his aged Queen bent over him, quoting the lovely text, "*The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin*" (1 John i. 7), the aged King responding fervently, "*Thank God, thank Jesus.*" So the last word on the King's dying lips was the personal name of the King of kings and Lord of lords—his King and Lord—JESUS.

What a testimony! This is better than the cold negations and empty vapourings of the *New Theology*, is it not?

At his funeral the Archbishop of Sweden, in the presence of Sweden's nobility and state officials and the representatives of foreign nations, said, "When the illness was coming on some time ago, the living felt for him the end was now drawing near. With what kind of feelings he wanted to meet the last hour and

with what prayer he wanted to commit his soul into the hand of God he had before considered, and written down in the following words :

“ ‘O Lord God Almighty, Merciful, Thou whom I worship and adore, Thou who art a Father over all, that is named Father in heaven and on earth,’* I long to be with Thee, far away from the storms, sorrow and strifes of time. Be near to me in my last hour. Vouchsafe to me strength and hope in the battle, peace in death. Receive me for ever in Thy loving fatherly bosom for the sake of Thy unfathomable and unspeakable love! Be it so! Amen!”

Thank God, his prayer was answered, and the last word uttered by him was the name above every name, the name that fills heaven with joy, the name of JESUS—the name that gave him “*strength and hope in the battle, peace in death.*”

Do you know *Him*, reader? King Oscar might know seven languages, but if He had not known *Him* he would not have known the language of heaven.

And they sang a new song, “*Thou . . . hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.*” And in that new song the Swedish King and English writer of this article will have their part. Will you? God grant it. Amen.

A. J. P.

* Literal translation of Ephesians iii. 14, 15 (*Swedish Bible*).

Notes and Comments.

ONE sin cast the fallen angels out of heaven.

Sin. One sin polluted Paradise and ruined a race. One sin spread itself not over a region, but over a world. One sin propagated itself, and invaded not one generation, but generations for 6,000 years. One sin contained enough in its one drop to destroy millions—to destroy them for eternity.

Have you committed one sin? Yes, you reply. Then surely you need a Saviour! You are lost and undone. Every single sin committed is as frightful, as poisonous, as the first sin our first parents committed.

Yet there has been One in this world sufficient to be the Sin-bearer, the Substitute, the Saviour. Jesus is His name, and He can be your Saviour even now. His blood cleanseth from all sin.

THE quick-witted, but not over scrupulous, Talleyrand expressed his **The Power of Christianity.** appreciation of the irresistible hold which the Christian gospel has upon the human mind, when consulted by one of the five directors constituting the French Government in 1797 in reference to suitable forms of

worship for the new religious system, which they had inaugurated and called "Theophilanthropism" (divine humanity). "I have but a single observation to make," said Talleyrand. "Jesus Christ to found His religion suffered Himself to be crucified, and He rose again. You should try to do as much, and then you would be successful."

"Theophilanthropism," remarked Guizot four years after, "its apostles, the dream and the dreamers, have disappeared from the stage, where they had been powerless in influence and barren in consequences." But Christianity still lives, for its Founder lives, a triumphant, risen Saviour, sympathising, succouring His people from on high.

MANY who speak much of forgiveness like to place it beyond their reach so **Immediate** that they may not obtain **Forgiveness.** immediate and certain possession of it; for that would interfere with their self-righteous efforts to work or to pray themselves into the favour of God. If I am forgiven simply in believing the record which God has given of His Son, then all such efforts are superseded and set aside. I will still work, but it will be the working of happy, grateful love. I will still pray, but my praying will be the child-like breathings of the spirit of adoption—the unbosoming of my "enlarged heart" to a God known in grace.

To place forgiveness beyond the sinner's reach ;
to place it at the very end of
The Result the course ; to make it a
of thing of perpetual doubt, is
Deferring to afford room and excuse for
Forgiveness. *self-righteousness* — that very
room and excuse which God,
by sending us so free a gospel, has been at
such pains to take away. If there be room
left for doubting, there will be also room for
boasting ; whereas God, in making known His
free love, meant to leave no room for either.
“Where is boasting then ? It is excluded.
By what law ? Of works ? Nay, but by the
law of faith. Therefore we conclude that a
man is justified by faith without the deeds of
the law.” (*Rom. iii. 27, 28.*)

COME, then, and be forgiven. God is holding
out to you the riches of
A Royal His forgiving love. Why
Invitation. should you hesitate or delay ?
His desire is to bless you *now*.

Why should you decline an immediate blessing ?
“Behold, NOW is the accepted time ; behold,
NOW is the day of salvation.” “Come, for
all things are now ready.” “Whosoever
believeth in Him shall receive remission of
sins.” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,
and thou shalt be saved.” How simple, how
ample is scripture ! How plain the directions
for blessing ! How easy and unencumbered
the plan !

The Neglected Treasure.

A CHRISTIAN man was once going through a country village, distributing Bibles. He came to a cottage, whose windows were broken and stuffed with straw and rags. The hinges of the door were broken; in short, everything about the place seemed to be going to destruction. Drawing near he heard a loud noise of angry voices, mingled with oaths and curses; and so frightened were the children that they had crept into the corners of the dirty room while their father and mother were in the heat of the quarrel. There was the secret of all this confusion, disorder, and poverty. *Idleness* and *neglect* explained everything.

There may be among the readers of this paper some who are guilty in a higher way of such easily committed sins. *Idleness* leads to *neglect*, as the deadly opiate induces the fatal sleep. He who neglects his business or his health, must suffer the consequences, but what of the one who neglects his *soul* and God's salvation? The question raised by the Holy Scriptures is: "*How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?*" (*Heb. ii. 3.*) The only answer possible is,

There is no escape.

The stranger then spoke to the father of the family and said, "My friend, how unhappy

you must be to live in this way. I wonder you don't try to make yourselves more comfortable."

"Ah, sir," said the man, "it's very hard for poor people to be comfortable, when we can't get enough to eat."

How great a virtue is made of poverty. Frequently has the writer heard remarks of this kind passed, when some poverty-stricken person has died: "Poor soul! if ever anyone deserved to get to heaven, she does; for she's seen nothing but suffering and poverty on earth." They forget that the poor do not go to heaven because they are poor, but, whether rich or poor, through the grace of God alone.

This is an extremely serious mistake, making, as it does, poverty a *saviour* in view of death, and a *substitute* for cleanliness and order in life.

The Bible distributor then asked for a drink of water, which was readily given to him in a broken jug. As he was drinking, his eye wandered around the untidy room. In one corner of it, all covered with dust and rubbish, he saw a large family Bible. Thanking the cottager for the water, he said to him in a low and confidential tone, as he handed back the jug: "My friend, I have a secret to tell you. *There is a neglected treasure in your cottage, which, if you only find, and make right use of, will make you rich and happy.* Good-bye."

Ah, how many thousands of Bibles are neglected to-day! A treasure indeed it is.

But if the truth were told about *yours*, is it not a *neglected* treasure ?

The man and his wife thought a great deal about the visitor's words after he left ; though at first they were inclined to think that he was only making fun of them. When the man was by himself he would search all through the cottage, and ransack every corner to try if possible to find the treasure. As for his wife, when she was all alone, she would set herself the same interesting task. But no treasure could they find. A reward for their pains, however, was in store for them. One day, after the housewife had been searching until she was tired, she sat down, wondering what the treasure could be. As she sat thus deep in thought, her eye happened to light on the BIBLE. She said to herself, " I wonder if that can be it."

Immediately she arose, and wiping the long-gathered dust from it, opened the book. It was many a long day since she had done so.

What memories the sight of the book revived ! It was the gift of her mother, who had died long years before. On the inside of the cover of the volume, in her mother's handwriting, were the words, " The law of Thy mouth is *better* unto me than *thousands of gold and silver.*" (*Psalm cxix. 72.*) It dawned upon her that there were greater treasures than gold and silver to be found in the Book, and she said to herself, " This must be the treasure

of which the stranger spoke." With diligence she sat down to read the inspired book, and as she read it the Holy Spirit enlightened its pages, and showed her that she was a sinner; every sin of hers was now pressing upon her conscience. This precious Book did more—it told her of the Saviour whose cleansing blood had been shed that her sins might be taken away; who, having suffered and died, was risen again. She sought Him whom none can seek in vain; she found Him, and thus became a true Christian.

Yet how slow oftentimes we are to confess to others our belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Chinaman is not ashamed to have his head shaven in sign of being a follower of Confucius, nor the Mohammedan of kneeling in form of prayer at noon, wheresoever he may be. What cowardice is often seen in the Christian! So it was with the cottager's wife. It was long before she confessed what she had found.

But one day when her husband came home she said to him, "Husband, I have found the treasure of which the stranger spoke."

"Where is it?" said he.

"In this blessed Book," she replied. "Let me read to you about it." She did so, and, through God's mercy, the result was that he too became a Christian.

Forthwith everything became changed—the children were cared for, soul and body, the

house became altered, and everything about it. When the Bible distributor came round the next year he could hardly realize that it was the same place. What a cordial welcome they gave him, exclaiming, "We have found the treasure of which you told us, and it has made us rich and happy!"

Do not be content, dear reader, until you have discovered the Bible to be a priceless treasure, better than the greatest wealth. No book has been so attacked as this one, yet it always comes off victorious. In spite of all the apparent "set backs" it has received, it is still, and ever will be, abreast of the times. There is no timidity about this book, it goes with courage and strength to the *root* of the matter, and unflinchingly declares that we are sinners against God, and deserve the judgment of death for our sins.

It does not try to prove itself to be true, it is its own witness, bearing the divine stamp throughout, thus claiming God as its Author. It tells of a Saviour—God in Christ—and warns in faithfulness of eternal judgment being the portion of those who carelessly set aside the grace of God which is offered. If you would be convinced of its true and eternal value read it, *read it*, and *read it through!* It is quite capable of defending itself, and at the same time of meeting all your exercises. Its great and grand subject is CHRIST. It will lead *you* to His feet.

We need a chart to direct our course on life's voyage, if we would steer clear of the rocks and quicksands by which that course is bounded, or shipwreck must ensue. The word of God marks out these dangerous points. Let us beware of trifling with this divine chart.

A young lieutenant in the English Navy discovered a small but dangerous rock in the Mediterranean Sea. He duly reported it to the Admiralty. This important discovery was telegraphed to all stations, and the position of the rock ordered to be marked on all the charts.

The first ship to sail over the spot was under the command of an old captain, who, noting the warning newly placed on his chart, desired to know by whom the rock was reported. On being informed, he replied, "There is no such rock there. I have sailed over this sea for twenty years; if such a rock had been there *I* should have found it." Then, in his pride and conceit, he gave orders to his sailing master to steer directly over the spot indicated. The gallant ship was driven over the danger spot under full sail. There was a tremendous crash, and the noble vessel went down with scarcely one left to tell the sorrowful tale of her loss!

So surely will men perish if they ignore and neglect the danger-marks pointed out in God's chart. It must have been terribly

humiliating for that captain to have plunged, through his own conceit and folly, the officers and crew of that ship into eternity.

But what must be the feelings of those who find themselves entirely and eternally lost through indifference and disobedience to God's written word? Surely you, my reader, do not desire such a portion.

Take, then, your true place even now at the feet of Jesus. Say, as did Peter of old, "*I am a sinful man, O Lord.*" Plead His blood as your only hope and ground of peace. Believe in Him who shed His blood for us, and who is now raised from the dead and seated at God's right hand. So shall forgiveness of sins be yours. Nay, more, peace with God shall be your portion, and God's rich love the possession and joy of your heart, through the gift of His Spirit. Thus, with God's word as your guide and chart, you, too, will be truly "rich and happy."

A. F. M.

Is the New Theology of God?

THE term *New Theology* in the eyes of the general public is principally connected with the Rev. R. J. Campbell's teaching. However, its distinctive tenets are very ancient, and in the main Unitarianism, pure and simple.

Mr. Robert Blatchford, editor of "The Clarion," an infidel and socialistic newspaper, declares "*Mr. Campbell is a Christian minister and I am an infidel editor; and the difference between his religion and mine is too small to argue about.*" Mr. Blatchford has written an infidel book called, "God and My Neighbour." Mr. Campbell's book, "The New Theology," he asserts is "God and My Neighbour" with the soft pedal on. "*It is,*" continues Mr. Blatchford, "*Thomas Paine in a white tie.*" Indeed, Thomas Paine, the author of "The Age of Reason," at which the Christian world of that day was aghast, might have been to-day the Rev. Thomas Paine without shocking the sensibilities of the adherents of the New Theology.

Colonel Ingersoll was the Charles Bradlaugh of the United States. Mr. Blatchford says of Mr. Campbell's book it is "*the Ingersoll fist muffled in a boxing glove.*"

Then he goes on to say, "*Mr. Campbell thinks Jesus the most perfect man that ever lived. I think there have been many men as good, and some better. But beyond these differences I think I may venture to say that there is nothing Mr. Campbell believes that I deny, and nothing I believe that he denies. Beyond these differences I am as much a Christian as is the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell is as much an infidel as the editor of 'The Clarion.'*"

"*Mr. Campbell rejects the doctrine of the fall and the atonement. He denies the divinity of Christ, the virgin birth, and the resurrection. He denies the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible, and he rejects the idea of divine punishment and an everlasting hell. So do I.*"

"*Mr. Campbell abandons the orthodox theory of sin, and says that selfishness is sin, and that unselfishness is morality and salvation.*"

"*These are bold assertions, and perhaps Mr. Campbell may think them too sweeping; but the proof is easy.*"

"*The best proof is a comparison of 'The New Theology' with my 'infidel' books.*"

Nor will the reader think that in mentioning Mr. Campbell's name we are indulging in personalities, for Mr. Blatchford writes in highest praise of Mr. Campbell, and we choose his remarks to show exactly what the New Theology affirms and denies. In truth, it affirms very little and denies very much. We

are not concerned with Mr. Campbell's private life; but as he voices certain teaching, we are within our province to examine it. It is not a question of the teacher, but the teaching.

And, further, it is not merely an academical subject that we are discussing. It is not a question of mere theology. Believe me, reader, it is intensely vital. You cannot afford to stand aloof in this matter. Your salvation is involved in it. Your heaven or hell is decided by it.

There are four points we will briefly examine: (1) *Christ's divinity*. (2) *The atonement*. (3) *The resurrection*. (4) *Inspiration of the Bible*.

Mr. Campbell denies them all. He belittles the apostle Paul, and treats his writings as so much *opinion* and not inspired. No wonder, for the apostle says: "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." (*Gal. i. 9.*) And Mr. Campbell preaches another gospel.

(1) *Christ's divinity*. The New Theology and Unitarianism are one in denying that Jesus is God.

Some years ago I was passing through a Yorkshire mill village. My friend pointed out to me a Unitarian chapel, and told a striking incident in connection with it. One Saturday morning the minister was sitting in his study preparing his sermon for the following morning. He had chosen the first chapter of John's gospel for his subject. He read:

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

“The same was in the beginning with God.

