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A
TRUE
REPORT

for
Old and Young.

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and
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“I’m Doing My Best.”

IT is passing strange that so many people should use these words when asked as to their hopes for the future. And yet, when we remember how Satan blinds the eyes of them that believe not, it does not seem so strange after all.

The person who says he is “doing his best” is certainly *blind*. I do not mean, of course, that he cannot see with his eyes, but that he is blind to the truth, just as we sometimes say that a man is blind to his own interests, or blind to the danger he is in. There are three great truths to which such a person is utterly blind.

First, he is blind to the fact that his own words are not true, that he is *not* doing his best, and that even if he were to try a great deal harder he would still not be doing his *best*. Further, any man, if he will seriously think for a minute, will admit that he is far from perfection.

Yet nothing but *perfection* will do for God. He will accept nothing less.

Some years ago a great monument was to be erected in America to the memory of General Worth. It was to consist of a single stone. This stone, one of the largest and heaviest ever quarried, weighed one hundred and seventy-five tons.

After it had been prepared, at great expense, and was ready to be set up, it was discovered to be imperfect. There was a single defect in it. Because of this, it would not do, and the contractors had to prepare another.

Mark the point. *One* defect caused the rejection of this huge and costly stone. And *one* imperfection in anything that is presented to God will surely lead to its being rejected.

How then can anyone expect God to accept his "best" when even the "best" is marred, not by a single imperfection, but by many?

You may say, "What more can a man do than his best?" But that is not the point. The point is that no man can truly say that he has done his best, or that he is doing it. *You* know very well that your thoughts, and words, and actions are not always your very best!

It is also true that if you could succeed in always doing your best, it would still be marred by many a flaw, and that God could not possibly accept it.

Secondly, the person who talks about "doing my best" is blind to the great truth that *God is not asking anybody to do anything in order to be saved*. He knows very well that "every man

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at his *best* state is altogether vanity." (*Psa. xxxix. 5.*) He knows that "there is none that doeth good, no, not one." (*Rom. iii. 12.*) How foolish of people to speak of "doing their best," when God says that there are none who do good!

God knows also that we are "without strength" (*Rom. v. 6*), and that therefore we *cannot* do what we ought to do.

So God does not demand anything from us in the shape of "doing." He does not even ask us to "do our part." As all our "doing" is short of perfection, God will not accept any of it in payment, or even in part payment of the price of our salvation.

Thirdly, the person who talks about "doing my best" is blind to the wonderful truth that all the "doing" has been done for us by Someone else, namely, the Lord Jesus Christ. When He hung upon the cross He said: "IT IS FINISHED."

Have you ever thought of the meaning of those three words?

They do not mean that the Lord Jesus presented His perfect life to be accepted by God instead of our imperfect life.

But they mean that by His sufferings and dying upon the tree He did a mighty work, whereby all your sins may be for ever put away. Towards this great work you are not asked to contribute a single thing. You are not told that Christ has done His part and now

you have to do yours. You are not even bidden to pray, or make good resolutions in order to be saved.

If you really believe what God says in the Bible about your sins, how terrible they are in His sight, and how deserving they are of eternal judgment, you will *repent*. You will confess to God what a poor, unworthy sinner you are. Then you will be glad to hear the good news that you can be forgiven and saved through simply *trusting* in the Lord Jesus Christ.

This is not hard to understand, is it? We all know what “trusting” means. It is not merely believing certain things *about* a person, however true those things may be. It means *confiding in* that person.

Now the Bible says: “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (*Acts xvi. 31.*)

It says again: “Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.” (*Acts x. 43.*)

Since the way of salvation is so plainly explained in the Scriptures, no one has any excuse for his ignorance. Yet the fact remains that thousands and thousands of people who have Bibles, and can read them, are altogether ignorant of the truth as to this important matter.

Now that it has been put before you, reader, see to it that you do not miss this great blessing.

H. P. B.

Between Two Slides.

DURING one week in March of last year over eight hundred lives were lost through snowstorms and snowslides in the Rocky Mountains.

The passengers (over a hundred in number) on train No. 97 had a very narrow escape. The catastrophe is described as being "missed by the narrowest margin." The train had passed a certain point east of Field station, and less than a minute after a snowslide took place, burying the track for a thousand feet to a depth twice as high as a Pullman car.

The passengers found a second slide blocking their forward motion, so they had to do the best they could at Field station *between the two slides*, till the rotary ploughs cleared the way for the train to proceed. Blinding snow, rain and sleet fell alternately. The wind blew through the pass as through the small end of a funnel. Their condition was indeed serious.

But what would have happened if the snow-bound passengers had been told that if they did not quickly get away from between the two slides an avalanche of snow would fall upon them and bury them alive? They were anxious, anyhow, to get out of their miserable plight. What would have been their anxiety, if they had known that fresh danger threatened, and that they were doomed if they remained where they were?

And yet, unsaved reader, your danger is infinitely greater than even such a situation.

You are between two slides. A lifetime of sin lies *behind* you, so that you cannot return to innocence, the spot from which our first parents started. You cannot go back a single hour. Judgment lies *before* you. You are travelling to meet it. You can reason from the past to the future. Sin in the past : judgment in the future. You are indeed between two slides.

And what threatens to fall upon you at any moment, like an avalanche of destruction? DEATH! These railway passengers missed death by the narrowest margin. Your *doom* draws nearer, and will assuredly overtake you, unless you find a way of escape.

Christ is the way of escape. Reformation in all its forms, good works in all their phases, do not form the way of escape. The Lord Himself said, "*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life : no man cometh to the Father, but by Me.*" (*John xiv. 6.*)

He has faced death. He has borne the judgment due to the sinner. That is why Jesus is the way of escape. God can righteously save the sinner who believes in His Son. God is "*just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.*" (*Rom. iii. 26.*)

Unsaved reader, if you remain as you are, your doom is inevitable. Rouse yourself. Look at the danger. You have no strength of

your own whereby to escape. You have no time to lose. Jesus alone can save.

Well may the Scriptures ask the solemn question, "*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?*"

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

As you read these lines turn to the Lord, and tell Him you come as a lost sinner, and take Him as your Saviour, your way of escape, and He will assuredly save you, for He said, "*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*" Trust Him and trust Him now."

A. J. P.

My Conversion.

I HAD been a very worldly young man, fond of the theatre, ballroom, billiard saloon, and gaiety. My endeavours after satisfaction resulted only in what was temporary. I found no real settled joy.

My father died when I was fifteen, my mother was addicted to drink, and I was compelled to seek a new home. Perhaps these circumstances helped me on in the broad road, which, if I had gone on as I was doing, would have landed me in hell assuredly.

Thank God, I was brought to a full stop,

and turned right round to the blessed Saviour. I had often thought with bitterness what my end would be, and wished to make the acquaintance of some Christian young men, but Satan kept me back. I gave up the thought of ever getting to heaven, so pursued the downward course with more vigour than ever.

At the office one night a Christian clerk was discussing the subject of "Conversion" with two other clerks. I listened to see who got the best of the argument. But what struck me was the lit-up face of the Christian, telling plainly of an inward joy I was a total stranger to. Oh! how I envied him and felt drawn to him. Afterwards he entered into conversation with me, asking if I should like to have Christ as my Saviour. Of course I gladly said "Yes."

He then showed me how Christ was waiting with outstretched hands to welcome me. My heart leaped with joy at the thought. When I got home I went straight upstairs, fell on my knees, and poured out my heart to God, telling Him what a wicked hell-deserving sinner I had been, and prayed that I might be washed in the blood of Jesus and made fit for His presence.

It seemed Satan would not let me go. He filled my mind next morning with the thought that it was too big a thing to believe that all my dark career had for ever been banished from God's sight. Thus I was filled with doubt.

I went on duty that night. I told my friend

that the night before I had taken my true stand before God, and accepted the Lord Jesus as my Saviour; but now somehow I feared I was too big a sinner for God to forgive. He pointed me to Heb. x. 17: "*Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.*" Also 1 John ii. 12: "*I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.*" I saw everything quite clearly and my soul was at peace.

I shall never forget the little scene that followed at two o'clock in the morning. We kneeled on the office floor, and thanked God for His rich unbounded love in giving His only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die that any poor sinner who trusts in Him may be saved, and have eternal life.

Won't you trust Him, dear reader, just now? If you are building on the foundation of good works, moral living, almsgiving, church attendance, it is but a sandy foundation.

*"Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, and Him alone,
Gloriously complete."*

Only Christ can save. May God use this true story of my conversion to make you downright anxious to be saved. May He give you no rest till the great question is settled is the earnest prayer of the writer.

J. H. R.

“One More Coming, Captain!”

THE steamer was about to leave. Many friends had said “good-bye,” not knowing if they would ever see each other again. The gangways had been withdrawn and the signal given to go ahead.

Those on the pier were just watching her slowly move, when the cry was raised, and passed along from one official to another, “*One more coming, captain !*”

As we watched a lady hurrying down the pier, we wondered if she was just too late or would the captain wait for her.

Reader, are you running a risk of far greater magnitude at this very moment as to your passage into the great “for ever”?

Are you ready NOW for that change; or are you leaving the preparation for that voyage until so near the time of starting that you risk being *too late for ever*?

The great Captain of Salvation is bringing many to the haven of eternal glory, and those who trust themselves to His care have the blessed assurance that “there shall be no loss of any man’s life.”

Paul could say, “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.” (2 *Tim. i. 12.*)

Reader, can you say this from your heart?

The Psalmist of old said, “They that go down to the sea in ships . . . see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. . . . He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind. . . . He maketh the storm a calm. . . . He bringeth them unto their desired haven.” (*Psa. cvii. 23-30.*)

Friend, have you owned His power? or are you still relying upon some effort of your own?

Supposing you desired to reach a foreign port, three things are absolutely necessary:

- (1) You must secure your passage ;
- (2) You must be ready at the place and time of starting ;
- (3) You must place yourself unconditionally under the care of the captain, who commands the ship.

Now, when it is a question of reaching the eternal haven of glory, many people propose doing many things to secure their passage ; so many, in fact, it is impossible for them ever to be ready at the time of starting. All this is because they do not own the great work done on their behalf at Calvary’s cross, or realize the power and love of the One, who is the great Captain of Salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ.

His power is declared in creation, but *His love* was made known at the cross, and *His Word* gives us the assurance of both.

Will you trust Him with your precious soul, dear reader? Owing *you can do nothing* to meet the just claims of a holy God on account

of your sins, and trusting solely to that “*one sacrifice for sins*,” let that simple message reach His ever-open ear: “*One more coming, Lord!*”

*“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.”*

So that, ere the day of grace ends or you are called from this world into the next, you may be able to rest in the blessed knowledge that you are *ready* for such a change, and able to join with others in the joyous praise-song:

*“Saved for glory! Yes, for glory!
By the work of God’s blest Son,
We shall reach the wished-for haven
In our Father’s house above.”*

A. E. C.

Time and Eternity.

TWO great houses stand close together in Queen Victoria Street, London. The one is the publishing house of *The Times* newspaper, the other that of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

All day long, and far into the night, the street below is humming with traffic; but who of all those thousands of pedestrians, or those other thousands, who rush rapidly past in motor or cab, looks up to see the symbols engraved upon these buildings?

Adorning *The Times* building is a clock with the scythe of Time beside it. On the Bible house is carved an open Bible, with these words: "*The word of the Lord endureth for ever.*"

Who can challenge the fitness of these symbols? *The Times* is like a mirror, gazing into which we see daily change. The ebb and flow of human tides, the entrances and exits of life, are all chronicled there. The Bible is a mirror in which no change has even been observed. There we find the unchanging, the abiding, the eternal.

You step forth, my reader, into another year, and 1910 becomes a thing of the eternal past. Its sorrows and joys, whatever they

were, are over, and who can tell what lies before you in 1911? This much is certain :

“Change and decay in all around I see.”

Your name *may* appear in the obituary columns of *The Times* during 1911, or, if not of sufficient importance for that, you may be counted amongst thousands of others, and included in the published summary of deaths in the Registrar General's returns. And if so, what then? Have you any certainty? Do you know?

Is it possible to know? Indeed it is. Right across the changing years there shines a calm and steady light. There has not been with it so much as one flicker during over eighteen centuries. THE GOSPEL is the name of that light, and enshrined in the scriptures is it found. Its rays focus themselves upon one great central figure—the Son of God—of whom it is written: “Jesus Christ THE SAME yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” (*Heb. xiii. 8.*) Well might the poet close his couplet by saying,

“O Thou who changest not, abide with me.”

Do not start the new year with good intentions; they will fail you. Nor with resolutions; you will break them. Turn over no new leaves; you will soil them as before. Rather turn back over the old leaves, and face them, with all their stains, before God. Do this honestly, and you will be convinced that

you are ungodly and without strength to improve yourself, and that you desperately need a Saviour.

Thank God! it is written: "*When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly*" (Rom. v. 6); and again, "*God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*" (Rom. v. 8.)

Here, then, is just the very Saviour you need. His heart full of love, His arm full of power. Trust yourself to Him, put yourself into His hands, and you will be delivered from the service of sin, and brought to God. For time and eternity all will be changed.

You live in a world of change. Nothing is sure. That fact may have often distressed you during 1910, and it will probably distress you again more than ever if you live through 1911. There is for you, however—unsaved reader—one redeeming feature about that fact. Being a world of change, there is still opportunity for you to turn "*from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God,*" thus receiving "*forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified.*" (Acts xxvi. 18.)

DIE, and you leave the world of change for the world where all is fixed for ever. Die *unsaved* and you will be *damned* for all eternity.

Give God thanks that you are still in the world, where it is possible to change. Turn instantly in faith to Christ, and start 1911 as a believer and follower of Him. F. B. H.

The Journey of the Eight.

NOT long ago eight men were riding through the streets of London utterly ignorant of where they were going. They had boarded an omnibus with the intention of going to a certain place. But a detective, unseen by the eight men, climbed up beside the driver, and told him to drive to the Clerkenwell Police Station.

The eight men, it appears, had been trying to rob a young Indian medical student, and the detective had seen their game and had adroitly planned to effect their capture.

In due course they were arraigned before the magistrate. One of their number was sent to gaol for a year, two for three months, three were "put under probation," and two were "bound over."

Can it be possible that this true narrative of a recent happening has its counterpart in the case of the reader of these pages?

You cannot deny that you are *travelling*. Every tick of your watch, every throb of your pulse, every breath that you draw, reminds you of this. Along life's highroad you are passing,

and the days, as they hurry by, are but mile-stones along the way. Going, quickly going, you most surely are !

But can you answer the question as to whither you are bound ? The eight men *intended* to go to a certain place, and *imagined* that they were journeying thither, while, in point of fact, they were being conveyed to a very different destination, and one they did not like. You, perhaps, take for granted that you are progressing in the right direction, and you quite intend to reach heaven some day. Is it quite certain, however, that your face is really turned in that direction, and that your feet are treading the road that leads to life and glory ?

What have you been *doing* ? The eight men had been concerned in an attempt to rob a fellow-creature. Have not you robbed *God* ? He brought you into existence for His own purposes. Have you not used the life He gave you for yourself ? Have you not done your own will instead of His ? Have you not sinned against Him in thought, and word, and deed ? *What is this but robbing God ?*

His eye has been upon you just as the detective's eye was upon the men of our story. Not that God is anything like a detective. His heart is full of love for men, and it gives Him no pleasure to witness their sin. But He is holy, and intolerant of evil. Is it not therefore a serious thing for you that God has observed your every action, and is fully

cognisant of every thought and motive that has ever found a place in your mind ?

Because He is holy, He cannot be lenient with sin. *Justice* must be done. Have you taken this into consideration ? How terrible a discovery awaits the man who thinks he is journeying to realms of happiness, when in reality he is travelling on to a day of just retribution for his sin !

And because sin is a matter of such infinite seriousness in the estimation of God, punishment must of necessity be infinite in duration. An offence against a fellow-man may be met by imprisonment for a few months, or penal servitude for a term of years. But an offence against *God* gains infinitely in gravity, since He is a Being of infinite holiness and majesty.

Yet He is absolutely *just*, and will not visit *all* with the same *intensity* of punishment. There are those that will be "beaten with few stripes," and those that will be "beaten with many stripes." Finite beings are incapable of bearing punishment infinite in intensity. But they are capable of committing sins of *infinite enormity*, in that they commit them against a Person of infinite dignity and holiness. Therefore, if the atonement of infinite value, which infinite love has made, be spurned and rejected, punishment *infinite in duration* must ensue.

Of this we are solemnly assured in many plain passages of Scripture. "*These shall go*

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away into everlasting punishment." (Matt. xxv. 46.)
"The fire that never shall be quenched." (Mark ix. 43.)

In spite of all the clever and learned attempts to discredit the truth of eternal punishment, it has been conclusively shown that the Scriptures teach it, and that He who is the very embodiment of divine love, the Lord Jesus Christ, affirmed it strongly.

There is no need, however, for *you* to suffer either "the few" or "the many" stripes. There is One whose infinite greatness and worth made it possible for Him to give Himself a ransom for all (See 1 Tim. ii. 6). He hung on the Cross as Sin-bearer, dying vicariously to make propitiation on behalf of men.

Because of this, *you* may be saved. On the ground of Christ's atoning sacrifice you may enjoy the eternal favour and blessing of God. For this you must definitely accept the Saviour as your own, putting your soul's confidence in Him.

Then you will be able to say, "With His stripes *I* am healed." (Isa. liii. 5.) You will be able to look back to Calvary and say: "The stripes that were my due fell upon Him," and with adoring gratitude you will be able to face the future without a fear, for you will be *saved*, with God's great salvation.

H. P. B.

“Father, Forgive.”

A TRUE saying, and often exemplified, is the statement, “Small beginnings often have great endings.” How often God takes up the weak things, and those that are despised, to accomplish His great purposes.

* * * *

Some time ago a little Sunday school scholar had received a New Testament as a prize. Returning home, she diligently set herself to read it.

She was young, and a poor reader, so that anything beyond the simplest words had to be spelt out.

