

“WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM TAKE THE WATER
OF LIFE FREELY.—Rev. xxii. 17.

LIVING STREAMS:

A GOSPEL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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LIVING STREAMS.



THREE QUESTIONS.

1 “*Are there few that be saved?*”—Luke, xiii. 23.

Men always view the question of salvation according to the state of their souls. The questions they ask, and the very way they are asked, generally reveal this. Now, the man who asked this question evidently came to the Lord in what we might term the *curious state*. He was full of curiosity. He was no broken-hearted penitent seeking the way of salvation, but what we would call a long-headed, cool, calculating man. One who had a little too much of the inquisitive turn about him, “intruding into things” which he had no business with, “vainly puffed up in his fleshly mind.” It seems a pity he was not the last of that race. But, alas! they have turned out more numerous than many anticipate, and some, we fear, in their efforts to solve their knotty questions, forget their precious souls, lose themselves *in* the crowd, and lose their souls *with* the crowd.

The Lord did not seek to gratify the idle curiosity of this inquisitive man; but He took the opportunity to speak to *the consciences* of those standing around who were on the tip-toe of expectation to hear His reply. “Strive to enter in,” said He; “for many . . . will seek to enter in and shall not be able, &c.” (verses 24-30).

How awfully solemn! What if *they* should be amongst the number who would seek admittance, but seek in vain! The Master of the house was about

THREE QUESTIONS.

to rise up and shut the door. What would it matter to them whether there were few or many *inside* and *saved*, if they found themselves *outside* and *lost*! What matter who was inside singing, if they themselves were outside weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth.

O, beware, ye inquisitive sinners! Occupying your minds, and wasting the priceless moments, wondering about the number of the elect; or the fate of the heathen; or the number of the Beast in Revelation; or the date of the Millennium. Beware! Look ye well to *your own soul's salvation*! Get into the place of safety yourself. Flee to Jesus for refuge from the coming storm. "Escape for thy life." "Flee from the wrath to come!" This is the all important thing for thee, and ought to be thy first thought. Then, when that great and all important question is settled, and you are saved and saved for ever; puzzle not your brains to solve these and such questions; but fall down on your knees, in earnest pleading with God for the salvation of others, who are still standing on the slippery brink of everlasting woe, and wasting their time in trying to solve knotty questions at the risk of losing their precious and priceless souls. But, "Strive to enter in" thyself first.

2 "Who then can be saved?"—Luke, xviii. 26.

This was the exclamation of some who were *startled* by the words of the Saviour when He shewed to them the difficulty the rich have to enter into the kingdom of God. It seems as though they thought that the rich *must* be saved, whatever became of the poor. Ah! There are not many rich men saved! Riches are as great a stumbling block to-day as they were in the Lord's days. The rich are walled and and pierced round, and it is difficult to reach them even with the message of salvation. Yet *death* will meet them. And *judgment* will reach them. They

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cannot keep *them* out. "Their silver and their gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the Lord" (Ezek. vii. 19). Alas for the poor rich !

In the Saviour's day it was said, "The poor have the gospel preached to them" (Matt. xi., 5). And after He had died and risen and ascended to heaven, it was still said, "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen *the poor* of this world, rich in faith (not in money and property), and heirs of the kingdom, which He hath promised to them that love Him" (James ii. 5). O, happy poor, *rich in faith*, and heirs of the kingdom ! Envy not the poor rich ! "When he dieth he shall carry nothing away," not even "his glory" descendeth after him (Ps. xlix. 17). The only thing he carries out, and which he never brought in, are his sins. Nothing could cleanse him from them but the blood of Jesus, and *that* he rejected. Therefore, he must bear his own sins in his own body in the lake of fire for ever.

But are no rich men saved, you ask ? Yes, thank God ! But not many. Would there were more. "All things are possible with God." But when such *are* saved, it is as *poor sinners*. They have to come down. A lady once said to an Evangelist, after hearing a gospel address, "Do I understand you that I have to be saved in the same way as my footman ?" "Exactly, madam," he replied. "Then," said she, "I shall *never* be saved," and she turned, like one of old, and "went away in a rage."

"Who then can be saved ?" Any who humble themselves to take the place of being lost and guilty sinners, and accept God's way of salvation. No other. Only those who

"Take the guilty sinner's name,
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim."

God's *whosoever* takes in *all* irrespective of character or condition, provided they submit to His terms.

“Whosoever *believeth* in Him” (Jesus). They who do this “shall not perish, but have everlasting life” (John iii., 16). *Such are saved.* But only such! No others.

3. “*What must I do to be saved?*”—Acts xvi. 30-31.