“All things were made by Him.”

Lower down in the chapter he read :

“And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us” (Verse 14).

“John bare witness of Him.” (Verse 15.)

As he studied the chapter he saw, for the first time in his life, that the Bible claimed that Jesus was God. As the light began to break in upon his soul he was entranced. Hour after hour he sat. The subject fairly overmastered him. He was absolutely revolutionized. In short he was converted. He had found out that Jesus was God, and that He became *man* in order to become his Saviour by making atonement on the cross.

How to face his audience the next morning he knew not. In the end he determined to fly the place. Do not be too hard upon him, reader. He was young and unmarried, a very babe in the faith and unestablished. All his thoughts had to be readjusted, and how could he preach that Jesus was a mere man, a good man, but nothing more, when the glorious light of His deity had revolutionized him? He remained away for some months, until, thoroughly established and confirmed, he returned to testify to the grace of God. Would that many more might have a similar

experience as to their thoughts, including the pastor of the City Temple.

If a careful study of John i. does not convince the earnest enquirer after truth that Jesus is God then he must not be able to grasp the plainest presentation of truth, for the truth of the deity of Jesus lies on the surface.

If Jesus was a mere man how is it that untold thousands of Christians have believed that He is God? How is it that such a belief has revolutionized lives, rendered its adherents fearless in persecution, as witness the blood-stained, heather-clad hills of Scotland, the catacombs of Rome, the cells of the Spanish Inquisition? Have the tears of the Church been wept for a sham?

If Jesus is not God then the Bible is the falsest book ever printed. Yet one Bible society has upon its shelves translations of it in over 400 languages, and has circulated over 200 million copies. Have good men been deceived by it? Is not its influence invariably for good, making the thief honest, the adulterer pure, the drunkard sober, lifting up the poor benighted savage, converting, purifying, uplifting, blessing, wherever it has gone? Is this the influence of a false book? Vast numbers believe in the Koran, but if you *weigh* instead of counting those who believe it, the preponderance of evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of the Bible. The late Lord Kelvin

is one witness for the Bible; the Sultan of Turkey one for the Koran. But put the two men in the scales. Weigh the evidence—their environments, their lives, their influence, and any reasonable man would see that Lord Kelvin's single testimony is worth that of the whole Ottoman empire. But more as to the Bible later on.

(2) *The atonement.* Here again, spite of Mr. Campbell's denials, the Scriptures are plain. "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." (*Lev. xvii. 11.*) This is plainly shown to be the life of an innocent victim, whose blood upon the altar was the figure of substitution, and the prophecy, or type, of Christ's atoning death on the cross. Mr. Campbell charges the apostle Paul with being warped by Jewish teaching, instead of seeing that he had grasped its divine significance, teaching its fulfilment in Christ in his writings. So the writer of the Hebrews says, "Without the shedding of blood is no remission." And John says plainly, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (*1 John i. 7.*) Unless there be atoning efficacy in the death of Christ, then on that count also the Bible is the falsest of books, for by figure and shadow in the Old Testament, and fulfilment and substance in the New, atonement, substitution, propitiation, is woven into the very web and woof of the Book.

(3) *The resurrection.* You have but to read

1 Cor. xv. for proof of that. Surely the eye-witnesses who could testify that they had seen the Lord after His resurrection were too numerous and the testimony too circumstantial and complete to leave any doubt. See the list. The apostle Peter, the twelve apostles, five hundred believers at once, James, then all the apostles again, and finally Paul, who saw Christ in glory. And when he penned the list the majority of those cited as witnesses were alive, and could have contradicted the story had it been false. From the earliest days of Christianity Christians believed the great fact, and yet men professing the Christian faith, and drawing large salaries for professing to preach its verities, can be found to deny its very foundations. The apostle Paul leaves us in no doubt as to its vital meaning. He says, "*For if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.*" (1 Cor. xv. 17.) Again, if the resurrection is not true, the Bible is the falsest book in existence, for it affirms it over and over again, building its doctrines around it, proclaiming Christ risen and ascended to heaven.

(4) *Inspiration of the Bible.* Here we come to what is essentially vital. Either the Book is inspired by God, or it is the falsest, most pernicious and blasphemous book that has ever been written.

It is a remarkable fact that the Lord Jesus and the Bible are alike called the Word—one

the *living* Word, God; the other the *written* Word, God's book. The two stand or fall together. The Old Testament Scriptures foretold how Christ should come into the world and for what purpose; and when He came He quoted the Scriptures as authoritative and divine.

Very much can be said to prove the inspiration of the Bible. One unassailable proof is prophecy. There are over three hundred prophecies in the Old Testament concerning Christ, and these have been strikingly fulfilled. It is impossible, in the nature of things, that the prophecies could be made to fit the fulfilment; or the fulfilment the prophecies.

When the late King of Spain died, the nation waited and hoped that an infant should be born who would prove to be the King of Spain. Suppose a prophet arose and announced that the expected infant would be a son, his prophecy might be fulfilled, but thereby he could not lay claim to anything more than a happy guess. But suppose he ventured on over 300 prophecies, many of them of an extraordinary nature, covering the life and death of the King, and prophesied hundreds of years before the event, and every prophecy was fulfilled, what conclusion could you come to then ?

Yet this is the case before us. And when we think that it was not one prophet but several, that types and shadows were prophetic as well,

we can only stand amazed that anyone can question the divinity of the Book, save that the Book itself explains why. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him." And that is just where such as the Rev. R. J. Campbell and the like are hopelessly discredited by the Book they assail.

Then, again, how can the lives of the saints be explained away, for there have been and are real saints? There are no saints in Mohammedanism or heathendom. The moral grandeur of the book, its history, its present hold upon converted men and women, are such as to convince any candid, earnest enquirer of these things.

Indeed, *infidel* writers have rightly affirmed that to imagine such an exalted life as is depicted of Jesus would be a greater miracle than the life itself; and I say that to imagine the Bible to be uninspired, and in its most vital assertions false, is to make the Bible a greater miracle than if true.

In the very short compass of this small paper it is impossible to do anything like justice to such a theme, but the writer's object will have been served if the reader sees that there is all the difference in the world between being a Christian in the true sense of the word and an *infidel*, whether he be of the type of Mr. Blatchford, who honestly asserts his position, or one who puts "Reverend" before his name as Mr. Campbell does.

To be a true Christian it is a vital necessity that you should believe that Jesus is God, that as man He wrought atonement on the cross, that God has proved His satisfaction in that work by raising Him from the dead, and that the Scriptures are the Word of God. Further, you must put your personal faith and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour. Only thus can you be a Christian. If the Scriptures are not the Word of God, then what knowledge have we at all of God ?

May the reader be like Thomas of old, who had to confess of Jesus, "MY LORD AND MY GOD." "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (*Rom. x. 9.*) Blessed words, which the writer has experimentally proved to be true and which he prays many of his readers may prove likewise.

As to the adherents of the New Theology, we can say, "Lo, they have rejected the Word of the Lord ; and what wisdom is in them ?" (*Jer. viii. 9.*)

A. J. P.

A Triumphant End.

A FEW hours ago I stood by the bedside of an aged pilgrim, whose spirit was about to enter into the joy of his Lord.

Of this world's goods he had none ; as to his soul, he thanked God more than once that he

had not left the question of his soul's salvation until his dying bed, for his body was so racked with pain that to have considered such matters seriously and earnestly would have been impossible. What was it that enabled this dying pilgrim, in the very jaws of death, to exclaim, in the ecstasy of his soul, in my hearing :

“ Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise and bless His holy name ” ?

What a triumph ! What a victory ! Thank God, years before he had had the question of his sins out with God, and had come into the enjoyment of the blessed effects of the work of Christ, so that now, in perfect peace and joy of heart, he could quietly pass out of this world into the presence of the One, who loved him unto death, and whose voice now called him home.

Reader, are *you* ready for that moment—the moment of all moments in your history—when your spirit shall take its flight into the great beyond ? If not, turn to the Saviour of sinners now, trust Him, believe in Him, and the scripture says :

“ Thou shalt be saved ” (Acts xvi. 31).

A. E. M.

Real or Imitation.

A PROFESSOR was showing to his friends various experiments with the Rontgen, or X, rays. Many beautifully dressed ladies were present, wearing, to all appearance, most rare and costly jewellery.

Said the Professor, "It is really wonderful the effect these rays have upon diamonds." So, lowering the lights in the room, he turned the X rays on the sparkling gems which the ladies wore.

Immediately the real diamonds flashed in all their full brilliancy; but, alas! the beautiful paste imitation diamonds had lost all their lustre. The X rays discovered which were *real* and which were imitation, much to the dismay of some of the ladies present.

So God's X rays, His omniscient eye, searches our hearts as to how we stand as to Him. We live in a land of profession. Are we real or imitation? Are we possessors or professors? Do we really know and love Christ as our own precious Saviour, or are we only professing to love Him?

If we are honest we can pray, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." (*Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.*) We are known to Him, for He says, "I, the Lord, search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings." (*Jer. xvii. 10.*) The matter is important. May writer and reader face it in God's holy presence. A. B.

The Weight of the Soul.

DURING the past few years some leading physicians in America have been conducting a series of strange experiments with dead and dying people in order to discover if there is really such a thing as a soul!

Their experiments have led them to believe that there is, and that it weighs half-an-ounce!

Carefully adjusted scales of a large size were erected in one of the hospitals at Boston. Persons known to be dying were wheeled into the weighing-room on cots, which were placed on the scale. When the heart stopped beating and death ensued, it was found in every case that the scales registered about half an ounce less, and from this it was concluded that the half-ounce lost at the moment of death represents the weight of the human soul!

You smile, perhaps, and say that the Yankee physicians are welcome to the results of their researches.

Be it so. But remember that the soul—*your* soul—*has* weight and worth, though no humanly devised balances can measure it.

The Bible, however, does not speak of your soul as a tangible part of your being like your brain, your heart and your lungs. Your soul,

in contrast to your body, is *you, yourself*. When you die, the lifeless form that is laid in the coffin is *you* no longer. Indeed, it never really was *you*; it was but the house of flesh and blood in which the real *you* dwelt.

Now in the eyes of your Creator your soul is precious. Indeed, it is of priceless worth. In His esteem the man who barter his soul for the wealth of all the world has made a sorry bargain. He, who would sell his soul for success, for fame, for gold, for anything, would be a loser by the transaction.

What makes the soul of such transcendent worth is its *capability for eternal bliss*.

The most intelligent of the animal creation—the horse, the dog, the elephant—cannot vie with man in this. No creature on earth has the capability that the human soul has for knowing God, enjoying His love, and being supremely happy in His presence for ever.

To lose your soul means to lose all that !

But it means more. For your soul is not only capable of infinite joy; it is capable of infinite misery. One or the other must be its destiny.

Let me repeat that your soul is yourself. It is *you* that we are speaking about. *You* will either spend eternity amid the unceasing delights of heaven or the indescribable woes of hell. You, you, YOU !

Now what do you propose to do? If your soul is of no worth in your eyes, let me assure you that there is One who knows its value.

Your Creator, rather than leave you to perish without hope, has taken flesh and blood, and as a Man has died for you. *His soul* was made an offering for sin. He experienced all the bitterness of sin's dread penalty (though ever sinless Himself), and made atonement to God for sinners. In the glorious results of that atonement it is open for you to share.

You have but to take your place before Him as a sinner indeed. Open your lips, not to justify but to condemn yourself. Then lift the eye of *faith* to Christ. Believe that He died for you. Believe that His blood can cleanse your sins away. And put your whole confidence in Him.

He loves your soul, and will gladly save it. That is, He loves *you*, and will gladly save *you*.

Trusting Him, death will have no terror for you. If soul and body have their partnership dissolved by death, it will only be for a little while. For the resurrection morning will dawn, when your soul will again be clothed with the body, no longer a body liable to suffering and death, but a body *like Christ's*.

What, then, dost thou think of thy soul, reader? At what price dost thou value it? What consideration dost thou give it?

H. P. B.

Last Words of Eight Famous Personages.

“**I** *T is well.*” So said Washington in his dying hour. I wonder, reader, if you could close your eyes, never to open them again in this world, with these same words upon your lips.

“*Be serious,*” muttered the celebrated Dutch jurist and theologian, Hugo Grotius, as his breath left him. We pass on his advice. Think seriously about the salvation of your soul, unsaved reader. You have to meet God, and you know not when. Mr. L—— gave a lecture in N—— some time ago. Within ten minutes of leaving the hall he was dead. Are you ready?

“*All my possessions for a moment of time,*” exclaimed Queen Elizabeth. Leave not this great question of your eternal welfare until your deathbed. As you read this magazine you have a splendid opportunity of turning to Jesus. You may never have another.

“*It matters little how the head lieth,*” were the words of Sir Walter Raleigh. You may be possessed of a large share of this world’s goods, but not an atom of good will they do your soul when death stares you in the face. Scripture furnishes us with such another example. “The beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments.” (*Luke xvi. 22, 23.*)

LAST WORDS OF EIGHT FAMOUS PERSONAGES. 53

Did it ever seriously enter your thoughts that beyond this life there is another life, which must be spent by you? Either in heaven or hell, either with the redeemed or the lost, will that life be spent, and it will last for ever and for ever. Life is but a span, like an arrow shot through the air — very soon to reach its destination. Give this matter your careful consideration.

"It is small, very small indeed." Anne Boleyn's last saying is true. Life is like a flash of magnesium ribbon. Very soon you are to be ushered into the presence of the Great Judge, to stand before Him. Are you ready?

"There is not a drop of blood on my hands," were the last words of Frederick V. of Denmark. Will you be able to say as much? For this world is guilty of the death of Jesus, and its hands are stained with His blood. Unless you confess your guilt as a poor sinner you will come under the judgment of God. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha" [accursed at His coming]. (1 Cor. xvi. 22.) My unconverted reader, over this world hangs the awful cloud of God's righteous judgment, and presently it will burst upon your head. But God is long-suffering, and His desire is that you might be cleansed from all your sins. Jesus has died, "the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) Salvation is offered to you, without money and without price.

"Let the light enter," were the last words of

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the great German poet, Goethe, who died in Weimar. Will the light of glory shine upon your soul when the end comes, or will it be blackness of darkness?

“*Into Thy hands, O Lord,*” was the exclamation of Tasso as he died. What a happy death! Death, did I say? Nay, it is just the commencement of life for the Christian. To live in those bright courts on high with Christ and all the redeemed is the portion of him who has his sins forgiven. “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” (1 Cor. xv. 55.)

* *

We have listened to the dying sayings of eight famous personages. Reverently, earnestly would we draw your close attention to a dying utterance, which has a voice of deepest interest to the whole world, uttered by One whom none can afford to ignore.

“IT IS FINISHED,” were the blessed words of the dying Saviour. These words must stand by themselves. There are none like them. What words of triumph! The work of redemption is complete. There is nothing left, sinner, for you to do, but to own your own unworthiness and need of Him.