One Lord's Day her father, whose eyes and heart were for the world, sat near the window diligently perusing a Sunday newspaper.

She was reading the story of the cross, and on reaching those touching words which fell from the lips of the blessed Lord, when the world had done its worst, and hell triumphed as it thought, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do,” the child spelt F-a-t-h-e-r—Father.

“Why, father,” she cried, in her artless way, “here is you; here is your name. Jesus is speaking to you here!”

“Nonsense,” he said, “nonsense; go on reading to yourself, child, and don't make so

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much noise,” and he reverted to his paper; but his ear was caught, and he listened in spite of himself.

“Father, f-o-r-g-i-v-e — forgive; Father, forgive him.”

“No, child, that is wrong; it is not ME—I mean it’s not *him*, it’s ‘forgive *them*.’ There! now, don’t interrupt me again.”

But the child persisted in repeating the words, “Father—forgive—Father—forgive”—and apparently stuck at the word “*them*,” until her father was quite in a tumult of rage and mingled alarm and shame.

He folded up his paper hurriedly, and almost snatched the Testament from her hand, told her peremptorily what the verse was, and then went into the yard. But the arrow of conviction was rankling in his bosom: “Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does.”

“It’s me,” he cried; “I have wickedly provoked God, and yet Jesus interceded for me!”

“Forgive them—Forgive ME.”

“My God,” he prayed, “forgive my sins.”

Could such a cry go unheeded? Has God ever turned away from a broken-hearted sinner? Ah! no, even a reviling thief was pardoned and blessed, exchanging the malefactor’s gibbet for the courts of glory.

Are you forgiven? If not, let the language of another sinner, one who had grievously

sinned against God and his neighbour, be yours :

"I have sinned."

"He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profiteth me not; He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." (*Job xxxiii. 27, 28.*)

J. W. H. N.

Are You Ready?

SHE was a fine, bonny young woman—a hospital nurse. At 7.30 p.m. she parted from her fellow nurses in high spirits to take up her night duty.

At midnight awful shrieks, and cries of "Matron! Matron!" were heard ringing through the dormitories. On hurriedly getting up and opening the doors, the day nurses saw the poor girl running down the corridor enveloped in flames. Seizing rugs, &c., they rushed to her assistance, and managed to put out the flames, but not before every garment she wore, and all her hair, had been burned to a cinder.

The scene was heart-rending. There she lay, bleeding and charred from head to foot.

Between her moans she said, "I have been very wicked, but surely I don't deserve this." She lingered on in this terrible state, and died a few hours after.

Reader, suppose you were hurried out of time into eternity in as short a time? How would it be with you? This poor girl's sufferings were too great to allow her to fix her mind on the question, alas! too long neglected by her, of her soul's salvation. Let me beg of you! Seek Him now, before it is too late. Do not put off the question of your soul's salvation to some future time, for you do not know that you may have any future time.

This poor girl had many plans for the future. "*Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*" (Prov. xxvii. 1.) The present time only is yours. Before to-morrow dawn you may be gone. Gone to meet the God you have sought to forget all these years. The God, who has been so kind to you in blessing you with health and strength and all the necessities of life, who has knocked at the door of your heart in various ways, and yet you are still refusing Him, and turning your back upon Him.

Oh! dear reader, refuse Him no longer. Let this poor girl's sad end be a voice to you. Come to the One who suffered and bled and died for you. He is waiting to receive you and bless you and pardon you. Come before

it is too late, for soon—very soon—the last gospel message will have gone forth, and the last sinner be saved, for God is not always going to beseech men to come. If you still persist in refusing, and probably mocking at the gospel message, listen to what scripture says of such: “Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; . . . I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.” (*Prov. i.*, 24-26.)

Thank God for your sake, my unsaved reader, that time has not yet come. God is still calling in grace to you. Won't you come, just now, just as you are? May God lead you to repentance while it is still the day of grace. Give the best of your days to God, and you will never have cause to regret it. In Christ is all we need for time and for eternity. “*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*” (*Acts xvi.* 31.) G.

The Miners' Last Message.

TWO years ago smoke was seen issuing from the shaft of Hamstead Colliery.

Warning was sent swiftly down to the pit. Three or four men, who had just descended, were brought to the surface. They carried the serious report that a fire had broken out and the retreat of twenty-eight comrades was cut off.

Rescue parties made their way into the burning pit, but the task was hopeless, and the brave men returned almost insensible.

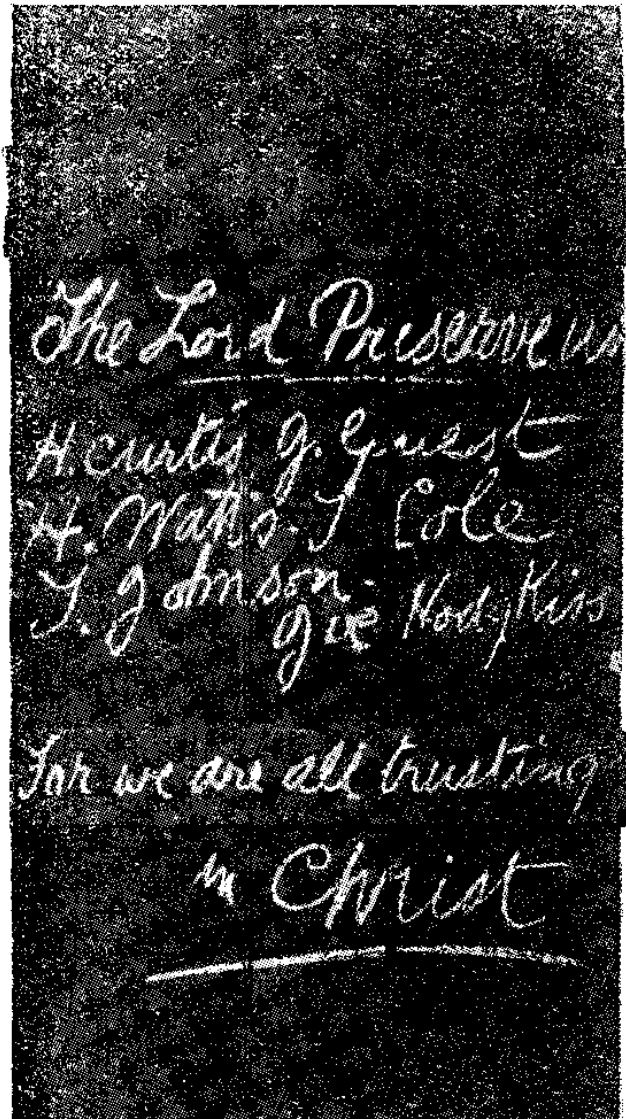
But why should such a terrible tale be retold here? We want to remind you of a far greater danger. Terrible as it is to be doomed in a coal-pit, it is infinitely worse to be doomed in the bottomless pit. And yet untold thousands are running this tremendous risk. How gladly would these twenty-eight miners have received a timely warning, and profited by it. Yet we are well assured many will read these lines, who need the warning we give, but alas! will not receive it. Unsaved reader, will *you* receive this loving entreaty? Will you receive this warning?

The next day another rescue party descended into the mine, only to return with the same story of defeat. Darkness came on, and sobbing women and children, who had hoped against hope, were led gently to their homes.

Again a band of rescuers descended into the mine. Two of them, more determined and venturesome than the rest, penetrated into the working farther than had hitherto been attempted. Realizing their failure they turned

back, but one of them—Welby by name—sank down thoroughly exhausted. His companion was forced reluctantly to leave him to his fate in order to escape with his own life. Five days later Welby's body was recovered.

A week passed, and then the worst was known. Fourteen of the missing men were found lying side by side dead. Another day of search, and six more bodies were found. Close by them was a door with their names chalked upon it and their last message :



Thrice men with the greatest desire to rescue the entombed miners had descended the mine only to be baffled. All honour to them. They risked their lives—nay, one of them lost his life in the attempt to save others.

What shall we say of the way the Lord Jesus descended from glory into this dark world of sin and shame, where, but for Him, our lot would have been far more terrible than for those miners faced with an awful death in Hamstead Colliery. *For none but He could save.* Nor could He save Himself, if He would save us. How true it is, as the old hymn puts it,

“‘Himself He could not save’ ;
 He on the cross must die,
 Or mercy cannot come
 To ruined sinners nigh ;
 Yes, Christ the Son of God must bleed
 That sinners might from sin be freed.”

These entombed miners were faced with death to the body. If unsaved, reader, *you* are faced with the second death—doom for ever. The first death does not mean cessation of existence. It means a change of condition. Neither does the second death mean cessation of existence.

Aye, and the Lord Jesus *died* in performing a Saviour's part. Welby died in his attempt to save, and failed because he died. The Lord Jesus died in order to save, and succeeded just because He died. What a story of love !

Men risked their lives to save their fellow-men from death in the Hamstead coal mine. The Lord of glory—Jesus, the eternal Son of God—became a Man that He might die to save us, the creatures of His hand, rebels against His authority, sinners who deserved the deepest hell.

The six men, whose names were found written on the door in the ill-fated mine, were indeed happy.

A few hours of suffering and then—glory. Thrice happy men, who could say, "*We are all trusting in Christ.*"

Far better be in the burning pit of Hamstead Colliery with a living faith in Christ, with a hope of sudden glory, than be the gayest worldling, who goes blindly into the burning pit of hell, and who never wakes up to his danger till it is too late for ever.

How do you stand, reader?

Remember, it is not sufficient that the Lord Jesus died for you. You may neglect this salvation, and Scripture asks, "*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?*" (Heb. ii. 3.) There must be living faith in Christ. "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" (Acts xvi. 31.) There must be conversion. "*Except ye be converted, . . . ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*" (Matt. xviii. 3.) There must be new birth. "*Ye must be born again.*" (John iii. 7.)

Let me ask you with deep earnestness, for

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your soul is unspeakably precious and its destiny is eternal, Are your prospects those of being with the Saviour in glory, or are you going to a doom infinitely more terrible than that of the miners in Hamstead Colliery? Face these matters and get them settled according to God and His word, I pray you.

A. J. P.

Have You Said "Yes" to Jesus?

IN a large ward in a hospital an old man was lying ill with a disease that caused him a good deal of pain and discomfort. He had not learned the secret of true happiness; but, on the contrary, made the night weary with his sighs and moans.

In the next bed a little fellow was lying. He, too, had much pain to bear, but never a moan or cry came from his little lips. They often moved in prayer both for himself and for others. Peace and rest seemed to have taken possession of his heart.

In the still hours of the night he turned to the old man, and said in kindly tones, "Dear old man, are you in much pain? Is that why you moan so?"

"Yes," was the reply; "there never was such pain as mine, and oh! I am so miserable here."

"I have pain to bear, too," said little

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Charlie; "but Jesus helps me to bear it. Why don't you come to Him, and ask Him to forgive your sins, and make you happy? I am so sorry for you, dear old man."

"I don't know how to come," the old man replied; "and if I did, I don't know if He would have an old sinner like me."

"I see how it is," said Charlie, after a short pause; "you have been saying 'NO' to Jesus all your life. Won't you say 'YES' to Him now?"

"I don't know what you mean," moaned the old man; "tell me."

"Well," said Charlie, "when Jesus said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' I said to Him, 'YES, Lord, I come'; and He gave me rest. When He said, 'He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life,' I said, 'YES, Lord, I believe'; and He gave me everlasting life. Dear old man," continued Charlie, "when Jesus said to you, 'Come to Me . . . and I will give you rest,' you said, 'NO, Lord, I won't come,' and so you are unhappy still. Oh! I am so sorry for you. Won't you say 'YES' to Jesus now? He will give you rest and make you happy!"

"I'll think about it," was the reply, and the old man relapsed into silence.

Little Charlie was soon asleep, but the old man could not sleep. He was thinking of the past. He knew that Charlie was right, and that time after time he had said "NO" to Jesus.

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Once more the Holy Spirit strove with him; and at last, with bitter tears of repentance, in the still hours of the night, he cried, "Lord Jesus, I've said 'NO' to Thee long enough, Thou knowest. Lord, I say 'YES' to Thee now. I come, Lord, I come!" A peace hitherto unknown to him filled his heart; the whole matter was settled, and quietly he dropped off to sleep. Christ had indeed "given him rest."

The morning broke bright and clear. At the first streak of light the old man turned to Charlie's bed, eagerly calling, "Charlie boy, are you awake?" There was no answer, but the nurse came quickly to his bedside, saying, "Do you want anything?"

"Yes, I want little Charlie. Where is he?" said the old man, for he saw the bed was empty.

"Oh!" said the nurse, "so you were not disturbed after all. Little Charlie was taken very ill in the night, and passed away so peacefully, dear little fellow." The tears stood in her eyes as she spoke, for Charlie was much loved by all.

The old man burst into tears as he cried, "Now I can never tell him. He would have been so glad to know."

"Tell him what?" said the nurse.

The old man told her of the talk they had in the night, and added: "I did just what Charlie told me. I said to Jesus, 'I've been a wretched sinner, and I am so miserable. I've said 'NO' long enough. YES, Lord, I come now!' He

received me and forgave all my sins. Charlie seemed so fast asleep I did not like to wake him, but waited till the morning, and now he is gone."

Happy Charlie! His last little bit of service was to bring that weary old heart to Christ. From his dying bed he went into the presence of the One he loved and served. Happy Charlie!

Dear reader, what about yourself? Have you ever said "YES" to Jesus? If not, why not say it NOW? He will receive you and make you glad, cleansing away your many sins in His precious blood, for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

*"Oh! why not say 'YES' to the Saviour to-day?
He's tenderly pleading with thee;
So come to Him now with thy sin-burden'd
heart,
For pardon so full and so free."*

J. M——Y.

"Died in Faith."

IN September, 1870, there occurred one of the worst tragedies known in the history of mountaineering. A party of eleven—eight guides, a Scotch clergyman, and two Americans—had set out from Chamonix to ascend Mount Blanc. They were watched from eleven

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thousand feet below through telescopes. They were observed to reach the summit in safety. And then began the descent. At the same time the weather suddenly changed, and a terrific snowstorm overtook the climbers. For eight days Mount Blanc was enveloped in cloud and whirling snow. When the storm had cleared a searching party set out from below to find the missing men. They found five corpses, frozen hard, a few hundred feet from the summit. The other bodies have not yet, to our knowledge, been discovered.

There is one bright gleam shining out of the darkness and gloom of this terrible disaster. In the note-book of one of the ill-fated party—Mr. McBean, a Bostonian—were found some entries made while he found himself freezing to death in the storm. One of them, addressed to his wife, began :

“MY DEAR HESSIE,—We have been on Mount Blanc for two days in a terrible snow-storm. We have lost our way at a height of fifteen thousand feet. I have no hope of descending. Perhaps this book may be found and forwarded. . . . We have no food ; my feet are already frozen, and I am exhausted. I have only strength to write a few words. *I die in the faith of Jesus Christ*, with affectionate thoughts of my family.”

How those eight words, “I die in the faith of Jesus Christ,” stand out from the body of the memoranda before the Christian’s eyes, as

if inscribed in letters of living fire. How they gleam and glow with more than diamond brightness from out of their dark setting of the other entries. They flash with hope—that hope which maketh not ashamed. “I have no hope of descending,” he pathetically wrote. No, in the body he despaired of ever reaching the bottom of the frigid mount; but out of it, “absent from the body,” he had, “in the faith of Jesus Christ,” “good hope through grace.” He might not descend; but ascend “to be with Christ” he should.

Reader, if called upon to die (and who can tell but what you may be very soon!), could you write, like this member of that lost party of climbers, freezing among the mountains, “I die in the faith of Jesus Christ?” Precious, in the eyes of God, is the death of all His own. And He has caused it to be written of such, “*These all died in faith.*” (*Heb. xi. 13.*) Such high value does He place on a sinner’s faith in the Lord Jesus Christ that He calls it “precious faith.”

Again we ask you, reader, “Hast thou faith?” If “suddenly cut off,” could it be said of you that you had “died in faith”? There is only one other way to die—to “die in your sins.” And dying thus, you die without hope, for He who can neither lie nor err has said, “*Ye . . . shall die in your sins: whither I go ye cannot come.*” (*John viii. 21.*) Will you not, then, from this moment, exercise living faith in the

Lord Jesus Christ ? Read Galatians ii. 16. There is no other way of justification, or entrance into life, but by "the faith of Jesus Christ."

C. K.

Eternity ! Where ?

A MAN, after suffering some months from that terrible disease cancer, lay dying.

As he was nearing the end, his family and friends, after doing all in their power to relieve his suffering, gathered round the bedside, to watch their loved one breathe his last. Presently the tired eyelids opened, and looking round on them all he said, "*You think I'm going to die, but I'm just going to live,*" and so he passed away from this world of sin and sorrow, to live for ever and ever with the One that died for him.

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"Do you think you will get better ?" was a question addressed to a young man in consumption. "*If I do, it will be all grace, and if not it will be all glory,*" was the answer. Not many months after and it was all glory for him.

What about you, dear reader, should you leave this world in a few months or weeks, or even less time than that ? What if it should be to-day ? It must either be like those two you have just read about—to spend eternity in

the bright glory above, or to be for ever lost with those in despair.

If you were called away may your end be like that of the old man, who caught the whisper—"He is sinking"—uttered by one of the watchers at his bedside.

*" 'He is sinking,' said the watcher,
As we stood around the bed,
But the old man heard the whisper,
Heard the words the watcher said.
'Sinking !' cried the ancient pilgrim,
'Sinking ! are my feet on sand ?
Sinking while I rest on Jesus,
In the hollow of His hand !*

*" 'Sinking with His arms around me,
Guarded by His tender love ;
Sinking when I have His promise
Of a rest, a home above !
Sinking ! No, ah no ! not sinking ;
Soon in Jesus' power I'll rise
From the darkness of the valley
To the beauties of the skies.' "*

Could you, if in similar circumstances, say as much ?

