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PLENTEOUS
GRACE

for

OLD AND YOUNG

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and
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A Shortened Hand and a Heavy Ear.

IN the north of Belgium, only a few short weeks ago, there stood a pretty cottage, with a well-stocked vegetable garden surrounding it on three sides, and a low, stable-like shed on the fourth, in which a couple of cows were kept.

In this cottage there lived a young couple, with their baby daughter, a few months old. The husband and father was a blacksmith by trade, and owned a few roods of land, the produce of which he sold, week by week, at the market in the neighbouring town.

This was before the iron hand of war had devastated that fair land, watering Belgium's soil with the blood of her children. But the hour came when the tide of slaughter rolled over the district where stood that happy and peaceful home. Hardly a house escaped damage. Most of the inhabitants were slain by German bayonets.

A day later the horrible scene was visited by a Dutch newspaper correspondent. He describes how that as he was passing along the street of the stricken village he heard the crying of a little child. It seemed to come from amid the ruins of the cottage of which we have spoken.

Across the threshold lay the husband and father, with a gaping bayonet wound in his chest. The newspaper man stepped over the

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body, and turned in the direction of the child's cry. He pushed open a door, and saw lying huddled up in a corner the wife and mother. A bullet had entered her brain. And on the floor, not far from her side, lay the baby girl, uninjured, but crying from hunger and fear. It was a new experience for that poor child to find its cry unheard.

Why did not her father fly to pick her up in his arms and soothe her, as he had always done? Mark the answer: *His hand was shortened. It could not save.* Death had made it impossible for him to succour his child.

Why did not the mother clasp her poor, crying babe to her heart, and kiss its tears away? Listen! *Her ear was heavy. It could not hear.* She, too, lay cold and stiff in death.

Oh! thank God! thank God! that these words have not to be used of HIM. We read:

**“Behold,
the Lord's hand is not shortened,
that it cannot save;
neither His ear heavy,
that it cannot hear.”** (*Isaiah lix. 1.*)

His hand is as mighty to save as ever; His ear is as ready to hear the groan of the penitent sinner to-day as in ages past.

Then why are *you* not saved, my reader? The fault does not rest with God. He is *able* to save. His hand is not shortened. He is *willing* to save. His ear is not heavy. No; the fault is *yours*, AND YOURS ALONE.

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In the verse which follows that which I have quoted above, we read :

"But your iniquities have separated between you and your God."

From this we learn that as a result of your sins there exists a very serious breach between God and you. He is holy, and cannot tolerate sin. You are the very opposite: you have loved sin.

Now if you are to be saved that wide breach, that yawning chasm, has to be bridged.

How can it be done? Well, *you* cannot bridge it, nor can you even help to do so. But it was for this very purpose that the Saviour suffered and bled on the cross. He shed His blood to atone for sins; He bore the judgment due to them, and in this way He has made it possible for a guilty sinner to be saved. Your sins have separated you from God, but they have not shortened His hand. Through the atoning merits of Christ's precious blood He can save you.

Your iniquities are a grievous offence to Him, but they have not closed His ear against you. He has regard to the finished work of His beloved Son, and on the ground of that work He will hear you if you cry to Him in faith.

Every hand but His is shortened; *He only* can save. Every other ear is heavy; *He only* can listen to the groans of a sinner, and respond to his contrite cry.

Then will *you* not betake yourself to Him, and prove, as many a sinner has done, that He is "*able and willing to save*" ?

H. P. B.

Jean, the Young French Hero.

HE was only a youth, who spent his days serving in the little general store close to his home in a quiet French village. There was nothing much of the soldier about his appearance, and yet when this terrible war broke out he was called up to serve. Away he went, but no stir was made over him. His mother grieved, but the rest of the village soon forgot him.

The weeks rolled by, and not much was heard of his regiment. At last, however, they came into touch with the foe, and one of the first things that happened was the capture of Jean by a German patrol on the outskirts of a village, which the French were advancing to take. He was taken to a farmhouse at the head of the main street on that side of the village towards which his fellow-countrymen were approaching.

Planning to ambush the French force in the streets of the village, and never suspecting that this quiet and mild-looking soldier-lad understood their language, the Germans discussed the whole project within his hearing. This put him upon his mettle. His one idea was, "How shall I warn and save my friends?"

It was a difficult business. He balanced the matter in his mind. The window of the room in which he was looked out on to the very street by which his comrades would enter, yet

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if he attempted to shout a warning to them through it he would certainly be shot. If he saved them he could not save himself. On the other hand, if he wished to save himself, he could not save them, and even then the Germans might shoot him after all. He made up his mind what he would do.

It was well that he was not long in deciding, for there was no time to be lost. Soon the first French soldiers began to enter the street, and the brave lad surprised his captors by springing to the window, and before he could be stopped he had shouted a warning message to his fellow-countrymen, which put them on their guard, enabling them to avoid the ambush, and so directly led to the capture of the village by the French.

Later in the day, when the last German in the place had either been killed or taken prisoner, the French began to search for the lad who had warned them. They found his body in the farmhouse, riddled with German bullets, and though it was necessary that they should immediately advance, yet they snatched the time to hastily dig a grave, and reverently laying his poor body in it, they made and erected a rough wooden cross, on which they scrawled words which might in English be aptly rendered:

"He saved others. Himself he could not save."

It was a fine tribute to a brave lad, who laid down his life for his friends.

In so acting this French lad reached the limit of human love. To find anything to surpass it we must turn from the human to the divine.

Let us turn to the divine, my reader, for, depend upon it, that is what we need. It may not be yours to shed your blood in the shell-swept trench, or sink beneath the ocean-wave in some desperate naval contest; you may reach your end and gently breathe out your life upon a bed of down. Still you need it. You need what is DIVINE. You need divine love to hold your heart in its mighty embrace, and a divinely-wrought redemption upon which to rest your soul for eternity. You need, in one word, CHRIST as your personal Saviour.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15), and this saying is declared to be faithful and worthy of all acceptation; worthy, therefore, of yours. The saving of sinners was no light matter; it entailed taking their place, bearing their judgment, dying that they might live. All this the Lord Jesus has done for you.

When he was hanging upon the cross the religious leaders of the Jews mocked Him with bitter sarcasm, saying:

"He saved others; Himself He cannot save."

Their words were true, though not in the sense in which they intended them. They spoke them in bitter scorn. They meant that His salvation of others was just a delusion, proved

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by the fact that now He was unable to save Himself. The truth was that He had saved many, and was going to save yet millions more beside, and that in order to do this it was needful that He should sacrifice Himself. *He could not save others AND Himself; therefore He suffered that others might go free.*

For you He bore upon the cross the penalty of sin. For you He died. For you and for your justification He rose again. No touching epitaph was ever inscribed upon His grave. There was no time for it; death could not hold Him. He lives to-day, to be your Saviour and your Lord. Do you not love Him for it? Will you not at once accept Him as yours?

But remember Christ has died in vain, so far as you are concerned, if you do not accept Him as your personal Saviour. You must have a personal link with Him. Make no mistake on this score, I entreat you.

In accepting Him you become a child of God. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12.) You are then no longer a subject of the kingdom of darkness, but are in the kingdom of God's dear Son. "The Father . . . hath delivered us [believers] from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the Kingdom of His dear Son." (Col. i. 13.) Owning such allegiance as this, come what may, you will be happy indeed.

F. B. H.

A Thrilling Incident on H.M.S. "Cressy."

MANY a wonderful deed of heroism performed during the present war will never be known at all, or at best only by a small circle of friends.

One such deed we should like to bring before the notice of our readers. On board H.M.S. "Cressy" was a bright, earnest Christian sailor. His Christianity was no half-and-half measure. He was out-and-out for the Lord.

When the "Cressy" was torpedoed in the North Sea the sailors were flung into the water, and most of the poor fellows were drowned. But this young Christian sailor had the chance of being saved.

However, he deliberately, and of his own accord, gave up his chance to a married man, and sank beneath the wave,—his body to await that blessed resurrection morning, his released and happy spirit to go to be with the Lord, which Scripture tells us is "FAR BETTER."

What led the sailor to such an act of heroism and friendship? Was it that he was unmarried, and his companion had wife and children at home? It was partly with this in his mind, no doubt, that he gave up his life for the other.

But there was a *far* deeper reason. *His companion was UNSAVED.* Death for the Christian lad meant glory; death for the

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unsaved man would have meant damnation. Heaven was a reality to the Christian sailor. He knew heaven was his future portion. Hell—eternal hell—was a reality to him. He knew, if his companion had died unsaved, the lake of fire would have been his doom, and he longed for his soul's salvation.

But, reader, *Someone has died for YOU.* Have you ever realised this? Someone has proved His deep, deep love for you by laying down His life for you in order to save you from the judgment your sins deserve—to save you from the hell to which the impenitent and unsaved must go.

Yes; it is true that the Lord of life and glory has *died for YOU.* He satisfied all the claims of a thrice-holy God by His death on the cross, and now salvation may be yours by simple faith in Him. This is God's glorious message for you. Will you heed it?

Callous and indifferent indeed would be that sailor, saved from the cold waters of the North Sea, if he did not prize beyond words his companion's heroic act. And shall it be said that *you* are callous and indifferent beyond words in not bowing in repentance and faith at the feet of the Lord Jesus, the One who died for His foes, His enemies? I trust not.

If you have been guilty hitherto of slighting this wonderful love, do so no longer.

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

"*Verily, verily, I say unto you,*" are the very words of the Lord Jesus, "*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.)

"*If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, THOU SHALT BE SAVED.*" (Rom. x. 9.) A. J. P.

"Who goes there?"

THESE words form a well-known challenge. They are constantly employed, both in times of peace and of war.

When a sentry observes a stranger, or a suspicious-looking person, approaching his post he is bound to challenge him, demanding, by the authority of the king, who he is and what his business may be, and an unsatisfactory reply in time of war very often means death.

Many a gallant deed performed by a sentry lies unrecorded, but nevertheless all who have experience of war know the courage of those, who stand on guard, and watch sleeping comrades, or else seek to protect places of importance.

When a sentry issues the summons, "*Who goes there?*" an honest man would promptly reply, "*Friend.*" He would then be commanded to stand still, in order that the truth

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of his statement might be proved by further examination.

In the name of the King of Kings you, reader, are challenged, "*Who goes there?*" In other words, a friendly enquiry is made of you concerning your loyalty. On whose side are you? Are you a friend or a foe?

There is a warfare being carried on in which there are no neutrals. If you are not on the side of the King of Kings, then you are against Him. You may not like this bald and plain statement, but it is true. And be assured of this, that whilst there is an uncertainty regarding the issue of all other conflicts, there is none regarding that contest in which you are called upon to take your part.

The Lord Jesus has obtained the victory, and this will be manifest within a measurable distance of time. It is true the war is still being waged here, and you are engaged in it on one side or the other; but this does not alter the fact that victory is secured by the Lord Jesus for all His followers.

Be not deceived; there is no discharge in this war. (See Eccles. viii. 8.) Therefore the word to all faithful soldiers of the Lord is, "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I [the Lord Jesus] will give thee a crown of life.*" (Rev. ii. 10.)

"Who goes there," reader? A believer in the Lord Jesus,—one who seeks to follow Him; or an enemy,—a rejector of the only Saviour? You are one or the other. Don't shake off the

enquiry. To do that is to prove yourself a foe. Be advised. If you are at all uncertain what position you occupy, then rest not one moment longer. Come out on the Lord's side. Acknowledge your sinful indifference, turn to Him with true longing of soul, and He will receive you and save you. (*See Hosea xiv. 2.*) This is what He came to do. "*For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*" (*Luke xix. 10.*)

One word more. Do you, under a sudden conviction of your terribly dangerous condition, cry out, "*What am I to do?*" "*Is there no one to help me?*" "*I cannot see where to go or what to do.*"

Let me tell you this is a good sign. It shows you have had an alarm, and want to know what it means.

Turn to Luke xviii. 35-43. You will find an account of a man very like yourself. In substance he cried out, "*Who goes there?*" The answer he received was, "*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*"

Reader, whilst these words are before you He is passing by, and pleading with you to come to Him. "*Come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live.*" (*Isaiah lv. 3.*)

"*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out*" (*John vi. 37*), are the very words of the Lord Jesus. Come NOW to Him. Receive Him as your personal Saviour, and He will save you on the spot.

P. I. B.

How Do Men Become Soldiers?

HOW do men become soldiers?

What would be *your* answer, if this question were addressed to you?

Is it sufficient that a young man, who desires to become a soldier, should *make up his mind to be one*, and that, consistently with this purpose, he should buy a suit of khaki, and endeavour to march and drill, just as he has seen the real soldiers do?

No; this is by no means the way. The essential thing is that he should present himself for acceptance at a recruiting station, and submit himself to the necessary tests. If he passes these, he will be enrolled as a soldier, and a soldier from that moment he will be. He knows nothing of strategy or tactics; he has never seen the inside of a barrack; he has yet to be instructed in the most elementary drill. But for all that, he steps out of the recruiting officer's room *a soldier of the King*.

There is another question, similar to the above, and far more important, which many to-day are asking. In this hour of national emergency hundreds of thousands have enlisted in the ranks of the army. And amid all the stress and turmoil there arises from many a heart the anxious question:

What must a man do to become a Christian?

Is it sufficient that he should make up his mind to be one, or, as is often said, "decide for Christ"? No; such a decision, though very good, is not enough, even when accompanied by earnest efforts to live as a Christian should live. The one essential thing is that a man should *come to Christ*; should definitely accept Him as his Saviour and Lord.

The Bible, the book which is given us by God Himself to be our guide and counsellor, is clear as to this. We read:

"To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (*Rom. iv. 5.*)

And again:

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

There is no mystery as to what "believing" means. To stake your confidence upon Christ, and upon the merits of His atoning blood; to place your whole reliance for eternity upon Him, and Him alone, is to believe on Him. And there is no other way than this to become a *real* Christian.

There is one detail (a most important one) in which the matter of becoming a Christian differs from that of becoming a soldier.

The would-be soldier has to submit himself to various tests: he must be of the requisite

height, his chest must be of a certain measurement, his teeth must be fairly sound. But the would-be Christian need not fear exclusion because of any such tests. As a matter of fact, we have *all* come miserably short of the standard.

"ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (*Rom. iii. 23.*)

We have to own this, and present ourselves before the Lord, not as hoping for acceptance because of our conformity to any requirement, or possession of any merit, but altogether because of what the Saviour has done. He shed His blood to make atonement, and on that ground the sinner who comes most "short of the glory of God," the most unsound and unworthy, may be sure of acceptance, if they do but come.

What about you, reader? Many a man will march bravely to face death upon the battlefield. But what comes *after* death is far more to be feared than death itself. Thank God we hear, not only from the barracks and training-grounds of Britain, but from the seat of war in France and Belgium, of many a newly-enlisted lad turning to Christ, accepting Him as Saviour, and thus being forgiven and saved for eternity.

Some valiant soldier, wounded by shrapnel or shot, and lying for weary days in the hospital ward, may read this. It may be, friend, that God has laid you aside in mercy that you may

have time and opportunity to think of Him, and to *come to Christ*. What a grand thing it would be for you to leave the sick-room, when your turn comes, a Christian, not merely in desire and purpose, but as a matter of sterling fact,—a Christian because trusting in Christ as Saviour.

Those whom this message finds in the heyday of their youth and strength do not need the Saviour any less than those who are stricken or dying. To have Christ for one's Saviour and Lord is to be richer for time as well as for eternity.

May God grant that this message may induce you to become a soldier of the King of kings, that is, a *Christian*, a sinner saved by grace, a forgiven and a happy man.

H. P. B.

Fleeing for Life.

WHEN the British troops, during the Mutiny in India, had made their silent retreat from Lucknow at dead of night, there was one man left behind. Captain Waterman, having gone to his bed in a retired corner, over-slept himself. He had been forgotten. At two o'clock in the morning he got up, and found to his horror that Lucknow had been evacuated. He hoped against hope, and visited every outpost. But all was silent and deserted.

His position was terrible to contemplate. To be the only man in an open entrenchment, and fifty thousand furious foes outside! Appalled by his situation, he took to his heels and ran—ran in the direction of the retreating forces till he could scarcely breathe. Still the same silence, interrupted only by the occasional report of a musket. At last he came up with the retiring rear-guard, almost mad with excitement. But he had made his escape, and he was safe.

No one will contend that this officer's anxiety and excitement were unreasonable, seeing he knew the dangers that surrounded him. And if *you*, unsaved reader, realised *your* dreadful circumstances as a lost sinner, in danger of losing your soul at any moment, would it not be perfectly reasonable for *you* to get into a similar state of alarm about your safety?

Suppose a person had come up to the imperilled officer at Lucknow, just as he became conscious of his fearful position, and had tried to tranquillise his mind by saying, "Don't become excited; look upon your circumstances with philosophic calmness; view the matter intellectually as a gentleman of education and intelligence." Would this not have been mockery at that dread hour when he was so conscious of his danger, and when he knew that his safety depended on immediate flight?

"Yes," you say, "such counsel would indeed

be mockery.” And is not this the very counsel the world gives you whenever you are awakened by the Spirit of God as to your lost condition? But what does *God* say? He says, “*Flee from the wrath to come.*” (*Matt. iii. 7.*) The safety of your soul depends upon your *immediate flight*. You are in danger of perishing eternally.

You do not need the philosophy of the world in order to understand your position. You simply need to believe God as to your danger, and to betake yourself as a hell-deserving sinner to Christ, the sinner’s only Refuge. *In Him* is your place of safety; for *in Him* there is “*no condemnation*” (*Rom. viii. 1*). Fear not to trust Him now; for has He not said, “*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out*”? (*John vi. 37.*)

W. S.

“Can’t,” or “Won’t”?