This is the enquiry of an *anxious* soul. One truly awakened by God to the sense of his need and danger, and who pants for the knowledge of salvation from his impending and justly-merited doom. And what answer was given to his anxious enquiry? Mark it well, my reader, for in that answer lies the way of peace for you if unsaved. Was he told to turn over a new leaf? No! Was he told he must be more attentive to the observance of his religious duties? No! No! There was not a spark of religion about the man. He was a rough, cruel heathen. But he was awakened by God’s grace to see himself lost and perishing. And to the anxious cry which welled up from his sin-burdened, but broken heart, the apostle could give but one answer, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”

Observe here three things in this short answer. First, *the condition* upon which he was to be saved —“BELIEVE.” Not work, toil, plead, pray, feel, think, or hope. No! No! Not any of the numerous things which anxious souls usually do. It was neither FEEL nor DO. It was BELIEVE. This, and this alone, was the condition.

Second. *The object of faith*—The Lord Jesus Christ. He was told to believe *a person*. It was not a set of doctrines, however correct. Not a particular or orthodox creed. Nor yet was he told to believe the Apostles. It was the Son of God that was set before him to be believed and trusted. The One who had died and risen again. Who had borne the judgment of God for every believing sinner, and who had put away their sins for ever. This was the One the jailer was called upon to *believe*. This is the One that

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every anxious soul is called upon to believe. No other! My reader, have you trusted Him? If not, will you trust *Him*? and will you trust Him *now*? He is the only worthy One. O, do it at once.

Thirdly. *The result of faith*—"Thou shalt be saved." There was to be no doubting and fearing and hoping and thinking and wishing. The word was short, simple and plain, and left no room for doubt. "Thou *shalt* be saved." When? When he believed! Where? Just where he was when he believed! God said what He meant, and meant what He said. "Thou shalt be saved." The jailor fulfilled the conditions—he believed the right Person—and he realized the blessed results *there* and *then*.

Reader! Don't say, "Are there few that be saved?" Nor yet, "Who then can be saved?" But where you are, and as you are, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and THOU SHALT BE SAVED."

W. E.

THE THREE IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

"The process of enlightenment in many Romanist minds," says an observer, "is shadowed forth by the experience of one whom I saw but last week. He sat down to read the Bible an hour each evening with his wife. In a few evenings he stopped in the midst of his reading and said, "*Wife, if this book is true, we are wrong.*"

He read on, and a few days longer, said, "*Wife, if this book be true, we are lost.*"

Riveted to the book, and deeply anxious, he still read, and in a week more joyfully exclaimed, "*Wife, if this book be true, we may be saved.*"

"A few weeks more reading, and taught by the Spirit of God through the exhortations and instructions of a city Missionary, they both placed their faith in Christ, and are now rejoicing in Him."

AN OLD NAVVY.

AN OLD NAVVY.

Some days ago an old man, with shaking frame and ragged coat, called upon me and asked help. Being anxious to know a little about him, I asked what kind of help he wanted, when he gave the following account of himself :—

“I once was a navvy, and wrought at the making of the railway that connects this village with the neighbouring city. I then earned from three to four shillings per day ; but what of that, it all went, and now I am paralysed and not able to work.”

I could see that he was anxious to strengthen his case by action, for by this time the shake had considerably increased.

“So you did not make hay while the sun shone, and now you are *repenting* when it is too late?”

“Repenting bitterly,” he said, “and will do all my days.”

I thought, here is an opportunity to speak to him about his soul, and in order to reach that point I said—

“You have made *one* mistake, and you are repenting it now. See that you do not make another mistake and repent it through all eternity. If you lose your soul, you will repent it for *ever* and *ever*. You are an old man, you will soon be at the end of your journey here ; but if you lose your soul, the remorse *then* will *never* end.”

He did not seem to like this plain way of speaking, and began to move a little nearer the door, but returned with fresh courage and said : “What can a poor man (who is begging his bread) do but chance it?”

“God never asks you to *do*. He tells you of One who has *done* it for you ; now, what God wants of you is to believe His Word about Christ’s work—

“Nothing to do, for the sinner that’s dead,
Must needs get another to work in his stead ;
But Jesus, in Calvary’s terrible hour,
Accomplished salvation in wond’rous power,”

Jesus said on the cross, "It is finished." Now if you add to a finished thing you only spoil it. As to your being a beggar, that will never keep you out of heaven, for in Luke xvi. you get God taking a beggar out of a worse condition than you are in, and placing him in Abraham's bosom. *That* man was a beggar, lay at the rich man's gate, was full of sores, had the dogs for his physicians, yet he got Abraham's bosom, because he rested his soul on the finished work of Christ. And if you will believe in Christ, you, too, will get eternal life now, and you will never come into judgment" (John v., 24).