Be serious! Time is on the wing. Soon everything here will have to be left, and we must enter another scene. Where? How? When?

C. S. R.

“Christ—My Hope.”

WHILST passing through the old country churchyard of Wembdon, a picturesque little village in West Somersetshire, I recently observed a stone on which was written, “*Spes mea Christus,*” which means, “*Christ—my hope.*”

Now, this is exceedingly beautiful, for what words could better express the state and condition of one who, passing from a scene of time into eternity, had trusted Christ as his Saviour?

At such a moment—and remember, friend, the moment will surely come when you, too, will have to die—how good to know Christ as one’s own Saviour; to be able to turn with all confidence towards heaven, seeing Christ there as the One who once died and shed His blood, and who, moreover, was raised from the dead that your faith and hope might be in God. He was “delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification.” (*Romans iv. 25.*) What blessed news is this to a poor lost sinner, and how truly encouraging. God, who is bent on the blessing of the sinner, could only have devised such means; you and I could not possibly have got back to God by any way or method of our own. Oh, no! God is holy and cannot change.

In this Cain erred; he sought to merit the favour of God by his own work, quite forgetting how far distant he was on account of sin.

God must necessarily, in consistency with who and what He is, have to say of sin: it could not be passed over. God is just, righteous, and of holier eyes than to behold evil! Even the angelic hosts—those into whose ranks sin has not entered—veil their faces, crying day and night: Holy! Holy! Holy! But instead of you and me—sinners indeed!—being put to death (for the wages of sin is death), another has taken our place—even Jesus, the blessed, spotless, Lamb of God. All the righteous, unmitigated judgment of God due to us fell on Him at Calvary. He who knew no sin made sin for us that *we* (those who believe) might become the righteousness of God in Him. And whilst there, the Sin-bearer, God had to hide His face from Him, resulting in that awful, memorable cry: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (*Psalm xxii. 1.*)

*"The perfect righteousness of God,
Is witnessed in the Saviour's blood.
'Tis on the cross of Christ we see
His righteousness, yet wondrous grace.*

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

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

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

*"How wondrous the redemption plan
Designed by God for ruined man.
His precious Son in death laid low
That He might endless life bestow !"*

One has said, "The moral import of the cross for the glory of God is a subject which, as we study it, becomes ever more and more magnificent—a never-ending study." It is absolutely unique! Judgment was there exhausted! The veil of the temple rent in twain! God made known in the wondrous character of a Saviour-God. There, too, redemption was accomplished; there peace was established; and there the love of God most blessedly and wondrously told out.

Thank God for having thus, from His own side, and in perfect harmony and accord with His own holiness, laid such a basis whereon He is free to forgive and bless. Just indeed! and also the Justifier of Him who believes in Jesus. Turn, friend, from all your own devices, to Christ and His finished work. It is God's only way of blessing, as set forth in those words: "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all

things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." (*Acts xiii.* 38, 39.)

If Christ is not your Saviour, your hope is vain! God grant you may now take up those words—Christ my hope—with which we began our paper.

W. B. H.

Minute-Minders.

AT a great business exhibition in London there are many devices shown whereby to save time. So wonderfully have things progressed of late years that the saving in time cannot now be shown in hours. Patentees are proud to show some invention that will save a minute. For instance, there is one device whereby the moment you step upon the mat a spring opens the office door before you, and you are saved the time and effort of opening it. The people who are interested in these things have been called *minute-minders*.

How many keen business men, who know that time is money, who are *minute-minders*, yet commit the folly of being

Eternity-Forgetters.

Profound folly, fraught with frightful consequences!

Is my reader one such? I beseech you to take thought for eternity. Let every other question be in abeyance till this question is settled. Heaven or hell? Eternal bliss or

everlasting despair? Eternal life or the second death?

Christ died to save you. He died for the ungodly, for the strengthless, for sinners, for enemies, for *you*. Will you accept His love and avail yourself of the efficacy of His blood? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?" (*Acts xvi. 31.*) A. J. P.

Christ Before Pilate.

WHAT a picture! The great judgment-hall thronged with people. A cruel multitude thirsting for the blood of a righteous Man. The chief priests and elders persuading the people to demand the release of Barabbas and the destruction of Jesus. Pilate upon the judgment-seat; Christ, in all His dignity, standing before him. Little did judge and accusers think that in their presence was the Word made flesh, God over all, blessed for ever the King of kings, the long-promised Messiah, their only hope, and yet they spurned Him.

To describe Him is impossible. May God attract your heart to Him in all His majesty and love. He had just been led away from the garden of Gethsemane, in the anguish of His soul He had sweat as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground, the traitor's kiss had just been put upon His holy cheek, the thorny crown upon His brow, and there

He stands. He might have spoken and destroyed His enemies by "the spirit of His mouth."

But, no; in patient grace he bears all the insults and shame. Pilate asks Him, "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" and He answers, "Thou sayest," meaning yes. Here was an opportunity to have proved His Messiahship, but as the chief priests and elders accused Him He answered nothing, till Pilate *marvelled greatly*.

Why did He submit to all this? Love, divine love, is the only answer. For all that He endured at the hands of men was as the antechamber to what He suffered on the cross; when He cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" There, alone with God, the whole question of sin was raised and settled to God's satisfaction and glory.

So we read, "In due time Christ died for the ungodly . . . God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (*Rom. v. 6, 8.*)

Is there one who does not know that Christ died for his sins? He endured the cross, that you might be forgiven. Now He pleads with you to trust Him. Will you spurn such love, such offers? Ponder, then, the solemn answer to the solemn question, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" For "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." A. B.

The Kishenev Murderer and the Wordless Book.

IN the city of Kishenev, in one of the southern provinces of Russia, there stands a large building. Its walls are several feet in thickness, and its massive, solid appearance is still further increased by its four great round towers.

This building is the city prison. Within its frowning walls hundred of prisoners are often to be found. There are underground dungeons, dark and lonesome, where the worst criminals are confined; there are cells, lighter and less terrible, which are occupied by those whose offences are not so heinous.

Some years ago two men drove up in a droshky (a Russian carriage) to the gate of this prison. They had come direct from the governor's house, and were armed with his full permission to visit and speak to the prisoners.

It was an unusual errand that brought to the prison these two visitors, with their hearts aglow with the joy of God's salvation. It was their desire to speak of that salvation to the prisoners, and to tell them how it has been made free to all by the atoning work of Christ, and how it is to be simply received by any poor sinner through faith in Him.

Row by row the men were marched up by the obliging officials. Each received the gift of a New Testament in his own language; and a brief, earnest address was given, pointing to Christ as the only One through whom God's forgiveness could be obtained.

When all was over, the visitors were about to take their leave, when a warder stepped up to the elder of them.

"We have a murderer in our charge at present," said he.

"Have I seen him?" asked the visitor.

"No, he is in solitary confinement."

"Take me to his cell, please."

Turning to the stone staircase by which access was afforded to the underground dungeons, the warders led the way to the dark basement regions of the prison. Here, in a lonely cell, lay the murderer.

The visitor introduced himself by offering the man a copy of the New Testament.

"Thank you, but I cannot read," he sadly replied.

"Here, then, is the very thing for you," was the cheery reply. "You will be able to read this, and it teaches the truth it is most important that you should know."

So saying, the visitor produced a small book of three pages, and handed it to the convict. The latter took it, opened it, and gazed with a puzzled look upon its pages. No words were there, no letters of the alphabet, but simply

colours. The first page was black, the second red, the third white. It was a copy of what is pretty widely known in England as "The Wordless Book."

"What is the meaning of this? I cannot understand," said the condemned man.

This was the question which the visitor was waiting for. It gave him the opportunity he desired of setting the gospel of God's wonderful grace before the poor prisoner.

"The black leaf represents black sin—yours and mine," he explained. "Sin against God and against man; sin in the heart and sin in the life, black as night, black with coming judgment.

"The red page represents the precious blood of Christ, by which alone sin can be cleansed and put away. '*He was wounded for our transgressions . . . with His stripes we are healed.*'

"The white leaf represents the perfect salvation of the soul through our Lord Jesus Christ; God's abundant pardon of every sin to those who in true repentance accept Him as their Saviour; the complete righteousness that comes to the believing sinner through faith."

It was all so new to the poor convict. From one page to the other of the "Wordless Book" his eyes anxiously wandered, and his hands began to tremble violently.

"You are able to read that little book, are you not?" asked the kind visitor.

“ Yes, I can read it, thank God ! ” he replied, as big tear drops fell upon his chained hands. “ And thank you, sir, a thousandfold, for bringing such a message to such an unworthy wretch as I am.”

And thus there was joy in heaven over another repentant sinner.

In reading this narrative, the reader will naturally and unconsciously draw a comparison between himself (or herself) and the degraded occupant of the dungeon at Kishenev. *He* was a murderer; *you* are a respectable, decent-living person. *He* was ignorant and illiterate; *you* have been educated, and can read these lines without the slightest difficulty.

These things being so, you are apt to forget that in God’s sight “ *there is no difference.* ” All are on the same platform before Him; all are sinners; all are exposed to the same dread consequences of their guilt.

The Bible teaches this plainly and emphatically. (See *Romans iii. 22, 23.*)

Whether you understand it or not, it is true. *You* need the same message of salvation that the Russian criminal received so thankfully. There are no two ways of salvation. You, and he, must be saved in just the same way, or not at all.

Listen, then, as he listened. Remember, it is *all for you.*

First think of SIN, portrayed by the BLACK page of the “ Wordless Book.” Men

make light of it, but it is of infinite seriousness in the eyes of God. Through *one* sin Adam fell from his high estate. *One* sin shut Moses out of the promised land. And if *one* sin be so serious, what about the *many* of which you have been guilty? Does not my question awaken memories within you? Do you not recall sins of thought, of word, of deed? Does not your conscience charge you with sinful wishes, sinful thoughts, and sinful actions? All these—your SINS—constitute you a SINNER before God, and expose you to the terrors of His righteous indignation and wrath. This is the first great fact to be faced.

Secondly, think of the power and efficacy of Christ's precious blood, represented by the RED page of the book. It is the one and only means whereby we can be cleansed from our sins. When a guilty sinner turns to God in faith, God has regard to the blood that was shed for sinners; and such is its value that He freely and fully forgives. The truth is that on account of our sin our lives are forfeited. Sentence of death and judgment has been passed upon us. It was in order to bear this penalty on our behalf that the Lord Jesus went to Calvary. The shedding of His blood was the witness that He had laid down His life for us. He was our Surety and Substitute. The chastisement due to us was inflicted upon Him. Thus, and thus only, can we be saved. Neglect the precious blood of Christ and you

neglect the only means by which God can extend His blessing to you.

Thirdly, consider the greatness of the salvation, the perfection of the cleansing, set forth by the WHITE page of the book. "Whiter than snow" is the scriptural description of those who are washed in the blood of the Lamb. God clothes them with a righteousness that is altogether apart from their works—a righteousness so perfect that God Himself finds no flaw therein; a robe of such unsullied whiteness that even heaven's light will reveal no spot upon it!

To think that *you*, a poor, sinful creature of earth, may be made whiter than snow and *perfectly* fit for the presence of God.

Such is the efficacy of the precious blood of Christ. *There* lies the secret of this wonderful thing. The red page lies between the black and the white. He who would move from the black to the white must do so *by way of the red*. And he who would pass from the blackness of his guilt to the peace and blessing of justification before God can only do so *by way of the blood of Christ*.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

May God give the reader to ponder over this wonderful verse. Trust the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, and you will experience the efficacy of the precious blood—viz., cleansing from every sin. H. P. B.

The World's History in Four Words.

Eden.

THE Creator established man in innocence. Surrounded by everything that made earth a paradise, man was sent forth into the world to enjoy it to his heart's content. Desire for wealth, he had none; *all* was his, and every creature of the air, sea, and land subject to him. Nor was this all. His beneficent Creator had given him a helpmeet to share all with him, and to add infinitely to his happiness. Placed, however, in a position in which he could choose between rendering homage to his Creator-God or obeying the wicked whisperings of the "father of lies," *i.e.*, the Devil, he deliberately chose the latter, and in wilfully disobeying God brought death upon the whole human race. The once happy pair were in consequence dismissed from the paradise in which God had placed them.

But a moment before this a remarkable scene had taken place. God had come out in grace to seek His fallen creature; but with guilty conscience he had fled as fast as possible to hide behind the trees of the garden. In that state he would rather have faced all the beasts of the forest than his Creator, God; but God saw him, and, more, *God found Him*.

And God sees you, reader, in all your sin

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and need of Himself. With your conscience, perhaps, as active as Adam's, and probably seeking to hide behind some tree of your own planting, your own good works or resolutions, prayers or Church attendances, *God sees you*; and more, though the grace of it may surprise you, *God seeks* you to bless you. He knows you altogether, your every thought, your every sin, and He wants to bestow upon you forgiveness, not for anything you have done or could do, but because of the infinite worth of the work of Jesus—God's glorious Son.

Sinai.

Amid thunderings and lightnings there was given to a chosen people out of this fallen race a code of laws, the keeping of which would bring blessing to all who came up to its standard. It is easily summed up in a very few words: "Love God with *all* your heart, and your neighbour as yourself." As Moses came down the Mount with the Tables of the Law in his hand, what should he find but the very people to whom the law was sent engulfed in idolatry, worshipping a golden calf! What base ingratitude to the God whose outstretched arm had delivered them from Egypt, whose mighty power had brought them triumphantly through the Red Sea, and given them to witness their enemies dead upon the sea shore. Forgetful of their song of deliverance and of their Deliverer, they fall down and worship a golden image!

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And so at every point in the history of man's responsibility he has failed utterly, hopelessly. But, reader, are you one whit better than they? Have not you gone on in *your own* way, regardless of God or eternity? Stop! for such folly does not become any wise man or woman. Stop! and see what the love of God has provided—what the word of God declares has been done, and that on *your* account. Thus, in fulness of time we come to that favoured city,

Bethlehem.

Oh! sacred spot! Oh! glorious birthplace—the birthplace of Him whose advent was heralded by a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.” This, indeed, was the Saviour—the Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Once again man was to be put to the test. Now God in wondrous grace has sent His Son. Will men receive Him? Will they own Him and give Him His rightful place? They could have done so—they *should* have done so. But no! Such was the absolute wickedness of man's heart that they rejected Him, treated Him on every hand with scorn and hatred, and finally spat in His face and cried, “*Away with Him. Crucify Him! Crucify Him!*” And so they put Him upon a gibbet on Mount

Calvary.

But, you say, surely such treatment could only be meted out to some criminal or

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murderer. Nay, friend! He was God the Son, the Creator of the Universe. He was the Christ of God, the Saviour of the world. He was the Lord of Life and King of Glory. Need we wonder, then, that that act was final on the part of God so far as testing man in a position of responsibility was concerned. At the cross of Christ He definitely and finally closed up the moral history of man for ever, so that he is now shown to be hopelessly and helplessly lost!