IN a small room we sat, three young men and the writer, on either side of a square table.

They had attended a Gospel service the previous night, and had desired an interview with me.

First of all I told them plainly God’s way of salvation as He has revealed it to us in His holy Word, and then I let them talk, in order to discover what their thoughts were.

After a while one of them said, “But it is no

use asking us to believe, for we can't unless God makes us; must we not wait until the Spirit moves us?"

I replied, "My friend, it is not a question of 'can't,' but 'won't.' I want you to suppose for a moment that you can believe the Gospel, and accept Christ as your Saviour."

"Well," he said, "now supposing that."

"Wilt thou take the Lord Jesus Christ to be thy Saviour *now*?"

He looked at me, and I looked at him in silence for a while, and then I repeated the question: "Wilt thou take the Lord Jesus Christ to be thy Saviour *to-night*?"

Again there was silence, and then, as his eyes filled with tears, he stretched his right hand across the table, and took mine with a warm grip, and said, "*I will.*"

All the difficulties disappeared on the spot, and the dear fellow rejoiced at once in the Saviour.

Is it with you, reader, a case of "*Can't,*" or "*Won't*"?

J. T. M.

Reasons for Reading.

SUCH is the heading of a two-paged leaflet advertising "*The Times Book Club.*"

Below are given two reasons:

FOR INFORMATION.—The greatest history the world has ever known is

now in the making. Read books that will give some idea of the meaning and significance of to-day's momentous events.

FOR DISTRACTION.—In a time of anxious preoccupation the best diversion is often found in a really good novel.

This terrible war, that is gradually drawing within its area nation after nation, that is responsible for millions of men actually fighting, that is being waged on land and sea, in the air, under the earth and beneath the water, is indeed most wonderful history in the making. But is it, as "*The Times Book Club*" describes it, "the greatest history the world has ever known"?

We beg leave to say at once, and without fear of contradiction, that history, infinitely bigger in its meaning and consequences than anything now going on—colossal, staggering, awe-inspiring as it may be—has taken place. Beside this history every other historical incident is of no more importance than the doings of an ant-heap in Central Africa are to General Joffre.

This piece of history is

*"The centre of two eternities,
Which look with rapt, adoring eyes."*

We refer to the wondrous incarnation of the Son of God—His death—His resurrection—His ascension.

That is "the greatest history the world has ever known." Yet how many there are to whom it does not appeal in the least. How many there are who are far more concerned with what is happening in France and Belgium and Russia and Germany than what took place at Calvary long centuries ago.

At most, what is happening on the Continent of Europe may affect our property, prosperity and life. It may bring poverty, death, bereavement and sorrow. Sad consequences, indeed, but they only affect us for this life and this world, only for a very little while at the most.

But what happened at Calvary affects us for all eternity. How will it affect *you*, reader? Either it will, if a believer, win you heaven, or assure you, if an unbeliever, of hell. Which shall it be?

The believer is saved for ever and ever.

The unbeliever has the wrath of God abiding upon him.

Such is the plain testimony of Scripture.

Personal, individual appropriation of the value of the death of Christ is what is needed. Without that "the greatest history the world has ever known" will only seal your doom in the lake of fire for ever.

Then we are informed by "*The Times Club*" that a good reason for reading is "*for distraction*," and for that we are recommended to a really good novel. But in times of "anxious

preoccupation " what good will a novel do the reader? Suppose, for instance, you are *very* distracted; that the enemy is within one hour's march of where you live, and every inhabitant will be shot, you among the number. What good will fiction do you then?

On the other hand, what blessed, happy, healthful distraction the Word of God can give. How cheering to learn in it the way of salvation and of eternal life; and, even under the terrible circumstances supposed, for the believer in Christ to have the assurance and joy of being so soon with the Lord. Or if events lead to long trial of earthly circumstances, poverty, bereavement, and the like, will the living in the unreal atmosphere of a novel really help the reader to bear his circumstances with fortitude and joy? How different are the consolations which the Book of Books affords. The believer can say: "*We glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.*" (Rom. v. 3-5.)

"*The Times Club*" leaflet tells us of a lady who read 65 books in less than three months at a cost of less than nine shillings. This works out at more than five books per week, or, roughly speaking, one volume each working day. If these books were all novels, what

an unreal world this lady must be living in. And yet she has to face death, judgment, the great white throne, the lake of fire, if she dies in her sins. As a general rule, novel reading and Bible reading do not go together. The worldling reads novels. Earnest Christians read the Bible.

Now if these lines should happen to catch the eye of this lady, we would recommend her to the study of 66 books, which can keep her interested deeply all the rest of her days, if she will only read them aright. They will tell her how the world was created, how sin came in, the interesting story of the Jewish nation, how the Saviour came to this world, of His death on the cross, of His glorious resurrection and ascension, of His willingness to save and bless, how the Lord lives for His people, and is soon coming for them. It will unroll the solemn future happenings in this world, and give her vivid peeps into eternity.

And this will not cost her nine shillings, wonderful as these 66 books are. Only yesterday I was shown 27 of them, commonly called the New Testament, well bound, good, clear print, which can be bought for the sum of one penny.

Listen to the testimony of the Bible. "*The holy scriptures . . . are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for*

correction, for instruction in righteousness : that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim. iii. 15-17.)

Reader, let me earnestly entreat you to read the Word of God, AND PAY HEED TO ITS MESSAGE. Those who fail to read it, or read it carelessly and superficially, merely as a respectable formality, *and die unsaved*, will find it their bitterest reflection that they have held within their hands God's book, that it contained the message of life and peace, and that they had paid no heed. This will be indeed "the worm that never dies"—the accusing conscience—the unavailing, eternal regret, bitter beyond words.

A poor, worn-out tramp laid himself down to die on a stone, which formed part of a Roman camp. *He died of starvation.* Excavations were made in the camp after his death. When the stone on which the poor, starved, hunger-bitten tramp had died was lifted, there were found underneath it three crocks full of gold coins. Little did he know that he was dying of starvation within six inches of all this treasure.

But you are hereby informed of the wonderful treasure to be found in the Word of God. Fail to find it, and the responsibility will be all yours. The blame will all lie at your own door. You alone will have to bear the consequences. Be warned in time, I beseech you.

A. J. F.

The Words on the Window.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD, one of the most celebrated preachers of the Gospel, and one whom God used for the blessing of souls to a larger extent, perhaps, than any other, is the subject of this narrative. Like other godly and devoted servants of Christ, he had his weaknesses and peculiarities, one of which was his fondness for a diamond ring, which he nearly always wore.

I am going to tell you how, on one occasion, this diamond was used in the service of Christ.

It was George Whitefield's custom, wherever he stayed, to speak to the people in the house, pointedly and definitely, about their souls. He did this earnestly, affectionately, and yet in such a discreet way that it rarely caused offence, and was the means of winning many, who had listened to his preaching unmoved.

At one time he was staying for a few days at the house of a certain general, who was a great admirer of the preacher's eloquence and zeal. He and his family were all so kind and amiable, and so lavish in their hospitality, that Whitefield, though he saw no evidence of their being Christians (that is, converted people, having the forgiveness of their sins, through faith in Christ), felt his lips sealed among them.

He confined his utterances to the genial courtesies of society, and did not speak of that which lay uppermost upon his heart.

The days rolled by, and the last night of his stay in that place arrived. He had said "Good night," and had retired to his room. Something within him seemed to say, "How will you be clear of the blood of these people, if you do not warn them?"

He said to himself, "They are so good and amiable, how can you speak to them about sin? Besides, you have preached the Gospel in their hearing, surely that is enough."

There was a conflict in his mind, and he was unable to sleep that night. Had he been lacking in faithfulness? What should he do?

Early in the morning, before he took his leave of his kind friends, his eye fell upon his diamond ring. He took it from his finger, and wrote with it upon the glass of his bedroom window four words:

"One thing thou lackest"

Then he went down to say farewell, and to start upon his journey.

No sooner had he departed than his host, General E——, said: "I will just run up to Mr. Whitefield's room and look round."

As he opened the door, and stepped into the room, the first thing that caught his eye was the writing on the window. Its meaning flashed into his mind. With all his natural kindness of heart, his amiability, his religiousness, his

admiration of the great preacher, he was lacking in one vital thing, and was, in fact, no Christian at all!

The tears rose to the eyes of the old soldier. He called his wife and showed her the words. She, too, began to weep.

"I *thought* he was unhappy," she said; "there seemed to be something on his mind. He was in trouble about us, because we are not converted. I was hoping he would speak to us."

The general said: "By God's grace, then, we will seek the 'one thing' that we lack."

He called the whole family together, three daughters and a son. He pointed out the text upon the window-pane. They all knelt down, confessed their sins, and before long one by one, they found what the Bible calls "joy and peace in believing."

In the city of New York there lives (or lived until quite recently) a lady, whose mother was one of the three daughters, who knelt with their parents in Whitefield's room, and she retains, as a precious relic, the pane of glass with the four words scratched upon it by the diamond.

Are there not many, very many, who resemble the general and his family before their conversion? Amiable people, religiously inclined, and admirers of that which is good, but lacking the one vital, essential thing that would make them Christians.

What is this one thing? It is not belief in

the veracity of the Scriptures or in the great historical facts of Christianity. This General E—— most certainly had. What was it, then, that he lacked, and that so many professors of religion to-day are without?

It was that personal faith *IN* the Lord Jesus Christ, without which there is no salvation. Notice that I emphasize the word “in.” Faith *ABOUT* Christ is not sufficient. One needs to have personal confidence *in* Him, to trust Him as one’s Saviour, in order to be saved.

He knew our need, and the serious consequences in which our sins had involved us. In order to save us He shed His blood upon the cross, giving Himself a Ransom for us. In virtue of this finished work of His, God receives and blesses any guilty sinner, who puts his trust in the Saviour.

There are many clear, unmistakable assurances in the Scriptures as to this. Take, for instance, the passage from Paul’s discourse in the synagogue at Antioch: “*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.)

Take another example, a quotation from an address given by Peter in the house of a Roman officer: “*To Him give all the prophets witness that, through His name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.*” (Acts x. 43.)

Can words be clearer? Can any doubt

remain in your mind as to the one thing needful?

God grant that you, my reader, may not be content with being a Christian in name only, but that you may be truly able to say, like the blind beggar to whom the Lord Jesus gave sight, and who became a grateful worshipper:

“*ONE THING I KNOW,
that, whereas I was blind, now I see.*” (*John ix. 25.*)

H. P. B.

The Mediator.

IN the private office of a wholesale merchant in a big city there sat three people. The merchant himself, a kindly Christian man; his cashier, also a Christian; and a woman in evident distress.

The cause of the meeting was clear—she was a debtor with practically nothing to pay. Her case was a bad one, for it was not merely a matter of sudden misfortune, or of sterling honesty struggling against adversity: but for months she had deceived the wholesale dealer, telling him of property, which really was not hers, with which she declared falsely again and again she intended to realise more than enough to liquidate her debt.

But through some means or other her conscience had been aroused, and she had resolved to make a clean breast of the matter. That

morning she had sought an interview with her creditor, at which she told him all, without any attempt at excuse or palliation.

The creditor asked her to withdraw from the room for a while, that he might talk the matter over with his cashier. With what anxiety she awaited the result of the consultation, and, when recalled, what fear, and hope, and appeal were in her eyes.

She was not kept waiting, however, to know what her fate was, for the cashier unlocked the cash-box, and, counting out the full amount of the debt, laid it before the creditor, and he took his pen, and wrote "Settled" across the bill.

It was all done very quietly, but an earthquake could not have surprised the woman more; but when she realised what it meant she was not slow to express her gratitude, and she left the office utterly ashamed of her past deceit, perfectly at peace about the debt, and full of thankful admiration for the merchant and his cashier.

But before the account was settled the merchant had unfolded to her a story of greater grace than his, of which his was but a faint echo,—the story of the grace of God, that justifies justly the ungodly.

What he told to her I will tell to you. She, and you, and I owed a great debt to God. In justice He must demand *full* payment; but neither she, nor you, nor I could meet that righteous demand, for our condition was

bankrupt,—guilty sinners were we, without any goodness of our own at all.

The Bible tells us this plainly, and if we feel aright about it, we are conscious that what the Bible says is true. Then it was that Jesus came, the one Mediator between God and men, and He paid the price, for He gave Himself a Ransom for all.

But let us remember that He was God's beloved Son, He was sent by God into this world for this very purpose—to give His life a ransom for all.

So that it was out of God's own treasury that the price was drawn. And, thank God, it fully meets the demands of His holiness, so that He can now offer complete justification to all, who do but come to Him for it through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

If we come to Him, as that woman went to her creditor, confessing our guilt, owning how sinful we have been, He, too, will write "settled" across the terrible account of our sins. He will do it gladly and in righteousness because of what the Mediator has done. Then shall we, as never before, feel the sinfulness of our sins, have perfect peace with God about them, and be filled with gratitude to God and our Lord Jesus Christ.

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

J. T. M.

“A Scrap of Paper.”

ON the day that England was forced to declare war on Germany, Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador in Berlin, was strenuously doing his best to the last moment to preserve peace, but all in vain.

One of his latest efforts was to call on the German Imperial Chancellor. He found him in a great state of agitation, and unable to conceal his anger that Great Britain should declare war over a word—“*neutrality*”—a word which, he said, had often been disregarded—over “a scrap of paper,” as he contemptuously called the solemn treaty which affirmed the neutrality of Belgium, and to which Prussia had been a contracting party.

He declared the course Germany had taken in violating this treaty was “a matter of life and death” to her. Sir Edward Goschen affirmed, on his part, that it was “a matter of life and death” to Great Britain to respect her plighted word, and to uphold, at whatever cost of life and treasure, the treaty which she was pledged to uphold.

All right-minded persons condemn faithlessness to plighted word. But is it not true, in a far more important matter, that multitudes treat the Word of God as if it were only “a scrap of paper”? They seem to think that its words are of no account.

But every word of God’s will assuredly stand.

Does He tell us “*The wages of sin is death*”? (Rom. vi. 23.) Does He tell us, “*After this the judgment*”? (Heb. ix. 27.) Does God ask the question: “*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation*”? (Heb. ii. 3.) Does He warn us that He must punish sin?

Beware how you treat these warnings. Treat the Holy Scriptures contemptuously as “a scrap of paper,” despise its warnings, disregard its entreaties, and you seal your everlasting doom in the lake of fire. Oh! be warned.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking on Germany's action, asked his hearers if they had any five-pound notes upon them—any pretty little Treasury notes for £1 or 10s. “Burn them,” said he, “they are only *scraps of paper*.” “What are they made of?” he demanded. “Rags,” he answered. “What is behind those *scraps of paper*?” he asked. “All the credit and honour of the British Empire.” And he was right.

And so behind God's word is all the credit and honour of God. God's word will surely come to pass. This is enough, if realised, to make the careless sinner concerned; to make the indifferent anxious about his soul's salvation. How comforting it is, when turning to its blessed pages to learn the way of salvation, to know that “*for ever . . . [God's] word is settled in heaven*.” (Psa. cxix. 39.)

We may rely implicitly on God's word,

which cannot deceive, change, nor alter. “*It is impossible for God to lie.*” (Heb. vi. 18.)

Do we ask the earnest question, “*What must I do to be saved?*” Hear the divine answer, “*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*” (Acts xvi. 31.) How simple! How blessed!

The dying soldier may be at his last gasp in the trench or on the battlefield; the young sailor may be wounded to death on the battleship, or his ship may be sinking beneath wintry waves. If such an one truly and earnestly turns to the Lord in his extremity, and believes on Christ, salvation is his.

But do not presume on the grace of God. If it is good to be saved, it had better be NOW; if you mean to be saved some day, let that some day be TO-DAY, for you know not when death may meet you. Remember, “*He, that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.*” (Prov. xxix. 1.)

Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ saves the sinner, because He died on the cross, atoned for sin, and shed His precious blood. “*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin*” (1 John i. 7), is the divine testimony of Scripture. We cannot be saved by anything we can do. Our religion cannot save us. Our so-called good works cannot procure us God’s forgiveness. But, blessed be His name, He points us to His Son. He bids us put our faith

in *Him*. He tells us, "*There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.*" (*Acts iv. 12.*) Thank God, His name is enough.

Do not, like thousands around you, treat God's word as if it were "a scrap of paper," but approach it with reverence, learn from its holy pages God's way of salvation; above all, receive its testimony in faith in your soul. "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.*" (*Acts xvi. 31.*)

And then seek to tell others, and live for Christ.

A. J. P.

Christ Only.

THE following is an extract from a sermon once preached before the English House of Commons:

"Christ is the Way: without Him men are Cains,—wanderers, vagabonds.

"He is the Truth: without Him men are liars, like the devil of old.

"He is the Life: without Him men are 'dead in trespasses and sins.'

"He is the Light: without Him men are in darkness, and go they know not whither.

"He is the Vine: men that are not in Him are withered branches, prepared for the fire.

"He is the Rock: men not built on Him are carried away with a flood.

“ He is the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Author and the Ender, the Founder and the Finisher of salvation. He that hath Him not hath neither beginning of good, nor shall have end of misery.

“ O blessed Jesus, how much better it were not to be, than to be without Thee! Never to have been born, than not to die in Thee! This is hell—eternally to want Jesus Christ.”

Reader, this is as true now as it was then. As God has appointed the sun to shine, so has He appointed Jesus to save. He is the Door and the Bread of Heaven. In Him alone can your soul find its rest.

Can you sing :

*“ My heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee ;
And my immortal choice is made,
CHRIST FOR ME.
He is my Prophet, Priest and King,
Who did for me salvation bring ;
And while I live, I mean to sing,
CHRIST FOR ME ? ”*

Contributed by H. A. M.