You may, if you turn in simple faith to the Lord Jesus, and take Him as your personal Saviour. "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" (Acts xvi. 31.)

E. D. B.

What King Edward Read Just Before He Died!

WE do not give credence to the many stories that are circulated as to the doings of royal and other notable personages. Some of them may be true, some are undoubtedly false. But there appears to be solid foundation for what we have to say in the following pages. Our authority is a statement made at a recent meeting of the Colportage Association at Weston-super-Mare, and referred to in the November issue of "*With Tongue and Pen.*" The statement is based upon the word of one of the late King's personal attendants.

This gentleman states that eight days before the King died he called him, and asked him to go and purchase a little book called, "*The Sinner's Friend*," which the King said he had read when a boy, and wished to read again.

The attendant accordingly procured a copy, and had the pleasure of seeing the King attentively reading it.

We thought that it would interest our readers to know what book the late King read as he lay upon his sick bed a week before his death. We therefore obtained a copy of it. It is a small book written many years ago by Newman Hall. It has reached its 486th edition, and

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has been printed in over thirty different languages. Nearly three million copies have been sold.

Briefly and pointedly many important topics are dealt with, such as "*The Consequences of Sin*," "*Good News for Sinners*," "*Salvation through Faith—not by Works*," "*True Repentance*," and so on.

One of the early chapters is entitled "*Peace to a Guilty Conscience*," and is based upon the narrative in Luke vii. of the sinful woman to whom the Lord Jesus said: "*Thy faith hath saved thee; go in PEACE.*"

"This poor woman," says the little book, "had performed no previous good *works* to recommend her to the Lord; but, with sincere contrition of soul, she came to Him the moment she was *convinced of sin, believed in His power to pardon*, and was *instantly forgiven*, although her sins were *many*."

"Now, poor sinner, here is every possible encouragement for *you* to do the same, in order that you may obtain the same blessing, the same mercy, the same forgiveness. Christ is as willing *now*, as He was eighteen hundred years ago, to welcome and pardon every self-condemned sinner who comes to Him. . . . It is no obstacle that your sins have been of the deepest dye, or have been continued many years; the power, the love, and mercy of Christ far exceed the sins of the whole world."

Further on in the book, in a chapter entitled,

WHAT KING EDWARD READ JUST BEFORE HE DIED. 39

“*The Warning Voice of God*,” we find the following words :

“Will you not HEAR? Will you not even *listen* to the voice of mercy, which calls aloud to save you from *eternal* woe?

“O sinner! *whatever* situation of life you fill, . . . seek the Lord of glory, who is indeed the SINNER’S FRIEND.

“Think of His compassion, how He *wept* over the rebellious city with an agony of tenderness. . . . Come, then, to the feet of Jesus; plead His precious blood, and confess your sins, and all will be well.

“He beckons you with His gracious hand. . . . Come with a humble and a contrite heart, and ‘though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ Blessed be God, for such abundant mercy for *rebellious* man.”

It is cheering to think of words like these, full of the grace of God, being under the eye of the late King as he lay upon his bed of suffering. But it is not as a mere matter of interest that we quote them. GOSPEL TIDINGS finds its way into many a home and into many a hospital ward, and it may be that these words from the last book read by King Edward VII. will come as a message from God to some other sufferer in a humbler sphere of life.

But the message of mercy is not sent only to the sick, the suffering and the dying. It is addressed equally to those in the robust vigour of youth, or the prime of manhood or womanhood.

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Permit me to speak plainly to you, my reader, whoever you are. You are a sinner, and your only hope is in "The Sinner's Friend," the glorious Person, who died upon the cross for you, and who lives to-day in heaven to save and to bless all who come to Him.

Much more might be quoted from the booklet, which was perused by the dying King. But one more extract must suffice.

There is a chapter entitled "*The Love of God.*" In support of this heading the verse which Luther used to call his "miniature Bible" is quoted from John iii. 16: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The book continues :

"Now, reader, what have you to say to this blessed declaration, made to rich and poor, of EVERY NAME and NATION throughout the whole world ?

"What excuse would you make for not accepting this gracious assurance of mercy ?

"Will you plead your *unworthiness* ? There is nothing said about worthiness or *unworthiness*, but it is '*whosoever.*' Therefore it is addressed to you, to *you* individually, and woe be to your soul if you refuse this gracious invitation.

"Were you as holy as an archangel, this would not make you *worthy* of the Lord's mercy. 'It is all of *free* grace . . . without money and without price . . .'

"The writer* of this portion (now grey-headed, a monument of the LOVE of God) was once as far off from salvation as the vilest of the vile; but before he takes his final leave of this world, he now (as a redeemed sinner) earnestly entreats, implores, and exhorts his fellow-sinners to turn to the Lord, and seek Him while He *may* be found."

May the writer of this article join his voice with that of the honoured servant of Christ, whose words have been quoted, in urging every reader of these lines to flee without delay to the Saviour, the Sinner's Friend, whether the sinner be a monarch on his throne, or a pauper dying beneath a workhouse blanket. H. P. B.

Happiness.

"**T**HE time to be happy is now.

"The place to be happy is here.

"The way to be happy is to make others happy."

*

*

*

He died young, some thirty years old, and was during his lifetime a general favourite.

Whether he desired, before his death, that these words should be printed on the stone

* He died September 22, 1860, in his eighty-seventh year. See "The Author of 'The Sinner's Friend': A Brief Memoir," by his son, Newman Hall.

which stood at the head of his grave I cannot say, but it was there that I read them.

I was struck by them. They were novel and peculiar. They were frank and decisive. Moreover, they contain a measure of truth, but only a measure.

For who would deny that "here" and "now" are both the place and time to be happy; or who would question the fact that, in making others really happy lies one of the truest pleasures of life?

But why limit happiness to *here* and *now*? Why not hereafter and for ever, too?

Poor young fellow—his *here* and *now* were very brief! Thirty summers soon pass away, hardly affording time to reap what you have sown, or to discover your wisdom or your folly. You may say, "Give me a short life and a merry one."

Why not a long life, and one that is truly merry? Why not a blissful eternity? Why not?

I greatly enjoy meeting a man who is nearing the three score years and ten, and who, looking back over his life, can truthfully say that it has been happy.

Are there very many such?

"*The time to be happy is now.*" Very well, what is the first element of true happiness? "Oh! the happiness of the man whose sins are forgiven." (See Psa. xxxii. 1.)

It begins there. Sin may, undoubtedly,

have its pleasures, even though they are only "for a season"; then, that season past, the pain follows.

Hence, to be happy now at the expense of for ever is folly and mad improvidence. For one, I would rather have the forgiveness of my sins than the enjoyment of them; and, clearly, the forgiveness and the enjoyment cannot go on together.

To be right with God, all the way through, is to be happy now, and here, and hereafter. To be forgiven, and to seek continually to do the will of God, is the only life which can be described as happy. And he who has tried both can testify as to which is the better.

"Godliness . . . has promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come." (1 Tim. iv. 8.)

"The place to be happy is here." Very well; but is "here" the only place?

"The rich man . . . died [after a happy time], and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." (Luke xvi. 22, 23.) Then he bewailed a "place of torment."

Is it not the height of wisdom, while we are in this place, here and now, to have serious regard to that "place of torment" which is the inevitable consequence of our sins and unbelief here?

Remember! "the gulf is fixed."

Lastly, *"the way to be happy is to make others happy."* Very well, but how?

Shall it be by the song, the game, the dance, the glass, the carousal, or how?

Such happiness is folly, or worse, and is very short-lived.

How easy to dance into damnation! I would ten thousand times rather be the humble instrument in God's hand of leading one sinner from the paths of sin to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal and perfect Saviour than enjoy all the passing pleasures of the world. That is joy indeed.

The question is, Are we to be governed by eternity and God, or by time and the transitory pleasures of sin?

Reader, which?

J. W. S.

Streams of Blessing.

THE City of Bath, in the West of England, owes its fame and much of its importance to the hot springs of healing water found there. They were used by the Romans in the first century. In later years George III. and the great William Pitt and other notables have benefited by them.

The ancient Roman baths are described in an inscription thus: "In area. In grandeur. In completeness the Baths of Aquæ-Sulis were unequalled."

Another inscription reads :

*" These healing waters have flowed
on from time undated to this day.*

*" Their virtue unimpaired.
Their volume unabated.
Their heat undiminished.*

*" They explain the origin, account
for the progress, and demand the
gratitude of the city of Bath."*

One can imagine in bygone days gentlemen and ladies travelling down from town in stage coaches, post-chaises, and private vehicles; in later years by train and in motor-car; in days to come by aeroplane and dirigible balloons, in order to avail themselves of the healing waters. We can understand how gout, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and a thousand ills flesh is heir to have been cured through their beneficent effects.

But this only affects the body, and is only for time. It is bad enough to endure the tortures of gout, or to be crippled by rheumatism, but death is worse. We must look deeper than the effects and their cure. SIN is the cause, *disease* and *death* the effects. Disease may be arrested and cured, but there is one disease which cannot be arrested or cured.

Once, in the Colonial Hospital at Gibraltar, I visited an aged woman. I looked at the card over her head to see what disease she was

suffering from, and if it was curable. "*Old Age*" was the disease marked down, incurable, and with only one end—DEATH.

Is there, then, only partial relief—relief to the body for time—and is there nothing more efficacious than the waters of Bath to turn to? Sad would the sinner's condition be if that were so. And yet there are thousands who are concerned enough about their bodies, but who care naught about their precious souls. Are you one of such? What awful, suicidal folly, for it is a question of heaven or hell, weal or woe, joy or sorrow, singing or wailing, and that for ever and ever and ever.

Thank God, we can take the Bath inscription and apply it, with a far deeper meaning, to healing waters for the *soul*. Did not the Lord Jesus stand amid the throng of unsatisfied worshippers on the last great day of the Feast, and cry, "*If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink*"? How magnificent! how blessed! Our soul's deep need may be met. We may be saved. We may be forgiven. We may have eternal life. We can say, if believers, "*Death is ours.*" We may look forward to eternity with joy, and not with dread.

We can say of these living streams of blessing from God that

*Their virtue unimpaired,
Their volume unabated,
Their heat undiminished,*

is as true to-day as ever.

"Their virtue unimpaired." Never a thirsty sinner who drinks, but finds satisfaction. Be it the expiring robber by the side of a Saviour dying for his blessing; be it the cultured, religious Saul of Tarsus; be it the monk who shook the world, Martin Luther, as he drank of the living stream, *"Justification by faith"*; be it the believer of but yesterday—the testimony is the same. Are you satisfied, reader? Come to the Lord. You will indeed find the virtue, the healing power, of the living stream of God's grace unimpaired. *"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,"* is as true for you in the twentieth century as for the Philippian jailor in the first century.

"Their volume unabated." Their efficacy is for all. *"God so loved THE WORLD."* (*John iii. 16.*) *"Christ. . . gave himself a ransom for ALL."* (*1 Tim. ii. 6.*) The risen Saviour commanded His disciples, *"Go ye into ALL THE WORLD, and preach the gospel TO EVERY CREATURE."* (*Mark xvi. 15.*) These waters flow for you. Will you not drink? They are free. Their volume is indeed unabated. You may be saved and satisfied, if you will only turn to the Lord, and drink. To drink is to appropriate, receive, trust, believe. How simple! How easy!

"Their heat undiminished." *"God so LOVED the world."* God's love is just the same.

"God" still "*commendeth HIS LOVE toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*" (Rom. v. 8.) The love illustrated by the father welcoming his prodigal son in Luke xv. is just the love that would welcome you to-day. Just like the sun in the heavens, of which it can be said, "There is nothing hid from the heat thereof" (Psa. xix. 6), is God's love. The sun alike warms the king and the beggar, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the white and the black. So God's love is for all. The gospel is for "whosoever will." Will you not receive this love?

* * *

But refuse these healing, cleansing waters, and you will find yourself in that spot where the wail came from the erstwhile rich man, "*Have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.*" (Luke xvi. 24.) The dogs' tongues had licked the beggar's sores on earth — their master craved that his tongue might lick the drop of water the beggar could carry on the tip of his finger, and it was denied him. *The great gulf was fixed.*

May God give you, dear reader, to be wise in time, wise for eternity, else "the great gulf" will soon be fixed for you. A. J. P.

Joseph Welcome's Sentence.

“**W**ELCOME, you have committed a terrible crime. Your punishment is to be more terrible still.

“The instinctive, unreasoning horror of mankind regards the death sentence as a severe punishment. This idea is not correct. You are now to receive a sterner punishment. Your victim died but once. You will die a hundred times. You will suffer more the day you put on your prison clothes than she did in her death. After that there will be only the hopeless, painful years, from day to day, from month to month, stretching out before you in their agony.

“In four or five years the eternal solitude and silence will begin to crush in upon you like an iron weight. You hear that street-car bell ringing in the street as it passes now. You will remember it in after years as the most exquisite music. It will mean hurrying crowds that go where they like, and do as they please; it will mean the greatest of all pleasures—*freedom*. You can only dream of it by day and by night, and your dream will be torture unspeakable.”

And with these fearfully solemn words of the judge ringing in his ears, and branding themselves for all time on the tablet of his memory, Joseph Welcome, murderer, was led recently

from the criminal court of Chicago to the State penitentiary, there to spend the remainder of his days in solitary confinement, shut up with his own hopeless thoughts, with the remembrance of his crime, the remorseful recollection of his guilt, and the dread apprehension of its far-reaching consequences.

Capital punishment is to life imprisonment what annihilation is to the eternal punishment of Scripture. Men do not, as a rule, dread the thought of extinction: "*Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,*" expresses pretty accurately their thought in this matter. The lie of soul-annihilation is welcomed by the world for the reason that it seems to offer to them the loophole of escape from the endless consequences of their sin, which they desire to go on in.

But Holy Scripture holds out no such hope to those who wish to live and die in sin; an everlasting imprisonment in the blackness of darkness is the punishment awaiting all who persist in their impenitence and rebellion against God. It is not necessary to prove this to you or to anyone. God's immutable word declares it to be so, and it is therefore true, absolutely.

Nor is it in the least unjust. Men speak of the incompatibility of an eternity of suffering for less than a century of sin. Welcome was but an instant in shooting to death an innocent woman, yet no one in the United States complained of the great difference between the

length of time consumed in the committal of his crime, and the long years he is sentenced to spend in his cell. Men accept without question the verdicts of their courts; while God, "the Judge of all," must be told to His face that what He proposes to do with transgressors is unjust, cruel, impossible to a Being whose nature is love, and out of all proportion to the extent and gravity of their guilt.

But let them object. The day is fast approaching when He will fully "*convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him.*" (Jude 15.)

And thou, reader, what wilt *thou* say when He shall punish thee? "You will die a hundred times," said Judge Marcus Kavanaugh to the guilty Joseph Welcome, as he was about to be led from his presence by the officers of justice. And those, who in the last day shall stand "guilty before God," will pass from His presence to suffer death, not once nor twice, nor yet a hundred times, nor a thousand times one thousand, but death for ever, a living death repeated without end, suffered continuously, without cessation, for ever and for ever. "This is the second death," reserved for all who will not come to Christ that they might have life. (See John v. 40 and Rev. xx. 14.)

There will be no such thing as "company" there. Each individual rebel against God will

dwell in his confinement as solitarily as if he were the only lost soul in all the universe of God. The American judge spoke of the "eternal solitude and silence" crushing the prisoner, after a few years, like a weight of iron. What must an *eternity* of such solitude mean to the soul in hell. A silence broken only by the wail of those who have discovered too late that sin and its punishment are fearful realities, and that God is as good as His word when He declares that He will "by no means clear the guilty."

The judge pathetically reminded the condemned murderer of the tinkling of the passing bell outside in the busy street, and how, in after years, he would remember its sound as the most exquisite music. "It will mean hurrying crowds," he said, "that go where they like and do as they please; it will mean the greatest of all pleasures—*freedom*."

And will not the eternally imprisoned soul retain in its memory one sound heard while on earth (but never heard in hell)—the joyful sound of the gospel of God's love and grace in Christ, of Calvary and its cross, and the perfect atonement made there for sin, and Christ's willingness and power to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by HIM?

And though men now despise the gospel, the memory of it will be to them, when in a lost eternity, as music excelling in its exquisite sweetness all earthborn sounds, of melody; but

it will remind them of something they have forfeited for ever, freedom, liberty enjoyed by the redeemed throng in that city whose street is gold, who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, who are in life, who dwell in love, and who sing one everlasting hymn of praise to Christ, by whose merits they are there: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." But the memory of the exquisite music will be exquisite torture then.

Thank God, for you—

*"The gospel bells are ringing
Over land from sea to sea;
Blessed news of free salvation
Do they offer you and me.
'For God so loved the world
That His only Son He gave:
Whosoever believeth in Him
Everlasting life shall have.'"*

Will you, reader, have this Christ as your Saviour and Lord to-day? You will not have long to hesitate in your choice, remember. The die will soon be cast, and if you neglect or refuse to act promptly by reason of your love for sin, you may find yourself where you never expected to be—with "the spirits in prison," shut out of heaven and shut up in hell. A few more months, or even moments, of indecision may cause you to miss an eternity of bliss with the Man of Calvary, who was, and is, the Son of God.

If you should let slip so great, so happy, so desirable a destiny, how awfully true to your case would the words of Welcome's judge apply: "You can only dream of it . . . and your dream will be torture unspeakable." C. K.

That Word "Believe."

"I AM no scholar, sir," said an old man; "I have taught myself the last fifteen years, and I delight to read the Bible. That word 'BELIEVE' is a great word with me—it is everything to me; and, as far as I can make out, there is no other way of getting to the Lord Jesus. He says, 'Come unto Me,' and I thank God I am very happy in coming to Him by believing that He died for me, and that He washed all my sins away."

As the old man thus spoke his venerable face brightened up with joy and peace in believing.

Have you, reader, joy and peace in believing? Are your sins washed away by the blood of Jesus? There is, indeed, salvation in no other, for there is "*none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.*" (Acts iv. 12.) Therefore, look to, trust in, believe in Jesus, be reconciled to God now, for "*He hath made Him [Christ] to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.*" (2 Cor. v. 21.) Glorious salvation!