And man well deserved to be left in his miserable and lost condition for ever. But what *has* happened? Listen!

In the very cross which so demonstrated the hatred of the heart of man against God, God Himself has come out in infinite love and grace; and at the end of man's moral history, Christ "appeared to *put away sin* by the sacrifice of Himself." Marvellous love! Infinite grace! So that now, on the ground of that sacrifice, that finished work, God can come out in grace and blessing to man, in all his ruin and enmity.

Reader, have you believed that wondrous fact, and, if so, have you thanked Him? Sinful as you are, and although God could righteously execute the sentence of death upon you, He offers mercy. His Son has died in the sinner's room, so that now if you only believe in Him you shall be saved from your lost condition, and brought into God's family

and joined for ever with His beloved Son in all the blessing and happiness which is His as the result of what He has done.

Reader, don't stay away from Him a moment longer. Won't you trust and believe *such* a God *now*? Won't you accept *such* a Saviour *now*? You have hitherto done no less than those wicked men did when they turned the Lord Jesus out of His own world. You, too, have refused Him, despised His grace, treated as nought His precious death; but, blessed be God, if you repent and turn to Him now, He can, He will abundantly pardon and eternally bless your unworthy soul. Then, as the line of the hymn says:

“Turn and believe this very hour.”

“Seek ye the Lord *while He may be found*; call ye upon Him *while He is near.*” (*Isaiah lv. 6.*) “*Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.*” (*Acts ii. 21.*)

A. E. M.

A Test.

ASK the dying, not the living, what they think of things. Not one of them has ever pronounced gold, or earthly honour, or this world's pleasure of real value to them on a death bed. Nor do they testify to the wisdom of a life of sin, or putting off the question of their eternal future to a death bed.

No, at such a time things begin to assume their true proportions. People who have only lived for time wonder why they have forgotten eternity. They knew that they had to enter it sooner or later, they knew that there was no return journey, no revoking the past, no altering of decisions, and yet, as if the heart were lulled to sleep by a deadly opiate, they went on and on, as if they were as ignorant of the future as the brute creation, having no existence after death.

Would that the living paid heed to the testimony of the dying. Nay, further, would that they would listen to the pleadings and warnings of a Saviour - God. God says, "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." He says, "Come, for all things are NOW ready."

The solemn question is asked, How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation? Surely none. If the invitation is to all, if there is nothing to pay, if there is no labour demanded at your hands, if it is the free gift of God, surely there is no excuse if you miss the blessing. If NOW is the hour of mercy, there can be no excuse.

You have often heard of these things. Be wise then, and ask yourself the question of all questions, "What must I do to be saved?" What a simple, blessed answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts xvi. 31.*)

A. J. P.

Not Old Enough!

SPEAKING to a large and distinguished audience of politicians in the library of one of the chief London clubs, the new Prime Minister made a declaration of faith.

The occasion was an impressive one, not only because it was his first public pronouncement since his accession to office, but because of the weighty character of the themes handled. The minds of those assembled dwelt upon the vast British Empire, with its various races, its conflicting ideals, its miseries, woes, and wrongs, and here was their new leader upon his feet to indicate that which he believed to be the remedy.

Towards the close of his speech he said, so it is reported, "But I do not come here, as I said, to preach a new gospel. The old gospel is good enough for me, and, I believe, for you also."

And this "old gospel" sets before us—what?

Nothing much more inspiring than educational improvement, licensing restriction, and social reform. Things all very good in their way, and fairly ancient in their origin, but for all that—we unhesitatingly affirm it—not old enough.

For, in the first place, this remedy is not nearly so old as the disease, which it professes

to cure, or, at least, palliate. Go right back to the dawning of human history, what is it that has produced all that we see around us? What accounts for the wars and fightings, the wrongs and oppressions, the disasters, diseases, and death itself which afflict the human race? The unclean human heart, the lawless human will, in one word—SIN.

Again, the remedy is not drastic enough. It only touches the fringe of the matter. It is but tinkering with the merest details. If *sin* be the root of the mischief, it is easy to see the impossibility of legislating the world into happiness. You improve education, and thereby teach each member of the rising generation the more effectually how to assert his or her will to the detriment of others. You restrict the sale of alcohol, but the unclean humanity, that formerly wallowed in beer, makes up its loss with other things equally degrading. You carry social reform, and everyone has greater opportunities and more money, only to spend it on more pleasures, and to be as dissatisfied as ever.

No; this gospel may satisfy the Prime Minister—it certainly is not good enough for me.

Now there *is* an old gospel. It is great, for the idea of it took its rise in the mind and heart of the God of heaven. It is so old that its inception took place before the foundation of the world (*see* 1 *Pet. i. 20*), so drastic that it

probes right to the bottom, taking up and dealing with not only all our offences, but with the corrupt nature from which they sprang (see *Rom. viii. 3*). It is "the gospel of God . . . concerning His Son Jesus Christ our Lord." (*Rom. i. 1, 3*.)

Examine for a moment some of its features:

The death of Christ. (*I Cor. xv. 3*.) This means *atonement, propitiation, i.e.*, the meeting in righteousness of every divine claim against sinners, so that now on the ground of it God proclaims Himself to all as the Great Dispenser of Forgiveness. It means condemnation of sin—the root, and the bearing of every consequence of sins—the fruit. The purchasing of full and free salvation.

The resurrection of Christ. (*I Cor. xv. 4*.) The answer given by God to His death. The expression of His satisfaction in it and in the One who died. The proof that the work of redemption is done to the satisfaction of God Himself and that the believer's sins are for ever put away.

The justification of the believer. (*Acts xiii. 38 and 39*.) His absolute clearance from every charge in the sight of God, the blood of Christ being a complete answer to every accusation which even the devil himself could bring.

Repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—the way of blessing. (*Acts xx. 21*.) Terms of the simplest kind, throwing open the way of life to all. No works, no reformation, no

resolutions, no feelings, *nothing* required of you save that honesty which, looking the truth in the face, produces repentance—the utter condemnation of yourself root and branch—and faith, simple confidence or trust in Another who is absolutely worthy of it all.

Real salvation and satisfaction the result of it. (*Rom. xv. 13.*) It does not leave you to live your life as before. It brings salvation *from* your sins (*Matt. i. 21*), breaking their power as well as cancelling their penalty, giving deliverance from the evil nature within and the evil world without. “Sin shall *not* have *dominion* over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace.” (*Rom. vi. 14.*) It gives an object to live for that satisfies (*Phil. iv. 11*), and godliness and contentment which is great gain. (*1 Tim. vi. 6.*)

It will not set the world right. It does not profess to do that, which will be the work of Christ at His second coming with His saints. *It will set YOU right.* Right with God, and for eternity as well as time, so that in the midst of earth’s sorrows you shall be happy and rejoice in the Lord.

For this gospel we claim the Prime Minister’s words: “We do not preach to you a new gospel. THE old gospel is good enough for us, and, we believe, for you also.”

Try it and see if it is not so. F. B. H.

Almost Saved, but Lost!

THE British Empire has of late been greatly moved owing to three sudden disasters to the Navy. The second of these misfortunes occurred in the Solent, when the American liner "St. Paul" rammed the second-class cruiser "Gladiator" off the Isle of Wight, resulting in the loss of twenty-seven lives. One of the crew, who had managed to reach land safely, recollected that he had left his money (£30) on the vessel. He swam back, got it, but returning became exhausted, sank, and was drowned.

How sad! *Almost saved, but not quite.* He sacrificed his life for a little money.

Does he not represent thousands who are doing the same to-day? Look around and see them eagerly absorbed with various objects, wrapped up in the passing concerns of life, utterly regardless of eternal issues, forgetting the soul's pressing interests. With some it is getting money. They say, whatever else we do, we must get rich. With others—a vast multitude indeed—it is pleasure, *pleasure*, PLEASURE. The devil is a skilled caterer; he has had 6,000 years' experience in soul-deception, and well knows how to suit the desires of each heart.

Here is a young lady that thinks far more of the latest novel than of Christ and her soul's

need. There is another fascinated with the latest fashions in millinery and dresses, while unmindful of the concerns of her imperishable soul. Many have been aroused to the importance of conversion, but they put it off to a future time, until, in hundreds of cases, it is *too late*. They lacked decision at the right moment, and so were lost. Yes, *lost*—lost to God and unending bliss. What an unutterable experience! May you never know it.

They heard the words of Jesus: "I am the door; *by Me*, if any man *enter in*, he *shall be saved*," but they never entered in. They may have been close up to the door, but failing to enter, perished. Oh! how much, both for time and eternity, hangs upon the decision of a moment.

Listen, there are eternal salvation and joy unspeakable inside the open door. All *inside* the Ark were saved, all *outside* were lost. Surely one of the important words for to-day is "*decision*." There must of necessity come a moment in our history, if we are to be saved, when decision is made, when the line is crossed, when the passage from death unto life is made, and the precious, undying soul committed to the everlasting keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ. Do you ask when that moment comes? I reply, when one gets to the end of one's own strugglings and doings, and casting aside every other confidence, says from the depth of one's heart, "Jesus, I will trust *Thee*, trust *Thee* with *my* soul."

This the great Apostle Paul did. Hear what he says: "I know *whom* I have *believed*, and am *persuaded* that He is able to *keep* that which I have *committed* unto Him against *that day*." If you had £10,000 you would be most anxious to see it deposited in a place of absolute safety, and rightly so. Then, dear reader, how much more anxious you should be to know your soul is in safety, yea, in the keeping of Him who died to redeem it. Agrippa said to Paul, "*Almost* thou persuadest me to be a Christian," but history never states that the *altogether* moment ever came. Much better never to have been born than to die *almost* persuaded but *not quite*.

Methinks the bitterest ingredient in the cup of woe in perdition will be, "I *might* have been saved, but am not. I was *almost* a Christian, but *not quite*." "Remember Lot's wife." She stands out the everlasting witness of one who was *almost* saved, but *not quite*. She never reached the place of safety. Be like Moses. He knew the value of decision. When forty years of age, with a brilliant earthly prospect before him, he flung it all aside, determined to identify himself with the despised and down-trodden people of God, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Beware, lest these solemn words be true of you—

Almost saved—but—*lost*.

E.M.

The Greatest Sorrow of All.

TWO passengers were inside the station bus —a lady in deep mourning and the writer on his way to preach the gospel in the town to which they both were travelling.

The lady was feverishly anxious to end her journey, for she had been telegraphed for. Her son, a boarder at the grammar school, was critically ill with pneumonia. The lumbering, creaking bus, as it toiled up the long hill amid the fast gathering darkness tried her patience. It was no wonder that a mother's heart confided to her fellow-passenger her sorrow and fears, and she found in him a sympathetic listener. She added that the previous year she had lost her husband and had left another son at home laid up with a fractured leg. Her cup of sorrow seemed full to overflowing.

After having sympathized with her the writer ventured to speak about a greater sorrow. A conversation something like the following took place :

“I do indeed sympathize with you in all your past sorrow and present anxiety, but do you know there is a greater sorrow that I trust will never be yours ? ”

“What is that ? ” she enquired.

“That of spending eternity without Christ, without God, without hope,” I replied.

At first her response was listless, but little by little she grew interested, and at last burst out, "*I would like to be saved. I do my best and hope for the best.*"

I pointed out that doing one's best would not save her, and her hope, to be worth anything, must be well founded, so to rightly direct her thoughts in the only direction that could be of any help to her I said :

"You have told me of your sorrow, and it is great. I have drawn your attention to a greater sorrow, which may God in His grace save you from. But can you tell me, *What is the greatest sorrow of all?*"

She looked fairly puzzled, so I went on. "The greatest sorrow of all was the sorrow of Jesus on the cross. This He endured for you that you might never have the sorrow of a lost eternity, the sorrow of hell. 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see *if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow*, which is done unto Me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger?' (*Lam. i. 12.*) The very anticipation of it wrung from His holy soul in the garden of Gethsemane the prayer, 'Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done,' and wrung from His brow 'sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.' What must the dread reality have been when He cried with a loud voice, 'My

God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? ' when ' He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' (See *2 Cor. v. 21.*) No wonder the most solemn question of the Bible asks, ' How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? ' (*Heb. ii. 3.*)

" So that if you want to be saved you must ' believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' (*Acts xvi. 31.*) ' There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.'

" It is not by doing *your* best; *your* best would fall far too short of God's righteous requirements. But God Himself has provided One, who could and did meet His requirements on our behalf, who could say, ' I restored that which I took not away ' (*Psalms lxix. 4.*), who could utter that peace-giving cry on the cross, ' IT IS FINISHED.' So the work that can save your soul is a finished work. God has raised Him who did it from the dead and exalted Him to be a Prince and a Saviour. The Lord Jesus is the only One who can save you. Trust Him and all will be well with your soul."

This and much more I said to the lady, and she seemed on the point of confessing Christ as her Saviour, when the bus stopped, and a third person got in and stopped the conversation.

I called the next day to see her, but she was busy attending to her son, who was critically

ill, and could not therefore see any visitor. So leaving her a copy of *Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment*, and shortly after leaving the town, I could only commend our conversation to Him, who could bless it to her soul.

I remember well some years ago preaching in Lisbon. A lady came several times to the meetings. Calling upon her in the hotel where she was staying, I said, "You have heard the gospel repeatedly. What do you think of it?"

I was thrilled by her unexpected answer, as with tears she lifted up her eyes heavenwards and exclaimed with deep feeling, "*I confess Jesus as my Saviour.*"

How beautiful! how simple! how sufficient! Can you do likewise, reader? If not, may God spare you from the sorrow of a lost eternity by touching your heart with the story of "*the greatest sorrow of all,*" and give you here and now to trust the Lord Jesus Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts xvi. 31.*)

A. J. P.

The Account Not Settled Yet.

A GOOD many years ago a Christian man named Very resided in a town in the State of Massachusetts, America. He was grieved by the godless conduct of his neighbours, who worked on Sundays and week days alike.

One Sunday as he was going to a meeting his neighbours called out from the hayfield, "Well, Father Very, we have cheated the Lord out of two Sundays, any way."

"I don't know that," replied the old gentleman; "I don't know; the account is not settled yet."

Would to God that the thousands of God-forgetting pleasure-lovers would remember that their account with God is not yet settled.

Look back upon your life. Think of the thousands of idle words that have carelessly dropped from your lips. Carelessly they have been dropped, but carefully recorded. Did not the Lord say, "I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give *account* thereof in the day of judgment." (*Matt. xii. 36.*) "Every one of us shall give *account* of himself to God." (*Rom. xiv. 12.*) We "shall give *account* to Him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead." (*I Pet. iv. 5.*)

Are you ready to give account? A. J. P.

An Unanswerable Argument.

IT was not an argument after all, though it was more effectual than the most carefully thought-out argument.