How do *You* Treat a “Tract”?

A CHRISTIAN traveller in South America writes :

“ More than once I have given a tract to a well-dressed Britisher abroad, and seen him crush it, drop it, and walk on without stopping, or looking at the giver. But it is frequent, when a Portuguese or Brazilian gentleman receives a tract, to find him raise his hat, and thank you, fold it carefully, and put it in his letter-case.”

Did *you* experience a shade of annoyance when this copy of GOSPEL TIDINGS was put into your hands? Of course you received it politely ; you did not crush it and cast it from you with contempt, or you would not now be reading these lines.

But the question that stands at the head of this paper has no reference to your gentlemanly or ladylike manner of receiving it. It concerns your treatment of the message it brings you.

A “tract,” if you like to call our little magazine by that name, is nothing in itself. It is but paper and printer’s ink. But it seeks to make clear and to enforce the all-important message, which comes from God, and is addressed to “all men, everywhere.”

Am I not right in calling the gospel an *all-important* message, since your everlasting weal or woe depends upon your attitude towards it? To refuse a tract and to fling it from you with scorn may, after all, be nothing but a manifestation of ill-breeding. But to refuse the gospel message, that the despised tract contains, is to refuse salvation, and to expose yourself to the Christ-rejector's doom. And "*what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?*" (1 Peter iv. 17.)

It must not be assumed, because you belong to the English-speaking world, that you know what the gospel is. A most astonishing ignorance, even among religious people, prevails as to this.

A Christian friend, inviting a young man to attend a "gospel meeting," remarked:

"Of course, you ought to know the gospel."

The young man replied with a smile: "Oh! yes; I know it well. I have been a member of a church for sixteen years."

The conversation drifted off to another subject; but a little later, returning to the point, the Christian friend asked:

"Would you mind telling me what the gospel is?"

The young man sat as if he had been transfixed, and just stared. The question seemed to strike him dumb.

After a considerable pause the friend asked: "Would it be praying?"

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"Yes," said the young man, "that's it; that is the gospel."

Then he was asked: "Do you think it would mean giving of your money to help a good cause?"

Again he said, "Yes, that's it."

"And would it be attending church and reading the Bible?"

To this, and several further similar questions, he answered "Yes"; until finally the Christian friend had no option but to tell him that he was utterly ignorant of the gospel. His replies had been as far from the mark as they well could be.

How would *you* answer the question, reader? What, in your opinion, is meant by the gospel?

I am not going to trouble you with *my* opinion on the subject. One man's opinion would not necessarily be better or more reliable than another's. But may I bespeak your earnest attention while I show you *from the Scriptures*, the Word of God, what it is?

(1) *It is the gospel of SALVATION.* (See Eph. i. 13.) That is, it is the glad tidings of the way a sinner may be saved. "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" (Acts xvi. 31.)

(2) *It is the gospel of GOD.* (See Rom. i. 1) It declares to us what is in the heart of God; that He is "*rich in mercy,*" and that He can righteously exercise His prerogative of mercy

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

(3) *It is the gospel* CONCERNING HIS SON. (See Rom. i. 3.) It tells us how the Lord Jesus Christ "*hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God*" (1 Pet. iii. 18); and that His precious blood "*cleanseth us from all sin.*" (1 John i. 7.)

(4) *It is the gospel of* GOD'S GRACE. (See Acts xx. 24.) It shows us that because of Christ's atonement God can deal in grace with men, proclaiming forgiveness to all who repent, and justifying all who believe.

What glad news, what glorious tidings, are these! Do they not exactly suit you?

"*It is just what I want, and I mean to have it.*" So said a man at the close of a gospel address to which he had listened attentively. Can you not echo his words?

Forgiveness, salvation, eternal life: are these things to be despised? Are they not just what you want? Do you not mean to have them?

It is "only a tract" that speaks to you. But it speaks of vital matters, matters that none can afford to treat with indifference. It is only a finger-post, but it points you to One who waits to be your Saviour; only a piece of paper with some words on it, but the words are words of earnest entreaty that you may give heed to the things that pertain to the best interests of your soul.

H. P. B.

Why will ye Die?

IT was Christmas-tide, and in a West of England village several of God's people were led to hold a gospel service, to which about one hundred and fifty persons were invited to hear the story of the wondrous grace of God.

Amongst the number invited were an old man and woman, who had passed nearly four-score winters, and a young man, an assistant in the village stores, who was much liked and respected by the villagers.

The night proved to be rough and wintry, but in spite of heavy rain the old couple came, and as the good news sounded forth, tears fell from their eyes, as they were moved by the loving invitation from the Saviour—“*Come unto Me.*”

With great pleasure we heard the old people testify that they had realised they were sinners, and had accepted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. We visited them in their little cottage many times after that night, and found them simply trusting the Lord Jesus.

The young man refused to come to the service; in fact, although several pleaded with him to do so he laughingly refused, and seemed highly amused at the idea that he should be found in such a place, and so passed an opportunity which he never again had the privilege of accepting.

Some months after he was lying on a bed of sickness, taken suddenly ill with a most painful complaint; he lay unconscious and beyond all human aid—dying—yes, truly dying.

No hope for time, and no hope, we fear, for all eternity—he had lived without God and so he died, we fear, without Him. He is *dead*, and his body lies in the calm of a beautiful West Country churchyard, awaiting resurrection.

Resurrection to what? We fear, to face the great white throne judgment. For all who die without Christ will surely be raised up, and cannot escape the awfulness of eternal punishment as revealed so clearly in the Word of God.

Not long after the death of the young man we had the joy of being called to see the old woman, who was lying on her death bed. She was so happy, and gave us a loving welcome. "*I be so glad to see thee once more before I go,*" was her hearty greeting.

We asked her if she was truly ready, had she a doubt or fear, or was she really simply trusting Jesus?

Her answer was: "*Yes, I be ready—I be all right—yes, I be trusting Jesus,*" and in less than twenty-four hours she had passed away—to be with the Lord Jesus.

Her body, too, lies beneath the sod in a beautiful churchyard, and is also awaiting

resurrection—not to judgment, thank God, but to eternal life.

What made the difference between the young man and old woman ? Just this :

Both alike were sinners, and both alike deserved the judgment of God. In the one case, the old woman owned she was a sinner and deserved the punishment of her sins—but saw that Jesus died for sinners, and therefore for her. She believed what God had said about Him and His work, and trusted in Him and was saved. She rested her soul on such verses of God's Word as the following : “ *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.) “ *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.)

The young man refused to own he was a sinner—therefore saw no need of salvation. He refused the Saviour, and died unsaved.

Reader ! we have found in the Lord Jesus Christ a full, free and eternal salvation. Have you ? If not, why not ? He invites you to come with loving entreaty : “ *Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*” (Matt. xi. 28.)

If, however, you refuse to come, then those

deeply solemn words of God will ring in your ears when too late for mercy :

“ Because I have called and ye refused ; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded ; but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof : I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh ; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind ; when distress and anguish come upon you.” (Prov. i. 24-27.)

In face of the wonderful love of God, who gave Jesus to die for you,

Why will ye die ?

F. W. C.

The Infidel Club of Nine.

IN the town of Stonehaven, Scotland, there existed nigh forty years ago an infidel club consisting of nine members, who for audacity in ungodly words and ways were notorious. The members usually met in a blacksmith's shop, to discuss their infidel principles. Here they imagined they had quite disposed of Christianity. For years they went on with their blasphemies and tall talk. Nothing happened ; apparently, in their circumstances, they were unaffected by their ungodliness. Was there no reaping, then ? Did God

not take account of all this? In patience He bore with them; but listen to the sad sequel.

Eventually the nine dropped off one by one, not one of them ending with a natural death.

One, named Brown, for murder on the high seas, was hanged in the town of Montrose; and we had the melancholy privilege of preaching Christ under the shadow of the gallows to thousands, who had congregated to see him executed.

A second drowned himself in the sea, near Bervie, distant twelve miles from the scene of his ungodly influence and efforts. Conscious of his wicked and blasphemous life, he sought rest for his unhappy soul, vainly imagining death to be a relief, compared with the intolerable expectation and continual dread of the hell he denied.

The third, under a similar condition, and loathing himself because of his terrible misdeeds, committed suicide by hanging himself in his back garden one Sunday morning.

A fourth hanged himself, after a protracted "spree," while in *delirium tremens*, in his stable.

The fifth, while raving mad with despair, and crying night and day, "I'm lost, I'm lost!" drowned himself in a deep pool, called "Cowie Pot," close inshore near the sea.

A cooper by trade was the sixth. He was crossing a creek, on a narrow plank, one Saturday evening while drunk, carrying two newly-made wooden pails to the person who

had ordered them. At the time the wind was blowing hard, and a strong gust blew him off the plank into the water, which was not more than two feet deep. The pails filled with water, and he in his stupidity, keeping hold of them, was drowned where a six-year-old child could have waded.

The seventh, while drunk, fell into the sea off the pier, and was drowned. His body was recovered the next day.

A barber was the eighth. He was a most wicked man. Often when we were preaching in the street he would come and place his mouth as close as possible to the preacher's ear, and sing at the top of his voice "Martyrdom," or some such psalm tune, to annoy us. He knew we would do him no harm, and therefore took the advantage to secure the applause of a gaping crowd, who approved of his conduct, and afterwards treated him to strong drink for his courage.

Alas! alas! one Christmas night he was so drunk that he could not sit on his chair in his room; he evidently fell off, his head coming in contact with the red-hot bars of the grate, which burnt his face to the bone. Next day, when his neighbours missed him, they burst open the door of his room, and in this condition they found him.

We can only tell of the ninth having been found dead on the sea beach, as we left that part of the world before his decease.

"The Lord preserveth all them that love Him : but all the wicked will He destroy." (Psa. cxlv. 20.)

Reader, socialism may appear attractive, and be pleasing to the rebellious mind of fallen humanity; but will the vapouring talk of wicked men, think you, blot God out of His universe, or sin out of the world, or remove your responsibility individually to Him? Nay! Nay!

God is. SIN IS. Personal and individual responsibility is. Heaven is and hell is.

You may by your reasonings try to banish hell to ease your own trouble; but hell is, and escape from it is only by the Lord Jesus Christ. Only through His dying in love for you on the cross can mercy be offered.

"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.) Do not be blinded any longer.

Trifle not with God, His Christ, His Spirit, His Word, nor with your precious soul. *"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"* (Mark viii. 36, 37.)

Does not the true story of the Infidel Club of Nine prove the truth of the word of God that *"they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same"*? (Job iv. 8.)

N. B.

“I am no Hypocrite.”

NOT a few people, when spoken to about their souls, reply, in the words of our heading, “I am no hypocrite; I make no profession.” Because they have seen the hypocrisy of mere professors of Christianity, and the faults of real Christians, they bolster themselves up in the pride and self-righteousness of their hearts, and think themselves better than others because they make no profession at all.

There is no evil condition of soul in which men may not excuse themselves from the confession of their sins, and avoid turning to the Saviour to be cleansed from them.

Reader, if this is your condition let me assure you that neither the hypocrisy of mere professors, nor the faults of real Christians, will shield you from the judgment which awaits you for your own sins.

Not only so, but you will be charged there with more than many others, for you know so well the holiness of Christianity that you can judge readily of the hypocrisy of false professors and the wrong-doing of true Christians.

You know Christ is holy, and that no unholiness becomes those who confess Him; and yet you live an unholy life yourself.

Woe will be yours, then, if you continue in this course.

Contributed by H. A. M.

It is Solemn to Trifle with God.

ROBERT C—— was a quiet-looking man of middle age, who had recently come to live at a large farmhouse in the capacity of shepherd. An earnest Christian, he looked upon his new post simply as a fresh field of service for his Master.

He was deeply impressed with the fact that his fellow-servants and those around him had never-dying souls, with an eternity before them to be spent in heaven or hell.

In the light of this, he lost no opportunity of putting before them their lost condition as sinners, and urging them to turn in repentance to God, and trust in Christ as their Saviour.

For those who as yet were not within his reach—his widowed mistress and her family—he prayed earnestly that they, too, might be saved.

Of course, this could not fail to stir up the enmity of some, and many were the scornful looks and jeering words Robert had to bear.

But he had one bitter opponent, and that was the godless family butcher, who did his utmost to injure him in the eyes of others and bring about his dismissal.

“Why, ma’am,” he would say in a wheedling, insinuating tone when he called for his weekly

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order, "Why, ma'am, do you think I would keep a man like that on *my* place teaching my servants religion?"

The time had been when the man's wily words would have had weight with the mistress, when the knowledge that she was harbouring a man on her premises who was "teaching her servants *religion*" would have filled her with consternation; but lately, doubtless in answer to Robert's prayers on her behalf, God had been leading her to see that she was a poor lost sinner needing a Saviour, and a few months after Robert was saying to a friend, "Why, even the missus herself is saved."

A year or two after a member of the same family, who also owed much to Robert's prayers, was standing by the bedside of a dying man, earnestly repeating to him the truths of God's Word on which she herself had rested for salvation: "*Christ Jesus came into the world to SAVE SINNERS*" (1 Tim. i. 15), and "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN*" (1 John i. 7), but the words fell on ears which seemed *unable to take in their meaning!*

The man was terribly in earnest, for he knew that death was near, "*and after this, the judgment.*"

Over and over again she put the Gospel before him—the forgiveness God offers to repenting sinners on the ground of the atoning death of Christ; but it was in vain, for though

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he listened eagerly, he seemed powerless to appropriate the life-giving truths for himself.

Many times she had prayed for others that they might be saved, and God had heard and answered these prayers; but now she had a sense that God was *not* hearing her—that her prayers did not rise to Him.

It may be that certain memories were busy in the mind of the dying man—the remembrance of a time when he had tried to extinguish the light of the gospel for others, that light which even now seemed to be denied an entrance into *his* soul; but there was no evidence of repentance towards God for his past life.

And thus, we fear with his sins upon him, the family butcher went to his account. It was a death-bed never to be forgotten, recalling the solemn words: "*Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord.*" (Prov. i. 28-29.)

It is, indeed, solemn to trifle with God. See, then, that you trifle not with eternal realities. Think of God, heaven, hell, eternity. Be in earnest about your soul.

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

F. A.

A Fearful Mistake.

“**Y**ES, sir,” said the merchant, “this book is my book of life. It is my consolation, my support, my hope. When my last hour comes I will meet it calmly, resting upon the certainty that I have made a good use of the talents which God entrusted to me. Yes! in this book rest all my hopes, both for this world and the next!”

The words were spoken confidently, and almost triumphantly. At least, so it seemed to the Christian visitor, who was sitting in the merchant's office, and listening with surprise and grief.

What book was it, think you, to which the speaker referred, and which he called his “book of life”? The Bible? To what other book could he possibly refer in such terms?

No, it was not the Bible. We will let the merchant himself answer our question.

“If you were to read this book,” he said, “you would find some names in it that would surprise you. But I have never shown it to anyone, for it contains the secrets of others. This book is a record of all the services which I have ever rendered to anyone. It is secured from every eye except my own, for I keep it in this box, of which I alone have the key. And look at the inscription.”

The visitor glanced at the writing on the cover, and read these words :

“To be placed in my coffin without being opened.”

Some comment was evidently expected from him, and quietly seeking God's help and guidance, he said :

“I would like to ask you if, in those moments which come to us all (for we are all sinners), when conscience rises up to accuse us, and we feel we are guilty in God's sight, do you *then* find that anything in this book can give you peace? Does it lead you to believe yourself pardoned, and justified before God?”

The merchant leaned over, and laid his hand upon that of his visitor.

“Sir,” he said, “if this book had not power to give me peace I would burn it, and never give another halfpenny to the poor. Yes, I know that I commit sins; I have my faults, like everyone else. But this book reassures me. When I look over it, I feel that my account stands well, and that there is sufficient recorded in its pages to make all my faults and sins be forgotten.”

Are you ready, my reader, to exclaim with me, “What a delusion! What a fearful, soul-destroying mistake!!”? It was that, indeed. For a man to imagine that his kindness to the poor and other “good deeds” possessed merit enough to atone for his sins is one of the most fatal delusions that one could have. To think that *anything* except the atoning work of Christ could settle the question of our sins,

that anything but His precious blood could cleanse away our guilt, is an error of the first magnitude.

Some years passed since the visit paid by the Christian to the office of the merchant, and now the latter was laid upon his dying bed. His sufferings were great, but his mind was clear. He sent a message to his Christian friend, begging him to come to his bedside, which he gladly did. As the visitor entered the sick-room, what should he see, lying beside the dying man, but the register of his good works.

"It will be a relief to me to confide in you," he said. "It was hard to give up a delusion which I had treasured for thirty years. But the veil was torn away, and there was revealed to me the utter worthlessness of the book I had so prized."

His face beamed with gratitude and joy.

"Imagine," he continued, "what would have been my state if I had ended with this thought: I have laboured for myself, and have received my reward. But I saw that, far from having atoned for my sins by my good works, those very works were in themselves full of sin; and that I was a lost sinner, in danger of eternal death, and with no power to save myself. And then, for the first time in my life, I felt my need of a Saviour, and I thought of Him who, 'though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.' And now I treasure in

my heart those words which once were so distasteful to me : "*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.)

The next day he passed peacefully away.

* * * *

Such was the conversion of this self-righteous and self-satisfied man.

And what of you, reader ? Are *you* putting your trust in anything that you are, or that you hope to be ? If so, let me warn you that you are making a fearful mistake. The only ground upon which we can safely build is *the finished work of Christ*.