ANON.

An Unanswered Argument.

ON a certain occasion the late Mr. Bradlaugh, the notorious atheist, was completely nonplussed. This is how it came about.

He was giving one of his popular lectures, and an eager and excited audience was listening to his witty remarks with evident relish. Suddenly a loud voice was heard from the middle of the hall:

“Sir, I want to speak!”

Every eye was turned to the spot from which the voice came, and a big, burly miner was seen to be standing upon his feet. The lecturer bade him sit down, but promised to give him an opportunity to speak at the close of the meeting.

When Mr. Bradlaugh had finished, he turned to the miner, and asked him what he had to say.

The big man rose, stretched out his long arm, and began in a voice that rang with intense earnestness:

“Mr. Bradlaugh, some time ago there was working with me down in the pit a Methody chap. He was always singing hymns and whistling tunes. No happier man in that there pit, and his mates liked to have him about, for he had a cheery word for all. But one day he got hold of one of your tracts, and it clean

turned his head. He sang no more hymns and whistled no more tunes. He was the most melancholy and doleful man underground. He argued about religion, and tried to make out there was no God. But one day a half-ton of coal came down upon his head, and when he lay under it I heard him call out to Almighty God to have mercy on him. Mr. Bradlaugh, there is nothing like a half-ton of coal on a man's head for putting the fear of God into him."

The miner sat down. The lecturer made no reply, but hastily left the hall. The argument admitted of no answer.

But it teaches us three things: First, that Christianity makes men happy; second, that atheism makes men gloomy; third, that in times of stress and danger atheism proves to be but a broken reed. It has no solace or safety to offer.

Is it not far better to be a Christian than an unbeliever ?

H. P. B.

What is Man?

A thorny question that! If any be so bold as to publicly ask it, it is almost needful to raise the hand and add, "Now don't all shout at once!"—the would-be answers are

so many and so various. In one respect, however, they all agree. Each bids you pay no heed to *the* answer which lies plainly set forth in the pages of the Bible. According to them man *may be* anything from a chattering ape, in a somewhat improved form, to a god full-blown, but he is *not* what THE BOOK declares him to be—a *fallen sinner*.

What is man ? That question printed in large type caught my eye as I was sitting upon a tramcar, travelling towards a suburb of a large city. Here was a valuable opportunity of obtaining some new light on an old question ! I mentally resolved to look again when next I passed the spot where the words stood, and to note the answer. The opportunity was not long in coming. Returning on the car, I eagerly leaned forward, and getting a good view, I read :

“ It depends upon his clothes ”

—more followed, which disclosed the end the advertiser had in view.

We passed on, and the answer turned itself over in my mind. What a strange thing to say ! Yet, after all, it was not so strange, for it did but embody that which is the most popular thought as to man to-day—viz., that *he is what his surroundings make him*. Therefore, of course, instead of being as the Bible presents him, a fallen sinner accountable to

God, and needing nothing less than "the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (*Romans iii. 24*), he is rather an unfortunate creature, cursed with distressing surroundings. His unhappy environment is the cause of his trouble, and the cure is that he should be educated into better conditions, which will help him to shine in his true glory.

Does what a man is——but, no ! I will be very personal, my reader, and ask, Does what *you* are depend upon your clothes ? You know it does not. The matter really stands in precisely the reverse direction. *Your clothes depend upon what you are.* And not only your clothes, but your house and your surroundings of every description.

What are you ? If still unsaved, there is but one answer. You are a fallen sinner—you are a spiritual leper. And what are your clothes ? Possibly nothing but the filthy rags of your sins. But supposing the leper arrays himself in the splendid garments of ritual and religion, so that not one spot of leprosy remains visible to offend the eye, what is he then ? A leper, yes, and a hypocrite to boot. His splendid robes cannot cleanse him ; he will soon defile them.

You are not right. The poison of *sin* is in your veins, and is steadily working its way to your heart. Then will ensue paralysis and death ! Even now it must be numbing your

faculties, or you would be more alive to your fearful position in view of eternity. Like a fretting leprosy, *sin* is working within, and the many sins, which you must admit have disfigured your life, are but the outward effects of the leprosy within. When Job asked the question, "What is man?" he significantly added, "*that Thou shouldst magnify him?*" (*Job vii. 17.*)

Job was an excellent specimen of humanity, much above the average, but that God should inspect him through a magnifying glass was evidently a terrible idea to him. If you look at a perfect object, such as any part of God's handiwork in nature, through a microscope, the higher magnifying power you use the more its perfections are manifested. But, on the other hand, if you put an imperfect object, such as anything of man's handiwork, beneath its scrutiny, the more you magnify the more hideous it appears.

Read Romans iii., verses 9 to 19, and you will find a clear statement of what you are—of what we all are—as God sees us. The source of the defilement is within. "Out of the heart" do all evil things proceed, as the Lord Jesus Himself declared. (*See Matt. xv. 19, 20.*)

It does NOT depend upon your clothes. You cannot blame your circumstances and your surroundings, since you have largely helped to produce them. You have just yourself to blame. Be honest and own it. Say with David:

“Enter not into judgment with Thy servant : for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.”
(Ps. cxliii. 2.)

Instantly you own that, there is the best of news for you. There is another and even more important question raised in Scripture—Who is the Son of Man ?

“One in a certain place testified, saying, What is man that Thou art mindful of him? or the Son of Man that Thou visitest Him?” (Heb. ii. 6.)

Listen to the inspired answer to this question !

“JESUS . . . made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour ; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man.” (Heb. ii. 9.)

Praise be to God ! The ruin of *man* is retrieved in *the Son of Man*. The grace of God gave His Son to endure the suffering of death, that He might endure and exhaust the penalty due to sin. God's glory raised him from the dead, and crowned Him in heaven. His redemption work is for every man. None are excluded. Every sinner involved in the ruin may share in the remedy.

See, then, that you do not miss it. Simple faith in Christ secures it. Then He will lift you out of the mire of your sins, and plant your feet upon the rock of redemption. You will be
 SAVED. F. B. H.

“Not Fit to Meet God.”

“**I** HAVE made a study of different religions, of Mohammed, Confucius, Buddha, and others, but the tracts you gave me remind me that, with all my sins, I am *not fit to meet God.*”

So said a man in the California mountains to a servant of Christ, as he was driving his Gospel waggon out of the town of Sierraville.

There are many besides this man, who take for granted that peace of soul is to be found in the belief of some creed, the observance of some religion. Naturally, they desire to know which is the best religion to follow. So they set about examining the various conflicting creeds. They may find excellent moral maxims, as, for instance, in Confucianism. They may find conspicuous examples of unselfishness and devotedness, as in Buddhism. They may find earnestness to the point of fanaticism, as in Mohammedanism. But there is one thing for which they search all these religious systems in vain.

What is this one thing that is lacking? It is the knowledge of *how a wretched sinner may be made fit to meet a supremely holy God.*

In Christianity, however, this knowledge is to be found. Yet Christianity, as a mere religion, no more satisfies the need of the soul

than Buddhism, or any other system. There are many, who profess Christianity, who are as far from being truly satisfied as any deluded pagan.

It is not the belief of a creed, however correct, but *faith in a living Person*, that is the way of blessing. Religion, that is the mere outward expression of a creed, is no saviour. *Christ* alone can save.

Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, have lived their lives, hundreds of years ago, and are *dead*. But Christ is not dead! True, He laid down His life upon the Cross. He suffered and died for sinners. But His resurrection is a great fact. He *lives* to-day. And it is to this living Saviour you are invited to come.

On the ground of His atoning work God can blot out all your sins from under His holy eye, and thus make you fit for His own presence. Do not let another hour go by without putting your trust in the Saviour of His providing.

H. P. B.

The Conquering Word.

UPON the urgent request of a friend, a gay, splendour-loving lady in Geneva, Claudine Levet, resolved once to listen to a Gospel preacher. She sat immediately in front of him, with an air of contempt; but as he preached Christ the expression of her face

changed. When he closed, she asked, "How do you know what you said is true?"

"It is written here," he replied.

"Give me the Book," she said.

She took the Bible, went home and ordered that no one should disturb her, and remained locked in her room for three days. She came from that room a happy, decided Christian. Her aristocratic friends lamented that she was lost to them; she no longer cared for festivities, fashionable garments, and pleasures, but was continually visiting the poor and the sick, and reading the Bible.

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A few years ago there was a prize-fighter in England, strong as a giant, a rough and dreaded man. A few words from the Bible struck him like a thunderbolt, and made him a new man. A short time after he was met by a rival, who, having heard that he had become a Christian, mockingly challenged him to a fight, striking him in the face so hard that the blood gushed. He wiped off the blood, and said calmly, "If I did not know the Bible, I would have beaten you to death. I forgive you, and will not fight with you."

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There lies in a hospital a man in his prime, who formerly was very active and travelled a great deal, but for years has been incurably paralysed, so that he can move only his head and his hands, and often suffers intense pain.

A cheerless and hopeless existence, you will probably think. No; he has his Bible, and writes, "Not only the days, but the nights are too short to thank God with shouting and tears for all He gives me in His Word."

* * *

Reader, has the Word of God ever reached you? You neglect it at your peril. Receive its truth into your heart, and you will be blessed for time and eternity. They speak of the Lord Jesus as a Saviour. God offers you salvation in them. ANON.

Peace ! Peace ! Peace !

THE world dreams of peace. Crushed by the ever-increasing burden of enormous navies and armies, enslaved by the chains of commerce, enervated by the luxurious habits of the age, aspirations for peace are ever increasing in volume and force. Men want to be happy and prosperous—*without God*. Nothing must hinder the world's progress till the poorest shall have plenty, and man, by his own efforts, shall have gained the millenium.

Universal peace, we are told, is in sight. The world is about to enter upon its greatest and brightest epoch. God and His Christ are forgotten.

A great Peace Parliament is proposed for

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1913. A New York newspaper wants the great congress to be held in that city. It says :

"This city alone is able to afford ample and elegant accommodation to the 2,500 distinguished men, who make up the parliaments of the world. It is one of the great cities of the world. It is the metropolis and representative city of a nation consecrated to peace. If the representative bodies of New York, its great organisations, its statesmen, its publicists, its newspapers, and its people would ask Congress to extend the invitation for 1913, Congress would not fail to do so. The invitation would, in all human probability, be accepted in full and hearty spirit by the parliaments of the world. The cost of a single battleship would pay ten times over the entire cost of the vast occasion. America's greatest city would play the host to the greatest and noblest assembly ever gathered in the history of the human race. And the cause of universal peace would be advanced from a beautiful promise of the century to a glowing realisation of the decade in which we live."

All this is but the rapid fulfilment under our very eyes of the prophecy of an old book. It prophesies not only the world's *dream*, but the world's *disillusion*. We read in 1 Thess. v. 3 :

"When they shall say, Peace and safety ;
then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as
travail upon a woman with child ; and they
shall not escape."

"*Sudden destruction* " will come. Swift will be the blow—"a bolt out of the blue." How graphic is the simile of the old book—"as *travail upon a woman with child*."

Yes, the world dreams of peace. But the angry roar of cannon on land, the sullen booming of guns from the decks of quivering Dreadnoughts, the dropping of bombs from aeroplanes, will wake it up from its dream in a

fool's paradise. Even now one can hear, not only on the surface the cry of frightened humanity for peace, but *underneath* the surface the mutterings of the coming storm. Indeed, 1913 is already called "the fateful year" in a sinister sense.

But suppose peace did reign, what would it be? Peace between nations at most. Peace for time at best. Men would still *die*. The death-rattle would still be heard in the solemn death-chambers of palace and hovel. Death, king of terrors and terror of kings, would still strike when least expected and least wanted.

And suppose your turn came, and you were hurried off. What would the world's peace be to you? Nothing! Whether summer smiles or winter frowns, whether peace and prosperity reign, or war and pestilence decimate the land, matters nothing to the dead. Nay, I ask a deeper question, one of vital eternal interest to you: *Have you peace WITH GOD?*

Do not shake off the question! Whether you like it or not, it will soon have to be faced. For, listen! God waits to be gracious. The intensity of His desire to meet you thus is witnessed at Calvary.

Says the New York journalist, "*The cost of a single battleship would pay ten times over the cost of the vast occasion.*" But what did it cost God to offer us salvation?

"God . . . spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." (Rom. viii. 32.)

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And what did it cost the Lord Jesus to carry out God's will for our salvation ?

He ". . . made peace through the blood of His cross." (Col. i. 20.)

What a cost ! No words can faintly express the infinite cost of *peace* with God. When once this story lays hold of the heart, it bows the sinner at the feet of the Lord Jesus, there to hear His words of pardon and love ; and then, once tasted, henceforth redeeming love will be his theme.

It was thus with Adoniram Judson. When that devoted missionary on his return to his native land, shattered in health by imprisonment and thirty years of work in Burmah, was announced to address a meeting, an enormous multitude of people flocked to hear him.

Worn and haggard he rose, and amid breathless silence spoke for about fifteen minutes of "the precious Saviour, who had so loved us, done so much for us, and to whom we owe our all."

On the way home the friend on whose arm he leaned said : "I fear, Mr. Judson, the people were much disappointed. They expected to hear you speak of something else."

"What else did they want ? I tried, to the best of my ability, to speak of the most interesting subject in the world."

"But they wanted a story."

"Well," said Judson, "I gave them the most thrilling story I know."

"Yes ; but they expected something new from a man just come from the Antipodes."

"Then I am glad they will have to say that a man from the Antipodes had nothing better to tell them than the story of the love of Jesus."

Friend, was ever tribute more touching? Would that you knew this thrilling story in your soul.

The world will yet get peace. There will yet be a millenium. But it will come through trouble first, and it will come through the Lord Jesus. Then, and not till then, "*they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks.*" (Isa. ii. 4.)

And just in the same way *peace WITH GOD* for you will be through trouble first. Sin is a reality.

The cross and suffering of Christ were realities. Once the truth of these things lays hold of us there is repentance, sorrow for sin, self-judgment in God's holy presence. We then learn that *peace* comes not through self-effort, reformation, and the like, but through the Lord Jesus. He "*made peace through the blood of His cross.*" (Col. i. 20.) Believers can say, He "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore, being justified by *faith*, we have *peace WITH GOD* through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. iv. 25, v. 1.)

Mark the terms—"BY *faith*," "THROUGH

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our Lord Jesus Christ." Will you accept God's terms?

Accept them, and eternal blessing is yours. Refuse them, and nothing but eternal judgment awaits you.

Reader, *have you PEACE WITH GOD?*

A. J. P.

Converted at a Bradford Street Corner.

STEPPING from a car, in the city of Bradford, one Sunday evening, a young man noticed a crowd of people gathered at some distance down a short street.

Running towards the spot, he was disappointed to find nothing exciting, as he had supposed, but an open-air gospel meeting. Instead of some worldly excitement, the story of God's redeeming love to sinners was being told out.

It was an old, old story, and no doubt the young man had heard it often. It was not the sort of thing that he was interested in, however, and he turned away with an exclamation of disappointment.

But an unaccountable feeling caused him to turn back to the spot where the meeting was held.

One of the helpers, noticing him, ventured to ask him if he was a Christian.

"No," said our friend, bluntly and honestly.

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But there was a tremor of the lip, and a moistening of the eye, that told its own tale. The Spirit of God had aimed a well-directed shaft at the young man's heart and conscience, and a *desire* had been awakened within him to be "right with God."

Another of the helpers joined them, and opening his Bible at Romans x., read the golden words of the ninth verse. This is how they run:

"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."

In order to show how personal application of these wonderful words must be made by everyone who seeks the blessing of which they speak, the Christian worker asked the young man to read the verse with his own name inserted instead of the twice-repeated "thou." So he read as follows:

"If A—— B—— shall confess with his mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in his heart that God hath raised him from the dead, A—— B—— shall be saved."

It proved to be the means of the young man's salvation. And if we place the record of this conversion at the street corner before you, reader, it is with the earnest desire that you may make a personal application of the words of Romans x. 9 to yourself. You are entitled to do so.

If *you* take your stand upon this verse, and take the blessed One of whom it speaks as your

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Saviour, you will never regret it. Such a step will have joyful results that will reach right away into eternity. It will mean for you salvation, and a share in the “unsearchable riches of Christ.”

H. U.

“Wait and See!”

WHEN the British Prime Minister was recently asked a question, which he either did not wish to answer, or which he thought it impolitic to answer, he replied in the words, which have now become historic, “*Wait and see.*”

There was doubtless much worldly wisdom in the course he adopted; but in matters of a higher nature we are warned that God’s ways and God’s thoughts are not as our ways and our thoughts. (See Isa. lv. 8, 9.)

Hence we need not be surprised to find that God’s direction is entirely contrary to the advice given by the present Prime Minister. God bids us come to Him *at once*, and ask of Him *at once* for salvation. “*To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.*” (Heb. iii. 7, 8.) “*Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live.*” (Isa. lv. 3.) “*Look unto Me, and be ye saved.*” (Isa. xlv. 22.) “*As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever*

believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.” (*John iii. 14, 15.*)

If we disregard God’s word, and refuse to come to Him in and through the Lord Jesus, the time will come when His invitation will be withdrawn, and then, instead of being reconciled to God through His dear Son, we shall experience the awful consequences of unbelief.

Now God waits to be gracious (*see Isa. xxx. 18*), that he may have mercy upon you, therefore wait upon Him now that you may be blessed. “Wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee.” (*Prov. xx. 22.*) “Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.” (*Psa. xxvii. 14.*)

When the Premier said “*Wait and see!*” he wished it to be understood that he had no intention of giving an immediate answer. When God says “*Wait on Me,*” He intends us to understand that He will give us an expected answer. (*See Jer. xxix. 11.*) The five foolish virgins waited to see what would happen, and their folly lost them happiness for ever. The Psalmist writes, “I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.” (*Psa. xxxiv. 4.*) Yea, He has “delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.” (*Psa. cxvi. 8.*)

“Hear, and your soul shall live.” (*Isa. lv. 3.*)

P. I. B.

Two Coronation Days: Past and Future.