"Believe in Christ!" exclaimed he; "who does not believe in Christ?"

"All who have not got eternal life, do not believe in Christ, and if you have not got eternal life, it is evident that you do *not* believe in Him."

The conversation that followed showed how subtle an enemy the devil is. When a person has spent nearly all his life in his service, then he turns round and tells him that it is now too late to find mercy. Evidently that was the rock on which this poor man was stranded, as nothing I could say would make him entertain for a moment the thought that God would yet have mercy. He would ever exclaim, "I have such a bad heart; I have done so many wicked things."

I pointed him to the case of the thief on the cross, and told him that although he was a thief, and even reviled Christ on the cross—(Matt. xxvii., 44)—yet, notwithstanding all that, the moment he *owned* that he was suffering justly, and said, "*Lord*, remember me;" the answer came, "To-day, shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

"Now, have *you* owned yourself a sinner like that thief; owned Jesus as *Lord*? If you do not you will drop into the pit one of these days, then your pleadings will be answered with the remembrance that salvation was offered you while you were on earth,

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but you refused it, and now it is too late. The great gulf will then be *fixed*, and then bitter *remorse* will be yours for ever."

Young reader, take care that you are not listening to the devil's sophistry, while he is telling you that it is time enough to think about your soul when you grow old, or when you are on a death-bed (both are doubtful); but, remember Satan knows that his "time-enough-doctrine" will not do then, so he tries another, as in the case of this poor man. He tells his dupes that they have sinned away their day of grace; that it is too late to look for mercy; and souls, having believed him all their days, believe him still, although it is written in God's word, that he is a liar from the beginning.

Christ is the *truth*," and He says, "him that cometh," be he beggar or king, if he only *comes*, He will in "no wise" cast out (John vi., 37).

G. W.

L.

"DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A SINNER SINKING ON A ROCK?"

A short time since, I called to see one of my hearers, who was near death. She was an aged woman, remarkably quiet and unobtrusive, whose life had adorned the gospel. When I approached her, I saw that death was doing its work; but she was calm and composed. I took her proffered hand, and said, "How is it with you?" In her own quiet, calm way, yet with considerable earnestness, she replied, "Well Sir, *I am on the Rock*." Oh! what a mercy thought I, to feel thus after a long life, in which so many changes had been seen! It brought to my mind what I had heard of a woman in humble life, who, when visited by a person when she was near death, and being asked by him if she felt herself sinking, replied, "How could you ask me that? Did you ever know any sink *through a rock*, I AM ON THE ROCK."

LEFT BEHIND.*

After Sir Colin Campbell's silent retreat from Lucknow, in the last Indian war, there was one man left behind. "Capt. Waterman," says Mr Rees, in his personal narrative of the siege, "having gone to his bed in a retired corner of the brigade mess-room, overslept himself; he had been forgotten, and at two o'clock in the morning he got up, and found to his horror that we had already left; he hoped against hope as he visited every outpost; all was deserted and silent. To be the only man in an open entrenchment, and thousands of furious barbarians outside, it was horrible indeed to contemplate; his situation alarmed him, he took to his heels and ran—ran till he could scarcely breathe, and at length came up with the retreating rear-guard, mad with excitement and breathless with fatigue." He was saved; but surely the agonizing moment and merciful deliverance he will never forget.

Reader, there is a moment fast approaching, when every soul that has not Christ for his Saviour will be found in a far more awful position than Capt. Waterman was that morning. At the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, all those who are Christ's, the sleeping one's raised and the living changed, shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17). What a moment will that be for every soul *left behind*! Every saint, every soul born of God, indwelt by the Spirit of God, every real child of God, by whatever name called of man, gone to be with Jesus for ever, and all who are not His *left behind*. In which company will you be found then? It will be too late to flee. There will be no escape: "The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-places."

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There will be no escape: "the door will be shut." *Left behind*, not for the fearful passions of cruel barbarians, but for the awful power of "that wicked one"; for the strong delusion: for the fearful woes of "the great tribulation"; for the eternal horrors of the second death—the lake of fire (2 Thess. ii. 8-12; Rev. vi. xix.). Ah, reader! these are no cunningly-devised fables: they are coming realities—the eternal verities of the Living God. Capt. Waterman's was a temporal salvation: the Gospel proclaims an eternal salvation, through the precious blood of Christ. "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all* who believe are justified from *all* things." The way of escape is still open; the door of mercy is not yet closed. The exalted Saviour is still on high: when He rises up to fetch His own people, the door will be shut for ever (Luke xiii. 25).