"PEACE IS POSSESSED *by those who simply hide
In Christ alone, and in His words confide ;
They read their pardon, written full and plain
By God Himself, who sees them without stain.*"

There is no other way to be saved. Kings in their palaces and nobles in their mansions, equally with the unfortunate denizens of the slums and lodging-houses of our big cities, must be saved, if they are to be saved at all, because of what Christ has done for sinners, when He hung as the Sin-bearer on the Cross. I hope you, my reader, have this firm foundation as the ground of your confidence.

H. P. B.

“Doing the Best I Can.”

SOME time ago, on board a train, I had just taken my seat opposite an elderly and intelligent looking man, when he remarked: “I would not like to be a commercial traveller.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Oh!” he said, “you have so much baggage to carry. May I ask what you are selling?”

I replied, “It used to be vehicles, but I quit that, and am now giving the Gospel away.”

“Oh!” he said, “I am very glad to meet you; what’s your destination?”

“West Philadelphia.”

“Oh!” he said, “the Bible Conference; that’s my destination.”

“Then we are of the same mind as to our present destination,” I replied.

“Yes, this is an agreeable and happy surprise.”

After exchanging a few more words, we turned to the Word of God, taking up the subject of man’s lost state by nature, and his inability to do anything to save himself; also that of the believer’s absolute certainty of eternal life. And while speaking of God’s free grace and wondrous love towards us rebel sinners, he listened attentively, then remained silent a few moments and said thoughtfully: “I never saw it like that—that you may know that we have the assurance of eternal life, and,

sir, I have never met the man that had."

"You never have?" I replied.

"No."

"Well," said I, "take a good look at me; you have seen him at last."

Literally staring with surprise, he said, "Don't you think you are presumptuous, to speak so positively? Why, sir, I am seventy-eight years old, have been a professor all my life, and our preacher has always said, we are to do the best we can, and hope for God to do the rest. Are we not to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling? Does not the Apostle James declare, 'Show me thy faith without works,' or something like that? No, I don't understand Scripture that way."

"Well, Mr. ———," I replied, "I can quite understand your position, but I suppose that you would admit that it would be a very desirable thing to know that believers have now the positive assurance of eternal life?"

"Oh! yes, I desire it and am ready to believe it when once convinced of that truth, but until then, I am going on '*doing the best I can*' to get to heaven. Why, sir, I have been under conviction for nearly forty years, praying for thirty, given hundreds of dollars to our church, attended all our services when able, and daily trying to do my best."

"Who told you to do all this, Mr. ———?"

"My minister; he says to keep on praying, remember your preacher, because 'God loveth

a cheerful giver,' stick close to your own church, do your best, and you will be all right in the end."

"Well, my dear sir, if that is the principle upon which you expect to get eternal life, I know two or three verses in the Bible that would have to be altered."

Again he looked surprised. Opening my Bible I read Romans iv. 5, Eph. ii. 8, 9, and 1 John v. 13: "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." "For 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." "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."

Having finished reading, I remarked, "You have been under conviction forty years, praying and doing your best for thirty years; and yet you are not positive of being a saved man and sure of eternal life. You remind me of that poor woman who had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and yet was nothing better. But when she 'touched the hem of His garment' she was made whole.

"Now you have been having these many physicians, spending your all, and are nothing better than you were forty years ago. Drop

these physicians who have been prescribing good feelings, prayers, good works and ordinances. Call in the Great Physician, take His prescription—‘Eat My flesh and drink My blood’—and you, like this woman, will be made whole and possess eternal life.” (See John vi. 53-58.)

What is true of this sincere old gentleman is also true of thousands of others. Probably the reader may be one of those, “doing the best you can.” If so, let me say it is a fatal blunder. There is no such text within the covers of the Bible. Your best, to merit heaven, to procure salvation from the wrath to come, is only evil; for, saith the prophet, “We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses”—that is, our best—“are as filthy rags.” (*Isa. lxiv. 6:*) A sinner’s best is simply and only one of sin.

You may wrap yourselves around with morality and religion, but will these wrappings hide the evil within from the eye of God? Doing good works to procure salvation is, in God’s sight, as so many “filthy rags.”

If you could live to the age of Methuselah, and every moment of that long life of 969 years earnestly seek and strive to do your best, you would still be floundering with thousands more in the most common soul-delusion of the day. Our title to heaven is not in doing our best, but in Christ’s most precious blood. (See Heb. x. 19.)

Turn to the sure pages of God's Word. There we read of One who did "His best" amid circumstances of unparalleled sorrow and sin. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 *Tim. i. 15.*) Christ on the cross bore the sins of those who had done their worst: who were sinners and guilty.

Reader, can you speak of doing your best in the light of the cross? Why should Jesus suffer and die, if salvation and eternal life could be had by *your* best? Have you failed in the least degree in doing your best? For that one blot, or stain, or failure, the blood of Christ is absolutely needed, for "without shedding of blood is no remission." (*Heb. ix. 22.*)

Reader, if you are merely a church member, "doing the best you can," wake up to the stern reality that you are exposed to the judgment of God on the one hand, and on the other, your labour cannot merit eternal life. It is easier for you to pluck the sun from its place in the firmament than to get to heaven by doing the best you can. What, then, avails? "Repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." (*Acts xx. 21.*)

He has died, the Just for the unjust. He has given eternal life to His sheep. (See John x. 28.) Therefore your best deeds—whether open sinner or mere professor—in His sight are as "filthy rags." Away with them; the cross of Christ is a rock beneath one's feet.

A. L. K.

False Kindness to Soldiers and Sailors.

“IT seems kind,” writes the vicar of Bradwell in a letter to his parishioners, “to believe that the circumstances of a soldier’s or sailor’s death might redeem his soul at the last moment, even if his life had been ungodly and wicked. It is natural for us to think that the utter self-sacrifice which they offer for their country should win for them eternal peace. That God accepts and credits to every man, who falls in battle, the noble sacrifice he makes is beyond all doubt.”

If the thoughts to which the vicar gives expression are indeed true “beyond all doubt,” he should have based them on a more solid foundation than what “seems kind” and what “is natural for us to think.” For things are not always what they seem. Do we not read of “a way which *seemeth right* unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death”? (*Prov. xiv. 12.*)

Now it is the writer’s earnest desire, not to say things that merely *seem* kind, but to do a *real* kindness to any that may have been deceived by the vicar’s words, to which wide publicity has been given in the columns of the *Manchester Daily Dispatch*. It is not an act of true kindness to conceal danger from those

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exposed thereto, or to prophesy smooth things merely to give pleasure to those concerned.

The vicar suggests that the soul, even of an ungodly and wicked man, may be redeemed by the circumstances of a soldier's or sailor's death. Not so do the Holy Scriptures teach. A death of self-sacrifice is referred to in 1 Cor. xiii. 3, where we read: "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, *it profiteth me nothing.*" According to the vicar's "kind" doctrine, a brutal German, turning from his deeds of violence and outrage to face a British or French attack, may win the redemption of his soul by being transfixed with a bayonet thrust! Or a British soldier or sailor dying in battle finds thereby a sure passport to heaven. Is this true?

We may ask, if any sacrifice on our part were adequate to procure our redemption, why should God have given up His Son to sacrifice Himself on our behalf? If the lesser sacrifice were sufficient, what need of the greater? If "eternal peace" can be gained by a life offered for one's country, where was the necessity for Christ to have "made peace by the blood of His cross"? (*Col. i. 20.*)

The *truth* is that sin is of such infinite seriousness, and the soul of man of such exceeding value, that no sacrifice but that of Christ, no blood but the precious blood that He shed for sinners, has atoning efficacy. As a well-known hymn puts it:

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“Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
 Has paid the ransom due;
 Ten thousand deaths like mine
 Would have been all too few.”

It is not true kindness to let brave men go to the battle front with the idea that if death overtakes them there they will, as a result, gain eternal peace. It is far kinder to warn them that they need Christ for their Saviour, and that He is ready to save them even though, as the vicar says, their lives have been ungodly and wicked. The Lord Jesus Christ Himself said that He had not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Never yet has a sinner, turning to Him in faith and repentance, been repulsed. Never!

You dear men in the barrack-rooms, battle-ships, trenches, hospitals, and other places where this magazine is distributed, let me assure you that, whether in the vigour of life or in the hour of death, Christ stands ready to pardon and save you. *His* blood avails to cleanse away your sin. *His* sacrifice will be accepted by God as a full discharge for your indebtedness. In Him is your only hope. Do not be deluded with the idea that God will accept anything that *you* can do or suffer as an atonement for your soul.

The vicar of Bradwell may affirm, and say it is “beyond all doubt,” that God will do this. But the vicar is only a fallible man, deceived and deceiving. Listen not to his voice, but to

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the words of God Himself. He tells us in the clearest language the way in which our souls may be redeemed:

“In Whom [namely, Christ] we have redemption **THROUGH HIS BLOOD.**” (*Eph. i. 7.*)

“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (*1 John i. 7.*)

Since the present war began, thank God, many a man upon the blood-stained battlefields of France and Flanders has found in Christ the way of life and peace. Many a one can face death now with a courage unknown before, a courage born of the assurance that all is well with his soul because he has put his trust in Christ as his own personal Saviour, and that his sins have been answered for by the blood that He shed at Calvary, and that God remembers them no more. (*See Heb. x. 17.*)

“Can you tell me something about God?” asked a dying soldier, after one of the fiercest attacks on the German trenches. His comrade, less severely wounded, pulled from his pocket a small Testament, bound in khaki, and read the golden words:

“FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.” (*John iii. 16.*)

It was enough. The dying man's face lit up with a satisfied smile. All was well with Him

for eternity, not because he was dying the death of a hero in the service of his country, but because He trusted the Saviour, who had died for him !

H. P. B.

The Old Sampler's Sermon.

GLANCING round a very handsomely furnished drawing-room one's eye rested on an old sampler in a poor-looking black frame, conspicuous by its prominent position, and by its being so out of keeping with its handsome modern surroundings.

These samplers are rarely seen now, but in our grandmothers' days a girl's education was not considered complete until she had worked her sampler—a piece of very coarse canvas, on which were worked in coloured silks the capitals and small letters of the alphabet and the numerals; then the girl's name, with the date, followed by a line or two of poetry, or a few birds or trees.

The lines on this particular sampler ran thus:

“IF YOU KNOW CHRIST YOU NEED KNOW
LITTLE MORE ;
IF NOT, ALL'S LOST THAT YOU HAVE
LEARNT BEFORE.”

Was it the valuable sermon the old sampler preached, which had obtained for it its place of honour? Alas! no; its words were unheeded in that household. The eldest daughter of the

family acknowledged to one who was speaking to her of the Saviour, who "came into the world to save sinners," that she had never yet given five minutes' thought to her soul, and, judging by appearances, she voiced the experience of her family.

Not that they were irreligious, by any means, but religion and "knowing Christ" are two vitally different things. Religion adds an air of respectability to a man, but the confession of Christ as Saviour *always* brings reproach and loss of caste.

No one displays the enmity of the natural heart to Christ, or opposes what is truly of Him, as does the purely religious man!

Prove it by pressing on him the absolute need of conversion if he is to be saved, as set forth by Christ Himself (*see* Matt. xviii. 3), and he will recoil from the very term with anger and disdain!

No, the family generally attended their place of worship, where, according to report, they would listen to an able and eloquent sermon, the gist of its exhortations being that they should lead religious lives, *be* good, *do* good, and thus deserve and gain heaven at last!

Then was the old sampler wrong as to the necessity of "*knowing Christ*"? The Word of God—the word of Him "with whom *we have to do*"—can only decide that question, for a mistake as to *how* to "gain heaven" would be terrible indeed in its consequences for eternity.

His Word says: "*Through this Man* [Christ Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by *Him* all that believe are justified from all things." (*Acts xiii. 38.*)

"We have redemption *through His blood*, the forgiveness of sins." (*Eph. i. 7.*)

"Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners.*" (*1 Tim. i. 15.*)

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

These Scriptures plainly show that I do *not* gain heaven by my own doings. Salvation is "*not of works*, lest any man should boast." (*Eph. ii. 9.*)

As a poor lost sinner, I must "know Christ" as the One who died and shed His blood to atone to God for my sins. I am saved not on the ground of what *I* can do, but on the ground of what *He* has done for me.

But what was the secret of the poor old sampler having such a prominent place in that richly furnished room? A glance at its date revealed it. It was a valuable antique!

For nearly 120 years it had preached that pithy sermon.

Had it always preached in vain? We know not. It may be in those far-off years that some poor, weary, troubled soul, through reading its words, may have turned to Him of whom they spoke—the One who had said, "Come unto *Me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and

I will give you rest." (*Matt. xi. 28.*) Only a future day will tell.

My reader, do *you* "know Christ" ?

"If *not*," when death comes, "all's lost that you have learnt before." F. A.

Only Just in Time.

SOME engineering works were being carried out, and a steam travelling-crane was used for hoisting gravel and other matter from the bed of a river. One morning the weight attached proved too heavy a load, causing the crane to overbalance, and fall into the river several feet below, and there it lay smashed to pieces.

The driver, who was standing on the platform at the time it fell, was warned by a fellow-workman shouting in eager tones, "*Get off; she is going over.*" No second warning was needed. The young man, fully aware of his awful position, leaped off and landed safely, but "only just in time." A moment later, and he would no doubt have been killed.

Solemn thought—one moment more and eternity; but—where? Ask yourself the question, and answer it before God. Will you just turn with me for a few minutes to Ezekiel xxxiii., and notice how it commences:

"*And the word of the Lord came unto me.*"

Mark its importance by the greatness and majesty of the One who speaks,—none other than Jehovah. He is speaking of a watchman, who is to be ready and waiting to sound a warning to the people on the approach of danger, and when he sees its approach he is to blow the trumpet and warn the people.

“Then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come, and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He HEARD the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul.” (Verses 4 and 5.)

Have you ever thought of the awful and everlasting doom that awaits those who reject God’s offers of divine mercy? Are you amongst the number who reject the Lord Jesus? If so, you are in danger of *“everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord.”* (2 Thess. i. 9.)

You have heard the warning sound and yet refuse to heed it. What madness! Had the driver of the crane answered, *“No, I am all right,”* you would have said, *“What a fool the man must be;”* and yet you are rejecting mercy and choosing death. Pause and think of the result. If unsaved, hell is your portion, for see what God says: *“The soul that sinneth it shall die.”* (Ezek. xviii. 4.) *“There is none righteous, no, not one.”* (Rom. iii. 10.) *“The wages of sin is death.”* (Rom. vi. 23.)

Thus, you see, in God’s sight you are vile,

unfit for His presence ; for

“ Nought that defileth can ever enter in.”

If you are relying on some flimsy cloak of your own righteousness, God must have it off, for nothing but an utter change of raiment can suit His holiness. God sees beneath the surface ; He *knows* the heart.

Again I remind you that eternal judgment awaits you unless you are shielded by the blood of Jesus,—by Him who died on Calvary’s cross, and met all God’s demands and claims. He is the only way to God, so that you, a sinner, realising your lost condition, and repentant, can come to God and claim forgiveness in virtue of Christ’s death, for *“ Christ died for THE UNGODLY.”* (Rom. v. 6.)

Blessed be God, *no* sinner who has come to Him has ever been cast out. God can and will accept you, if only you come. Perhaps you say : *“ Oh, yes ! some day I will come ; but I want to enjoy the world a little longer, make a little more money, and then, of course, I shall settle down and think of better things.”* God’s time is *now*, and only now. He promises no salvation for to-morrow. *“ Behold, NOW is the accepted time ; behold, NOW is the day of salvation.”* (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

Oh ! come *now*, just as you are. To-morrow may be too late, and what then ? The Bible says : *“ How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ?”* (Heb. ii. 3.) Ah ! *no* escape, as one of old found. (See Luke xvi. 19-31.)

I urge you at the present moment, whether young, middle-aged, or old, to come to Jesus now, for He said, "*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*" (John vi. 37.)

F. W. C.

Wherein lies the Difference?

SPEAKING to an acquaintance some time ago about eternal realities, I was met with a reply something like this: "*Well, after all, I am as good as some of these religious people, anyway!*"

He had not grasped the fundamental fact that salvation is not on the ground of goodness at all, is "not of works," but "by faith" (*Eph. ii. 8, 9*), and, like many others, he was resting on an insecure and unsafe foundation. Men ask, and it must be confessed not without reason, "Where is the difference between a man who says he is saved and myself?" Where, indeed? Let the Scriptures explain!

In Matt. xxv. we are told of ten virgins who "*went forth to meet the bridegroom.*" No doubt, to an ordinary observer, these virgins were very much alike. All set out with an object in view, namely, to meet a certain person. But although so much alike to outward appearance, Scripture tells us that "*five of them were WISE and five were FOOLISH.*" Wherein lay the difference? Although unperceived by the casual observer, there was all the difference in

the world between these people. In what lay, then, the wisdom of the wise? Simply in the fact that they "*took oil in their vessels with their lamps.*" In other words, they made provision for the future! Therein lay the difference!

Perhaps you are intent on providing for a day when misfortune may overtake you: when you may have what you call "a stroke of bad luck." You are careful to make provision for that, but what about the time when you shall leave this life? Are you ready for what comes after death? If not, surely this is foolishness indeed, to provide for a short space of time,—all that is left of life,—and to think nothing of eternity.

Then there was another difference. Five went to the marriage, and five did not. Then was seen the result of being ready or unready.

And in a future day those who in their lifetime have trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as the only way of salvation, for there is no other way of providing for the eternal future but that, will spend eternity with Him where He is. Will you?

The parable concludes, "*And the door was shut.*" Shut on those who might have been inside. Friend, take care that the door of salvation does not shut on you. If you die unsaved, and spend eternity in hell, then you will see the difference. May God so convict you of your sin that you shall take refuge in the sinner's Saviour."