ONE of the most important events in the annals of British history took place on June 22. It is almost beyond words to do justice to a description of the magnificence and splendour of the Coronation of King George the Fifth. The season was one of a brilliance unequalled in the past, when countless multitudes of every race and creed and colour, knit into one people by the bond of common sovereignty, paid glad homage the world over to their monarch.

The King was presented to the assembled people, and the crown was placed upon his head, because he was the rightful heir. Invested with the royal robe His Majesty took his place upon the throne of his ancestors, and, with one heart and one voice, his people crowned him king.

In thinking of this ceremony, our minds are turned to another scene, yet future, when the Lord Jesus Christ will be crowned as the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. When He was upon this earth, men cast a slur upon His blessed name and cried out: "*We will not have this Man to reign over us.*" They made it known that they would have no king but Cæsar. They did not want Him, and they would not have Him. The Lord Jesus Christ was the most

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despised amongst men, but "*God . . . hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow . . . and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.*" (Phil. ii. 9-11.)

He came from heaven's brightest glory to voice the love of God amongst men, and, in order to fully express the heart of God, He went down into death. He has died, "*the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.*" (I Peter iii. 18.)

All the judgment due to sin has been met, and so thoroughly has He satisfied the claims of divine justice that God has raised Him from amongst the dead. Amid the acclamations of angelic hosts, He has risen to that seat of supremacy, which He now occupies in the heavens. He is there as a Prince and a Saviour. A Prince—because very soon He will take up the government of His kingdom, and "*He shall have dominion . . . from the river unto the ends of the earth.*" (Psa. lxxii. 8.) The knowledge of His glory shall also fill the earth as the waters cover the sea.

To-day He is a Saviour. His salvation is offered to the guiltiest person on the earth. None are too vile for the Saviour. Satan is the god and prince of this age, but the Lord Jesus is gathering a people to Himself, and very soon they shall share in His glory. From all parts of the world they shall gather—one glorious

company to ascribe praise to Him who is so worthy.

I would ask you, reader, will you be in that company? If you turn to the Saviour for the forgiveness of your sins now, you shall decidedly be there, but if you refuse to bow the knee in the day of His grace you will be banished from His presence for ever. I beseech you to trust the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour, and then you will take part in *the great Coronation* which is yet to come. C. S. R.

“Grace Abounding;” or, The Murderer’s Conversion.

“**G**RACE ABOUNDING” is the title of one of John Bunyan’s best-known works. The title is doubtless suggested by the verse, “*Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.*” (Rom. v. 20.) Yes, it is blessedly true that there is no sin—murder, theft, lying, uncleanness—God cannot and does not forgive the repentant sinner.

God forgave David, adulterer and murderer. The Lord blessed the dying thief at His side. Thank God for it. No sooner were Cain’s hands imbued in the blood of his brother than God pointed him to the sin-offering crouching at the very door—a lamb ready for sacrifice. It is not only “grace abounding,” but “grace

much more abounding." The thought of it has brought many a vile sinner in repentance to God.

A tall, dark man, the subject of our story, was sitting gloomily in his cell. Two warders watched him night and day to prevent the possibility of escape, or weapon or poison being brought to him by such visitors as the local magistrates allowed to visit him. Some months previously this man, living then in a small South African town, had cruelly murdered his wife in order to marry one of his shop assistants.

In the town where the crime had been committed public feeling had run very high, consequently it was considered advisable by the authorities to remove him to another town—a hundred miles or so away—so that the jury might not be influenced by local feeling. However, the case was clear, and the wretched man was condemned to death.

A friend of the writer happened to be in the town, holding some gospel meetings. He was asked to visit the murderer in the condemned cell. Application was made to the magistrate. The man himself desired an interview. Leave was granted. Six times during the last two weeks of his life my friend had the great privilege of putting the gospel before him. Apparently he drank in the message of grace with great eagerness.

However, it came to my friend's knowledge

that the murderer was stoutly affirming his innocence, and he felt very pressed to put it plainly before him that there was no salvation for him, if he persisted in going into God's presence with a lie upon his lips. "*He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso CONFESSETH and forsaketh them shall have mercy.*" (*Prov. xxviii. 13.*)

The condemned man was taken aback, and energetically resisted the line my friend was led to take.

"You cannot prove that from the Bible," said he.

"Indeed," my friend replied, "what about King David upon his throne? He had committed a crime almost identical with that for which you have been found guilty. Not only did he confess his sin to God, but he was obliged to write down a full confession in Psalm li. for the meanest subject of his kingdom to read, a confession which has been read by millions of people in succeeding generations."

The murderer still refused to admit his guilt. My friend pleaded with him without avail. At length he solemnly warned him against going into God's presence with a lie upon his lips, and left the town six days before the execution, with little hope of his salvation, though he heard afterwards that he had made a confession.

* * * *

Nearly two years later my friend contracted enteric fever—that scourge of South Africa.

Whilst lying in hospital in Johannesburg he got into conversation with a young carpenter in the next bed but one to him. It transpired that he had been in G—— at the time of the murder trial. When my friend told him that he had visited the condemned man six times, the interesting fact was elicited that this young carpenter had been lodging with a friend, also a carpenter, who had actually erected the gallows, and who told him that the guilty man had made a full confession of his crime, and that the night before the execution he had handed him a book, which he said had been used to his conversion, in which he had marked the articles that had particularly arrested his attention and helped him.

It at once occurred to my friend that this might be a book entitled “*The Journey and Its End*,”* given by him to the prisoner, and which, according to the jailer’s report, he had read very diligently. This proved to be the case, the young carpenter identifying the book, and pointing out the articles, which had been marked by the condemned man.

Thus after two years God allowed my friend to have the joy of knowing that when the spoken message apparently had failed to reach the condemned man, He had used the printed page in bringing blessing to his soul.

God’s ways are truly wonderful. His grace

* To be had of the publishers of GOSPEL TIDINGS.

is unbounded. Even the repentant murderer may be sure that God will not refuse his cry for mercy. If he turns in simple faith to the Saviour, who died on the Cross of Calvary, salvation will be his. Was not the very first trophy of the cross a thief, considered by his fellow men not fit to live?

Reader, if unsaved, you are in as much need of mercy as this poor murderer was. Will you not be warned in time? Turn to the Lord: He alone can save. He says, "*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*" (John vi. 37.) May God's "grace abounding" touch your heart, and bring you before Him in true repentance and faith.

A. J. P.

A Mind-Reading Machine.

MR. JOHN GRAY, the treasurer of the Royal Anthropological Institute, describes, in a recent number of a scientific magazine, a machine invented by him, and capable, it is said, of measuring people's motives and analysing their character.

In spite of the marvellous nature of the inventions of the last fifty years, we certainly do not take the story of this latest invention too seriously. But *suppose* that it were true. Suppose that the machine were really able to reveal your motives and intentions, and to analyse your character, so that all might know

what is in your mind and heart ! Is there one of us that would care for such an exposure ?

If the reported invention of a mind-reading machine must be received with a good deal of scepticism, it is nevertheless true that your motives and most secret thoughts and wishes are known, and your character revealed, in the Word of Him, who knows all about you. And in the day of judgment the *secrets* of the heart and mind will be brought to light, and will receive their due retribution. (*See Rom. ii. 16.*)

This adds great seriousness to the thought of the judgment day. And it will indeed be a terrible occasion for the unconverted sinner, when all the wicked workings of his mind, as well as his idle words and sinful actions, are marshalled before his vision in awful array, and when God will deal with him accordingly, in strict righteousness.

In view of this, God in grace has sent glad tidings to us, telling us that all our sins may be removed from His sight by the precious blood of Christ. Sins of thought and motive, sins of word and deed may all be cleansed, so that God will remember them no more. (*See Heb. x. 17.*)

This becomes true of every sinner, who flees to Christ for refuge, and puts his confidence in Him. In this way the sinner is *saved*, and his mind is *renewed*. (*See Rom. xii. 2.*) Will you not seek this priceless blessing while opportunity remains?

H. P. B.

Gideon's Fleece.

SOME years ago I visited the city of San Francisco. While there I had several opportunities of preaching the gospel in the city prisons and in the streets.

One Sunday afternoon a friend, who knew the city well, suggested that we should go to a small open square at the entrance of what was then known as Chinatown, a place where most of the Chinese inhabitants of the city live. We found the square well filled with a motley crowd of people, composed of many nationalities, sitting or lounging in the sun.

Beginning our service by singing a hymn, we soon gathered a goodly number around us. I read Mark x. 13-15, dwelling particularly on the 15th verse: "*Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein,*" from which I tried to show how simply one must receive the truth, and that neither prayers nor tears, nor works nor money, can purchase salvation nor make one fit to enter heaven; but that the Lord Jesus by His atoning work on Calvary's Cross has fully satisfied God as to the question of sin, and cleared the way for Him to offer forgiveness and salvation righteously to all; that the precious blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin; and that all God required on

our part was the simple faith of a little child, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, and receive through faith in Him the proffered gift of God's mercy.

When I had finished speaking, a fine, strong man in the prime of life said, "I have some questions to ask you, if you will answer them." He seemed deeply affected and much in earnest. He said, "Do you remember the story of Gideon, and how he tested God's power by first placing a fleece on the floor, and asking God that it should be wet by the dew, but all the ground around it remain dry, and when God had given him this sign, then asking Him that he might test Him again by making the dew fall on the ground and not on the fleece?" I told him that I remembered it well.

"Then," said he, "why have not I as much right as Gideon had to ask a sign of God?"

I said, "What would you ask God to do?"

To this he answered: "I was once a rich man, as many of these people can tell you. I had a wife and home, and all that heart could desire. I have lost them all. What I would ask of God is that He would restore me my money again, and then perhaps I would be prepared to accept as true what the Bible tells me about Him."

I said to him, "I fear you would be much offended, if I were to tell you what I thought of the man, who dared to make such a proposition to God." He assured me he would not.

“ Well, then,” I said, “ I consider you are the most impudent man I have ever met.” He seemed, in spite of his assurance to the contrary, very much taken aback and offended, but finally said, “ What do you mean ? ”

I replied, “ Simply this. See how your proposed bargain with God appears, when examined carefully. You are but a very small atom in God’s creation, yet you deliberately refuse to accept that which He offers you : refuse with scorn and contempt the most precious gift that the Maker of the universe can give. In effect, to all His offers of mercy you say, ‘ I will not accept Your favours ; I esteem them of no value to me, but I will tell You what I will do. On condition that You give me what I want, then I will consider accepting what You offer me ; but if You refuse to give me what I want, then I do not desire, nor will I accept, any favours from You.’ ”

When I had finished he seemed much subdued, and quietly said, “ Can you tell me, then, why God has taken away all that I prized so much ? ”

“ According to your own story,” I said, “ when you had everything your heart desired, you forgot God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and never thought of nor desired the eternal riches that He offered you without money and without price. It may have been that in His mercy and goodness He saw that, if He left you to your devices, you would, like

the rich man in the Scripture, die, and in hell would lift up your eyes, being in torment; and lest this should happen He mercifully took away those things that were blinding you to your eternal welfare, and gave you the opportunity of not only experiencing the uncertainty of earthly joys and riches, which take to themselves wings and flee away, but the unspeakable privilege of accepting the heavenly joys and riches which endure for ever."

This ended our conversation, which was listened to intently by a large number, who had gathered round us. My friend held out his hand, and, with tears in his eyes, thanked me and bade me farewell.

And now, reader, what can I say to you, except to ask you what is your heart set upon?

Oh! let me affectionately entreat you—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

(Matt. vi. 19, 20.) But remember the first step taken in that road is to own that you are a poor bankrupt sinner, and receive the Lord Jesus as your Saviour. If you do not take this first step you cannot take a second. H. F.

Friends that Fail.

POETS in all ages have sung the praises of friendship, and prose writers have never tired of extolling the virtues thereof, but it has remained for a public entertainer of our day to depict his "friends" upon his bank cheques.

We are told that "his specially designed cheques bore the words 'The Great Lafayette' in large letters. 'Beauty'—his dog—was depicted on them sitting beside bags of gold, with the inscription 'My Two Best Friends.' His amazing affection for his dog is said to date—with what truth cannot be known, for he never revealed his secrets—from a bitter experience in courtship in his early days. At all events, he affected to consider men and women as of infinitely less value than his animal pets."

It is not the province of the writer to sit in judgment upon "Lafayette," but it is open to the writer to warn all, who may read his words, that if they have no better "friends" than those illustrated on "Lafayette's" cheque they are in a very sad and dangerous condition.

One of "Lafayette's" "friends"—his dog "Beauty"—died a few days before the accident, which ended the entertainer's life, occurred,

and the other "friend" was hidden away in the vaults of his banker, and could render him no assistance at the critical moment. A friend needs to be at hand when one is in distress and difficulty, and there is such an One. "*There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*" (Prov. xviii. 24.) "*The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.*" (Psa. cxlv. 18.)

The dog "Beauty" could not help its master at the fatal fire, for the poor thing was dead, but the Friend of whom we speak and know liveth for ever, and whosoever believeth in Him shall not see death, for such have passed from death unto life. The bags of gold stored away in the bank could not rescue "Lafayette" from the devouring flames, nor can they deliver any. God says "*neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath; but the whole land shall be devoured by the fire of His jealousy: for He shall make even a speedy riddance of all them that dwell in the land.*" (Zeph. i. 18.) These are solemn words, but they are true. "*The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.*" (2 Pet. iii. 10.)

This day is approaching, and there is but one means of escape from the fire of God's wrath. Be warned "*to flee from the wrath to come.*" (Matt. iii. 7.) Flee for your life to the Lord Jesus. He is the true and the tried

Friend. If you turn to Him, and seek Him with all your heart, you shall find Him. (*See Jer. xxix. 13.*) This is God's command, and it is at your peril, if you refuse to obey Him.

P. I. B.

The Coming of the Angels.

RUSKIN, speaking one day in Manchester to an audience of manufacturers and millowners, said :

"Gentlemen, the Parthenon is a ruin on its rock; what right have you to think that these mills shall go on for ever?"

A pertinent question this, for men nowadays seem to think that things around them are established on a basis more or less permanent, and that they are safe from all fear of radical change.

If we take the Word of God as our guide, however, we shall see that real stability exists only in imagination. The world of the twentieth century is slumbering on the crust of a volcano. I do not refer to the probable success of Socialism, nor to the possibility of an Anglo-German war, nor to what has been called the Yellow Peril. All these are as nothing compared with the tremendous event, which, those who read and believe their Bibles, know to be approaching.

I refer to the personal coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ to assume the reins of government, and to put down everything in the world that is contrary to Him. Again and again we read in the Scriptures of this now imminent event.

At the appearing of Christ He will be attended by His mighty angels. (*See 2 Thess. i. 7.*) These angels, who excel in strength (*see Psa. ciii. 20*), will lay hands on everything obnoxious to their Lord and King, and on all who do iniquity. (*See Matt. xiii. 41.*) Fearful will be the fate of those, who shall be arrested by these puissant beings. The swindler, the drunkard, the profligate, the blasphemer, the lover of sin, will all be suddenly laid hold of by their potent grip. No resistance will avail. No escape will be possible.

What about the mills of Manchester in that day? How many of the millowners, foremen, and operatives will feel the mighty angelic grip upon their shoulder? And what of the towns, cities, and villages of this favoured land? Upon how many of the inhabitants will the arresting hand be laid? How many workers of iniquity will find themselves shivering in the relentless grasp of those stern executors of *justice*?

Justice! Yes, that will be the word. *Injustice* has stalked unchecked for many a long century, but the time for strict *justice* will come. Do

you relish the thought, reader? How would your life appear, if scrutinised by the eye of absolute justice? What sentence would be passed upon you by its lips?

Do you shudder, and hint that a change of subject would be welcome? Let me then tell you something that is well worth hearing.

He, who will come with the mighty angels to take vengeance on the doers of evil, offers Himself to you to-day as a Saviour. Moved with compassion, He gave Himself up to suffering and death to make atonement for sinners. Through the shedding of His blood pardon has been made available for such as you. You have but to flee to Him for refuge.

He is the Shelter from the coming storm; *He* is the Haven in which you may hide from the hurricane of wrath that will burst upon the world. Make no excuse, but submit your case to Him. "*Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.*" (Psa. ii. 12.)

He will save you, and make you His own, and will remove you from the earth before He comes to take vengeance.

Do not think I am giving the rein to speculation or indulging in a pleasant dream. I speak the words of sober truth. The Scriptures emphatically teach us that before the Lord comes to execute judgment on the ungodly, He will come for those who are His, whether alive or in their graves. He will translate them to heaven, and make them supremely happy in

His presence. This we learn from 1 Thess. iv. 14-18.

Is not this worth going in for? How you will chide yourself for your folly if you miss it!

H. P. B.

None Admitted Unwashed.

WE had been travelling all day long through a large city giving out tracts, those silent messengers of God's love, from door to door. At last we came to the large Soldiers' Home, situated on a high hill overlooking the glassy surface of old Lake Erie. Being quite tired we decided to stroll through this last earthly home of their country's defenders; so under the leadership of an old veteran we were soon on our way examining every little nook and corner, and besieging our guide with many questions.

Starting at the large airy bedrooms, our guide informed us that every man had to have his own bed made and room straightened before nine o'clock in the morning. Thence he led us through the sitting-room, parlour, and kitchen, until at last we came to the most interesting room of all—the laundry and huge clothes-press.

"Here," our guide said, "is where each man is brought as soon as he sets foot in this

building, and given a good wash and a suit of soldier's clothes."

"Oh!" we replied; "then there are none admitted here without first being *washed*! What a striking picture of the Kingdom of God! There are none admitted there without first having their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb."