George Graham impressed one in two ways—a child of nature and a child of grace. In appearance he looked as if he had been carved out of a rough block of freestone from his native Cheviot hills. Made on a big scale, physically powerful, he was as gentle as a woman and as simple as a child—a man of prayer and faith.

The hall belonging to the heir to an earldom, near Graham's home, had a large masonry job on hand. It was an important job, and a master-mason from London was secured to superintend the work. He was a smart, dapper little man, with intellectuality stamped upon his broad forehead. Alas! he was an infidel of the aggressive Hyde Park type, who ventilate their pestilential opinions on Sunday evenings in that historic spot.

Very soon after arriving north he began to air his views among the Border workmen. They said to him, "Wait till you see George Graham," as if he were some doughty, hard-headed champion, well versed in Christian apologetics. So the London foreman's curiosity was aroused, and he waited with impatience for his antagonist.

At last they met. The Londoner opened out the attack, directing his remarks against the Lord Jesus Christ. Then he waited for the answer. It came in a most unexpected and convincing fashion.

The big, rough man put his arm round the foreman's neck, looked at him with eyes glowing with love and filled with pity, and said, in his rich north country accent, "Man, if you only knew HIM you couldn't have talked like that about HIM."

Then he told the foreman how he knew HIM. How He had saved him from his sins and made him supremely happy. The sincerity, the earnestness, the tenderness, the reality of the man fairly overcame the smart London infidel. Arguing with a man like that seemed fairly out of place. George Graham knew the Saviour. He had saved him. He had died for him. He was living for Him. He walked in communion with Him and talked with Him. It was no wonder that Graham got no answer. He silenced his foe in a very happy way.

This encounter made a deep impression on the Londoner, and when leaving the job he invited Graham to his room to pray with him. "Behold! he prayeth!" was said of Christ's chief antagonist centuries ago. Blinded by the light above the brightness of the sun, behold Saul of Tarsus on his knees. No wonder a messenger was sent to give him his sight and his commission as a servant of the Lord, whose

followers he had heretofore persecuted, but whose faith he was now to preach.

So the foreman sought Graham in prayer, thus declaring his faith in a God who could hear and answer prayer, and long and earnestly did Graham pray for the blessing of the infidel.

They parted, the foreman to return to London, we trust a changed man; Graham continuing to live in his native parts till a few years ago he was called up higher, and passed into the presence of HIM whom he knew and loved and served so well.

Reader, shall this incident have no voice for you? "What think ye of Christ?"

*"What think ye of Christ?" is the test,
To try both your state and your scheme.
Ye cannot be right in the rest
Unless you think rightly of HIM."*

He died for you. You cannot afford to ignore Him. He will either be your Saviour or your Judge. Which shall it be? God *"will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself*

A Ransom for All."

(I Tim. ii. 4, 5.)

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

Oh! be concerned about your soul's salvation. Delay matters no longer. Trust such a Saviour NOW. A. J. P.

The Thing You Need.

THE contrast between the gospel of God and the leading false religious systems of the world was strikingly drawn the other day by a well-known speaker in the course of an address given in the Mansion House, London.

He compared a man bound by his sins to a man drowning in a pool, and he asked his audience to consider what the various religions would say to the man thus fighting for his life.

As the man is sinking Confucius would say to him, "*Profit by your experience.*" Buddha looks upon him and says, "*Struggle.*" Mohammed would stand by and say, "*Whether you sink or swim, it is the will of God.*" Hinduism says to him, "*You will have a chance in another incarnation.*" The Lord Jesus Christ reaches forth to him and says, "*Take My hand.*"

Which of all these will suit you best, do you think? Bear in mind that it is no exaggeration to speak of you as a drowning man. If still a sinner in your sins you are all that and more. Sin and sin's just deserts, the wrath of God, threaten to engulf you. (See *Rom. ii. 5.*)

However Confucius may moralise upon the subject, you are too late to profit by your sad experiences, for you are perishing and have no strength to save yourself. The fatalistic creed

of Mohammed affords cold comfort indeed, nor will the fantastic dreams of Hinduism give you solid rest for your heart. Buddha wants to encourage you, but he can only urge you to redouble your efforts in continuing the vain struggle against the power of your sins. Will this do?

Let those who know the power of their sins speak. You, who have long striven to make yourselves acceptable and fit for the holy eye of God, by many an inward resolution and earnest attempt at self-improvement, by many an attempt to break the chain of evil habit and besetting sin, by running the whole round of religious exercises and work, tell us if it cheers and saves you to be urged to struggle onwards!

No. That is not what you need. And yet alas, that word "struggle!" comes not only from the lips of Buddha but from many a professed Christian pulpit. All too many of those who claim to be ambassadors of Christ have only this to give you. Some point you to symbol and ceremony, some to the law; others, again, lay down a code of morals and ethical teaching; but all agree in saying that to your own efforts you must look for the wished-for deliverance.

What you need is *salvation* brought to you just where and as you are, and it is this of which the gospel speaks. When Israel was in dire straits, hemmed in between wilderness

and sea, and Pharaoh's pursuing army, they cried to the Lord, and the answer was—not struggle! but — “*Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.*” (*Exod. xiv. 13.*)

Israel was helpless and so are you. Thanks be to God that the scripture which tells us we are “without strength,” continues, “In due time Christ died for the ungodly.” In that your salvation lies.

Drowning men and women, cease your fruitless efforts and look up. The Lord Jesus Christ bends over you in love and compassion, and His hand is at your service. He is no longer dying with outstretched arms upon the tree, but risen and glorified. His power and delivering mercy are all on your behalf.

Will you not avail yourself of this proffered grace? Oh! do so to-day. Abandon every effort of your own. Rely utterly upon Him. Seize that blessed hand with the grip of *faith*; thank Him; and you will exchange the horrors of sin's muddy pool for the joys of standing on dry ground by His side.

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

F. B. H.

Lost and Found.

UPON the banks of the St. John River, East Florida, lived a man earning his living by felling and squaring the giant trees which abound in those parts. One morning he left his humble cabin for his day's work, little dreaming of the terrible times he was about to experience.

Heavy fogs not infrequently cover the district. The woods, too, present but little variety, and the grass grows so tall that a man of ordinary stature is unable to see over it.

The woodman must, therefore, proceed with caution along the ill-defined path often crossed by other paths. In case of fog, if he would be sure of his way and go along in safety, he must lie down and wait till it has passed away.

A wounded animal on this occasion crossed our friend's track. The morning was foggy, and he unwisely gave chase to it, and in so doing lost his way.

Similarly, but in a far more serious way, a youth entering business for the first time, often loses his path. It may be at some office desk, behind the counter of some store, or at the workshop bench. He emerges from a Christian home, where loving and pious parents have shielded him from temptation, danger, and harm. For fear of being laughed at and called "good," he listens to some immoral story, and

smiles, as if assenting, when bad or indecent language is being used. This leads to the *practice* at length of those self-same sins, but *already* he has *lost the track!* Oh! beware of the *first step* out of the right path. Be true to that which the Bible declares is wisdom. (*See Proverbs i. 7-10.*) Don't be afraid to say "No" to sin. "If sinners entice thee, *consent thou not.*" This is real, manly courage. But this can only be truly done in the strength of Christ, and for that we need to be converted.

Resuming our incident, the fog at length lifted, and the welcome sun was then at its height; but to his intense alarm our friend could recognise nothing. He walked till sunset unrewarded, and slept that night in the open air. Arising the next morning he wandered fruitlessly till night came on again, almost maddened by hunger and thirst. It was no visionary imagination with him; he was really LOST!

According to his reckoning, he wandered thus for forty days, during which period he fed himself on anything he came across. As day succeeded day disappointment succeeded disappointment, and all hopes of recovery were abandoned.

At last he reached the banks of a river, but what a spectacle did he present—his clothes in tatters, his once bright axe all dimmed with rust, his hair matted, his face wan, his frame enfeebled. In short, he was little better than

a skeleton with a parchment-like covering. HE WAS HOPELESSLY LOST! And thus he laid himself down to die!

Do you see in this poor man's melancholy condition a picture of yourself? You have wandered far from God in your sin. Those sins of yours have created a distance between you and God. You may possess natural abilities which place you ahead of your fellows, yet *by yourself* you cannot find the right path, or get back to God. YOU, TOO, ARE LOST!

These forty days of the woodman's wandering well illustrate the futility of all your efforts to save yourself. You *cannot* merit the favour of Him against whom you have sinned. Yet we read that "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (*Rom. v. 8.*) Ponder these words, dear friend, and you will learn that salvation is not "to him that *worketh*," but "to him that *worketh* NOT." (*Rom. iv. 4, 5.*)

But God's pitying eye was on the emaciated and exhausted form upon that river bank, and His providence over-ruled that a boat should come along the river, and weak though he was, the sound of its splashing oars caught his ears. Lifting himself up he gave a loud, shrill scream, partly of joy and partly of fear. Hearing this the rowers paused. This was followed by a more feeble scream. Oh! joy, he is observed. The boat comes! It seems too good to be true. His heart flutters with

excitement, his sight is dimmed, his brain reels from its seat, he gasps for breath at such expectations. The boat has run upon the beach, and the *lost one is SAVED!*

Jesus has come to *seek* and to save that which was lost. It was no chance that brought Him to this world. Lost you are, my reader, if a stranger to Him. But it is not too late, thank God, for you to be saved. By His sufferings, death and blood-shedding, you may be forgiven. Then why not in repentance turn to Him *now*, accepting His atoning sufferings as on *your account*? God has raised the Lord Jesus from the dead, and all who believe in Him are justified from all things. (See *Acts xiii. 39.*) "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts xvi. 31.*)

The woodman's tale is no fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence. The river where he was found was thirty-eight miles from his hut. He had wandered in a circuitous direction. The providential over-ruling and care of a God of goodness, combined with a strong constitution, enabled him to sustain with fortitude and recover from such protracted privation.

May the same God use the application of the account given to encourage you to seek the salvation of your precious soul.

A. F. M.

A Guiding Hand.

SOME time ago, when travelling in the train, a simple little incident occurred that suggested a few thoughts to one of the passengers.

As the train entered a long tunnel a little boy remarked :

“Mother, we are all in the dark, won't it soon get light again ?”

A childish remark, but surely it contains a germ of truth when applied to a larger outlook on life.

There are many people groping their way about this world in darkness, who are perfectly careless about their soul's salvation. God is not in their thoughts. They live only for this life.

Is it wise to keep on neglecting God's offer of mercy and forgiveness ?

Death for the unbeliever is sure, no one can escape, whether rich or poor. Sometimes the call comes suddenly, when least expected.

Death to the Christian means to be with Christ for ever. Would it mean that to *you* should you be called to meet God to-night ? Meet Him you must—either as Judge or Saviour.

It is God's will that every man should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. God sent His Son to die for your sins. Have you accepted Him as your personal Saviour ?

In a world where there is so much sin and sorrow, we ought to point with unerring precision to the Right Guide, who is the "Way, the Truth, and the Life" for time and eternity.

Christ is the Guide of the narrow way. Do not choose the broad road. Many, alas! are on the latter; led on by fascinating voices and snares, they are marching to their doom.

If you are on that road, dear reader, "Right about face" is the only safe course.

If you have never trusted the Lord, do so before it is too late. Though you have spurned Him, He still loves you. Trust Him who wants to be your everlasting Friend, the One who died to save you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."
(*Acts xvi. 31.*)

M. S. M.

Can it be Kept Up ?

A YOUTH sat on a wooden bench in a very plain and unpretentious meeting-room, the picture of sadness itself. Now and again a tear rolled down his cheek. For an hour preacher and friends tried to help him, and lead him to decision for Christ. All seemed useless, there was a stone before the wheel somewhere. At last a remark, providentially directed, brought it to light. "If I am converted, can I keep it up?" he asked, or words to that effect.

He was assured that though of himself he could not keep it up one hour, there was One who could, and he was invited straightway to trust himself into the hands of Jesus, who would as surely *keep* him now from the power of sin, as save him from its penalty by and by.

Many people have this difficulty. Rightly enough they do not want to profess to be Christians and then find they have no power to live Christian lives. The world mocks at those who begin to build and are not able to finish. So they hesitate; the great unanswered question in their minds being not, "Is the Lord Jesus Christ able to save?" but, "Is He able to keep?"

It may help such to remember that for over eighteen centuries He has kept up so large an

affair as His own cause in this world in the teeth of every assault.

The French infidel, Voltaire, once said that "though it took twelve men to found Christianity in this world it would only take one man to destroy it." By "one man" he was modest enough to mean himself! He did not know that it was really founded by the Son of God and that *He* was maintaining it.

He further ventured to predict that within a century from his day the Bible would be a discredited and forgotten book. Is it? Why, strangely enough Bibles by the thousand have been printed since his death in the very house where once he lived! There is One behind the Bible with whom he had not reckoned.

Philip II. of Spain made frantic efforts to stamp out every vestige of vital Christianity in his country. The house still stands in which he lived while directing the building of his great palace, the Escorial, and from whence he issued his edicts to arrest the "heretics" and burn them at the stake. Not very many miles away in Madrid stood the grim buildings of the Inquisition. He kept them full and busy, and by the time he died it must have seemed to the onlooker that he had only too well succeeded in his fiendish task. But did he really? No, for to-day there is more scope for the gospel in Spain than for many centuries; and, as if by some strange irony, the house in which he lived is now a country home for

orphans, where they are instructed in the gospel, having been named "Paz," *i.e.*, "*peace*;" and the former residence of the Inquisitor-General in Madrid is the headquarters of the Bible Society, well stocked with the Scriptures and thousands of gospel tracts.

Open your Bible at the fourteenth chapter of Romans, and look at the end of verse 3 :

"God hath received him."

Can that be truly said of you? It may help you to answer this question if you turn to Luke xv., and read carefully the parable of the prodigal son. Have you ever come to yourself as he did and discovered your lost and ruined state? Have you ever thought of the goodness of the One you have wronged, and of the plenty that fills His house; and have you ever risen up in your need, just as you were, and come to Him with honest confession on your lips? If you have, He has certainly put the kiss of forgiveness upon you and treated you as the father treated the prodigal.

And should you never yet have done these things, we can safely say that if you will but do them *now*, the result will be the same, and it will be recorded of you, "*God hath received him.*"

Now look at the end of verse 4 of Romans xiv. :

"God is able to make him stand."

Do you believe it? You think of yourself and tremble. Your powers of endurance and

perseverance are as nothing; your courage is down to zero; your faith is lamentably weak. Yes, but look up and away to Jesus seated at the right hand of power in the heavens. It is not a question of you and your abilities, but of Him. Left to yourself, the world and the powers of evil will easily overcome you, but with Christ in command you may safely sing:

*"When I fear my faith will fail,
Christ CAN hold me fast;
When the tempter would prevail,
He CAN hold me fast.
He WILL hold me fast,
He WILL hold me fast,
For my Saviour loves me so,
He WILL hold me fast."*

Will you not trust Him for this, and boldly confess His Name? Hesitate no longer. God is able to make you stand. F. B. H.