A. J. C.

How the Belgian Soldier was Rescued.

IT was cold, biting December weather amid the frozen mud of Flanders. After one of the rushes by the Germans for Calais a poor Belgian soldier was left badly wounded in the open field. Realising his danger, with great effort he dragged himself into the shelter of a small wood.

Then a dread alternative arose before his mind as the slow, long hours of exposure and pain dragged their weary length. Either relief must come quickly, or—death. So, gathering up the little strength he had, he cried aloud for help. The effort was almost too much for him, and he sank back into an unconscious heap of mangled humanity.

Thank God, his cry for help was heard. Soon he became conscious of a strong arm being placed under his head, and a kind voice addressing him, bidding him cheer up and be of good courage.

Slowly opening his eyes, what was his utter amazement to see King Albert himself stooping over him. With a glad cry he exclaimed, "My King! My King has come to save me."

With assistance King Albert tenderly carried the wounded soldier to his royal car, and before long he was being cared for in a base hospital.

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It is a touching story indeed, but it serves to bring to mind one far more touching.

All honour to the heroic King Albert! His name is written high and secure for all time on the monument of fame.

But there is a Name above every name—a Name enduring for time and for eternity. His is a work above every other work—a love above every other love. That Name is the Name of Jesus—that work the wondrous atoning work He wrought for sinners upon the cross—that love the love of God Himself, expressed through the Lord Jesus. He could not have expressed the infinite love of infinite God without being infinite God Himself, nor could He have expressed it to us without becoming Man, for His atoning death was necessary before God could *righteously* express that love, and welcome the returning sinner.

King Albert put his strong arm under the wounded soldier in order to raise him. Behold the strong arm of the finished atoning work of the Lord Jesus. On that ground, and that ground alone, can God raise us up from our sinful estate and bless us. God must act on righteous ground. It is thus His infinite love can be expressed.

Believers can joyfully exclaim, "The Lord brought us forth . . . with a mighty hand and with an outstretched arm." (*Deut. xxvi. 8.*) Well may the Lord ask: "Is My hand shortened at all, that it cannot redeem?"

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(*Isa. l. 2.*) Why do you not trust Him? He is ready to save. He is powerful to redeem.

King Albert spoke comforting words to the soldier. But, oh! what comforting words the Lord Jesus speaks. Listen! "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (*John vi. 37.*) Again, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (*Matt. xi. 28.*) And He does. He did it in my case, and in that of tens of thousands more. Try Him. Take Him at His word.

King Albert acted nobly. But it cost him little but sad pleasure to relieve that sorely wounded soldier-subject of his. But the Lord Jesus died for us—*His enemies*—died, too, under the terrible judgment of God against sin—died with the awful cry upon His lips, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Thank God, His last utterance was, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," thus proving that the work was done and—*accepted* by God.

Reader, see to it that you accept this blessed Saviour, this wondrous love. Refusing it, "how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (*Heb. vi. 2.*)

Remember, decision is the great thing that is needed. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (*2 Cor. vi. 2.*)

A. J. P.

Don't Lower the Standard.

DURING one of the most hotly contested battles in the course of the war a certain brigade received instructions from the general in command to make an assault upon a strongly guarded entrenchment. The brave men moved forward with a cheer, but they had to cross a space where there was no shelter of any kind, and the enemy poured a hailstorm of bullets into their ranks.

In a few minutes hundreds lay dead upon the hillside, and the officer in charge, fearing the complete destruction of the brigade, gave the order to retreat. Just at that moment the colour-sergeant fell, but the standard was seized by one of his comrades and carried boldly forward.

The officer, seeing the flag thus separated from the troops, shouted, "Man, bring back the colours!" The brave fellow heard the call. He turned for a moment, while his eyes flashed fire, and replied:

"No! bring the men up to the colours!"

His comrades hardly needed the order to wheel round again and attack. With a determined rush they flung themselves upon the enemy, and before long their flag was floating over the earthworks that they had taken.

There is another battle being fought, a fierce encounter between the powers of good and evil.

The banner under which Christians are called to fight is that of our Lord Jesus Christ, and it is glorious with the colours of eternal truth.

In these ease-loving and superficial days *truth* is not valued as in other times, and there is a tendency to bring back the colours to the spot to which the enemy may have driven us, or, in other words, to accommodate the truth of God to the shallow thoughts and worldly ideas of the twentieth century.

But those who would be "good soldiers of Jesus Christ" have to see to it that the colours are kept flying in the very front of the battle line. We must not abandon the smallest iota of truth in order to win the approval of men.

It is as true to-day as ever it was that men are lost sinners; that they are in danger of eternal woe; that they must be born again in order to see the kingdom of God; that sin is of infinite seriousness in God's eyes; that nothing but the atoning blood of Christ can speak effectually on our behalf; that the world is doomed, and like a sinking ship must be abandoned by those who seek safety, for one cannot serve God and mammon. All this is not popular doctrine. People would rather hear about the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of the human race, and of a coming era of universal peace and harmony to be reached by legislative, social, and international measures.

But we must keep the colours flying, and

must bear them to the forefront of the battle. This is why we address you, reader, and beg you not to lend an ear to plausible and popular theories that are utterly contrary to the Word of God.

Let me remind you, quietly, and as a true well-wisher, that you are a *sinner*, and, as such, are identified with the loathsome thing that has caused all the trouble in the world, and which is utterly hateful to God: *sin*.

What you need is something to relieve you of this connection, to break this terrible link. *The blood of Christ can do it; it "cleanseth . . . from all sin."*

But the blood of Christ which can purge our guilt away, and make us clean in God's holy sight, does something else. It can sever our links with the world and its sin. It stands as a barrier between us and that to which we once belonged. We read: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for our sins, *that He might deliver us from this present evil world.*" (*Gal. i. 4.*) So that deliverance from our sins means also deliverance from the world. That is, when cleansed from our guilt by Christ's precious blood, we are no longer *worldlings*; we belong to Him.

The gospel comes to you with glad tidings of salvation. If you receive it, it does not propose to make you a better citizen of the world, but to give you another citizenship altogether, a citizenship other than the status

of a "man of the world," a *heavenly* citizenship. This is the teaching of Phil. iii. 20.

Do you desire this heavenly citizenship? Do you want to be a partaker of the joys and privileges of the heavenly commonwealth? Would you rather be a child of God than a child of this world? Remember, you cannot be both.

Then the step for you to take is that of *faith in Christ as your Saviour*. God has taken all the steps necessary to ensure salvation to everyone who truly trusts His Son.

Believing in Him, saved by Him, acknowledging Him to be your Lord, you will have become His servant and His soldier, you will be called to fight on His side in the great battle of the ages, and to help to keep His standard flying. And He will afford you all the protection which you in your weakness will need. Grace upon grace He will give you, and goodness and mercy shall follow you all the days of your life, and you will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. (*See Psa. xxiii. 6.*)

Who would be a worldling when all this is offered to those who belong to our Lord Jesus Christ? The believer can truly sing:—

*"Farewell to this world's fleeting joys,
Our home is not below;
There was no home for Jesus here,
And 'tis to Him we go."*

H. P. B.

The Dying Soldier.

THERE is in South Devon, near the banks of the river Dart, a secluded little town, in which stands a pretty, well-fitted Cottage Hospital.

We resided in this place for a short period, and had the privilege of being a recognised visitor at the Hospital, which gave many opportunities of telling the sick and dying of the Saviour, who gave His life at Calvary's cross for sinners.

We were introduced one evening to a new patient, named Ernest F——, a tall young man about 24 years old, whose thin, pale face and hacking cough plainly told that he was in consumption. He had been in the army, but was discharged owing to ill-health, and sent home to die. His manner was anything but courteous, and breathed a spirit of discontent, but he listened attentively from time to time to the Word of God, and became specially interested in the story of the Passover in the land of Egypt. (*See Exodus xii.*)

The early chapters of Exodus record the birth of Moses, and the interesting details of his upbringing as the son of a princess in the court of Pharaoh, and his subsequent call to be the leader of God's people, Israel.

The Pharaohs had held this great family as slaves for many years, but the time had come

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for their deliverance, and the King was called upon to let them go.

He refused, and divine judgments, increasing in severity as time went on, fell upon him and his people, till at last God stated that the firstborn of man and beast should die.

But as God is both righteous and gracious, He provided a means by which anyone could be preserved from that terrible loss, but *by one way only could that be attained*. The people must take a lamb, kill it, and put its blood in a basin, then take a bunch of hyssop, dip it in the blood, and sprinkle the door-posts and lintels. This done, they were instructed to stay indoors. The destroying angel would that night pass over the land, but on whatsoever house *God saw the blood* there the destroyer would not enter.

We explained to Ernest F—— that the lamb typified the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood was shed at Calvary for sinners, and that there is such value in *His* blood that God will pass over every sinner, who takes shelter beneath it. To merely accept the "Historic Christ" in a general way in the type is like going just as far only as the blood in the basin, which, unless by faith applied to the door-posts, would have been of no avail. *Christ must be accepted as a personal Saviour*. Each sinner must *individually* get beneath the shelter of His precious blood or be lost for ever.

Thank God, the result of our conversation

was that Ernest F—— became deeply exercised in his soul, and most anxious to know that he was safe for eternity.

He definitely accepted Christ, and in the most simple way awaited his departure from this world. He became agreeable and patient, and bore a simple testimony to the fact that he would soon be with the Lord Jesus, and looked forward to meet his mother, who had died some little time before, also trusting in Him. He died, and almost his last words were, "*Nurse, I am going home to my Heavenly Father.*"

Shortly after his death we saw his doctor, who claimed to be agnostic. He said, "*Thank you so much for visiting our hospital. I have never seen so great a change in a patient as in Ernest F——. He came in a most disagreeable and discontented young man. He died one of the happiest.*"

What had wrought the change? He had realised that he was a lost sinner. He saw that the Lord Jesus had shed His blood for sinners. He believed in his heart that He died for him, and believed what God has said, "*He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.*" (*John iii. 36.*) He rejoiced in the fact that the believer "*shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death to life.*" (*John v. 24.*)

Reader! Do you own that you are a sinner? Have you come to the Lord Jesus as such, and been saved? If not, why not? Remember time is fleeting. Decide now! F. W. C.

They had no Root.

A YEAR or two ago I planted in the autumn some slips of Barberry, a flowering shrub having bright, dark-green leaves, and bearing small clusters of tiny yellow flowers.

All through the long winter the slips retained their bright green leaves, and looked very promising, having apparently taken root well. In the early spring each plant bore its little cluster of yellow flowers; some were very poor, while others were even finer than those on the original shrub.

As the spring wore on, however, and the sun became stronger, the plants began to droop, and soon withered away. I pulled them up to see if it had been slugs or wireworms that had destroyed the roots, but I found out *there was no root at all!*—no more trace of root than when I put them in the ground seven months before!

What a striking illustration of the rootless plants described by the Lord in the parable of the sower: “And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had NO ROOT, they withered away.” (*Matt. xiii. 6.*)

What an exact description, too, of the class of person they represent, as given by the Lord Jesus in verse 20: “The same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he *not root in himself*, but dureth

for awhile: for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended."

Alas! how many such are to be found! They hear from God's word that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 *Tim. i.* 15); that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin" (1 *John i.* 7); that "through this Man [Christ Jesus] is preached the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (*Acts xiii.* 38, 39.)

Apparently they receive the forgiveness thus freely offered by God to repenting sinners, in virtue of Christ's atoning death and bloodshedding on their behalf. For a time they seem to go on well; then someone offends them, or some reproach for Christ's sake has to be borne; their seeming spirituality flags and withers away; they drop out of rank, and we see them no more.

They had no root! Their souls had never been ploughed up by a sense of sin. They had never realised that they were *lost sinners*, and had never *come to Christ* as such.

My reader, a mere mental acceptance of God's salvation avails nothing. We cannot too often assert that *religion*, without the personal knowledge of Christ as Saviour, is but a blinding delusion. It is the Lamp without the Oil—profession without possession. How fatal! See to it that it is not so in your case.

F. A.

Within Five Minutes of Heaven!

[A Christian soldier with the Army in France writes: "A man got shot on Tuesday, and in his breast pocket they found a tract entitled *Within Five Minutes of Heaven*. Little did I think, when I gave it to him, that it would cause such a lot of talk. It was covered all over with his life's blood, and the Quartermaster told me it would be sent to his mother, and no doubt it would cheer her up."

The following is the tract referred to. The writer of it has passed away, so it comes with double solemnity to the reader.]

SOME years ago, a lad employed in one of the large steel works of South Wales was sent on an errand by one of the "roller-men."

As he was running across the iron-plated floor, which is in many places as slippery as ice, his foot slipped, becoming entangled in the wheel of an iron barrow. Upon the barrow there lay a bloom of steel, about seven feet long, at white heat, and some men were employed in wheeling it from the steam-hammer to the mill. In falling the poor boy upset the barrow, the hot steel falling across his back as he lay upon the floor.

It was, of course, impossible for anyone to touch the red-hot steel with the hand, but the men ran as quickly as possible, and, seizing some iron bars, removed the burning mass from his back. The man, who cut off his clothes,

told me his flesh fell from him in charred shreds. After this the boy put his hands together, and said : " O God, only yesterday I was fighting with another boy, and now I am dying; have mercy upon me, and forgive all my sins, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen." This prayer went right home to the hearts of the men. It was not only a cry of agony, but of self-judgment, and yet full of faith. It is impossible to describe the frightful sufferings which that boy endured, or the terrible condition in which he was carried for over two miles before reaching the hospital.

In that hospital every Saturday evening for some years I had held services for the patients in the different wards. While reading in my study on this particular day, I heard a distinct voice say, " Go down to the hospital." Thinking perhaps I had made a promise to one of the patients I tried to recall it, but failed, so continued my reading, when the same words were repeated. I went at once, which was on Thursday, contrary to my usual custom. It seemed *remarkable* that I was led to do this, for as soon as I arrived the Matron came out to me, saying : " Oh ! I am so glad you have come to-day; I was thinking of sending for you. A poor boy has just been brought in, who has been frightfully burned in one of the steel works; he is in such great agony, and I do not think he can live many hours."

As I entered the ward there seemed a strange

and solemn silence brooding over it. There was no subdued conversation going on as usual between the patients in the beds, or between the little groups of the convalescent gathered round the windows or the fires. Feeling that every moment was of great importance, I went at once to the boy's bed. His body was covered with wadding soaked with oil, and a cage of iron was placed over him to prevent the bed-clothes touching him.

"My boy," I said, "you are in very great pain, I fear."

"Yes, sir—dreadful pain."

"Do you know you are a sinner in God's sight?"

"No, NOT NOW, sir."

"Tell me why you are not a sinner NOW."

"Because," said he, "when the accident happened I prayed like this: 'O God! have mercy upon me, and forgive me all my sins, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.'"

"But, my boy, do you think that because you offered that short prayer to God, asking for mercy and forgiveness of your sins, they are *all* pardoned?"

"Yes, sir; *every one*."

I felt anxious to know that the dear boy was not resting upon any false foundation. I therefore selected several portions of Scripture that I thought appropriate, and read them to him. After talking with him for some time, it rejoiced my heart to find that he evidently

knew the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer, and seemed to fully comprehend the epitome of the glorious Gospel—"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.*)

After singing and praying with him I left, little thinking that I should ever see him again alive in this world; but the Spirit of the Lord was evidently guiding the whole matter, that I might have the experience by which I could give testimony to the world of God's wonderful power and saving grace, as manifested in this true incident, which, I rejoice in being able to testify, has been such a great blessing to many.

On the following Saturday evening, as usual, I went to the hospital, and was surprised to find that he was still alive, though suffering great pain. When I reached the ward with the Matron, I shall never forget the very touching scene I witnessed. At the foot of the lad's bed was seated his father, whilst three young men, who had seen the terrible accident, were standing at the side. They were watching him, thinking every breath would be his last.

I had not been there more than a few moments when, in a clear voice, the boy said: "Father, come and kiss me, *for in five minutes I shall be in heaven.*" As you may imagine, he went, but with streaming eyes, and kissed his dying boy.

Then he said to one of the young men, "Jack, come and kiss me, *for in five minutes I shall be in heaven.*"

Again, to another: "Jim, come you and kiss me, *for in five minutes I shall be in heaven.*"

Again, to the third young man, whose name I quite forget, repeating the same words: "Come you and kiss me, *for in five minutes I shall be in heaven.*"

And was this all? Oh, no! In a few moments he seemed to gather up all his strength. He burst forth with one of the most powerful prayers I ever heard, so clear that it was heard through the whole ward, which was a large one; it was like the voice of another, and not that of a dying boy of about fourteen years old. Yes, for so it must have been, as you, my dear reader, may imagine from the strain of such a prayer as this which he uttered: "O Lord God Almighty, have mercy upon my father, who has not been a praying father; he never taught me how to pray. Have mercy upon my mother, who has not been a praying mother. Have mercy upon my brothers and sisters, my uncles and aunts and cousins, and all my friends, and may we all meet in heaven at last, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

A profound silence ensued; all the patients in that long ward were in tears; and when I went round to speak individually to them, many said, "I never heard anything like that

90 WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF HEAVEN.

before." A solemn, hallowed influence pervaded the place.

I thought what they had seen, heard, and felt had better be left to make a lasting impression upon their minds. My usual service, after such a wonderful display of the leading and power of God's Holy Spirit and grace, might, perhaps, divert their thoughts from deep searchings of heart as to whether they were prepared for the final change.

Dear reader, are YOU ready for heaven? If not, when will YOU be?