Yes, dear reader, washed, not with water, remember, but with the precious blood of Christ. Redeemed, brought nigh, reconciled, all by that same blood which Jesus shed at Calvary's cross for poor fallen man. Washed clean, made whiter than snow, made fit to enter into the very presence of a thrice-holy God, all through the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. He "*was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.*" (Rom. iv. 25.)

Dear reader, one question. Have *you* been washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you realise that man is a fallen, ruined creature, alienated from God by wicked works? Have you ever honestly owned the sentence of God's Holy Word as to *your own* guilt and ruin? That "*out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: these are the things that defile a man.*" (Matt. xv. 19, 20.) Have you?

Ponder well these words from God's unerring Word: "*It is appointed unto men once to die, but AFTER THIS the JUDGMENT.*"

(*Heb. ix. 27.*) As soon as man became a sinner, the divine decree of death was enforced. Death is in our midst continually. Every tick of the clock ushers hundreds of souls into eternity. But, thanks be unto God, He has not left us without an escape from the "wrath to come." "*For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" (*John iii. 16.*) How sweet! What love divine!

With all earnestness, with all love for your soul, let me ask you, Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour? Not believe *about* Him, many do that and are lost for ever, but do you believe *on* Him as your own personal Saviour, as the Saviour of sinners, as the One who fully satisfied God's righteous demands, when He cried "*It is finished*"? If you have faith in Him, then you may know that He has put all your sins away, "as far as the east is from the west," and you can sing, "*Unto Him that loved us, and WASHED us from our sins in His own blood, . . . to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.*" (*Rev. i. 5, 6.*)

Reader, do not rest till you can say you are washed in the blood of Jesus, saved by His precious death. Short of this you are lost. "*Without shedding of blood is no remission*" (*Heb. ix. 22*), is the plain declaration of God's Word. Go by the Book. Your own theories will not avail you in the hour of death. F. B. T.

“I’ll no Kill.”

THERE was an ungodly man in the city of E——. Twice had he been thrown from his van, sustaining very serious injuries, but he speedily recovered, and boasted, “*I’ll no kill.*” His time, however, came, and killed he was in spite of his boasts of a charmed life.

A few weeks ago, at a holiday season when the public-houses were closed, his wife locked their house to prevent his getting more drink. Wandering about with his ungodly companions, he determined to enter his house by a ladder, and having procured one he mounted it with a volley of imprecations and oaths. Just as his foot touched the topmost bar he overbalanced himself, was thrown down to the bottom, and instantly killed by being impaled upon an iron railing below.

Such was the sad and sudden call of one, who had lived an ungodly life, and it recalls that verse in Proverbs xxix. 1: “He, that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”

Does God not speak in incidents like these? Has He not a voice for you in the death of this man? One moment in life uttering oaths, the next ushered into eternity. And, oh!

what an eternity! Have you ever sat down and solemnly thought of your future? How will you meet God should death come as suddenly to you as it came to that man? Are you prepared to meet God? Should you be called out of time into eternity will it be an eternity of blessedness with the Lord, or of misery with the devil in hell? These are solemn questions, questions of the deepest moment to your soul. Don't push them aside. You may not be an ungodly swearing person, but unless you are born again you are in God's sight on the same platform—unsaved, and, if unsaved, lost!

Let the solemn warning of the impaled man be a warning to you. How often have you had the gospel message sounded in your ears? How often have you rejected its warnings and slighted its appeals? Where, oh! where will you spend your eternity, if you continue to reject God's offer of salvation through the blood of Jesus? Is this your last warning? For remember "he that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." C. S. R.

Try Him with a Text.

"**W**HAT'S wrong with you now? I thought you were all right," said a young fellow, himself rejoicing in the Saviour, to another, who a few nights previously had

trusted the Lord Jesus, but was assailed by doubts and fears. "What's wrong with you now?"

"Man, I'm not right yet," replied the other, "for Satan is always tempting me."

"And what do you do then?" inquired his friend.

"I try," said he "to sing a hymn."

"And does that not send him away?"

"No, I am as bad as ever."

"Well," said the other, "when he tempts you again *try him with a text*. He cannot stand that."

What splendid advice! How many of us have found out that Satan cannot stand a text.

For instance, how simple and dogmatic is the statement, which is addressed to every believer on the Lord Jesus, "*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.)

Equally plain and simple, inexpressibly precious and absolutely reliable are the words that fell from the lips of the Lord Jesus Himself: "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, HATH EVERLASTING LIFE, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.*" (John v. 24.)

But every word of Scripture is just as reliable as the words that fell from the lips of the Saviour Himself, for the simple reason that

"*ALL SCRIPTURE is given by inspiration of God.*" It all comes from His heart of love.

So equally reliable are the plain words in 1 John v. 13, "*These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God ; that ye may KNOW that ye HAVE eternal life.*"

No wonder that the Scriptures are the special object of Satan's malignity. By *open* infidelity of the Charles Bradlaugh and Colonel Ingersoll type, or by *veiled* infidelity of the Higher Criticism type, Satan has laboured night and day to undermine the Scriptures. The vigour and perseverance of the attack, lasting now for many centuries, proclaim, against the wishes of the attackers, the colossal magnitude of their task. It is a hopeless task. Great is the truth, and it will prevail. "*We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.*" (2 Cor. xiii. 8.) Men, alas! may be ruined by believing the devil's lie; but truth remains, as much beyond the fury and reach of men as the sun in the heavens.

To sing a hymn to overcome Satan is about as sensible as the boy whistling in the churchyard at midnight to keep his spirits up, save in the measure that we know the hymn is founded on the truth of Scripture. But better still, try him with a text of Scripture! "*Try him with a text.*" Why, that is testing him by God Himself! Begone all doubts and fears as to our salvation, if we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. As believers we have the Word of God to pillow our faith upon. God help us to cleave to His Word.

A. J. P.

“So Teach Us to Number Our Days.”

I ONCE read a thrilling story of a man, called Vincengo, imprisoned in one of the grim prisons of the Inquisition. Looking round his cell, he saw eight high windows heavily barred. Climbing up, he could see the sun's last rays shining on the fair city of Seville. Poor captive! none approached him. By and by he heard a rough grating sound, and, through a mysterious opening in the wall, food and drink appeared, the aperture closing quickly.

In the morning a surprise awaited him. In place of eight windows there were now but seven. One had disappeared. Again and again he counted them with the same result. There could be no mistake.

Food was supplied as before, and the weary day wore slowly to its close. Once more he gazed upon the sunset. Another day dawned, and there was a window less. So it went on, the cell growing gradually smaller, the windows vanishing. At last but one remained. When that was gone, thick darkness surrounded and appalled the captive. A bier and coffin rose from the ground. A pit of fire yawned at his feet. Somewhere in the blackness a great bell clanged his doom. The walls were fast closing in.

Hark! there are voices without, the tramp of many feet is heard. The machinery stops.

The soldiers have come. His deliverers have arrived just in the nick of time. Vincengo's life is spared. He is delivered from the dreadful "iron shroud."

Is not this like life? Even as the windows disappeared from sight, so do our days pass from us each evening. We look on the sunset of a day that will never return. Then comes the close. Is there only darkness—the coffin—the grave? Is the thought of our sins crushing us? The power of Satan overwhelming us?

Be not afraid. The loving Saviour is near. His voice is speaking to us. Light shines in. Christ is mighty to save. Through His love and His most precious blood we can be delivered from our terrible position as sinners, and enter into "joy and peace in believing."
"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

A. G.

The Unopened Letter.

AN extraordinary instance of how small a matter sometimes makes the difference between life and death is related in an Austrian paper in an article on the death of the late King Alexander, of Servia.

On the afternoon of the tragedy, a servant

brought a letter to the Minister of War from one of his friends, containing details of the plot to assassinate the King, and the names of those concerned in it. He was about to open the letter when something demanded his attention, and he put the letter in his pocket, and forgot all about it. The Minister, who was one of those remaining faithful to the King, was killed at the same time as his master, and the letter was found in his pocket by the conspirators, still unopened.

If the Minister's attention had not been diverted to some comparatively trivial matter just at the crucial moment, the letter would have been opened, the plot discovered, and in all probability King Alexander would have been still upon the throne of Servia. His death, and that of his Queen and many of their servants, may be said to have been the direct result of the letter of warning being unopened and forgotten.

Will you believe me if I assure you that this terrible tragedy may possibly be repeated, with details far more awful, and that *you* may be one of the victims, and that it will probably be the result of an unopened and forgotten message?

Of course I refer to the fate that irrevocably awaits the unrepentant and unbelieving sinner. *Sin is of far greater seriousness in the sight of God than it can possibly be in ours.* It is utterly intolerable to Him, and no sinner with his guilt unpurged and unforgiven can be

suffered to abide in His presence. Righteousness demands that sin should be visited with His just displeasure, and the sinner punished with the doom that he deserves.

But God, though so absolute in holiness and inflexible in righteousness, is rich in mercy. His heart is full of tenderest compassion, and He has provided a means of safety. His own Son has stepped into the sinner's place and poured out His blood to make atonement. As a result, free pardon and salvation are offered to all. No works are demanded, simple faith in Christ being sufficient to secure this priceless boon.

Now the Scriptures contain the tidings of this gracious provision. They also bring faithful warnings as to the consequences of remaining without active faith in Christ. How do you treat these gracious messages, these faithful warnings? Is the Bible an unopened book to you? Are its words of mercy forgotten by you?

Let the incident of the unopened letter serve to remind you of the folly of maintaining an attitude of neglect and forgetfulness with regard to God's message of salvation. Open the letter, read your Bible, receive the glad tidings, thank God for His warnings, put your confidence in the Saviour, stake your soul upon the merits of His precious blood, and your future, otherwise dark with the terrors of coming judgment, will be bright with a sure hope of eternal glory.

H. P. B.

Sin and Atheism.

QUITE a company was gathered round the table. A talkative army officer present freely interspersed his conversation with perverted Bible quotations, and remarks that showed he was an Atheist. A bantering remark about God, amounting to an open declaration of his infidelity, fairly roused his hostess.

"You seem to forget the presence of my brother here," she said. "He is a minister of the gospel."

"Oh!" exclaimed the officer, "my friend and I understand each other;" and turning to the young minister with patronising impudence, he said: "Is it not so, sir? Your office requires you to tell the old story, which may do very well for the ignorant to believe, but as a man of culture you cannot put faith in these worn-out doctrines."

The minister eyed his questioner a minute, and then said: "Sir, before answering your question, I must ask you three. You are an Atheist. Such people have always been in the world. One class of these are thinkers, who have speculated and groped until they have fallen into despair, and said, 'There is no God.' Do you belong to that class?"

"No," said the officer, "thinking is not to my taste. I am no philosopher."

The minister went on. "Another class are

those who speak frivolously of God, merely because they learned to do it, where such talk was the fashion. Are you one of them?"

"No, sir," said the officer, slightly reddening; "I am not a blind follower of others."

"There is but one more class of Atheists," quietly continued the minister; "those who have wallowed in sin till they must either expect the horrors of remorse or kill their conscience; and, as the shortest way to get rid of the alternative, they declare, 'There is no God.'"

This time the minister did not ask his question, "Do you belong to that class?" The deep blush on the scoffer's cheek told how truly the arrow shot at a venture had found its mark. Question and answer were needless.

* * *

The Bible confirms the fact that infidelity and gross sin go hand-in-hand. Nearly three thousand years ago the words were written, "*The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are CORRUPT, they have done ABOMINABLE WORKS.*" (Psa. xiv. 1.) God puts sin and atheism together. There is plenty of proof of it. Look at the atheistical republics of South America. Life and limb, morality and virtue are alike disrespected, and the horrible spectacle of men killing themselves, nations wiping themselves out as the direct results of their sins, is what meets the eye.

Atheism may in its dark folly say, "*There is*

no God." There is a God. You are His creature. You are accountable to Him. Have you begun to fear Him?

An atheist may possess much knowledge, he may know much about science, but he has neither *true* knowledge nor wisdom until he has the fear of the Lord before his eyes.

Whatever you may not do, dear friend, I implore you see to it that you get

Right with God,

else everything without exception will turn out wrong, and that for eternity. A. J. P.

Hiding in the Rock.

SOME years ago I was taking leave of an intimate friend of mine, captain of the s.s. "Cadiz." The vessel had just been repaired and painted, and was ready to put to sea.

At the moment of parting, I said to him, "I should be pleased to go with you."

"Come, then, if you wish."

"Oh! it cannot be this time."

So we parted, taking an affectionate leave of each other.

A few days later I read in a newspaper that the s.s. "Cadiz" had gone ashore in a dense fog while entering the Bay of Biscay, and that my friend and two sailors had fared better than the rest of the crew. On seeing the vessel about to go to pieces, they cast themselves into

the sea, and by swimming were able to reach a rock that was situated a short distance from the wreck, from which they were rescued by a passing vessel.

Ponder, reader, on the uncertainty of life. You do not know when you, too, will go. It may be soon. And in that case, are you prepared?

Perhaps you *trust* that all is well, but you should be *sure*. The crew of the s.s. "Cadiz" believed themselves secure, but they were not. The fog deceived the sailors, and they did not see their peril. If only the sun had shone out and dispersed the fog, it would have shown them that they were going to certain death.

The same thing happens now, only in a far more serious way. Many are surrounded with the mists of indifference; while others sail in the midst of unbelief and superstition, and need the divine light to illumine their hearts to reveal to them their peril, and dissipate the darkness in which they are.

These shipwrecked sailors, who saved their lives, left the vessel that was foundering, and took refuge on the rock. The Rock, Christ, is the only place of security. Leave, then, this shipwrecked world—leave it as did the sailors of this narrative their wrecked vessel. Flee from its coming destruction, as Lot fled out of Sodom. "*Escape for thy life.*" Hide thyself in Christ, and thus thou shalt be safe and sure.

Reader, trust in the Rock eternal instead of the bark that is doomed.

C. K.

Awakened Too Late.

HOW many there are engrossed with the pleasures, cares, or miseries of this passing life, but *asleep* to their soul's eternal interests! *Asleep* with the momentous question unsettled, "*Where shall I spend eternity?*"

Is this *your* case, dear reader, as it is of the vast majority of men and women around you?

"*Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men,*" writes the Apostle Paul. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though *God did beseech you* by us: we pray you *in Christ's stead*, be ye reconciled to God." (2 Cor. v. 20.) This is God's attitude to *you*, my reader; all His claims against you as a sinner having been fully met by Christ's death on your behalf, in virtue of which He offers you full and eternal forgiveness of sins, and which will be received by you, if you *as a sinner* turn to Him for it, and trust Him as your Saviour.

Oh! the mad folly of refusing or neglecting that which at once saves from hell, and fits for heaven.

The following sad incident tells of one, who slept thus through mercy's day, and who awoke to its consequences when too late. The daughter of one of the first families in a North of England town lay dying. Grief-stricken parents and friends stood round her bed waiting

for her last breath. What was their consternation when, just before she passed away, she raised herself and said in tones they could never forget, "*I am going to hell.*"

We know nothing of her life. She may have been all that was amiable, and possibly one who had paid strict attention to what are called religious duties, but her dying words proved that she had never trusted Christ as her Saviour, and without *that*, religion is but a blinding delusion—the lamp without the oil.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." (*Psa. xvii. 15.*)

What a contrast is this awakening with that of the one who rejects God's mercy, and who, when this short life is over, awakes to "everlasting shame and contempt."

Your acceptance or rejection of Christ as your Saviour will determine which of these two awakenings will be *yours*, my reader. Which shall it be?

F. A.

Where Are You Going?

WHILST cycling from W—— to preach the Gospel at L——, I overtook a man driving a horse and cart, and called out, "Good afternoon, where are you going?"

He answered, in broad Somerset dialect, "To E——; and where be you a going?"

"To heaven," was my reply.

Greatly astonished, he stopped his horse, stood up in his cart, and said, "You don't understand me, sir. What I asked was, Where be you a going?"

Again I replied, "To heaven."

Looking at me in amazement, he said, "What! be you a going to heaven on a bicycle?"

I assured him that whether on or off my bicycle it really was true that I was on my way to heaven, and then asked him if he could sing these words :

*"My many SINS are ALL forgiven, Hallelujah
to the Lamb,
And I am on my way to heaven, Hallelujah to
the Lamb."*

"No, I couldn't," said he.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because my sins are not forgiven," he replied.

"But wouldn't you like to know that all your sins are forgiven?"

"Indeed I would," he answered.

Opening my Bible I pointed out how that Christ died, the Just for the unjust. That on the Cross He said, "It is finished." Also that the Lord Jesus was raised again for the believer's justification, so that being justified by faith, peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ can be our portion.

I further explained how that through that precious Saviour, who died for our sins, who rose again, and who is now crowned with glory

and honour at God's right hand in heaven, the forgiveness of sins is preached, and "*by Him [JESUS] all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.*" And when I told him that he could, there and then, have the forgiveness of all his sins, have justification and peace with God through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His precious blood—in short, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ—he replied, "I will believe on Him, although it seems too good to be true."

Being time for the Gospel Meeting at L—— to begin I had to say "good-bye," and hurry off to keep my appointment. He resumed his journey, and had anyone else called out, "Where are you going?" through God's grace he could also answer "To heaven."

Beloved reader, WHERE are YQU going? Is it to a never-ending eternity in heaven? or, is it to a never-ending eternity in hell? Oh! delay not, but believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, trust His precious Blood that cleanseth from ALL SIN, and you will be able by God's grace to also sing:

*"My many sins are ALL forgiven, Hallelujah to
the Lamb,
And I AM on my way to heaven, Hallelujah to
the Lamb."*

E. W.

Prepared, yet Unprepared.

AN old man, who was questioned as to his readiness for eternity, replied, "*I have all that prepared. I have everything ready. I have bought a grave, paid for my funeral, and arranged with the priests. Indeed, I have also paid eight musicians to play at my burial. Don't you think it will be beautiful ?*"

"Poor, ignorant old man!" the reader will probably exclaim. And perhaps a shrewd guess will be made that he must have been a Roman Catholic, and certainly could not have been an Englishman, for in this country we do not have musicians at funerals.