"Good Times."

IN the old coach days a young lady was travelling and beguiled the time by narrating to her fellow-passengers how she got more pleasure out of her enjoyments than most people. She adopted the plan of enjoying her pleasure first in anticipation, next in realization, and finally in retrospection.

An elderly gentleman turned to her and

said, "Madam, there is one pleasure you have overlooked."

She begged him to explain, adding, "I cannot afford to lose any pleasure."

He replied, "Madam, you have overlooked the pleasure the contemplation of these things will give you on your death-bed."

An ominous silence followed, showing how his remark had struck home.

Dear friend, let me ask you, you think you have been having "good times," enjoying life, but have you ever considered the fact that you cannot live here for ever, *and after death cometh the judgment*? What comfort will the pleasures of sin give you in that day? When you stand alone to answer for the deeds done in the body, what will you say? Your companions may applaud you to-day and urge you on. In that day you will not have their support when you stand trembling before Him whose counsel and invitation you now reject.

Do you find your "good times" lead you to earnest prayer or a desire to read God's word, where alone the way of peace, the path of life, is put before you? Do you find "seeing a bit of life" leads to walking soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world? Do you realize that "the thought of foolishness is sin," that a covetous desire is idolatry?

Doubtless before the Flood men thought what "good times" they were having. No doubt they thought Noah very much behind

the times in building a vessel right away from the sea. But the rain came, the stored-up supplies of water from beneath gushed forth in irresistible volume. They learned *too late* the awful mistake they had made.

As it was in the days of Noah, so it is now. God is put aside. His word is rejected. Men rush headlong to secure a prize, always promised them but never secured.

Don't turn away because these words condemn your course. If these words are wrong, you have nothing to fear from them. If they are right, and rest assured they are, then what are you going to do? God desires that you should "love life and see good days."

Now the "life" God would have you "love" is eternal life, and "this life is in His Son." (1 John v. 11.) But the next verse finishes up in solemn contrast, "He that hath not the Son of God *hath not life.*"

Now, my friend, as you value your own soul, and your eternal happiness, let me ask you, "Have you sought the Lord Jesus? Have you found the Son of God? Apart from Him you are without life. Do not put me off. Time is short. We may never meet again. If you realize the awful peril of your position you will not evade my questions, nor trifle with the subject. Give the matter the attention it deserves.

Once the Lord stood amidst a great concourse of people and cried unto them, saying,

“If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.” (John vii. 37.) These words do not refer to mere natural thirst, but to the soul’s thirst after true and lasting happiness. True happiness and life are only to be found in Christ. Do you know Him as your Saviour? Do not rest till you do, or you will find out the hollowness of earth’s passing pleasures on a death bed; you will find them but the ashes of a Dead Sea apple, outwardly fair and alluring, but carrying with them no abiding satisfaction.

P. J. B.

Just What is Wanted.

PASSING along one of the principal streets of C—— my attention was arrested by the words, “*Just what is wanted,*” painted on a huge sign-board over a house-furnishing establishment, and doubtless intended to inform all who wished to purchase furniture that their requirements could be met within.

These words recalled to my mind an incident occurring in the same town a few years ago. A fascinating gentleman arrived in a gorgeous gilded chariot, drawn by four splendid horses, and accompanied by a band. Every night for several weeks he drew an enormous crowd to whom he set forth with glowing eloquence the healing virtues of the

special medicines which he sold, and in a great many cases gave away. "Never," said he, "in the history of the world had such remedies been discovered and offered. Now at last 'just what was wanted' had come to their very doors." He dwelt upon the tears of joy that would course down many a parent's face as they fondly looked upon their loved child, who but a short time before was considered to be within a few weeks' march of the grave, and who would now be restored to health again.

But I would fain introduce you to "Just what is wanted" in a deeper and more enduring sense. With unspeakable delight I turn to speak of the great Physician, who alone can heal the fatal disease of SIN and bring about everlasting deliverance.

This loathsome disease has afflicted the *whole* of humanity, and no earthly physician, however skilful, can give relief. It is far beyond the power of mortals. What a sight met the eye of God as He looked down and beheld the sad plight of Adam's fallen race. The holy God scanned the ranks of unfallen heavenly intelligences, but not one of those shining beings was competent to undertake the mighty work of man's redemption. A task so stupendous could alone be accomplished by Him who was Jehovah's Fellow, and who gladly undertook it, saying, "*Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God.*"

Give me your earnest attention while I tell

of "*Just what was wanted*" to meet the pressing need of mankind. This cursed disease had eaten into the vitals of every man, woman, and child the wide world over. At last the moment arrived when the first step should be taken in the journey of love to accomplish the eternal emancipation of every sin-crushed soul that would avail himself of the remedy. The Eternal Son *must* become incarnate. In that holy body the will of God must be done. The cross, with all its untold agony, must be faced and endured. The curse must be borne, God must be satisfied, His righteous judgment *must* descend upon the holy Sin-bearer. The Blessed One *must be made sin* if man is to be delivered and for ever set free from his misery. His case was utterly hopeless, and he would have perished for ever of the dire disease of sin had not God, in tender pity, provided an infallible remedy.

Was there ever a case that Jesus could not relieve? No, not one. Never was one who came to Him sent unblest away. Thanks be to God, the divinely provided remedy is at hand for every sin-sick soul. Man is a mass of moral corruption. "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." (*Isaiah i. 6.*) "Unclean, unclean," truly describes every unwashed sinner in the world, but let your heart, unsaved reader, leap for very joy, for "the blood of Jesus Christ,

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His Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin."
(1 *John* i. 7.)

Let me affectionately urge you to obey the gospel at once. Your fast-flying moments will soon be spent, and life's little day closed. In all your unworthiness accept the blessed invitation and provision of divine love. Hesitate not, to commit your undying soul to the safe keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ, and so know and experience through God's unending day of glory the grand and glorious results of God having provided "Just what is wanted."

E. M.

"The World's Stores, Limited."

JOURNEYING along a main highway near Epping Forest recently there passed me a youth pushing a tricycle to which was attached a small covered tradesman's van.

Upon the sides of this van was painted in large gilt letters the name of the firm, "*The World's Stores, Limited.*"

I could not help saying aloud to myself, "*Yes, VERY limited.*" And yet people are seeking those stores as if the possession of them *here* would ensure their reception into "everlasting habitations" *there*.

How limited are earth's stores! Limited as to time. They last for us a few brief years, and then the house property, the balance at

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the bank, the stocks and shares, coronets, crowns, empires, fame, power, are gone.

All that the world can give is like the fire-work display. Up goes the rocket, stars shoot out, light up the darkness, delight the eye *for a moment*, and down comes the burnt stick, no one caring where it falls.

Aye, and the day will come when “the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.”

Seeing that reader and writer are alike swiftly passing into eternity, it becomes an urgent question, Are we rich toward God? Have we a portion in Heaven’s Stores, Unlimited?

The rich farmer in the parable, only caring for his barns, only thinking of “The World’s Stores, Limited,” was addressed by God, “*Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?*” (Luke xii. 20.) Other people would enjoy them; but what of the farmer?

So the scripture goes on, “So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.”

Are *you* rich toward God? I can say, through infinite grace, God is my Father, Christ is my Saviour. Heaven is my home.

There is One in heaven who died for me, who loves me, who has made me eternally rich. Can you say as much? You may,

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through simple faith in Him. "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.)

He left the homage of the angels for the scorn of men. He left the heights of glory for the shame of Calvary. He made all things yet had not where to lay His head. He bore the distance and the wrath that we might have the nearness and the favour of God. He was wounded that we might be healed.

Cannot you trust such a Saviour and be made eternally rich? God grant it. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

We, who know Him and His peerless worth, can well sing:

*"Were the vast world our own,
With all its varied store,
And Thou, Lord Jesus, were unknown,
We still were poor."*

We may be poor in this world's goods, yet having Him we are rich indeed. A. J. P.

Do It Now!

EMPIRES have been lost through lack of instant decision. It is narrated of Napoleon that indecision ruined him at the last. Defeated and broken at Waterloo, promptitude *might* even then have saved him, but it was lacking.

From the field of Waterloo he rode off to Paris. Instead of presenting himself, booted and spurred, bespattered and weary, before the half-rebellious French Parliament, subduing them with his eagle eye and dauntless front, arousing their patriotism as he so well knew how to do, he went to the Palace of Versailles. There he sat down to think over things, had a hot bath, went to bed for the night, and found next morning the only possible chance he had was gone.

The deck of H.M.S. "Bellerophon" and the lonely rock of St. Helena witnessed to the mistake he had made. *DO IT NOW!* stared him in the face, but he lacked the nerve just then to carry it out.

In another matter, and one of far deeper importance, the advice *DO IT NOW!* is of all moment. I refer to the matter of the soul's salvation. What can be more important? Have you ever faced it? If not, I beg of you to give the following your most careful consideration.

DO IT NOW! for “*God NOW commandeth all men everywhere to repent.*” (Acts xvii. 30.) Evidently God thinks it urgent when He addresses all men everywhere, and exhorts them to repentance NOW. He exhorts them in view of the day of judgment. God is holy—He must punish sin. You are unholy. Such is the urgency of the case that God calls you to repentance; or else there is no escape from judgment.

Will you listen to the voice of warning love? Refuse; it is at your peril and to your everlasting sorrow.

DO IT NOW! for God says, “*Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation.*” (2 Cor. vi. 2.) What does that mean? Let me illustrate. In an Oxfordshire village lived an old Christian woman. She was greatly troubled about the dark spiritual condition of the place, and prayed persistently for fourteen years for its blessing.

One day two young men preached on the village green. A statement that they kept repeating puzzled two of their hearers. They betook themselves to old Ann, as likely to give an explanation.

“Ann,” they cried, “there be two young men, who have been preaching on the green, and they do say that ‘*now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.*’ What be they meaning, Ann?”

Here was Ann’s opportunity. The woman,

who had prayed for fourteen years, was not likely to lack an answer. She cried out with the plainness and forcibleness of speech given to a true lover of souls :

“If you believe on Jesus now, and died to night, you would be in heaven to-morrow; but if you do not believe in Jesus, and died to-night, you would be in hell to-morrow. That be what it means.”

There was no mistaking the plain English of the answer. One of the women weighed it over, and trusted the Lord Jesus without delay; the other woman, who asked old Ann the question, went away undecided. Two weeks later she was returning from her work in the fields, intending to light her fire, boil her kettle, and have an early cup of tea.

Alas! the fire was never lit. The cottage gate was scarcely reached when a neighbour saw her stagger up the little garden path and fall to the ground. She ran to her help, but before further assistance could be obtained, and the poor woman placed upon her little sofa in the small kitchen, she had died.

So far as our knowledge goes she made no profession of having trusted the Saviour, and thus she passed into eternity.

Beyond the inexpressibly sad warning contained in this incident, and the bare possibility of my unconverted reader dying *to-night*, and being in hell *to-morrow*, aye, and sooner than that, our desire in penning these words is to

press upon you the acceptance of the truth of God's own words :

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

God offers to save you on the spot. Sometimes people will tell you they are waiting God's time. They cannot do that. It is an impossibility. If God promised to save you five minutes after believing, then you could wait God's time, but when he says “ NOW is the day of salvation,” you cannot wait for NOW.

DO IT NOW, for God says, “ *Come : for all things are NOW ready.*” (Luke xiv. 17.) Have you ever seen a curious advertisement on the hoarding, “ So-and-so is coming ” ; and afterwards a full advertisement is given on the arrival of the individual ? Every type in the Old Testament, every sacrifice on Jewish altars, all said, “ *He's coming.*” For centuries He was foreshadowed, till at last the Saviour came. No wonder the angelic hosts descended into the lower heavens, praising God and saying, “ *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*” (Luke ii. 14.) For in the person of the wonderful child, Jesus (never less than God over all, blessed for ever) lay all men's hopes for blessing ; all the fulfilment of the types and shadows. We are all familiar with His wonderful life. “ The common people heard Him gladly.” They “ wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth.” On to the cross He went. *That*

was the occasion for which He came. "*The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.*" In His wonderful atoning death all things were made ready. "IT IS FINISHED," rang loudly from His lips, so that now we can sing—

*"From cross to grave, from grave to God's own throne,
Proved Him the Victor — Him and Him alone."*

A glorified accepted Saviour is the proof that all things are now ready. You have nothing to do, but as a repentant sinner receive Christ, and in receiving Him you become the possessor of every gospel blessing.

For see how all is linked up in Him. "*Through His Name* whosoever believeth *in Him* shall receive remission of sins." (*Acts x. 43.*) "*Through this Man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." (*Acts xiii. 38.*) "*By Him* all that believe are justified from all things" (verse 39). "Your sins are forgiven you *for His name's sake.*" (*I John ii. 12.*) "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son* cleanseth from all sin." (*I John i. 7.*)

And the reason why it is linked up in Him is that God is a holy God, and must punish sin, and that the Lord Jesus Christ took the guilty sinner's place, satisfied all God's holy claims, vindicated righteousness, and it is only on the ground of the finished work of Christ that God is able to offer forgiveness and salvation. No wonder the testimony of Scripture is

that "there is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."
(*Acts iv. 12.*)

DO IT NOW, for God says, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (*Heb. ii. 3.*) The road to hell is paved with good resolutions. Many a man and woman is there, we fear, who never intended to get there. Delay, indecision, is a habit that grows with years. The most favourable opportunity for decision is NOW. *Now* you have opportunity; *to-morrow* you may have none. *To-day* you are in the land of the living; *to-morrow* you may be in eternity. You have everything to gain by decision; everything to lose by delay.

And, after all, what are the prizes this world can give? A deputation waited last year on the aged John D. Rockefeller, reputedly the richest man in the world. With tears coursing down his cheeks and his voice choking with emotion he told the gentlemen forming the deputation that emphatically the chief aim in life was not to get rich. What was it? May I give the answer? To get into true, happy relations with God.

Men spend years of toil in obscurity, broil under tropical suns, brave arctic winters, all to grasp the bubble of fame, and, when grasped, what a bubble it is! And generally their years have fled, their days are done, death is marking them for its victim, and their only consolation that riches have been amassed or a

peerage has been won lies in the fact that they can leave these things to their heirs. The greatest consolation in getting with so much labour is the leaving of it with so much ease! Poor reward! And then—ETERNITY!!!

Ah! ETERNITY!!! The contemplation of it is enough to paralyze the thoughts of every unconverted man and woman. Eternity! A man had a dream. He thought he was in heaven, looking at a large clock without pointers, which said, as its long pendulum swung backwards and forwards, "*Ever, never.*" He asked some happy-looking people gazing with delight upon the clock why it had no pointers. The joyful answer was, "*There is no time here—it is ETERNITY.* Hear what the pendulum says, '*Ever, never.*'—SALVATION EVER, DAMNATION NEVER."