What a momentous question; yet how lightly treated by the many, although surrounded by so many dangers. At any moment an accident, a slip of the foot, a runaway horse, the upsetting of a boat, a fall from a bicycle, a blow from a cricket ball, cramp while bathing, a thousand other unforeseen things might happen. You may, indeed, be called away suddenly. What then? What will be the answer to the enquiry: "*Where is he gone?*"

Is it to be for ever in glory with a loving Saviour and the redeemed ones gone before, singing praise to Him who is worthy; or to that place where there is *no hope, no rest, no love, no light*—in fact, nothing to satisfy the craving of an immortal soul?

Dear reader, Stop and Think! Where are you going *now*? What will *your* last five minutes be?

Making enquiries after his death, I found

that he had been in the habit of attending the Gospel services of a very devoted evangelist who preached in a large hall, where he had evidently learned the way of salvation, although he had not accepted or confessed it.

I was glad to hear some months after this occurrence that the dying boy's prayer had been answered. The father was so very much affected by it that he could find no rest until he found it at the Cross of Jesus, where true rest and peace alone can be found. The mother and some of her children shortly afterwards were brought to Christ also.

My earnest prayer is that this touching story may be blessed by the Holy Spirit to all who read it.

“Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart. And I will be found of you, saith the Lord.” (*Jer. xxix. 13.*)

F. J. R.

King James's Question.

KING JAMES II., who was of a very mean and ungenerous disposition, once asked a rebel, who had been captured and brought before him :

“Do you know that it is in my power to pardon you ?”

"Yes," replied the prisoner, "but it is not in your Majesty's *nature*."

It was true that James II., of unhappy memory, seemed to find greater pleasure in condemning his enemies to death than in pardoning them. In contrast to this, the great God of heaven, against whom we have all rebelled with bitter enmity, finds His delight in pardoning His foes. His very nature is love. "*God is love*," we read in the Scriptures. He has not only told us of His love in words, but has proved it in the most convincing way by the gift of His Son to be our Saviour.

Now I could quite understand someone raising a question, and saying that while King James II. might claim to have power to pardon the rebel, yet *God's* power to act thus might be limited by the fact of His infinite holiness and righteousness. The Scriptures tell us of certain things which it is impossible for God to do. He cannot lie. He cannot deny Himself. Must we not add, He cannot show mercy and love to a guilty rebel, because it is His very nature to be intolerant of sin?

A very reasonable question indeed. It is good to remember that God is a righteous, truth-loving God, and that nothing could be more contrary to His nature than weak indifference to sin. But the glorious news that the Gospel brings is that God has found a way out of the dilemma, a way whereby He may gratify the desires of His heart of love without

compromising in the least His righteous indignation against sin. He has not only the willingness, but *the power* to bless.

It is all on account of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. The very fact that God gave Him up to suffer and die is a proof of His love to us. The fact that He did not spare to smite Him when He was the Sin-bearer, and to visit upon Him His holy judgment against sin, is proof of His unbending righteousness.

The glorious *result* of what took place at the cross is that God can *righteously* offer pardon to sinners, and address them in terms of the freest mercy.

Sin is a serious matter. Only fools make a mock at it. If *you* feel about your sins anything of the utter loathing with which *God* regards them, you will be glad indeed to know that they may be washed away through Christ's precious blood, and your soul made whiter than snow in God's sight.

This is the message that this printed page gives you. See to it that you do not miss the blessing of which it speaks.

H. P. B.

To-morrow.

HE was not a bad man. Moral, respectable, honourable, amiable, he would generally be called a good man. Nor was he irreligious. He was connected with a so-called

“place of worship.” He listened to the sermons courteously. More than once he was much moved as the preacher put before his audience the way of life and the way of death. Like Felix of old he trembled, but like Felix he said, by his actions, “Go thy way for this time ; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.” (*Acts xxiv. 25.*)

With him it was always *To-morrow !*
TO-MORROW !! TO-MORROW !!!

At length serious illness prostrated him. The preacher took an early occasion to call. He enquired earnestly as to how he stood with God. “Did God see fit to take you away *now*,” said he, “are you ready to go?”

“Oh ! sir,” said the sick man, interrupting him, “I am in agony ! Please excuse me. Oh ! my head ! my head ! I cannot talk to you now. Come some other time.”

“When shall I call?”

“*To-morrow*,” said the sick man. The preacher retired in tears.

The next day he called again. The knocker was muffled—an ominous sign. When he entered the sick chamber, the man was delirious, uttering incoherent sentences. Dead, yet living—what a condition. Alive in this world, yet unable to hear words of warning or entreaty as to his soul.

The preacher looked, and as he gazed upon the poor wreck of humanity, with reason fled, the tears coursed their way down his cheeks.

As he left the house the poor, sorrow-stricken wife asked him to call again.

"When shall I call?"

"*To-morrow.*" This was more than the preacher could stand. All the way home he could not restrain his tears, thinking how his friend had said, "*To-morrow*, TO-MORROW, TO-MORROW," so long, and now it seemed too late.

The next day the faithful preacher called once more. The patient was still worse. The doctor had left strict orders that on no account was any visitor to see him. The crisis had come, and the slightest excitement might be fatal. But the doctor knew how earnestly the preacher desired to see the sick man, so he had said that if the patient revived he might see him *to-morrow*.

The preacher scarcely slept that night. Next morning early he was at the door of the sick man.

Knocking gently, he anxiously enquired of the maid, "How is your master?"

"Oh! sir," replied the girl, "he is dead."

"Dead! dead!!" was all the preacher could say.

"Yes, sir, he died at four o'clock this morning."

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Reader, has this no voice to you? Does not God's word say: "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of

salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) "TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. iv. 7.) ?

Will you never respond to the invitations of the glorious gospel, or pay heed to the solemn warnings as to the awful end of a Christless life ?

Your end will come sooner or later. How solemn, then, to trifle with these tremendous realities.

Let me beseech you to give prompt attention to the question of your soul's salvation.

This habit of procrastination slays its tens of thousands. At first it is like the silken thread of a gossamer web. But as the habit is formed it is increasingly easy to continue, increasingly difficult to renounce, until at length its binding power is like that of heavy chains manacled their captive's limbs. It has been well said that the road to hell is paved with good resolutions.

The great need of the hour is *decision*. How loudly is God speaking just now. Will you not hear ? Will you not be wise, and consider your latter end ? Remember, if you miss salvation, you will miss it for ever. There is no second chance beyond the grave. How true it is—

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

Decide ! Decide !! DECIDE !!!

A. J. P.

“Live for Ever!”

IN one of the sanguinary bayonet encounters, which have been so frequent in this terrible war, a certain young Englishman was engaged. When the shock of the contending forces took place he found himself face to face with a German officer armed with a sword. It was a wild scrimmage, but they met with a terrific impact, the German's sword inflicting a nasty wound in the Englishman's thigh, whilst the Englishman drove his bayonet through the German's chest, doing mortal injury. It was all over in a moment, and, becoming disentangled, they both fell to the ground.

The tide of battle rolled over them, and then receded, and there, amongst many others, they lay weak and helpless. Presently the German spoke.

“How do you feel?” he said.

“Pretty bad,” said the young Englishman.

“Anything you want?” said the other, still using the English language, in which he was evidently thoroughly at home.

“Just water,” was the reply; “I am terribly thirsty.”

The officer moved a little, though in evident

pain, and fumbling in the region of his belt at length produced a water bottle. He held it within reach of the Englishman's hand, saying, “ *Drink this and live !* ”

The water was thankfully accepted and drunk, and as the young fellow felt revived and refreshed he could not but notice that death was plainly written upon the officer's face. A further period of silence supervened, and then once more the German started to move and fumble within his tunic.

At last he drew forth an English New Testament, and turned over the leaves to a certain page. It was smeared and stained with his own life's blood, so holding it out as far as he could in the direction of the Englishman he said, “ Can you see to read that ? ”

Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, he carefully placed his thumb upon a text, which was found on the open page, and handing it across said feebly, yet distinctly, “ *Drink that, and live FOR EVER !* ”

The life-giving words were read, and not long after the young soldier was picked up by British Red Cross men, tended in the base hospital, and transported to England, where recently he was convalescent in the town of B——. Whether he drank and lived for ever I am unable to say. One can only trust and pray that he did.

And what of the enemy ?—the enemy, who finished by behaving like a friend and a

Christian. By the time the Red Cross men came on the scene he was beyond all human aid. His eyes were glazing in death. We have no hesitation in adding that his redeemed spirit departed to be with the Saviour, whom he loved.

But is it possible that poor mortals like ourselves may live for ever? Is eternal life placed within our reach? Indeed it is. And is it true that so great a boon as that may be received by believing, by a faith which simply drinks in words, which have been written in the Book of God? It is even so.

To Cornelius, the Roman centurion, it was said, “Send men to Joppa, and call for Simon, whose surname is Peter; who shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved” (*Acts xi. 13, 14.*). The words that saved him can save you, for in believing them you believe the God whose words they are. By believing God you will be put in right relations with Him, and the life eternal will begin.

Oh! sinful men and women, why do you neglect this priceless blessing? No tragic end upon the blood-stained fields of Europe may be yours, yet Death, the king of terrors, will ultimately track you down. His aim, if not so swift, is far more sure than that of the most murderous machine gun. Your life is forfeit to your Creator, for “sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.” (*James i. 15.*)

And still, in spite of your indifference, the

grace of our God waits upon you, still the value of the atoning blood of Christ is preached in your hearing, still the forgiveness of sins is placed within your reach. If you suddenly slip out of this life, and find yourself plunged into the second death, which is the lake of fire, truly you will have no one to blame but yourself.

But the text?—What were the words of Scripture which the German officer indicated with his thumb as being life-giving in view of eternity? They were words well known to most, yet their meaning has been fully appreciated and valued by none. They deserve to be written in letters of gold, for the life-blood of the Son of God was shed in order that they might be written. These are they. Let them stand out in good bold type

"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.)

Comment on such God-given words is needless. There is but one thing to do: *Just drink in faith, and LIVE FOR EVER.*

You will never forgive yourself if you do not; and if you do, we shall hear you singing:

*"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."*

*I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him."*

F. B. H.

Taking Things for Granted.

AN American magazine relates the following story of a visit paid by a missionary, Dr. Pennell, to a village on the frontier of Afghanistan. He had gone for the night to the public guest-house, whither also the Mahometan teacher, or *mullah*, had betaken himself, with many of the villagers, to have an argument with the visitor.

"Do you know anything about theology?" asked the *mullah*.

"I am not altogether unacquainted with the subject," was the doctor's reply.

"Then can you tell me the colour of faith?"

"What do you mean? I do not understand your question."

"Is faith white, or green, or red, or what colour is it?"

The doctor replied that faith is an abstract quality, and could not be described as being of any particular colour.

The *mullah*, already showing signs of triumph, asked:

"Then can you tell me of what shape faith is?"

When Dr. P. replied that faith had no shape, the *mullah* turned to his followers, and said scornfully :

“ It is evident that he does not know much about theology if he cannot answer such simple questions as to the colour and shape of faith !”

Then, addressing the missionary, he said :

“ Do you know anything about astronomy ?”

Had the good doctor been more experienced in Eastern ways he would probably have answered more cautiously, but so certain did he feel that his knowledge of astronomy was greater than that of the Afghans, that he declared himself quite well acquainted with the subject.

“ Then please tell me,” said the *mullah*, “ what becomes of the sun after it sinks below the horizon ?”

The doctor answered this question with a lucid explanation of the roundness of the earth, its turning on its own axis, and other details concerning the solar system with which the average English schoolboy is perfectly familiar. But from the way that the villagers began nodding and gesticulating to each other it was evident that they considered him to be little short of crazy. When he had finished, the *mullah* said :

“ And is that all you know about it ?”

Somewhat nettled, Dr. Pennell replied :

“ Well, what is your explanation of the matter ?”

The Mahometan teacher was quite ready with his answer. He affirmed that everyone, acquainted with the barest elements of astronomy, knows that there is a blazing fire under the earth, into which the sun descends every evening, rising again with renewed heat every morning.

This explanation was received with every token of approval by the crowd. The missionary ventured to ask how the varying seasons could be explained on the lines of such strange astronomy. Whereupon the *mullah*, turning to the people with dignity, said :

“ You see, I shall have to teach him everything from the beginning. In the spring the evil one makes up his fires, and piles on the wood. Therefore the fires get very hot in the summer and cool down later on. That is why the summer sun is so hot.”

Everyone present considered the argument as conclusive. The missionary appeared to have been completely routed, and the people returned to their homes more convinced than ever of the superiority of their own religion.

Yet, after all, he was right, and they were wrong. He, a minority of one, had declared the truth ; they, with unbroken unanimity, were in error.

Ideas, then, are not necessarily true because they may be widely, almost universally, prevalent. Nor must it be assumed that they are

false because they may have few to back them. And these remarks apply just as truly to the inhabitants of English-speaking lands as to those who live under the shadow of Mahometanism, or some other form of false religion.

Let me give you one or two examples of what I mean.

"Do the best you can, and you will come out all right in the end." Here is a saying that would pass unchallenged in any average English-speaking crowd. If one stood up to gainsay it, one would be met by cries of derision and gesticulations significant of general dissent from all opposition to such an axiom.

None the less, the majority would be wrong, and the one who controverted the statement would be right. For the latter would have the Word of God for his authority in saying that "to do the best one can" is *not* the way to "come out all right in the end." To be *right*, finally and eternally right, means that one is *saved*.

And the Word of God tells us that, so far from "doing our best" being the way of salvation, we cannot do what God calls "good," and that "doing" of a far superior sort is needed. It also tells us that Christ *has done*, on our behalf, all that was necessary, and that we have but to put our trust in Him. This is the truth, but how many in an ordinary crowd would credit it? Afghans or English, Mahometans or bearers of the Christian name,

Catholics or Protestants, the majority would raise their voices against such a simple way. Yet it is the truth of God!

Take another instance. "*God is good, and won't send His children to hell.*" Here is a fallacy, as far from the truth as any propounded by the self-confident *mullah*: the fallacy that men are naturally God's children, and that therefore He will not condemn them.

The fact is that *none* are children of God, unless they have become so through faith in Christ. The Word of God teaches this (*see Gal. iii. 26*). God certainly will not send *His children* to hell, for their punishment has been borne by their Saviour, and they are now justified from all things (*see Acts xiii. 39*). But this does not apply to unbelieving, unregenerate sinners. God is good to all, but His goodness is not inconsistent with severity. We read: "Behold . . . the goodness *and severity* of God." (*Rom. xi. 22.*)

Now this is quite contrary to the ideas of men in general, just as truly as the missionary doctor's words were contrary to the thoughts and persuasions of his Mahometan hearers. Yet what I say is *the truth*, because it is based on the Word of God. Be sure that whatever else may fail, *that* never will. No matter who may contradict it, or seek to undermine it, it will stand for ever. Happy and wise are they who test their beliefs, and shape their course, by its teachings.

H. P. B.

“Not till then !”

I T'S of no use your coming to talk to me. I've no time to think of such things !”

The words were impatiently spoken by an old woman, bent almost double with age and infirmity.

Without a ray of hope or happiness in it, her life was one of hard work and ill-usage, for her husband treated her cruelly, beating and starving her. You would have thought that she would have been just the one to listen to the Saviour's words, “*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,*” and would have eagerly accepted the forgiveness which was offered her in His name. But, no ! her present life, wretched as it was, had far more charms for her than any joys, present or future, which I could put before her.

“*When I am ON MY DEATHBED I shall be glad for you to come and pray with me, but NOT TILL THEN !*” were her last words to me.

A few weeks after news came that she had been found on their cottage floor unconscious, but still living. I went at once, with the faint hope that even yet she might accept God's mercy. As I lifted the latch she recognised me, and with a great effort raised herself and tried to speak, but it was too late. She fell back, and soon afterwards died.

This, then, was her *deathbed* ! The time she had fixed to put her soul right with God !

Are *you* likewise putting off the momentous question of your soul's salvation to a possible deathbed, my reader, risking an eternity of endless bliss for an eternity of endless woe? Think of the awful danger, then think of the great salvation God has provided to save you from what *must* be your doom if you neglect it.

F. A.

Love.

A MAN had two sons, and his well-behaved, thrifty neighbour, whom he loved, had none. It happened one day that the neighbour came to the one having two sons and pleaded, "I have no son; you have two. Give me one of your sons and I will adopt him, be a kind foster-father to him, and bequeath him my estate."

"No! no!" replied the father. "While I do not doubt the honest sincerity of your gracious offer, yet I could not consider for a moment giving up either of my sons."

Again there fell a day when the friend dashed into the home, and excitedly entreated the father: "I am being hotly pursued, and my life is in danger. I beg of you to allow me to exchange clothes with one of your sons. They will take him for me, and fall upon him, and so I shall go free."

The pursued one pleaded that he and the father had been playmates in boyhood, and he

urged that all their relations had been without a jar. But all the persuasion that he could bring from the dominion of reason could not persuade the father to give one of his sons in his stead. Can we wonder? Human love has its measures.

But let us—believers on the Lord Jesus Christ—dwell a moment on the unbounded love shown towards us by the God of heaven. He had but one Son, “tender and only beloved.” He, the Son of God, came and gave Himself in death for us, His enemies, that the righteous vengeance of dread justice surely coming on us might be averted by falling on Himself. In this mighty transaction He was the willing Sin-bearer.

Sin had made us subject to divine judgment, with all its terrors, but He in love went into this judgment with its attending anguish and death. At cost beyond all capacity of man to measure, He bought our pardon; He stayed the judgment due to us; He utterly destroyed it for all who believe. The hand of Omnipotence for ever ended their sins there on Him, the only obedient Son of man, the only begotten Son of God.

And now the deep darkness that weighed upon our souls is banished through His *love*. Herein is love infinite. No human plumb-line can sound it. No measurements can encompass it. Language cannot possibly convey it all.