But even in this comparatively enlightened country we find people making preparations of an equally thoughtless kind. I say "thoughtless," for what sort of thought is that which takes no account whatever of the vast future that lies beyond the funeral? It is as if an emigrant to Canada should make every provision for the short journey from his home to Liverpool or Glasgow, and entirely overlook the necessity of making preparation for the ocean voyage that lies beyond!

We hear of people drawing up their wills, giving instruction as to certain details connected with their burial, and sometimes leaving inscriptions for their tombstones, yet troubling little, if at all, about the preparation of *the soul*.

Would that with clarion voice we could ring out the words, which long ago were echoed in the land of Israel :

“Prepare to Meet thy God !”

Various reminders had been given to that favoured nation of the power of that God of whose claims they were so neglectful. Famine, drought, pestilence had all spoken without effect. In two year's time a terrible earthquake was to follow. (See Amos i. 1.) Multitudes would perish. So the alarm was sounded, that none might say they had had no warning.

You certainly cannot say so. Warning after warning has been given. This printed page brings you another : a warning, mark, not against *possible* danger, but against *certain* doom unless you make due preparation.

What preparation can we make ? What does God require ?

Listen ! We need a shelter, a refuge, and the only effectual preparation that we can make is to avail ourselves of the refuge that God has Himself provided. Knowing our helplessness, He gave His Son to make atonement for sins, to shed His life's blood in order to maintain in all their integrity God's claims upon the sinner, yet set Him free to bless according to the deep love of His heart. *Christ*, then, is the Refuge. Through the shedding of His blood a Shelter has been provided for sinful men. To prepare for the future you have but

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III

to flee to that Shelter, to betake yourself in all your guilt to the Saviour, and rest upon the efficacy of His precious blood.

Possibly you may have discovered before now that you cannot *do* anything to prepare your soul for eternity. You are ready to admit—

*“No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break.”*

How thankfully, then, will you avail yourself of the grace of God in providing salvation so freely for you! None could be better prepared for the dawning of the everlasting day than those who are prepared by having CHRIST as their Saviour, the Refuge of their souls, their Shelter from the coming storm of judgment. H. P. B.

What is Faith?

MANY of the readers of GOSPEL TIDINGS will have heard of the celebrated and devoted missionary to the New Hebrides—Dr. John G. Paton. He was a Scotchman, who, when he was a young man, visited those lonely and cannibal islands in the Pacific Ocean, spent long years preaching the Gospel, translating the Scriptures, and doing truly apostolic work among the fierce islanders of the Pacific.

Dr. Paton, at an advanced age, has recently been called to his rest by His Lord and Master.

But "he being dead yet speaketh," for his life is one of the finest *Christian Apologetics* one can read. It stands in vivid contrast to all the enervating luxury of this luxurious age. To read it is a spiritual tonic.

For a long time when translating the Scriptures into the language of those islanders he could find no equivalent for the word *faith*. His work of Bible translation was paralysed for the want of so fundamental and oft-recurring a term.

The natives apparently regarded the verb "*hear*" as equivalent to "*believe*." Dr. Paton would ask a native if he believed a certain statement. If he did, he would reply, "*Yes, I HEARD it*," meaning that he *believed* the statement. If he disbelieved it he would reply, "*No, I did not HEAR it*," meaning not that his ears had failed to catch the words, but that he did not regard them as true.

This definition of belief or faith was obviously insufficient. Many passages, such as "*faith cometh by hearing*," would be impossible of translation through so meagre a channel. Dr. Paton and his helpers prayed continually that God would supply the lack. He spared no efforts in interrogating the most intelligent of the natives, but all in vain. Not one caught the meaning of the word *faith*.

Dr. Paton writes: "One day I was in my room anxiously pondering. I sat on an ordinary kitchen chair, my feet resting on the floor.

Just then an intelligent native woman entered the room, and the thought flashed through my mind to ask this all-absorbing question yet once again, if possible in a new light.

“Was I not resting on the chair? Would that attitude lend itself to the discovery?”

“I said, ‘What am I doing now?’”

“‘Koikae ana, misi’ (you’re sitting down, master), the native replied.

“Then I drew up my feet, and placed them upon the bar of the chair just above the floor, and, leaning back in an attitude of complete repose, asked, ‘What am I doing now?’”

“‘Fakarougrongo, misi’ (you are leaning wholly, master; or, you have lifted yourself from every other support).

“‘That’s it!’ I shouted, with an exultant cry, and a sense of holy joy awed me, as I realised that my prayer had been so fully answered.

“To lean on Jesus wholly and only is surely the true meaning of appropriating or saving faith. And now ‘Fakarougrongo Jesu ea anea mouri’ (that is, leaning on Jesus unto eternal life, or for all the things of eternal life) is the happy experience of those Christian islanders, as it is of all, who thus cast themselves unreservedly on the Saviour of the world for salvation.”

How the writer longs that every reader of this little paper might share the happy experience of these Christian islanders! How many, alas! mistake a mental assent to the great facts of the

Gospel for saving, appropriating belief—mistake credence for faith, a terrible mistake indeed.

It were well, indeed, to have no house at all than to have it built on sand. *Mental assent, credence*, is but a sandy foundation. When the hurricane of death comes to mere professors, when the rain descends, the floods come, the winds blow and beat upon their house, how terrible will be the uplifting of the veil of their self-deception when their house falls, too late ever to be rebuilt upon *the* Rock.

Say, reader, would such a terrible experience be yours, if death came this hour?

But, on the other hand, can you say that you have discovered your lost and sinful condition, and that in true and simple faith you have cast yourself entirely on the Saviour for salvation, and learned that His precious blood has cleansed you from all sin, that He is mighty and able to save, and that forgiveness, salvation, eternal life are yours through faith in Christ Jesus? Happy indeed if you can!

If you cannot, do not rest till you can.

A. J. P.

The Beggar's Bridge.

ON the edge of one of the Yorkshire moors is a beautiful spot called Glaisdale. This little town is close to a river, and the river is crossed by an old bridge, which bears the above name.

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A romantic story is told about the bridge. It seems that about three hundred years ago a young farm lad became attached to a squire's daughter. The lad saw the squire, and explained matters. The father became very indignant, and called the lad a "beggar."

However, finding the young people were both firmly of one mind, he decided not to forbid the courtship, but to insist that nothing further should be done until the youth could prove his worthiness, and his ability to provide for a future wife.

The young people did not quite see matters in the light the father viewed them, and many a time the young man had to swim the river at night in order to gain interviews with his loved one. This was such an ordeal that he promised himself that if ever he possessed the means, he would build a bridge over the river, that no lovers need be separated by storms or the swollen river in future.

This he eventually was able to carry out, after he had married the lady for whom he ventured so much, and the bridge bears the name he gave it.

Surely this romantic tale may teach us a lesson. Sin has separated us from God. There is nothing we can do that will remove the separation. None are able by their own efforts to pass across the awful chasm that sin has brought in between God and man.

But God was not willing that any should perish, and therefore He devised a way whereby

the separation might be removed. He has "bridged" it over by His precious Son, who died that sinners might live. "*There is one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus.*" (1 Tim. ii. 5.)

If you, my reader, realise that you have nothing that is spiritually good of your own, then you are spiritually poor, you are possessed of nothing that God can accept. What, then, must you do? Why, beg for mercy at the throne of grace in the name of the Lord Jesus. If you beg, then you are a "beggar" for God's great gift, and God's great gift is the Lord Jesus, the "Way" back to Him. What you have to do is to believe His word, and therefore call on Him, whom He hath sent. God is freely offering to whosoever will all the blessings of the Gospel.

What you could not do, the Lord Jesus has done. He has freely opened the way of access to the Father, and you may come without fear to God in His Name, and truly coming you shall not be turned away, for He says, "*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*" (John vi. 37.)

P. I. B.

Their Own Way.

IT was the day of the Horse and Dog Show at H——, and the streets were thronged with busy holiday makers. In a quiet spot, just off the main thoroughfare, a crowd

had gathered round a young man who was preaching the Gospel. Very earnestly He was telling out that "*God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" (John iii. 16.)

There was a wistful, anxious expression on the faces of many of those standing round. Some looked as though they longed for the peace the preacher presented to them.

But though the Scripture so clearly set forth that the sinner is saved from first to last by *Christ alone*—that in virtue of His atoning death on Calvary's cross God is offering full forgiveness of sins to everyone who turns to Him, yet how few will give up the Christ-dishonouring thought that they must gain heaven by *their own efforts*—doing their best, strict attention to religious duties, etc. By thus slighting and ignoring what Christ has already *done for them* at such infinite cost to Himself, they cut off all hope, and seal their own doom, for "how shall we escape, if we *neglect* so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

I offered Gospel books to three of these earnest listeners, with the question, "Have *you* the forgiveness of your sins?" The first one answered by saying she thought her anxiety about it showed she had it. The second replied by telling me that she went to church and had been confirmed. The third said she had been confirmed, and you know one *can't* do more than one *can* do!

These persons were evidently hoping to go to heaven, and were thinking they were on the right way for it, yet in giving *the ground* of their hope not one had made the slightest mention of Christ's atoning death and blood-shedding in the matter, though God gives no ray of hope to any apart from it. What a terrible awakening awaits those who thus neglect *God's* salvation!

F. A.

Two First Questions.

[*Notes of an Open-air Address given in Key West, Florida*]

I WANT to speak to you to-night on a couple of questions. They are questions of the day. Every country and age has its questions and problems to face and work out, if it can. Here in the South you have the race question of black and white. All Europe has constantly before it the troublesome "Eastern Question." And there is in the great industrial world the question of capital and labour; and in the sphere of economics there is the much discussed trust question.

But there are questions of deeper import and wider scope than these. One of those I wish to speak on to-night is the oldest question in human history, and concerns all mankind. It is found in *Genesis* iii. 9—

the first question in the Old Testament—

"*Adam, where art thou?*" It is addressed to Adam, fallen—as representative of the human

race. Adam is a generic name, and means simply "man." So God, who asks the question, addresses the whole human family when He says: "Adam [or man], where art thou?"

Where art THOU, man? Art thou in Christ, saved; or in sin, on the broad way leading to destruction? Bodily you are here in Key West, Florida. As to circumstances, you may be prosperous, getting on and having what you call a good time. Socially, too, you may be moving in the highest circles. But where are you BEFORE GOD?—where, man, where?

Adam guilty tried to hide from God. But God's eye was on him, and he was brought out into the light of the awful Presence, there to confess his sin, and receive the assurance of pardon and deliverance from the satanic power that had deceived him.

May this question, Where art thou? search every soul and bring the guilty to the bar of conscience, to confess and abhor the sin of which they stand accused. Then, and only then, will they be prepared to ask another question, "*Where is HE?*" It is

the first question in the New Testament.

Unlike the first Old Testament question, it is not asked of a guilty being. It is asked of the sinless Son of God, born in a manger, made partaker of flesh and blood for the suffering of death, for the redemption of fallen man.

It is found in Matthew ii. 2, and is asked by

the wise men come to seek the new-born Child of the virgin. They are truly wise that seek the Saviour. Do you ask, like the Magi of old, "Where is He?" He is in heaven, exalted there to be "a Prince and a Saviour." He was in the manger once, then on the cross, made sin for us, He who knew no sin.

Now, glory to His name, He is at the right hand of God, willing and able to save to the uttermost. Oh ! that you might feel after Him in your heart to-night and say, "*Where is He?*" that I may find Him, the hiding place from the storm of wrath against sin, the "Man" made more precious to the sin-smitten soul than the finest gold of Ophir.

Behold Him, behold Him ! on the throne of God, all power His now and for ever. He says, "*Look unto Me and be ye saved !*" (*Isa. xlv. 22.*)

"*Where art thou ?*" asks a seeking Saviour-God of man. "*Where is He ?*" ask seeking sinners, inspired by the eternal wisdom and goodness of God. There are no two more important questions than these in heaven or on earth : and hell knows no other. Of the first she answers, Lost, lost for ever ! in this place of torment : and of the last they say, In the glory of God, whither I can never come : in the brightness of heaven which out of this darkness mine eyes shall never behold : in the midst of the song I shall never sing, because I would not come to Him that I might have life.

God help all of you to come while you may.
Amen.

C. K.

Good News for the Deaf, the Blind, and the Dumb.

“**W**ILLIAM WILKINSON, an old man, who because of his deafness could not hear a horse and cart approaching, was knocked down in a street in Leeds, and severely injured about the head. On picking him up it was found that his HEARING had been restored.”

* * * *

“From Dresden comes a story that a blind man, crossing a street, was struck on the head by a passing cart, and it has since been found that the shock has restored the man's SIGHT.”

* * * *

“A Padiham woman, who lost her speech six years ago, was engaged in household duties when her clothing took fire, and she screamed aloud. After the flames were extinguished, it was found that she had recovered her power of SPEECH.”

* * * *

The above extraordinary happenings are authenticated. How profoundly thankful all three persons concerned must have been for the accident that meant so much for them in result!

There are multitudes to-day, who urgently need these three things: Hearing, Sight, and Power of Speech. There is nothing wrong

with their actual ears, eyes, and tongues; but in a very real sense they are deaf, blind, and dumb. They are *deaf* towards God in that they will not hear His voice calling them to repentance. They resemble "the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely." (*Psa. lviii. 4, 5.*) The charming story of God's grace is sounded in their ears in vain. It awakens no response. "Their ears are dull of hearing." (*Acts xxviii. 27.*)

Blind they are, as well, as the result of the evil work of Satan, the god of this world, who "hath blinded the minds of them which believe not." (*2 Cor. iv. 4.*) Alas! that any should be content to remain in this condition. But so it is. Of countless thousands it has to be said, "Their eyes have they closed; lest they should see." (*Acts xxviii. 27.*)

Further, they are *dumb* towards God. Their voice is never heard in prayer. No note of praise rises from their lips. They have nothing to say either *to* God in gratitude for His mercies, or *of* Him in testimony to His goodness.

Deaf, blind, and dumb! Is it possible that the reader is one such? Have *your* ears never been divinely opened to hear words of salvation? Have *your* eyes never received sight to "behold the Lamb of God" as your Saviour? Have *your* lips never been unloosed to confess Him as your Lord? Serious questions, these. Do not dismiss them as if unworthy of your attention.

Maybe TROUBLE in some form or other has been knocking at your door of late. Has bereavement cast its shadow upon your heart? Has some family trouble beclouded your life? Has some fell disease made inroads upon your health? Does some dreaded blow threaten to strike you? Have your means of livelihood been taken from you?

Remember that GOD is behind these things. He has permitted them, in His goodness, because He seeks your truest blessing. Just as William Wilkinson's hearing was restored by a blow; just as the Dresden citizen recovered his sight by the same means; just as the woman at Padiham regained her power of speech through a terrible disaster—so it may be that God has sent some sore trial to you that your ears and eyes may be opened, and that your tongue may have cause to praise Him for His mercy.

But for this object a special infliction is not *necessary*. God may use such, but He also delights to use the preaching of the Gospel, either by the lips of His servants, or by the printed page. Will you allow this magazine to speak to you on behalf of the blessed God? It is His message we bring you.

We remind you of your sin and need in order that you may appreciate His love and grace in providing a Saviour for you. Your salvation depends on your acceptance of that Saviour by faith. He shed His blood so that every impediment on the part of *righteousness*

might be removed, and that salvation might be made available for the worst of sinners.

May God grant you the hearing ear and the perceiving eye, that you may believe the glad tidings, and put your trust in Him of whom it speaks.

H. P. B.

Sudden!

HE was a very wealthy and successful farmer. His ground brought forth so plentifully that he had no room wherein to store the produce thereof. So he resolved to pull down his barns and build greater. He thus addressed himself: "I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." (*Luke xii. 19.*)

Were the narrative to stop there, his fellow-men might say "What a *wise* man! He is providing for his *future*!"

But was he wise? Was he *really* providing for the future? Let us read on.

"But GOD said unto him, Thou FOOL, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" (*Luke xii. 20.*) His was a

Sudden Death.

God calls that man a FOOL! Why? Because he had thought only of his *short*

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future in *time*, and forgot his *long* future in ETERNITY.

He had planned for himself "many years" of ease and merriment; but God said unto him, "THIS NIGHT thy soul shall be required of thee."

This was SUDDEN DEATH. Are *you* ready for SUDDEN DEATH? It *may* come, you know. If God were to say to *you*, "THIS NIGHT *thy* soul shall be required of thee," where would *you* spend ETERNITY?

If you die *in your sins*, you will spend it in hell, with the devil and the damned.

But if, *as a sinner*, you trust in the LORD JESUS, you will spend ETERNITY in heaven with HIM and all the redeemed.

* * * *

A startling announcement will appear in the newspapers one of these mornings, something after this style:

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE MISSING
ALL OVER THE WORLD!!!

Husbands will be searching for wives, and wives for husbands; parents, for children, and children for parents; but those, whom they seek, will not be found—they will be *gone*—and gone FOR EVER!

What a wail will go up from this world when this event takes place; and take place it will, in spite of the "scoffers," who for centuries have been saying, "Where is the promise of His coming?"

THE LORD JESUS IS COMING !

His last words in the Bible are: "SURELY I COME QUICKLY. (*Rev. xxii. 20.*)

"For THE LORD HIMSELF shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are *alive* and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord *in the air*: and so shall we ever be WITH THE LORD." (*1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.*)

This will be

Sudden Glory

for all, who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Where will *you* be when this event takes place? "Caught up" to meet the Lord "in the air," or "left" behind in this world for judgment? If the latter, there will be no hope for you; for the word of God tells us that after the Lord Jesus comes and takes "His own" out of this world, then they will "*all . . . be damned who believed not the truth.*" (*2 Thess. ii. 11, 12.*)

* * * *

We have had some very solemn instances of SUDDEN DESTRUCTION lately—MARTINIQUE! JAMAICA! MESSINA! But all three, if put together, would be as nothing in comparison to the SUDDEN DESTRUCTION that is soon to come upon the whole world.