Sinner, the Living God addresses you from His word. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation;" to-morrow may be too late, and you *left behind*.

W. R. H.
R.

"WHOSOEVER" AND "WHATSOEVER."

"WHOSOEVER and WHATSOEVER" are two precious words often in the mouth of Christ, "Whosoever will may come;" "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name, that will I do." WHOSOEVER is on the *outside* of the gate, and lets in all who choose. WHATSOEVER is on the *inside*, and gives those who enter the free range of all the region and treasure of grace. WHOSOEVER makes salvation *free*. WHATSOEVER makes salvation *full*.

BE CERTAIN.

You may be absolutely certain that you are either saved or lost. "I cannot say I am saved, and I would not like to say I am lost," was the language of a man to whom Christ and Salvation were preached for immediate acceptance. Partly saved and partly lost is a piece of sheer madness and folly; there is not a particle of truth in it. O, reader, wake up to the reality of your present position; face the question without a moment's further delay—*Saved or Lost?* On this all-important truth, the Word of God is plain and decided. "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life." Are these words not absolutely true? Has not the believer in this world "everlasting life?" The Son of God distinctly affirms it. Then the believer *is* Saved—Saved before he gets to Heaven. "He that believeth *not* the Son." You may be highly religious, moral, and most respectable, but God does not raise *that* question; but he that believeth or not believeth the Son, is God's one question for *all*. Now, if you are not a believer on Christ—on God's own Son—if you have not accepted Him as your own personal Saviour, you "shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). We earnestly implore you to think over, if only for five minutes, your real state before God, as either *Saved or Lost*. You must meet God about your sins and about your immortal soul. Get decided and sure about it *now*. Do not go on a single hour longer in a state of uncertainty as to your state. If saved you may know it; if unsaved you may know it. Reader, if lost, procure a New Testament, and either read or get some one to do it for you, John iii. 14-16; anchor your soul on *that*, and you *are saved* for time and eternity.

"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through THIS MAN is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins. And by Him all that believe are justified from all things."—Acts xiii., 38-39.

LITTLE SINS.

LITTLE SINS.

There are two ways of coming down from the top of a Church steeple ; one is to jump down, and the other is to come down by the steps ; but both will lead to the bottom. So also there are two ways of going to hell ; one is to walk into it with your eyes open—few people do that—the other is to go down by the steps of *Little Sins* ; and that way, I fear, is only too common. Put up with a few little sins, and you will soon want a few more,—even a heathen could say, “Whoever was content with only one sin?” And then your course will be regularly worse and worse every year. Well did Jeremy Taylor describe the purposes of sin in a man : “First, it startles him, then it becomes pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed ! Then the man is impenitent, then obstinate, and *then he is damned.*” Reader, the devil only wants to get the thin end of the wedge of a little allowed sin into your hearts, and you will soon be all his. Never trifle with little sins.

RYLE.

 MY CONFESSION.

God of all grace I gladly own
 What in His death Thy Christ has done ;
 What He is there upon Thy throne,
 What He is now and He alone,
 Is all my joyful plea.
 He's all my trust, He's all my boast,
 For since He died to save the lost,
 I'm sure He died for me.

GOD IS TRUE.

GOD in His Word declares "*All* have sinned," and "There is none righteous, no, not *one*." (Rom. iii., 23, 10.) Now, if you write your name in the blank space you give the lie to God direct, for "if we say that we have not sinned we make Him," who? the living God, "*a liar*." (1 John i., 10.) I truthfully affirm, I have not sinned.

.....

There is no need for an address line, for God knows where to find you. You had better leave the line as it is. We earnestly wish, however, you would put your name in *this* blank space. "Him that cometh to Me I (Jesus) will in no wise cast out." (John vi., 37.)

I,
am determined to come to Christ as a poor, guilty sinner, and to come *NOW*. Pause before you enter your name. God, angels, and the saved are deeply interested in your resolution either to be *Saved* or *Lost*. Which is it?

GOD'S Midnight Summons to A RICH FARMER:

“This night Thy Soul shall be required of
Thee.”—*Luke* xii. 20.

The RICH MAN'S CRY in HELL:

“I am Tormented in this Flame.”—
Luke xvi. 24.

The Unanswered QUESTION:

“How shall we escape if we neglect so
great Salvation?”—*Hebrews* ii. 3.

"WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM TAKE THE WATER
OF LIFE FREELY.—Rev. xxii. 17.

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LIVING STREAMS.



THE BLOOD WHICH SPEAKS.