Reader, God grant that you may realise in your heart that wondrous redeeming love.

S. J. P.

A Bible Used for Pipe-Lights.

SOME time ago a number of soldiers were about to go to the front, when copies of the Holy Scriptures were distributed amongst them. One of the recipients was a young soldier, who received a Bible with a loud laugh, adding as he turned aside to his comrades, "We are likely to be short of paper; this will make pipe-lights for some time to come." Several of the careless in the ranks joined in the laughter, and amidst their jeers the giver of the Bible walked away. In a little while away went the soldiers, and away went the Bible in its new owner's keeping.

A short time afterwards these men took part in a fierce battle, and many were killed and wounded, but our soldier was mercifully preserved. True to his word, he had been using the leaves of God's precious book for pipe-lights, and very soon but few of them remained. Noticing one day how rapidly the book was decreasing, the young soldier lightly remarked, that if he was to know what it was like, he must begin to read it. Suiting the action to the word, he looked at the first remaining page, and began to read: "Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have

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done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (*John v. 28, 29.*)

These words seemed to speak to him as a voice of thunder, and he trembled at the thought of meeting in his sins the rejected Son of God. Becoming alarmed at his condition and danger, he carefully read on about the story of God's matchless love in giving Christ to die for the ungodly, and of the pardon and forgiveness of sins to all those who believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross. The young soldier's heart of stone was melted, and he gladly rested his guilty soul upon the Saviour of sinners, the One he had so long despised and rejected.

Shortly afterwards another battle took place, and amongst the wounded of that day's fight was the newly converted soldier. After examination he was found to be mortally wounded, and he was brought home to his friends to die.

The servant of Christ, who had given him God's word, went to see him, but arrived only in time to see his shattered body, for the precious life had fled, and the ransomed soul had departed to be with Christ.

Before passing away the soldier had written inside the cover of the Bible his name, and the date when he received it. He also described why the greater portion of it was missing, and the result to him of reading what remained. This was the only Bible the soldier had ever possessed, but mutilated though it was he had

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read what remained, and through the reading of it by God's grace had learnt to trust Christ for salvation. His closing days amidst much suffering were marked by the triumphant testimony which he bore to the saving value of the blood of Christ. For him it was indeed a home-going. He could say :

“ Farewell mortality, Jesus is mine ;
Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine.”

Dear reader, let me ask you, Could you give such an experience were you on your death-bed?

Remember John v. 28, 29.

J. J. P.

Where do you Keep your New Testament?

THE armies that have sprung into being during the last few months are engaging the philanthropic energies of large numbers of kindly people. Socks, mufflers, belts, shirts, sandbags, packets of food of all kinds, have been provided by the hundred thousand.

Besides all this praiseworthy effort, earnest Christians have been seeking to care for the spiritual welfare of the brave soldiers. And well it is that this should be so.

Alas! the great need of the present day is the sense of SIN ; its greatest crime, INDIFFERENCE. How little men think of God, His claims, His abhorrence of sin, the

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terrible judgment that awaits those who die in their guilt. The late Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, said that the terrible fact of the hour was that no one was afraid of God. Oh! that some mighty voice might awaken sinners from their sleep.

A soldier, sorely wounded in France, his young life barely won from the grave by the skilful surgeons and attentive nurses, told me in an English hospital, three days ago, that the soldiers will pray when faced by death, and promise God to give up swearing, but as soon as the danger is over prayer and promise are alike forgotten, showing there is no reality in either. Thank God, this is not so in every case, but we fear it is so in far too many cases.

One of the chief and the happiest forms of Christian effort lies in presenting the soldiers with pocket Testaments. They fit the pocket admirably, and they have been known to ward off a bullet, and thus save the wearer's life.

But I would like to ask a serious question. Will the New Testament in the pocket be of any use whatever if its message does not reach the heart? Far rather die a savage, without clothes, without pocket, ignorant of the existence of a New Testament, than die on the battle front with the New Testament in the pocket, carried in much the same way as the savage carries his charm, amulet, talisman, and the message the New Testament contains unknown in the heart.

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Can you pity a man, who dies of hunger when his pockets are full of banknotes, and he is living over a large provision store? Can you pity a man, who drowns, when he has refused to accept a life-belt and a place in the lifeboat? And what can be said of a man, possessing a New Testament, and yet who has failed to appropriate the message of forgiveness and salvation that it contains?

If a soldier reads these lines, let me, as an unknown friend, beseech you to face the facts of your sins, death, judgment, the great white throne, and hell. Turn to your New Testament. Take it often out of your pocket. Read such passages as John iii. 16; John v. 24; Acts x. 43; Acts xvi. 31; Rom. iii. 10-28; Rom. iv. 5; Rom. iv. 23—v. 2; Rom. x. 9; Eph. ii. 8-9; 1 John v. 13. See that you get the message of salvation into your heart. See that this most important matter of your soul's eternal welfare is settled according to God. Then sudden death will be sudden glory. If otherwise, what then? Answer!

Or, are you a civilian? Do you read your Bible? You live in a land of Bibles. What a responsibility!

Are you like the old lady, who was most indignant because a colporteur wished to sell her a Bible? "What!" she exclaimed, "do you think I don't possess a Bible? Do you think I am a heathen?" and so saying she angrily went into the house, returning to show

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the colporteur that she possessed a copy of the Scriptures.

Opening its pages, she espied her spectacles. "Why," she exclaimed, "here are my spectacles, which I have lost over these three years." She was true when she said she was not a heathen. She was—**WORSE THAN A HEATHEN.**

I fear the majority in these so-called Christian lands are so. May God graciously use this appeal to reach many. May it reach **YOU.**

A. J. P.

A Small Cause and a Far-reaching Result.

NOT many years ago a certain scientist in Massachusetts imported some caterpillars of a kind that interested him. He kept them in a bottle. One day the bottle tipped over, and some of the caterpillars escaped. Unnoticed, they made their way into the garden, and in due time stocked it with gipsy moths. These moths became quite a plague, and to deal with them, and the swarms produced by them, the Bay State, as Massachusetts is called, has had to spend over a million dollars of public money!

How far-reaching are the results of some acts, insignificant in themselves! The tipping

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over of the bottle was a trivial incident, but thence resulted all the damage subsequently done by the insect pests.

People sometimes speak as if the original sin of Eve in the Garden were a trifling matter. "Merely the eating of an apple," they call it. But from that act all the trouble in the world has resulted. Think of the devastating wars, the hideous crimes, the horrible cruelties, the dire diseases, the loathsome vices that have filled and polluted the world. All the consequence of that sin !

I am sometimes asked : Why does not God intervene to put an end to all the suffering and misery in the world ? Why does He not stop wars ? Why does He not put down all the cruelties and acts of violence that we hear of ? The reason is this : When God intervenes in power (as He will do), it will be, first of all, to deal with *sin*, the root of all the mischief.

Let me ask you : Are *you*, after all, keenly anxious that God should intervene to put down all sin ? What would such intervention mean for you ? When the time comes for the Lamb of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, to take away the world's sin, according to John i. 29, how will *you* fare ?

Unless your sin has already been taken away, blotted from God's book of remembrance, *you* will have to be taken away, in unsparing judgment ! For God to intervene in righteous power will mean the unloosing of His holy

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anger against all manner of sin, and against all ungodly sinners. (*See Jude 15.*) It is His mercy and long-suffering which leads Him to delay.

I do not mean that you or anyone else is going to be punished for the sin committed in Eden. We have all suffered from the terrible consequences of that sin. One consequence is that "death has passed upon all men," and generation after generation of our race has gone down to the grave, like corn mown down by the sickle.

But after death comes the judgment; and this, not because of what Adam or Eve did, but because of what men themselves have done. Men will be judged, not because Adam was a sinner, but because *they* are sinners; not because their first parents fell into disobedience, but because *they* have followed in their steps, and have loved sin and practised it.

Thank God, though there is no remedy for all the calamity that sin has brought upon the world save His own intervention in power (which He will bring to pass when Christ comes to take the kingdoms of earth and to reign in righteousness), there *is* a remedy, a grand and complete remedy, for the individual sinner. He may get rid of the burden of his guilt through Christ's precious blood. He may be clothed with a robe of righteousness of God's own providing.

Is this a small matter in your eyes, reader?

Should it not rather be the first of all objects with you, that you should get your guilt cancelled, your sins cleansed away, and your soul made fit for heaven ?

H. P. B.

The Two "Ways."

THE Lord Jesus sets before us two "ways" —the "Broad Way," "which leadeth to destruction," and the "Narrow Way," "which leads to life." (See Matt. vii. 13-14.)

Now, my natural reason and judgment assure me that heaven must be *deserved* to be gained ; that salvation must be *merited*, and *worked for* to be won !

Acting on these convictions, and seeking to carry them out in my life, I tread the clean footpath of the "Broad Way," which leads to endless woe—that clean footpath on which are found every religious but unconverted man and woman !

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

How, then, do I enter the "Narrow Way" ? Leaving the natural reasonings of my own heart—the heart which Scripture tells me, and which, later on, my own experience tells me, "is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii. 9)—I seek the guidance of God's word, and find that salvation is "*not of works*, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 9.)

This cuts at the root of all effort to save myself. I read also that "Christ Jesus came into the world to *save* sinners" (1 *Tim. i. 15*), and not, as I had supposed, to *help* sinners to save themselves.

I then turn *as a sinner* to God (which is conversion), and *appropriate* what Christ, by His atoning death, has done for me. Thus I enter the "Narrow Way," which leads to a life of endless joy.

On the ground of this great redemption, price paid by Christ on Calvary's cross for sinners (God's *only* ground of forgiveness for man) He freely forgives every repentant one who comes to Him.

"Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that *through this Man* [Christ Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and *by Him* all that believe are justified from all things." (*Acts xiii. 38, 39.*)

Once on the "Broad Way," then outwardly near, but in heart far from God, but now "forgiven" and "justified from all things," I am exhorted to be "fruitful in every good work." F.A.

"We must be Saved."

HAVE you ever said to yourself, "I must be saved?" Have you said it in awful earnestness? Peter, full of the Holy Ghost, spoke in these words to all before him, "*We must be saved!*" (*Acts iv. 12.*)

Do the words not thunder through your soul? I know of one whom they so arrested, that it was as if a serpent had reared itself on his path, forbidding him to move another step forward; or as if a gulf had opened at his feet. If you who read these lines be unsaved, may some lightning-flash from the throne of God fling into your conscience this tremendous truth, "*We must be saved! We must be saved!*"

The Apostle Peter used these words on a remarkable occasion. He was looking round on a great assembly, amongst whom were angry and haughty judges who were seeking his life; but, filled with pity and intense concern for their souls, his words became more and more earnest, till he wound up all in that startling appeal.

"*We must be saved!*" rang through the judgment-hall where sat the Jewish Sanhedrim, that same council who, not many weeks before, had pronounced the Lord of Glory guilty of death. "You and I, Caiaphas and Annas! you and I, John and Alexander! you and I, august members of Israel's senate! *must be saved.*" He spoke as one who saw nothing before him but the peril of ruin. He was handling a matter about which there was not, to his mind, one shadow of doubt; and so, with impassioned boldness and vehement earnestness, forgetting his own personal danger as an accused man before their tribunal, he calls upon his judges to realise their condition

before God, and confront the solemn truth,
"We must be saved!"

Now, let us go forth to our fellow-men in this spirit, reminding them of ETERNAL PERDITION NEAR, and yet of salvation nearer still, if they will accept it. Let us warn them, on divine authority, that the death that overhangs the sinner is the hell of which the Lord Jesus says, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (*Mark ix. 44.*) It is the "unquenchable fire" (*Matt. iii. 12*), a fire that God cannot quench without injustice, and dishonour to His truth and holy law. Oh, to be a sinner for ever! What is this? To lie down in misery for ever! To be under God's wrath for ever! For remember, "Everlasting" is written on the prison walls.

But let us go forth to men PROCLAIMING SALVATION. Peter spoke that day as a man who saw his fellow-men within reach of salvation. He had declared that the Saviour for sinners had come, and that the Lord Jesus Christ was that Saviour. You must be saved, he cried, and saved *by Him alone*.

There is not a shadow of a hope that, by some other way than by Christ's salvation, sinners may possibly escape the wrath deserved. Peter's words sweep away all cobwebs: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby WE MUST BE SAVED."

A. A. B.

The Deacon's Advice.

THE new preacher was standing in the vestry. In a few minutes he would have to make his first appearance before the congregation.

The large building was filling up, and the senior deacon, who was talking with the preacher in the vestry, was nervously anxious that a good impression should be made upon the audience.

"I hope you will make no reference in your sermon to worldly professors of religion," he observed; "there will be a considerable number present, and it would be undesirable to cause offence."

"I will remember what you say," replied the minister.

"And pray don't say anything about the liquor trade, for we have two or three wealthy brewers, who are liberal supporters of the cause."

"I understand; but do you desire that my sermons should be mere essays, and that neither sin nor sinners should be rebuked?"

"Oh! well, of course it wouldn't do to make your sermons insipid and pointless. It is necessary to hit out at something."

“ Well, whom would you recommend me to go for to-day ? ”

The deacon crept to the door of the vestry, and opening it a few inches scanned the faces of the assembling congregation. Returning to the preacher, he said :

“ I think you might safely go for the Jews ! It is not likely that any will be present ! ”

* * *

Do you, or do you not, kind reader, agree with the advice tendered by this worldly-wise deacon ?

You reply, perhaps, that in *your* opinion it savours of cowardice to attack people who are not present, and that it can do no possible good.

The writer of these lines shares your opinion. This paper, therefore, addresses itself, not to the kind of people who are not likely to read it, but to the class of persons into whose hands most of the copies issued will probably find their way.

I am not going to declaim against the drunkard, nor argue with the sceptic. I certainly do not intend to “ go for the Jews,” as the deacon advised the preacher to do.

Do not take it amiss, then, if I address a few urgent, kindly meant words to *you*. You are probably a respectable, well brought-up person. You do not profess to be particularly religious, though you do not belong to the increasing number of the openly irreligious.

You consider yourself no worse than the average of your fellow-men, and probably you are right.

Leaving aside these various incidental matters, however, let me speak to you as a *sinner*, for this, I am sure, you know yourself to be. I do not think you will object to this.

Daniel Webster, the famous American lawyer, during a summer holiday in a district far away from the capital, and its scenes of busy life, went each Sunday morning and evening to a little country church. His niece asked him why he went there, when he paid little attention to far abler sermons in Washington.

"In Washington," he replied, "they preach to Daniel Webster, the statesman. But this man has been talking to Daniel Webster the *sinner*, and telling him of JESUS."

Will you let me do the same for *you*? Will you, for a few minutes, regard your own name, and every descriptive term but one, as an *alias*, and let me speak with you as a *sinner*?

I should like to tell you of what can meet the crying need of every sinner; of something that can bring peace to his conscience and lasting joy to his heart. It is all summed up in the one word that meant so much to Daniel Webster: JESUS.

The great God has thought of you with thoughts of deepest, truest compassion. Yet your sins made it impossible for Him to bless

you and take you into His favour. They raised a most serious question. For God is holy, and hates sin.

But He has found a way to extend His mercy to sinners without in the least degree compromising His holiness. He gave Jesus, His own Son, to stand in the sinner's place, and bear the consequences of his sins. This is what the Lord Jesus has done. This is the work that He accomplished when He hung as our Surety upon the cross. He atoned for our sins by His sufferings and death. The condemnation due to us fell upon Him, and now God freely pardons and saves the sinner whose trust is in the Saviour. What rest to the sin-burdened conscience the knowledge of this brings!

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But there is something more. A sinner has a heart, as well as a conscience. You have probably found, by bitter experience, that the things of the world cannot really satisfy the cravings of the heart. But the Lord Jesus can! Alive from the dead, He is in heaven to-day. And He knows how to draw near to those whom He has cleansed from their guilt, and fill their hearts with His radiance.

The Christian can sing:

“ O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

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Now none but Christ can satisfy,
 None other name for me,
 There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
 Lord Jesus, found in Thee."

Here lies the secret of true happiness. Have I said enough to make you desire to prove the truth of it for yourself? H. P. B.

A Startling Cure.

A CANADIAN soldier arrived at the Ilford Emergency Hospital from France on May 3rd. Shock had deprived him of sight, but as the disturbance of the part affected was not organic, there was hope that treatment would be successful.

After a lengthened stay in the hospital, and no recovery being observed, the soldier was allowed to leave and return to his Canadian home.

Early in September he embarked on the liner "Hesperian," which, as our readers doubtless know, was torpedoed off the South of Ireland by a German submarine.

The shock of being suddenly flung into the water in his blind condition, and of being faced by the prospect of a watery grave, so affected him that his sight was restored. We read:

"The man was so astonished and overjoyed that, while still in the water, he kept shouting out to those near him that he had regained his sight."

It was without doubt a remarkable cure, and it was caused by shock.

But there is another kind of blindness that is very general indeed, and much more serious than that of the Canadian soldier. We fear the majority of our readers are affected by it, and, alas! many are not aware of it.

The Canadian soldier was blind and knew it. Moreover, he was most anxious that he should recover his sight, and in bidding farewell to the Chairman of the Ilford Hospital he said:

“Perhaps a German submarine may torpedo the ship I am going back on, and the shock may restore my sight. The Germans robbed me of my sight. Perhaps they will give it me back again.”

How different is it with men and women all around—blind, and not knowing it; blind, and not anxious to have their sight restored. We read in the old Book, “The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.” (2 Cor. iv. 4.)

Satan blinds *the mind*, the eye of the heart, and men and women, alas! love to have it so.