It is said that just before these terrible

catastrophes occurred the atmosphere was quiet and peaceful.

And Scripture tells us that: "The day of the Lord so cometh as *a thief in the night*. For when they shall say, *Peace and safety*; then **SUDDEN DESTRUCTION** cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; *and they shall not escape.*" (1 Thess. v. 2, 3.)

We read of many soul-thrilling escapes in Martinique, Jamaica, and Messina; but when

Sudden Destruction

overtakes this world, *not one will escape.*

Reader, if you are in this world when that awful event takes place, there will be **NO ESCAPE** for *you*. No power in heaven, earth, or hell can save you *then*; but you can be saved **NOW**, for

"**NOW** is the day of **SALVATION.**"

(2 Cor. vi. 2.)

If you believe the gospel, then you will not be afraid of **SUDDEN DEATH**, or risk **SUDDEN DESTRUCTION**, but will look forward with joy to **SUDDEN GLORY**.

T. C. M.

Your End.

"**A**YE, sir, I've seen some things in my time, I can tell you. All over the world I've been, and anything on this round earth that's worth seeing I've seen, and

here I am back again on the same old job I had when a boy."

"Then no doubt you have made a nice little collection of things during your travels?"

"Aye, sir, but I've very little left now, 'cept a few cuts and bruises."

"So you used to push this ferry across when you were a boy. How long ago is that?"

"Oh! sixty years ago I left this old boat, and joined the Queen's Navy. After that I tried the merchant service, and here I am, sir, at the end of my journey as I began it, without having gained anything except rheumatics, pushing this old ferry as I did sixty years ago."

"Well, well, old friend, it's sad enough to have spent so long a life and gained nothing; but I very much fear you have gained something that perhaps you have never thought of, an awful collection that has accumulated day after day, night after night, for this last sixty or seventy years. Silently, but surely, this great accumulation has been gathering about you, until this morning your sins are such a multitude as no man can number. You have *not* returned to this ferry as you left it. Your soul is sin-stained, your conscience seared, your face (once lightened by the smile of childhood's innocence) bears the unmistakable marks of a misspent life, and your bent body tells that soon, very soon, you must go to meet God. The fact is, you have *gained too much*. Believe me, your ill-gotten gains will sink you unless

they are speedily got rid of. Excuse my plain speaking, but there is only one way of getting rid of that multitude of sins, and that is by going down upon your knees, and telling God all about your misspent life, pleading the value of the precious blood of Christ, which alone can cleanse you from all sin (*see* 1 John i. 7), and accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (*Acts xvi. 31*), is surely God's voice to you."

* * * *

Now, reader, you have started life's journey, and we know not how soon you may end it, but be assured of this, you *cannot* end it as you began. The beginning was as an innocent babe, but to-day, if unsaved, you are a sinner. Your conscience tells you that you have a lifetime of sin to account for. What about the judgment of God?

And, tell me, what about the Cross of Calvary, and the Holy One of God, who hung there as a sacrifice for sin that forgiveness might be preached to even you? And what about the precious blood that flowed from His pierced side that sin-stained souls might be cleansed? What is all this to you? Why not prove the value of that sacrifice, and the efficacies of that sin-cleansing flood this very moment? Then as a pardoned sinner, saved by grace, you will be able to praise Him, who died to save you.

S. W. M.

Where are the Believer's Sins?

ONE dark November night I spoke to a young man, who was on his road home to see his aged Christian widowed mother. He told me that he was anxious about his soul, but could not find peace.

I said, "Do you really believe that Christ had all your sins when He was on the cross?"

"Oh! yes," he said, "I am sure of that, for it says, 'God hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all,' and mine among them."

I replied, "Tell me, then, where is Jesus now?"

"Ah!" said he, "I never thought of that."

"Then think of it now."

After walking in silence for some time he said, "He is in heaven, I suppose."

"Yes, He is in heaven. Did He take the sins He had on the cross back with Him to heaven?"

"No," he answered, "sins could not go into a holy place like heaven."

"Where, then," I asked, "are your sins?"

"Ah! I see," he said, as the light dawned into his soul; and away he went to gladden his widowed mother's heart by the discovery he had made.

Trembling, doubting believer, have you discovered that the sins the Lord Jesus had on the cross are gone, and gone for ever? He is a living Saviour without them to-day. Look straight up into the glory of God. The Lord

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Jesus is there without your sins, and you, believer, are as free of them as He is. Believest thou this?

Remember three things:

(1) THE CROSS OF CHRIST IS VACANT.

"Joseph . . . took Him down . . . and laid Him in a sepulchre." (Mark xv. 46.)

(2) THE GRAVE OF CHRIST IS EMPTY.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." (Luke xxiv. 5, 6.)

(3) THE FATHER'S THRONE IS OCCUPIED.

"He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand." (Eph. i. 20.)

* * * *

The *vacant* cross proclaims that the work is finished. (See John xix. 30.)

The *empty* grave tells us that "death hath no more dominion over Him" (Rom. vi. 9), the One who has finished the work.

The *occupied* throne proclaims triumphantly the fact that "Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father" (Rom. vi. 4), and is seated in the very highest place of honour, because of the wonderful way He accomplished the work His Father gave Him to do.

* * * *

Anxious one, believest thou this? that

"Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4)

In these three facts—the death, burial, and

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resurrection of Christ—lies the gospel. Cling fast to this grand truth, that *the work that saves our souls is a work finished by Another, altogether outside of, and apart from, our own doings, good or bad.*

Faith looks at a Saviour outside self. He, who was the Sin-bearer on the cross, is there no longer. The cross is vacant. What, then, has become of your sins?

Do you reply, "That is my great trouble?"

What saith the Word of God in reply?

"He . . . by Himself purged our sins" (*Heb. i. 3*); and so purged them that God declares, "Their [the believer's] sins and iniquities will I remember no more." (*Heb. x. 17.*)

The great question as to *how* sins are put away was settled on the cross.

The work is not finishing, "IT IS FINISHED."

Rest your weary soul on this glorious fact. Let faith follow the Saviour from Calvary's cross to the Father's throne, and, as you gaze upon Him seated there, drink in the full meaning of these precious words: "*Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.*" (*Acts xiii. 38, 39.*)

Ponder the precious words of the Saviour Himself, "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.*" (*John v. 24.*)

H. N.

The Egg Examination; or, The Critics Confounded.

SOME months ago the question was raised in a police-court case as to whether it is possible to tell the nationality of an egg. A Lancashire tradesman was alleged to have sold foreign eggs labelled "Irish." Witnesses for the prosecution declared that it is possible to tell, by means of certain tests, the country from which an egg has come. This was strenuously denied by others, who gave evidence for the defendant, and the case was dismissed.

The incident, however, had a curious sequel. A discussion took place as to the matter in dispute upon the premises of a firm near London Bridge, which imports something like two million eggs weekly. To settle the question, a test was arranged by the senior partner. Six eggs were to be selected by him, and four experts were to decide their nationality. The four experts were the junior partner of the firm, a member of the staff, and two neighbouring egg dealers. Each of these was asked to write down the name of the country from which they judged each of the six eggs had come.

The four experts scrutinized the shells with

great care. Then they took them to an electric light appliance in a dark corner, used for examining eggs.

Their respective reports were as follow :

(1) The junior partner's report: Three of the selected eggs Russian, two Danish, one Styrian.

(2) The member of the staff's report: Three Russian, one English, two Italian.

(3) The first egg dealer's report: Two Russian, two Italian, one Irish, one English.

(4) The second egg dealer's report: One Russian, two Styrian, two Dutch, one Irish.

The senior partner then announced: "*All the six eggs were laid by my own fowls at Peckham, London.*"

Thus was the wisdom of the wise confounded!

My reason for mentioning this incident in a magazine which deals with spiritual subjects is that it exactly illustrates the methods of those who arraign the Holy Scriptures at the bar of human criticism, subject them to learned scrutiny, and announce the results of their examination with the utmost assurance.

To take an instance, the Pentateuch (the name given to the first five books of the Bible) has been dissected with a great show of learning, and the critics have proclaimed upon the house-tops their imagined discovery that it is the work of several authors. These authors are named respectively E, J, P, D¹, D², &c. The various books of the Pentateuch are cut up into

fragments, and the "experts" profess to be able to tell just which fragments are the work of E, which the work of J, and so on. Strangely enough, these "experts" no more agree in their verdicts than did the egg examiners. There are as many lists as there are experts, each of them at variance with all the others.

Can the truth be known? Yes, just as the senior partner of the egg-importing firm revealed the fact, which threw utter discredit upon the methods adopted by the "experts," so by one flash of God-given light we know the truth as to the origin of the Pentateuch, and all the rest of the Bible. "*Holy men of God spake . . . MOVED BY THE HOLY GHOST.*" (2 Pet. i. 21.) As to the pen used for the writing of the Pentateuch, our Lord Himself bears witness that it was that of one man, Moses. (See John v. 46, Luke xvi. 29; xxiv. 44, &c.) But the all-important fact is that it was *by inspiration of the Holy Ghost* that the Scriptures were written. He was their real Author.

A book, which comes to us with a claim like this, must surely be accorded a most careful consideration. Even if its claims are regarded with scepticism, no wise man will refuse to read and examine it. He will say to himself, "Suppose after all it turns out to be true; how I shall regret my folly if I neglect it!"

Many a man will read books *about* the Bible; many, very many, will read what is written *against* it; but how many are serious enough

to sit down, and give the Bible itself a thorough study?

At a meeting of Bible students, a Christian gentleman referred to something that had happened in his early youth. "I remember," said he, "in my boyhood an old minister asking me a question, which did me much good, though it greatly annoyed me at the time. I had had little or no access to general literature, but my father's house was rich in religious and Bible literature. It was no merit of mine (for there were no counter-attractions); I had to read that or nothing. So, for a youth, I had read a good deal on Scripture subjects; and I suppose, in my folly, I had been parading my remarkable learning in this department, no doubt to the great amusement of the old minister. Presently he said, 'My boy, you seem to have read a lot *about* the Bible; but, tell me, do you ever by any chance read *the Bible itself*?' That was an annoying question, because he had put his finger on something I had not noticed. I knew a great deal of what people had said and written about the Bible, but I knew very little of personal, first-hand touch with the Bible."

Is it too much to hope that the reading of these pages may lead some to search the Scriptures for themselves? Of most other things it may be said: "*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,*" but of this God-given book we can say: "*Verity of verities, all is verity.*"

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May I point out some of the great verities, the cardinal truths of tremendous import, to which the Bible bears witness?

1. *The condition of men by nature and practice.*

“Children of disobedience: . . . fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; . . . children of wrath.” (*Eph. ii. 2, 3.*) “All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.” (*Isa. liii. 6.*) “There is none righteous, no, not one.” (*Rom. iii. 10.*)

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2. *There is no exception to the foregoing statement.*

“There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” (*Rom. iii. 22, 23.*)

* * * *

3. *The sinner is unable to better his condition in the smallest degree.*

“We . . . are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.” (*2 Sam. xiv. 14.*) “Without strength.” (*Rom. v. 6.*)

* * * *

4. *It was for helpless, undone, guilty sinners that Christ died.*

“Christ died for the ungodly.” (*Rom. v. 6.*) “Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust.” (*1 Pet. iii. 18.*) “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” (*1 Tim. i. 15.*)

5. *Free and instant forgiveness is offered on the ground of what Christ has done.*

“Repentance and remission of sins . . . preached in His Name among all nations.” (*Luke xxiv. 47.*) “Through His Name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.” (*Acts x. 43.*)

* * * *

6. *Faith is the way of blessing.*

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” (*Acts xvi. 31.*) “By grace are ye saved, through faith.” (*Eph. ii. 8.*)

* * * *

Of many other things the Scriptures testify. They teach the necessity of the new birth, the fate of the rejector of the glad tidings, justification from all things of those who believe. But enough has been said to show the folly of neglecting the Scriptures.

It is not that the Bible reader is saved thereby. A man may read every word of it, from Genesis to Revelation, a hundred times and yet remain unsaved. But in the Bible *the way to be saved* is revealed, and the Saviour is made known. To Him, the One to whom all the prophets bear witness, the sinner is invited to turn. To Him the Scriptures point, from first to last.

May God grant mercy to the reader of these pages to be

A Believer in Christ,
A Bible Student, and thus
A Blessing to others. H. P. B.

Split Sundays.

AT the Rochester Diocesan Conference, held a few months ago, Lord Darnley suggested that all churchmen should attend morning services on Sundays, but that after noon the Church should countenance legitimate recreation and games.

Of late years there have been many efforts made towards the secularization of the Sunday, as witness the opening of museums, playing of bands in public parks, opening of theatres, running of excursion trains, &c.; but Lord Darnley's suggestion would go further, and ask that the favour and blessing of religious leaders should be given to a definite splitting of the Sunday in two—one half being devoted, alas! in many cases to a mere fashionable, worldly, ritualistic form, and not the true worship of God; the other half given heart and soul, with greedy lust, to worldly society and pleasures.

For one may rest assured, if in summer the cricket bat, tennis racquet, hockey and golf sticks were handled, in winter it would quickly be the opera and the theatre—in short, a Continental Sunday, with all its blighting, withering curse.

Now all this is very serious. Instead of the worship of God being the creature's highest pleasure, it is relegated to a mere secondary

place, to be endured for decency's sake and got rid of as soon as possible.

I would like to ask whether such a suggestion as Lord Darnley's springs from devotion to God, and love for souls, and for their eternal blessing, or what?

How does it stand alongside of the lawyer's masterly definition of the ten commandments: "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with ALL thy heart, and with ALL thy soul, and with ALL thy strength, and with ALL thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself*" (Luke x. 27)?

Love is a strong word. "*Thou shalt love,*" and that with *all* your heart, soul, and strength. Failing this, the law can only curse.

Judged by this standard, the man who gives six days in the week to business and pleasure, and would filch from spiritual occupation half of the seventh day, clearly shows where *his* heart is. Are these lines read by any who sympathize with Lord Darnley's suggestion? I would remind such that you cannot deceive God. Your *heart* is away from Him. I fear you want just enough religion to make you feel respectable, and then it must be made attractive by high-class music and ornate ritualism to endure it; it must not make you feel you have to do with God as a poor sinner, but just enough to make you feel comfortable in plunging into a vortex of gaiety and pleasure and sin.

One word of warning I feel impelled to give

you. *You may have split Sundays, but you won't have a split Eternity.* You understand. It must be altogether heaven or altogether hell for ever.

Where does this half-hearted, fashionable, worldly religion lead to? Certainly not to heaven.

That is by the rugged hill of repentance, by the straight and narrow gate, by the blood-stained cross of Calvary.

I tremble as I write these words. The thousands of empty formalists, mere religious butterflies, who in their heart of hearts grudge God the few hours hitherto devoted to His service in an outward way, who love to riot in pleasure and sin, will wake up one day to the awful mistake they are making.

Even worldly men are giving us grave warning how pleasure-seeking is absorbing the strength and vitality of the nation to such an alarming extent that England will soon be scrap-heaped, as Rome and Greece were in their day.

If worldly men can utter such warnings, it is no wonder the Christian is stirred.

But even if the whole Sunday were preserved to us, nay, more, if every day in the week were a Sunday, remember religious observances will not save your soul.

Sometimes we read of a person, like the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, turning his or her back on the world and its pleasures, and entering into a monastery or nunnery, and devoting *every* day and *all* the day—even

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intrenching on the night—to religious observances.

But this will not save. Salvation is not of works. Repentance is not penance.

“Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ,” is the way of blessing. *“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”* (Acts xvi. 31.) There is no other way. Make no mistake.

May God give you no rest, reader, till you can say that you are saved by His grace, that you know your sins are forgiven, and that you are looking forward with glad expectation to an unsplit eternity with the Lord Jesus Christ in heaven.

But remember, whatever you have, YOU WILL NOT HAVE A SPLIT ETERNITY. A. J. P.

No Use to Quarrel with the Truth.

WE are told that Queen Elizabeth broke the mirror, which showed her withered and wrinkled features, and many to-day wax angry with the Word of God when it declares the foul, wrinkled, and decrepit state of their souls.

It is not pleasant to discover that you are a sinner and unfit for God, but it is the height of folly to quarrel with the one who tells you this, for it remains true in spite of our anger.

You are unwell and the doctor is called in ; after a careful examination he states that your case is most serious. Do you quarrel with him for this? Certainly not, for you know that the man, who understands the disease, is the man to prescribe the remedy, and, trusting him implicitly, you carry out his directions. I pray you be as wise in the matter of your soul.

J. T. M.

Saved and Cured.

AN old man had been brought into the accident ward of the — Infirmary in a precarious condition, having attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat.

A young Christian nurse bending over him, asked how he was.

“Very bad ; I am going to die, and I feel I *am going into the darkness.*”

“Do you know the Lord Jesus?”

The old man looked awkward and evaded the question.

“Because if you do know Him you will not go into the darkness.”

“Oh! but I have committed such *great* sins. I feel God can never forgive *me.*”

“But God says the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin, and if you trust in Him, His blood will cleanse you from all your sins.”

Then she went on to show him that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and as sinners all must be saved in the same way—by simply coming to God as lost and guilty and trusting in the finished work of Christ.

Being afraid of exciting the old man, who was in a critical state, she said, "Now I must leave you ; but just turn to the Lord, and trust Him as the One who died for you."

After this he was continually overheard repeating the verses the nurse had pressed upon him, so much so that it was thought that he had religious mania, and he was strictly watched.

Happily, however, he could now give a different account of himself: "I have trusted in Christ as my Saviour. I know He died for me, and that His Blood has cleansed all my sins away."

"I know I am saved," he said a few days later to the nurse, "but my thoughts trouble me as I keep thinking what great sins I have committed." She recalled to his mind the all-cleansing virtue of the Blood of Christ, who had borne the judgment of his sins on Calvary's Cross, and with his mind thus turned from himself to Christ, he was again happy and at rest.

What firm ground for peace and rest! Is it yours ?

F. A.