Alas! the clock had its counterpart in hell; but the question put to some unhappy-looking people as to why it had no pointers caused inward anguish. What a terrible answer in hell, "*There is no time here—it is ETERNITY.* Hear what the pendulum says, '*Ever, never.*'—DAMNATION EVER, SALVATION NEVER."

The dream contained the truth, and I beg my unsaved reader to be wise, and settle the question of his never-ending eternity, and *DO IT NOW.*

Long centuries ago Abner reminded the elders of Israel that they had sought David in times past to be their king, and added, surely

advice worth its weight in gold, "*NOW THEN DO IT.*" (2 *Sam. iii. 18.*) His advice was for prompt and immediate action, and he reminded them that their submission to David and their salvation from their foes were bound up together.

We can earnestly say to you of a greater than David, who can give you a greater salvation than ever he could, "*NOW THEN DO IT.*" "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, **THOU SHALT BE SAVED.**" (*Rom. x. 9.*)

A. J. P.

Who are Invited ?

THE question before you is often asked in this world. When people are going to take part in balls, and dinner-parties, and revels, and frolics, it is a common thing to say, "Who are invited?"

The question I want you to consider to-day is one of a very different sort. I want you to consider who are invited to come to Christ. Do you know? Do you think you are one?

The Lord Jesus invites "all that labour and are heavy-laden." The expression is wide, sweeping, and comprehensive. It describes the case of millions in every part of the world.

Where are the labouring and heavy-laden? They are everywhere. They are a multitude

that man can scarcely number. They are to be found in every climate, and in every country under the sun.

They belong to every class. There is no exception. They are to be found among masters as well as among servants—among rich as well as among poor. In every class you will find trouble, care, sorrow, anxiety, murmuring, discontent, and unrest. What does it mean? What does it all come to? Men are “labouring and heavy-laden.”

How shall we explain this? What is the cause of the state of things which I have just tried to describe? Are governments to blame because men are not happy? At most to a very slight extent. The fault lies far too deep to be reached by human laws. There is another cause, a cause which many unhappily refuse to see. **THAT CAUSE IS SIN.**

Sin and departure from God are the true reasons why men are everywhere labouring and heavy-laden. Sin is the cause of all the burdens which now press down mankind. Most men know it not, and weary themselves in vain to explain the state of things around them. But sin is the great root and foundation of all sorrow, whatever proud man may think. How much men ought to hate sin!

Are you one of those who are labouring and heavy-laden? Very likely you are. There are thousands of men and women in the world who are inwardly uncomfortable, and yet will

not confess it. They feel a burden on their hearts, which they would gladly get rid of, and yet they do not know the way. Disguise it as some will, there are multitudes uncomfortable because they know they are not prepared to meet God. And you, perhaps, are one.

If you are labouring and heavy-laden, you are the very person to whom the Lord Jesus Christ sends an invitation this day. If you have an aching heart, and a sore conscience; if you want rest for a weary soul, and know not where to find it; if you want peace for a guilty heart, and are at a loss which way to turn, you are the man, you are the woman, to whom Jesus speaks to-day. There is hope for you. I bring you tidings. "Come unto Me," says Jesus, "and I will give you rest."

You may tell me this invitation cannot be meant for you, because you are not good enough to be invited by Christ. I answer, that Jesus does not speak to the good, but to the labouring and heavy-laden. Do you know anything of this feeling? Then you are one to whom He speaks. You are invited.

You may tell me that the invitation cannot be meant for you, because you are a sinner, and know nothing about religion. I answer, that it matters nothing what you are, or what you have been. Do you at this moment feel labouring and heavy-laden? Then you are one to whom Jesus speaks. You are invited.

You may tell me that you cannot think the

invitation is meant for you, because you are not yet converted, and have such a wicked heart. I answer, that Christ's invitation is not addressed to the converted, but to the labouring and heavy-laden. Is this what you feel? Is there any burden on your heart? Then you are one of those to whom Christ speaks. You are invited.

You may tell me that you have no right to accept this invitation, because you do not know that you are one of God's elect. I answer, that you have no right to put words in Christ's mouth, which God has not used. He does not say, "Come unto Me, all ye that are elect." He addresses all the labouring and heavy-laden ones without any exception. Are you one of them? Is there weight within on your soul? This is the only question you have to decide. If you are, you are one of those to whom Christ speaks. You are invited.

I entreat you not to refuse the invitation. Do not forsake your own mercies. The best of friends holds out His hand to you. Let not pride, or self-righteousness, or fear of ridicule, make you reject His proffered love. Take Him at His word. Say to Him, "Lord Jesus Christ, I am labouring and heavy-laden. I come to Thee for rest."

J. C. R.

True Repentance.

AFTER preaching in the North of England a young fellow said to me, "I came here religious and respectable, I was doing my best and trying to live up to the ten commandments, but God has shown me in this meeting that I am steeped in sin and only fit for hell."

This was repentance indeed, and he left the preaching-hall rejoicing in the Saviour.

This, then, is the way of blessing. Own that you are a sinner, and Jesus will reveal Himself to you as a Saviour. Tell Him that you are *guilty*, and you will learn that He is *gracious*.

No man, no matter how excellent in morality, high in fame, or open-handed in charity, ever reached heaven if these were his plea. The world may have benefited by his deeds, and the world repays by generous applause. But God owes nothing for his works of charity; they will not atone for his sins; they are no passport to heaven.

"Repentance towards God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," is God's way of blessing.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: *not of works*, lest any man should boast." (*Eph. ii. 8-9.*) How plain! How simple!

J. T. M.

Love Commended.

“ON one of the bridges of Ghent, in Flanders, are two bronze statues.

They represent a father and son, and are memorials of a mutual affection. On account of some grave political offence both were condemned to die by the headsman's axe. Such was the popular esteem in which they were held that an executioner could not be found.

“A strange proposition was made them, that one should have his life by becoming the executioner of the other. The proposal was hailed with a melancholy pleasure by both, because each saw how one life at least could be saved. The son urged the father to accept the terms, as he could die happy, since in that way his father's life would be spared. The father urged the son to accept the terms. He spoke of his own life as soon to end at any rate, but the son had youth on his side and long life before him.

“By earnest entreaties the father prevailed; the son consented. The day of execution came. A vast multitude had assembled to witness the strange sight. There was the horrid scaffold, with its block and broad axe. Father and son are there, the one to be beheaded by the other. The father kneels, places his neck on the wood, and awaits the fatal stroke, which shall sever the grey head

from the body. The son, with pale face and wild look, seizes the axe and lifts it with trembling hand.

“He strikes—No! he flings the deadly weapon from his hand, and falls on the bare neck of his father, bathing it with filial tears, and exclaiming, ‘No, no, my father, we die together.’”

“The vast crowd, whose feelings were strung to the highest pitch, gave vent to their admiration in the wildest applause, and demanded their pardon, a pardon which was not only granted, but which was followed up by the artist’s genius in the rearing of the memorial of the noble act of mutual affection.”

* * * *

As I read the above touching account the words, “*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his FRIENDS,*” came into my mind, words which carried one’s mind back to a scene that far outshines the most touching tale of earth.

The father and son of our story were indeed friends, and strong natural affection urged them to the course they took. But *divine* love goes further than that. Oh! how divinely commended is God’s love.

“God commendeth

His love towards us, in that, while we were yet SINNERS, Christ died for us.” (Rom. v. 8.)

I once heard a sermon preached from the

words of David as he lamented Jonathan's death, "*Thy love to me was wonderful.*" The preacher put the words into the Christian's mouth as referring to the Lord Jesus.

"*Thy love to me was wonderful,*" because of who it is that loves. For the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, the Creator and Sustainer of all things, to put His love upon sinners is indeed wonderful. Yes, He died for all; He died for you, just as much as He did for the Apostle Paul. He "*gave Himself a ransom FOR ALL.*" (1 *Tim. ii. 6.*)

"*Thy love to me was wonderful,*" because of who it is that is loved. Romans v. gives a four-fold description of such.

1. WITHOUT STRENGTH (*verse 6.*)
2. UNGODLY (*verse 6.*)
3. SINNERS (*verse 8.*)
4. ENEMIES (*verse 10.*)

It is indeed wonderful that He should love such. Naturally we love those we can respect and admire. Let the respect be deep enough and the admiration strong enough love will spring up.

But look at *divine* love. See that howling mob around the cross. The people, the rulers; the led and the leaders; the soldiers, the malefactors; the executioners, and those about to be executed—alike unite in reviling the dying Saviour. Listen to His prayer, efficacious then, efficacious now: "*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.*"

Was ever love like this for wretches such as we?

1. "*Without strength.*"—Sin paralyses. This is true physically and spiritually. Does not sin end in death with all? And is not death absolute and final paralysis? And what happens physically happens spiritually. "*Dead in trespasses and sins*" (*Eph. ii. 1*) truly characterizes the unsaved. It follows, then, that such can do nothing towards their own salvation. All their efforts cannot procure it, nor bring them one hair's-breadth nearer to it. So we read in the same chapter, "*By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.*" (*Verses 8, 9.*)

So if you wish to be saved you must come God's way, as a poor, empty-handed, strengthless sinner, and learn that the Lord Jesus has done all the work of atonement, has satisfied God as to sin, and that He is now "*Just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.*" (*Rom. iii. 26.*)

2. "*Ungodly*" means *without God*. We often use the word as if it only referred to the base and vile. It indeed refers to *all* unconverted people. Such may be religious and yet ungodly, that is *without God*. They know about Him, but there is no seeking Him. How many are religious merely because it is fashionable, or because their Sunday observances whitewash for them the worldliness of

the week. This cannot be called seeking after God. Yet for such Christ died.

3. "Sinners." Ah! here is a description that all will admit. "*All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God*" (Rom. iii. 23); as indeed it is the testimony of all by experience. All admit that they are sinners and that something is necessary to make them fit for God's presence. Sin is an awful reality. It is not a question of being big sinners or little sinners. Just as surely as big sinners and little sinners die alike, so surely will they be judged. Once I truly grasp this simple fact, I must surely take my place as such, as one for whom Christ died.

4. "Enemies."—Surely God's love is indeed commended. Not to His friends alone, but to His enemies, are the blessings of the gospel offered. The divine commission, consequent on the death and resurrection of Christ, runs, "*And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM.*" (Luke xxiv. 47.) Yes, to begin at *Jerusalem*, the city of His enemies, His murderers. The place where they crucified Him. What! the gospel to be proclaimed to the soldier who pierced His side? To those who drove the nails through His hands and feet? To those who spat in His face, and plucked the hair off His cheek? To the High Priests and Rulers who voiced the frenzied cry of hate, "Away with Him!"

Crucify Him!"? Yes! Yes!! A thousand times Yes!

"*His love to me was wonderful,*" because of the infinite cost necessary for its expression. Was ever love commended as God's love has been at the cross? The father and son in our story were pardoned; a ram was provided in the thicket for Isaac, and Abraham's heart was spared the anguish of slaying his son, but the Lord Jesus went on to the cross with all its scorn and shame. God indeed forsook His Son, when sin was marked upon His holy soul. The very anticipation of the ordeal wrung from Him, as it were, drops of blood, falling to the ground. What must the reality have been? No tongue can tell! No thought can grasp!

If such a death was necessary that divine justice should be satisfied we can well see that nothing that we can do can save our souls; and if He, who died, exclaimed, "IT IS FINISHED," and God has proved His satisfaction as to the work by raising Him from the dead and giving Him glory, then we can understand how unnecessary it is for the sinner to add his sin-stained doings to such a work.

"*'It is finished.'* Yes, indeed,

Finished every jot.

Sinner, this is all you need,

Tell me, is it not?"

No wonder that the solemn question is asked, "*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"* There can be none.

Reader, say, Is not divine love well commended? Will you any longer say it nay? Will you not rather open your heart and receive the message? You need the gospel. Without it you are poor indeed.

Will you, dare you, pass out of this world without Christ? Where will your soul wander if it is denied entrance to heaven? None enter those gates but sinners saved by grace. That class, and that alone, can enter. Do you belong to it?

If not, will you not turn to the Lord at once?

“Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation.” (2 Cor. vi. 2.) The day of salvation fasts draws to its close. The sorrows of endless night already cast their warning shadows across your path. Oh! pay heed to this message. It may be the last put into your hand.

May God give you to receive the message. *“God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, CHRIST DIED FOR US.”* May the Lord indeed give the reader to say as the writer can say through grace, *“His love to me was wonderful.”*

A. J. P.

God, our Justifier.

AMONGST the readers of this magazine are some with mind and conscience ill at ease. They are not indifferent to the things of eternity; if they were, a certain

amount of carnal ease and pleasure might at least be theirs. On the contrary, they cannot and dare not dispel these things from their minds, and yet the very mention of that great and glorious name, GOD, torments them. They cannot face the thought of meeting *Him*. Are you one of these people?

Perhaps you are. Now would it not be well for us to enquire what may be the reason of this painful state of things. We shall not have far to go to find the answer—*your view of God is wrong, because a distorted one.*

The other day perhaps you passed a railway bookstall and there caught your eye a picture of some well known public man. How strange it looked! Quite recognizable it is true, for the artist had caught his characteristic features and expression, but with one or two members of his body distorted till they were out of all proportion with the rest. It was not a *picture* after all. It was a *caricature*.

Now in your mind's eye, does God Himself stand before you as He really is, or have you some one or more of His wondrous features or attributes so prominent and out of all proportion to the rest that you have no true picture before you at all? If so, no wonder you are afraid!

In your case, maybe, it works out in this way: You are a sinner, and you know it. Sin has its just deserts, and you fear them. God is holy and inflexibly righteous; and in spite of

the specious theorizings of some sentimentalists, who insist on shutting their eyes to everything except His goodness and mercy, you cannot but feel it to be true. Putting these things together, you conclude that your sin puts God into the position of Judge, and hence you think of Him as a great and holy Being of awful majesty and grandeur, sitting upon a judgment throne. And you are not wrong in doing so, as the Scriptures themselves show.

When God came down as Law-giver on Mount Sinai, in fire and tempest, it is recorded that, "so terrible was the sight, that Moses said, 'I exceedingly fear and quake.'" (*Heb. xii. 21.*)

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." (*Heb. x. 31.*)

Again, in the vision of the judgment of the dead in Revelation xx., it is said: "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them" (*verse 11*).

All this shows that sin truly is no trifle, but an awful reality, putting its withering blight upon everything it touches, and leading God Himself to take up the position of

The Judge of all (*Heb. xii. 23*).

But while impressed with this, have you noticed another feature equally prominent, and which is the very pith and marrow of the

gospel? The Bible, which presents Him to us as the Judge of all, also speaks of Him as

The Justifier of the ungodly (*Rom. iv. 5*).

If you have not carefully considered this you have no true picture of God before you.

But what do these words mean? Let us take an illustration which may help.

Let us suppose a crowded court. The jury empanelled. The judge, grave, impartial, on the bench. The prisoner youthful and pale in the dock. He stands his trial on a serious charge, and is convicted by the jury; without hesitation they bring in the verdict, "Guilty!" Then the judge speaks; he addresses a few searching words to the prisoner, and pronounces sentence—a term of imprisonment or a heavy fine.