How often God opens the eye of the mind by a shock. The writer of 2 Cor. iv. 4, the verse just quoted, was one such. Blind he was, and infatuated with his own self-righteousness. Little did Saul of Tarsus guess at the

truth that he was "the chief of sinners," yet a shock gave him spiritual eyesight, and afterwards he could write, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; *of whom I am chief.*" (1 Tim. i. 15.)

He was pressing on to Damascus, bent on persecuting the Christians, when the shock happened.

It was mid-day, the eastern sun was shining in all its meridian splendour. Suddenly a light brighter than the mid-day sun shone upon him, and a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." (Acts xxvi. 14.) From that hour Saul was a converted man, and laboured to spread the doctrine he had sought in his blindness to destroy. Happy, blessed shock that affected him so wondrously for time and eternity!

It was midnight. The jailor was asleep on his bed. His prisoners—Paul and Silas—for no other offence than preaching the Gospel, were in the inner dungeon, their feet fast in the stocks, their backs bleeding with stripes given them by command of the magistrates, yet praying and praising God.

"Suddenly there was a great earthquake" (Acts xvi. 26). God had intervened on behalf of his servants. Aye, and better still, the shock awakened the jailor in two ways. First, from his bodily sleep; second, praise God, from his soul-slumber. The shock opened his eyes,

and he asked that question of all questions, "What must I do to be saved?" and received the memorable answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." (Verse 31.)

Reader, let me ask you most earnestly, Have your eyes been opened yet to realise that as a sinner you are going straight to a terrible doom? Death and judgment, the great white throne and the lake of fire, lie before each unsaved man and woman. May God wake you up.

How many have had spiritual sight given them by a shock. Martin Luther got his eyes opened when a thunderbolt in the forest struck dead his companion by his side. Lieutenant Blackmore, R.N., received spiritual sight through being blown up in a powder explosion on board one of H.M. ships years ago. He testified that he went up unconverted and came down converted to God.

Very similar was the case of the writer who said :

"'Twixt the saddle and the ground,
I mercy sought and mercy found."

Do you believe that you may be saved as quickly as that? You may. Just as you are, and just where you are, God is ready to bless and save you.

Repent and believe. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (*Acts xvi. 31.*)

A. J. P.

How Mr. M—— was Saved.

IN 1907 an evangelist conducted a series of meetings in the West of Ireland. He was cheered by receiving the following letter.

* * *

“Dear Mr. C——,

“I received your kind letter of the 19th instant in due course; also the papers you sent, for which I am much obliged.

“I, too, felt regret on Sunday night that time did not admit of my giving you more particulars. I had intended telling you before then how God’s message through you had brought peace to my troubled soul; but every night at the close of the meetings found you engaged with some other person, and I feared to speak then lest I might cause a deflection of that message from another.

“From my early youth I had been brought under religious influences, and had a certain kind of interest in what is termed ‘religious matters.’ Leaving home when about twenty, I was brought into business relations with drinking men, and ultimately acquired habits of intemperance; but as the number of occasions upon which I indulged to excess were few, and as I always pretended to a taste for reading, I was regarded as a fairly respectable character.

“Now my taste for reading was restricted to

books on modern science—Darwin's 'Descent of Man,' Huxley's and Spencer's works, &c.—until eventually I became a sceptic, passing through the stages of unitarianism and agnosticism to indifferentism. This kind of reading, however, revealed to me the foolishness of drinking intoxicating liquor and of smoking, with the result—strangely enough—over sixteen years ago, after many unsuccessful attempts, of finally succeeding in giving up strong drink. I also gave up smoking.

"In one sense I was now much worse than before, because—not being an aggressive Free-thinker—I was regarded as a religious person, while within myself I fancied that having regulated my manner of living in accordance with scientific truth, and having done so successfully, I needed no other, no higher incentive.

"This will give you some idea of the kind of person I was when, one morning in October, 1907, I received through the post an invitation to attend a Gospel service at the S—— Road Hall. I was not exactly going religiously to hell, but I certainly was going morally to hell. As a matter of courtesy I thought I would just drop in for one evening, so I went to your mission that first Sunday night you spoke in G——. I had always, when possible, accepted invitations to such meetings, for I considered that they could do me no harm. The speakers were, I considered, well-meaning, and generally

unselfish people, but simple-minded and absolutely unscientific.

“The very first of your meetings I attended I was impressed by the unusually quiet and confident manner in which you explained the relationship of the sinner to the Saviour; and I felt unusually disturbed within myself when going home. I had only intended going once, but I felt that the next night would again find me at the mission hall. Each succeeding address was making me still more uncomfortable, until the night you spoke from Acts xxvi. 28-29 on the subject of ‘*Almost Persuaded*’ brought things to a climax.

“In your closing exhortation to the unconverted that night you said, ‘God wants to save you to-night.’ You then said, ‘But you will ask, How do I know He wants to save me?’ ‘Well,’ you said, ‘what has brought you into this meeting to-night?’

“Like a flash, I saw myself a poor distracted, unsatisfied sinner, weary of the theories of men. I saw God’s merciful purpose towards me quite plainly, and I took the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour.

“I thank God every day since then for a peace which passeth all understanding. Of course I realise that while there is nothing to be done on the sinner’s part to *obtain* salvation, there is much to be done *afterwards* to serve and please the Lord, and I have much lost time to make up for. May He make my duty

clear to me, and give me strength to perform my allotted part.

“As you were the means employed by our Heavenly Father to bring to my soul the knowledge of His saving love, I felt a strong desire to give you all the facts as fully as one may within the limits of a letter; and when you were leaving here on Monday I had a feeling as of parting from a very dear friend.

“In conclusion, let me say that I do not forget to plead at the throne of grace that our Heavenly Father may continue to bless your labour, and I feel very strongly that He will.

“I remain, with kindest regards,

“Yours very sincerely,

“J. M‘C——.”

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Reader, could you write such a letter as the above? Have you experienced the saving grace and power of God? Have you trusted on the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?

If not, may the perusal of this letter be the means of awakening in your heart a desire for this “peace, which passeth all understanding,” which the writer of the letter experienced. God is willing and able to save you through Christ. “*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*” (Acts xvi. 31.)

Contributed by H. A. M.

The Same Man!

I AM going to ask the reader to glance at two paragraphs clipped from Canadian newspapers published in the city of Vancouver.

PARAGRAPH I.

DEATH OF MR. A. POWER, K.C.

Mr. Augustus Power, K.C., I.S.O., passed away in the city yesterday at the age of 65. Mr. Power had come to Vancouver about one year ago from Ottawa, where he had been chief clerk in the Department of Justice for many years. He was born in 1847 in Quebec, his father being Judge William Power of that city. He was a widower at the time of his death, and leaves one son and a daughter. The funeral service, which will be private, will be held at 1670, Pendrell Street. Interment will be made in Mountain View Cemetery.

PARAGRAPH II.

MAN CHOKED TO DEATH.

The coroner's jury yesterday afternoon, at Mack Brothers' undertaking parlours, returned a verdict of Death by choking at the inquest into the death of "Gus" Power, who died in a restaurant several days ago. Up to the time of the inquest the man's identity remained hidden. But when J. Anderson, official photographer of the police department, was sent

to the inquest to photograph the remains, he at once recognised the man as Power, who is well known to the police, for, according to them, he has been at the station many times.

Will it be believed that these two paragraphs, written within a few days of each other, refer to the same event, and record the death of the same individual?

The first paragraph describes the man in his public character, as known by a wide circle of officials and business acquaintances.

The second paragraph describes him as he was known by his more intimate friends, those who were able to peep behind the curtain, and learn his habits when alone, or with the boon companions of his leisure hours.

But even these could not know him as *he really was*. Neither the dead woman, who had been his wife, nor the son and daughter, who survived him, knew all that was true of him in his inmost soul.

It has been well said that in each one of us there live four persons.

The first is the person whom our friends, those who move in the same social circle, those with whom we have business relations, know.

The second is the person whom our intimate associates, the members of our families, those who come closest to us in our daily life, know.

The third is the person as we ourselves know him or her, the true self, with features often

unsuspected by others, but not hidden from our own consciousness.

The fourth is the person whom God knows! He sees depths in our souls, depths of evil, of which we ourselves are not aware. He knows us better than we know ourselves.

What would have been written in the Canadian papers if all, that the deceased man had known about himself, could have been told? And what if all that God knew about him could have been declared? Ah! In this latter case the record would have been such that no human being could have endured the reading of it.

Not only, however, is this true in the case of a man like "Gus" Power, the frequent occupant of the police cells. It is true of the fairest specimen of humanity. The best of Adam's sons that has ever lived could not bear to have recorded all that *God* knows him to be.

You know very well, my reader, that your case offers no exception to this. Even if you could write down all that you know about yourself, the story would not be a pleasant or inspiring one to read. How much more if the true history of your life were written from the standpoint of God's perfect knowledge of you! For of Him we have to say: "There is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether." (*Ps. cxxxix. 4.*)

How wonderful it is that God, in spite of

His full and perfect knowledge of all our sinfulness, should yet love us, and desire our company! Yet such is the case. Though He could not pass over our sins as if they were of small account, He could, and did, express His love by giving His Son to die for them, and thus to save us from their terrible consequences.

Is love such as this nothing to you? Even what you know about yourself is enough to make you sure that you need a Saviour. But when you consider what *God* knows about you, and how that all the sins you have ever committed in thought, word and deed, abide under His eye, well may you rejoice to hear of salvation being freely provided!

Would that men understood better how serious a matter sin is, and how black they appear in God's sight. They would then be more eager for His gracious remedy.

What is *your* attitude to these plain, unvarnished facts, reader? Have you fled for refuge to Christ, and staked all your confidence upon the merits of His blood? If not, will you not let this little paper be God's messenger to your soul, leading you to take the momentous step of personal faith in Christ as your Saviour and Substitute?

*"The broken heart the Lord will favour,
The contrite spirit He will bless;
He came to be the lost one's Saviour,
He came to be the sinner's Friend."*

H. P. B.

The Countrywoman's Creed.

"**A**ND have you the forgiveness of your sins?" I said to a countrywoman, who was standing behind her butter-basket one market day.

"Oh! yes," was her confident reply.

"Will you tell me what is your *ground* for saying so?"

"Why, that I am doing my best, and that I pray to be forgiven every day."

"And where do you find in God's word that He saves anyone on that ground?"

"I am sure it says in many places in the Bible that we shall be saved if we pray to be forgiven, but I can't just remember where it is."

"I am sure you cannot, for it is not there. Suppose I stole a pound of this butter of yours, would you let *me* off because I kept saying, 'Please forgive, please forgive me'?" A decided shake of her head was her only reply.

No, nothing short of *full payment* for her butter would have satisfied her, but she could not see that nothing short of *full atonement* for sin would satisfy God's holiness.

Instead of finding in the Bible that we shall be saved if we pray to be forgiven, we see there that Christ died and shed His blood to atone to God for sin, and that it is in virtue of *this, and this alone*, that God forgives the sinner who turns to Him.

138 "WON'T YOU COME TO CHRIST NOW?"

We fear this poor woman voiced the ignorance of very many as to God's salvation. Oh! that they could see how fully and freely He forgives those who *come to Him* as lost sinners. But this forgiveness is based on Christ's atoning work alone.

*"He took the guilty culprit's place
And suffered in his stead."*

"Through this Man [Christ Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (*Acts xiii. 38, 39*). F A

," Won't You Come to Christ Now?"

THE battle raged, shot and shell were dropping into the British lines like rain from the clouds. A stray piece of shrapnel lodged itself in a soldier's cheek, seriously damaging one of his eyes. At the same instant as the shot struck him, he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear, "Won't you come to Christ now?"

He turned, but saw no one at the moment. It seemed a voice from heaven. Looking along the trench, he saw a young soldier running quickly. Listening, he heard the same question being repeated in the ear of every man whom the young soldier passed.

“WON'T YOU COME TO CHRIST NOW?” 139

“*Won't you come to Christ now?*” The words went home to the soldier's heart. He considered, for a few seconds, as he lay wounded in the trench. The shell might have meant instant death, but he had been preserved.

The opportunity was seized, and there in the trench, lying badly wounded, he gave his decision: “Yes, I will come to Christ now.” He came, and found those words spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ quite true—“Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” (*John vi 37.*)

To-day he lives in Ireland, a bright testimony to the grace of God.

Reader, allow me to whisper that question in *your ear*, “Won't you come to Christ now?” You have heard the Gospel often, no doubt, and have had many opportunities of accepting Christ as your Saviour. You may not be in such a perilous position as the soldier of whom you have read, but, be sure of this, death is busy to-day. Are *you* prepared? Oh! turn to the Saviour. He is able and willing to save you. *Able*, because He has met every claim of God against you. He has borne in His own Person all the consequences of your sins. *Willing*, because He loves you, and desires to have your trust. Let your heart go out with the soldier's, and say, “Yes, I will come to Christ *now*.” God grant it

C. S. R.

B

Serious Questions Raised.

"THIS war has made me think that there is another world, and ask myself the question whether I am prepared for it."

So wrote one from the front a few days ago. The solemn realities with which we are faced from day to day are certainly raising the question in the minds of many as to whether they are prepared to face eternity or not. Daily we are receiving tidings of someone we knew having been called out of time into eternity, and daily the number of killed and wounded is being augmented with startling rapidity.

These terrible realities with increasing force compel us to ask the question:

Are you prepared to meet God?

Questions like this crowd upon the writer as he sits down, impelled by the words of a passing street preacher to ask you to think seriously of *eternity*, and the great weight of sin that lies on your conscience and heart, if you are still a stranger to the Lord Jesus and His love.

The hours are gliding quickly by, and, as you hear of those, you once knew and loved, removed from this earth, we ask, Have you never seriously thought of *eternity*, and how you are going to meet God? Push not aside the question of a stranger, put in love for

your soul's benefit, and your eternal blessing. If you think not of these things when you are in life and leisure, how shall you be able to face them on the battlefield, or in your dying hour?

A colonel invalided home a few days ago told the writer how some men fainted as they were detrained at the front, and heard the roar of the cannon, the rattle of the musketry, and the bursting of the shells. The deafening, bewildering noise drowned all shouts of the men, so that in mad fury they rushed forward at the command of their officer into the jaws of death, to slay, or to be slain.

Only those, who have been in the thickest of the fight, can understand the horrors of modern warfare, but we turn from the gruesome thoughts of the carnage to the bright and blessed thought that the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, the Lover of our souls, "was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes," the believer can say, "we are healed." (*Isaiah liii. 5.*)

In love and tenderness we beseech you, dear reader, to turn to Him, Who has thus suffered for your sins, believe on Him, trust His precious blood alone for pardon and peace, and salvation shall be yours, come what may.

C. S. R.

E.

"I can never love Him enough."

WE were spending a week-end in the far-off and sparsely populated island of Lewis, off the West Coast of Scotland, some time ago.

As nearly everyone there speaks Gaelic, we had provided ourselves with a supply of the well-known and most excellent booklet, *Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment*, printed in that language. On the Lord's Day afternoon we sallied forth to an outlying hamlet, and going from house to house, we offered our books, and, as opportunity offered, sought to speak "a word in season."

Going to one house, a bright, intelligent, Scottish lassie of about three and twenty answered our knock.

"Will you accept a Gospel book?" we asked.

"Oh! yes, thank you, sir," she replied.

As she took it, she asked, "Will you give me some more, sir?"

"With pleasure," we responded; "but what will you do with them?"

"I will give them all away," said she, "and I will speak a good word with every one."

"That is very nice," we said. "Do you love the Lord Jesus?"

Her sunny face brightened still more as she answered, "Oh! sir, He has loved me so much that I feel I can never love Him enough."

"I CAN NEVER LOVE HIM ENOUGH." 143

We conversed a little longer, and then, with a hearty handshake, parted, feeling mutually refreshed by our little talk about Him Who had made Himself precious to our hearts.

It was worth crossing the Minch, with the tossing incidental thereto with which every tourist who has sailed to Stornoway is familiar, to find one who so truly loved the Lord.

It may be that you, dear reader, have more privileges, more opportunities of hearing the glorious Gospel; may we ask you, Have you thought of His love for *YOU*, and can you say with the beloved Apostle, "*The Son of God . . . loved ME, and gave Himself for ME*"? (*Galatians ii. 20.*)

If so, we doubt not you feel, as this young woman felt, that you "can never love Him enough."

"Shall I ever be able to do so?" you may enquire. Indeed you never will, but you can allow His love to fill and flood your heart, then there will be produced that responsive affection that is so grateful to Him.

Is it possible that some person reads these lines who does not love our Lord Jesus Christ? Shame on you! Shame!! Shame!!! we unhesitatingly say. Yet while we cannot refrain from saying so, how glad we are to be able to tell you He loves you, He died to save you, at God's right to-day He longs to bless you. Trust Him now. No longer steel your heart against Him. Accept Him as your

ALL A

144 HOW CAN I BE QUITE SURE OF SALVATION?

very own precious, personal Saviour ere you lay down this paper, and then you will delight to join in the exclamation of all who love Him, "*We love Him, because He first loved us.*" (1 John iv. 19.) W. B. D.

How can I be quite sure of Salvation?

SUCH is the question often asked by the anxious soul.

There is only one way of being sure. Once we have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as our personal Saviour, we have got abundance of evidence in God's Word of two things.

First, God's acceptance of the work of Christ as performed on behalf of sinners. This is proved by the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. Second, God's acceptance of the sinner, who puts his trust in the Lord, and the bestowal upon him of salvation, forgiveness of sins, and eternal life.

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

Forgiveness of sins! "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." (1 John ii. 12.)

Eternal life! "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John iii. 36.)

Acceptance! "He hath made us accepted in the Beloved." (Eph. i. 6.)

"We believe and are SURE." (John vi. 69.)

A. J. P.