The youth looks crushed: it is his first offence. With bowed head and tearful eye he stands, every moment expecting to be led away to the gloomy cells.

But no! There is a pause. A consultation is proceeding on the bench. The judge takes up his pen, produces a book from his pocket, and writes. Another pause; then, looking up, he quietly says, "Prisoner! the law has no further claim upon you. Your fine is paid. You are free."

What has happened? This: the judge, having discovered that he is the only son and support of a widowed mother, who in early

years served long and faithfully in his family, has himself intervened as his deliverer, and by writing his cheque for the amount of the fine has paid the prisoner's penalty. Could any settlement of the case be more sure or satisfactory than that? Impossible!

But the illustration falls far short of the reality. No illustration can unfold the full meaning of those wonderful words, "Him that *justifieth the ungodly.*" Still it may serve its purpose, for the very God, whom our sins have put in the place of Judge, has Himself become the Justifier by intervening on our behalf. This puts Him in a new light, does it not?

How did He do it? By Christ, and by Christ *alone.* In the death and resurrection of Jesus the penalty was taken up and met in such a way as to satisfy the highest claims of eternal justice, and silence every accusing voice for ever.

But is justification open to anybody? It is, for Scripture says, "*justifieth the ungodly,*" and that without reserve of any kind. So then, if you are ungodly, justification may be yours. Pride, of course, *may* hinder you from taking the place of an ungodly sinner, and hence from getting the blessing. It *need* not, and *should* not, for *ungodly* you are. Have the honesty to own it.

But is there nothing required of an ungodly sinner if he would be justified? Yes, one thing, that he should believe in Jesus. God

asks but the unreserved confidence of your soul in His Son. It says, "that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (*Rom. iii. 26.*)

Put, then, these two things together :

1. *He justifies the ungodly.*
2. *He is the Justifier of the one who believes in Jesus.*

The first shows us what He can do as a result of Christ's work on the cross; the second what He actually does do as the result of our faith. Rest assured, then, that ungodly though you may be, if in repentance and self-judgment you do but believe in Jesus, you are in God's sight a justified person.

And, lastly, remember that

"It is God that justifieth." (*Rom. viii. 33.*)

So that, as in our illustration, it is the Judge who has become the Justifier. What solid rest of soul this gives! Who, then, can pick out one flaw in our justification? If anyone could do so the Judge Himself would, but He has become our Justifier. Then we are justified indeed, and every accusing voice is silenced for ever.

This is the God who stands before you as a Saviour to-day? Why should you fear Him? Why not confide in Him? How happy you then would be!

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

F. B. H.

His Only Match.

WHEN the excitement, occasioned by the discovery of gold at Pike's Peak, first broke over the country, a young man, fired with a desire to be in the field of the new Eldorado, bought an Indian pony, got together a few things, slung them in a little bag behind him, and set off.

After two days he came to a long stretch of barren country—about forty miles—which he must cross. Heedless of any thought of danger, with the rising of the sun he started across the sterile desert. It was a beautiful day, clear and cold; the path through the tall grass was well marked, and for hours the ride was made with pleasant and good speed. A little past noon the sky became overcast with dull, grey and flying clouds. Nothing for a time was thought of this, but presently the snow began to fall—at first a few stray flakes, then faster.

The first thought of anxiety began to creep into the young man's heart. Then, with increasing anxiety, came increasing sense of cold.

But now another horror came. How or when he knew not. He had suffered the pony to step aside from the fast-filling path. But he could easily find it again. A pull of the bridle to the right, a hundred yards in that

direction, but still no path ; now a standstill. Where was he ? No sun in the sky to show the direction, no path underfoot, no compass—for that had not been thought of. Darkness, like prison walls, gathered about ; blinding snow falling all about, clinging to him like a winding-sheet ; the cold now piercing to his bones ; the conviction now fastening upon him, “ I am lost in the snowstorm on a trackless prairie.”

Then thoughts of death came and pressed him hard—thoughts of his mother in the far-away Southern States, even the thought, would his body ever be found ? Then the mental scenery was shifted, and eternity opened up before his vision. The great White Throne was set. Heaven and hell were in view. There was the rejected Saviour seated as Judge. Then thoughts of his sins. He was going to die, and go—*where* ? Not to heaven ; he knew he was not fit for heaven. He had rejected Christ. To hell—alas, where else ? He remembered his mother’s prayers, his Sunday school teacher’s counsel, and the Bible given to him, which he had despised.

All this time the cold seemed not to abate. The pony was wandering aimlessly about. Then came the fatal sense of drowsiness. This awakened him to fear. He had been dreaming and freezing. Now terror seized upon him. Leaping from the pony, or rather tumbling off, he gathered his numb limbs under him as best

he could and began to stamp on the snow and beat about with his arms until circulation was again felt.

Then, with the instinct of self-preservation, the thought of a fire occurred. Instantly falling down on hands and knees, groping in the now darkness and snow, he began to pull up large handfuls of grass, and, beating the snow, lay it in a pile. Then, as God would have it, his hands fell on a little, low, brush growth—a kind of hazel bush. Quickly breaking its little branches and laying them on the pile of grass, the thought came, now a fire and all will be well; a piece of newspaper for kindling and then a *match*.

A match! The heart almost stopped beating. Did he have a match? Many had he used in lighting pipe and cigar, but had he any left? Instantly finger and thumb went into his vest pocket. For a moment hope died and then revived. Yes, there was a match, but just one! One little sulphur match—only one. That young man's life, and perhaps his eternity too, were wrapped up in that match. For should that fail him, he might die in his sins and go to hell. From a frozen prairie to a burning hell. No pleasing contemplation that.

One match! What do you suppose would have bought him that match? One hundred of them could be bought in the next settlement for a cent, and yet if Pike's Peak, with all its stored wealth, could have been crumbled into

diamonds and laid at his feet as the price of that match, he would have laughed the offer to scorn. Why? Because it was a match? No; but because it was the *ONLY match he had*. If that had failed him he was a lost soul.

When he drew the match across his sleeve his heart had well-nigh stopped beating! Do you wonder that his eyes almost started from their sockets as he watched, with a great lump in his throat, that little pale blue flame as it seemed now to die out and then struggle for life, until at last—oh! thank God—it reddened into fire, and kindled the paper waiting to receive it, and the fire was built that saved his life.

His only match! What did he do with the stump? Ah! if I had had the charred stump of that match I would have framed it and hung it in my study, and I would have written this legend under it, "*His only match—it saved him.*"

* * *

Reader, your salvation does not rest on *your only match*, but—

It does rest on your *only day of grace*.

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

Next year, next month, next week—tomorrow, may be too late. Come now to Jesus.

It does rest on your *only believing the Gospel*. "Only believe" (Mark v. 36) said Christ to one of old, and now He says it to you. By no other *means* can you be saved. He does not

say, "Pray," "Resolve," "Work," but "Only believe."

It does rest on your *only Saviour*—Jesus. "There is *none* beside Me" (*Isaiah xlv. 21*), says He, and again: "There is . . . *one* Mediator between God and men, the Man, Christ Jesus." (*1 Tim. ii. 5*.) Oh, remember that there never will be a second Saviour to atone for the guilt of rejecting the first Saviour. He is the *only* Saviour of sinners—*your* only Saviour.

Remember it well! You are living in your *only day of grace*; you have within your reach your *only means of salvation*: it is "only believe"; and Jesus is just now offering Himself to you as *your only Saviour*. S. J. B. C.

Acts *xiii.* 38, 39.

"**W**HAT does justified mean?" said a conscience-stricken miner to me on one occasion.

I replied: "The justified man is in God's sight as clear of all his sins as Jesus the Saviour."

Placing his finger on the verse in my Bible, he asked: "Do you say that if I believe that verse I shall be clear of my sins like that?"

"No," I answered; "what I say is, if in faith you look to Jesus, what that verse says about 'All that believe' will be true of you."

"Thank God, I see that," was his response.

Reader, can you thank God for the pardon of *your* sins?

J. T. M.

Schamyl and His Mother.

SCHAMYL, the celebrated Circassian chieftain, was for many years the leader of his countrymen in their resistance to their Russian oppressors. His personal beauty, his bravery, his magnanimity, and the general excellence of his character, made him a hero in the eyes of his nation, and again and again he led them to victory.

But when the Czar sent General Woronzoff, with greatly increased forces, into Circassia, the aspect of affairs began to change. Many of the tribes were compelled to submit, and besought Schamyl to do his utmost to procure favourable terms for them from the Russians. The great leader, however, holding that submission was cowardice and treachery, refused to do anything of the kind.

At length the powerful tribe of the Tchetches, finding themselves pressed beyond endurance by the enemy, determined to force their intrepid leader to yield. Open persuasion was hopeless, so they decided to bribe the mother of Schamyl to intercede with her son on their behalf. This they easily persuaded the poor old woman to do.

Schamyl, much troubled at what had happened, retired for consideration. The next day he summoned a general assembly of the people and announced that the Tchetches had formed the infamous project of submitting to the

enemy, that they had sent messengers to gain his consent, that these messengers had suborned a woman to communicate to him the disgraceful message, and that the due sentence for such perfidy on the part of one of their women was a hundred lashes with the whip.

“That woman,” he added in a terrific voice, “is my mother!”

A thrill of horror passed over the multitude, and Schamyl's mother fell, with a shriek, to the ground.

The stern chieftain continued. It had cost him bitter tears, he said, to order this punishment. But treachery and perfidy *must* be punished. “*But,*” he added, “*I will substitute myself for the sinner. I am ready.*”

So saying, Schamyl descended from the mound where he stood, and ordered two of his guards to perform the office of executioners upon him. They refused at first, but were compelled to obey.

At the fifth blow the blood started, and the people with one accord rushed forward, snatched the whips from the hands of the men, and insisted that the painful scene should be stopped.

The Tchetché messengers now expected that their turn had come; but, to their surprise, Schamyl pardoned them, and said, “Go back to your cowardly countrymen, and tell them what you have seen!”

Is it possible to read this narrative without

being reminded of how the Lord Jesus freely gave Himself to suffering and death on behalf of others ?

Sinners we are, and have incurred the righteous displeasure of God. Punishment was our due ; sentence had been pronounced, and *must* be executed. But Another has stepped forward, saying, "*Punish Me instead.*" Upon Him the dread blow of divine justice has fallen, setting us, for whom He suffered, for ever free.

And who are the "us" of whom this can be said ? All who trust in that Saviour. They are healed by His stripes. He bare their sins in His own body on the tree. He was their Substitute.

But what of those who cannot be numbered among the "us who believe" ? To them also is a glad message sent. The Lord Jesus Christ has died for *them*, and in virtue of His atonement God can righteously offer them forgiveness and salvation. On no other ground can these blessings be obtained.

The sinner who turns to God is freely pardoned, not because of any worthiness on his part, but *because of what Jesus did on the cross.*

Believing on Him, we are saved for ever, and can then speak of Him as our Surety and Substitute, who bore, that we might never bear, the wrath of God.

Let the thought of the *love* that lay behind all this melt your heart ! It was *love* that made

Schamyl willing to bear the sentence of punishment pronounced upon his mother. And it is *love* that brought the Saviour from heaven, and took Him to the cross, that *you* might be saved.

Have you ever thought of this? Will you not trust Him without further delay? H. P. B.

Is there not a Cause?

TWO mighty armies were face to face in battle array—the Israelites and the Philistines. The army of the Philistines, in their pride, were bent on destroying the Israelites. For forty days had their champion, the haughty Goliath, paced up and down in the sight of both armies, and had defied not only Israel, but Israel's God.

Day after day passed without the challenge being accepted, the war spirit with the Philistines had reached fever heat, whilst Israel was depressed and cowed, when from the solitude of the wilderness there arrived on the scene a shepherd lad, a stripling—David. With bitter jealousy his eldest brother, Eliab, upbraided him for having neglected his duty for sight-seeing. “I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart,” he said, “for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.” (1 Sam. xvii. 28.) How little did he know that he was chiding the future deliverer of Israel. David, divinely taught, answered, “IS THERE NOT A CAUSE”?

Yes! indeed there was a cause. And that cause was the deliverance of God's people. From the humblest surroundings, there stood in their midst one who, although unknown, could wield the very power of God, and thereby utterly demolish the power of the enemy. Well might David say, "*Is there not a cause*"?

Let me ask you to think of a more terrible battle than that which was waged in the valley of Elah.

See! on yonder hill of Calvary, under the blackened heavens, and lifted upon a malefactor's gibbet, there hangs the holy form of the Son of God. Not merely from Bethlehem's manger had He come, but from the heights of glory, from the very heart of God. Surely a greater than David is here.

Well might we ask as we view Him thus face to face with the power of the enemy, and forsaken, too, by God Himself, "*Is there not a cause*"? Yes! indeed there is. With one mighty stroke He overthrew the foe, and delivered His people from eternal bondage. Now in the triumph of an accomplished victory, and amid the shouts of the redeemed, there is proclaimed deliverance for the captive, salvation for the lost!

Oh! was there not a cause? Indeed there was. If Jesus had not died, if He had not destroyed the enemy's power, there could have been no "glad and glorious gospel" for sinners like you and me, nor deliverance from

the thralldom of sin ; no peace with God and no heaven hereafter.

But, thanks be unto God, Jesus *has* died, the work *is* finished, atonement *is* made, God is *righteously* satisfied, and now there echoes the triumphant song that *JESUS LIVES!*

“*And if He lives, why not for thee?*”

Why not trust Him? “Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.”

A. E. M.

A Testing Question.

THE members of a Christian family had concluded their accustomed reading of the Scriptures before retiring for the night, when one of them, turning to a visitor, remarked, “You have never told us anything about your conversion, Mrs. ——. *When were you converted?*”

“*Converted!*” exclaimed the shocked and indignant lady, “I have *never* been converted. *We don't use such terms!*”

“But you told me that you were not afraid to die, and that you were quite happy, yet Christ says, ‘*Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*’” But before the words were finished the angry lady had swept from the room and closed the door.

If the question put to her had been, “When

did you become a drunkard?" she could hardly have shown more indignation.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (*Matt. xviii. 3.*)

With this Scripture before us, which shows the absolute necessity of conversion, may I ask *you*, my reader, "Have *you* been converted?" Has there ever been a time in your life when you *turned to God* (for that is conversion), and then received the Lord Jesus Christ—the One who "came into the world to save sinners," as your own personal Saviour?

The one we read of in Luke xv. was *converted* when he "came to himself," and said, "I will arise and go to my father." And, my reader, the attitude of God towards every poor sinner who comes to Him in all his guilt and helplessness is exactly the same as that of the father towards the repentant son. "*When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.*"

The experience of one soul may differ considerably from that of another, but if you know *nothing* of this conversion or *turning to God*, be warned, I beseech you, for you are as yet one of those of whom Christ said, "*ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*" F. A.