UNSEEN by human eye, Abel fell—the anger of Cain had spent itself upon its victim—the earth was stained with human gore, and the only tongue, as Cain doubtless thought, that could have witnessed against him, was motionless beside him. Death, which entered the world by sin, now received its first victim. Did Abel supplicate for his life? That probably will never be known on this side the grave. No human ear over-heard what passed between the brothers, and now the awe-inspiring stillness of death was undisturbed by Abel's voice. Evidently Cain thought his work was a success, for when God asked him, "Where is Abel thy brother?" he boldly denied all knowledge of what had but recently taken place. But the second question must have instantly dispelled all hopes of security and immunity from punishment. "What hast thou done?" proved that God knew of the deed, and the announcement "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground," told of a witness against him of which he had never dreamed. That blood which he had shed had a voice which God

heard and He interpreted it to Cain. All was open to God, and to His ear it had spoken. Abel had not accused his brother, nor cried to God for vengeance ; but his blood, poured out on the earth, spoke in terms which the Creator could understand. One made in the image of God, though in Adam's likeness, had fallen to the ground, the victim of jealousy and hatred ; and, whilst to Cain all seemed quiet, God heard what he did not, and took immediate steps in respect to it. He passed sentence on the murderer without interposing any delay ; and that sentence, applying as it did to Cain's existence on earth, held out no hope of its remission ; nor even relaxation of its penalties ; for God acted not according to what Cain thought or felt about the matter, but according to what that blood was in His sight ; as He heard the voice of his brother's blood, when to Cain's dull ear everlasting stillness had settled down upon the scene. The justice of God's action no right-minded person could or would question ; Cain had sinned and he must suffer it.

The blood cried to God, the blood of a righteous man. Of Abel's righteousness there could be no doubt. God's acceptance of his sacrifice attested it, and the Lord Jesus afterwards affirmed it. (Heb. xi. 4 ; Matt. xxiii. 35). Could not that blood then avail before God on Cain's behalf ? No ! Abel was righteous, yet he needed a sacrifice for himself, as his offering shadowed out, therefore he never could atone by his

merits for his brother's sin, nor could they be placed to Cain's account. "None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him," (Ps. xlix. 7), yet if any saint could have helped by his merits on earth, here we should say was the opportunity for it. It was the first sin committed against a fellow creature, and God, not man merely, acknowledged that the one who died was righteous. But all Abel's righteousness availed not for Cain. God acted, not according to Abel's merits, but according to what that blood spoke of, so irrevocable was the sentence, and immediate the judgment. He knew all along what Cain would do; but, till the blood of Abel was shed, the ground was not laid on which He could act. When, however, Cain shewed what he was, and the blood had cried to God, action forthwith took place, for God responded to that voice. A fugitive and a vagabond was Cain to be on the earth, and the ground which he had cultivated with such success should henceforth refuse to reward his toil. Daily then and hourly would he be reminded of the condition into which he had been brought when that blood had been shed, a condition which would never alter, for it was based on what had taken place. Thank God, we read of the blood of another which speaks likewise. In this the two have a resemblance; but, speaking better things than that of Abel, tells of a difference. It is called the blood of sprinkling, a term which the Hebrews would understand. Their forefathers had been sprinkled

with blood in company with the book of the covenant, a token that they accepted the responsibility of the terms of the covenant, and would submit to the penalty if they broke them.

The blood of sprinkling speaks, we read. It has a voice, which, like that of Abel, God has interpreted, and a voice to which all do well to give heed, for it speaks better things than his did. Pardon, peace, redemption, a standing before God in the holiest—these are some of the better things of which it bears witness.

Abel's blood spoke, and judgment ensued. The blood of sprinkling speaks, (for its voice is never silent), not of man's deserts, but of God's favour; for whilst witnessing of man's guilt, who acted after that spirit of Cain, we learn from God Himself that it avails to put away sin.

The contrast between the blood of these two is great. Thank God, it is so, but the principle of action on His part we learn is similar. He delayed not to speak and act when Abel's blood cried. He acts now in accordance with what the blood of His Son declares. Abel's blood cried to God; the blood of sprinkling has a voice to God, and speaks to us. *That* cried for vengeance; *this* tells of God's judgment against sin having been undergone, so that He can now righteously act in grace. Irremediable was Cain's condition after God's sentence was passed upon him; irrevocable are the

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blessings of all who believe on His Son. Immediate, too, were the results for Cain ; not less so are they for those redeemed by the blood of Christ ; for that which is based on bloodshed can take effect at once, and will never, never alter.

C.E.S.

 THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

The daughter of a poor widow had left her mother's cottage. Led astray by others, she had forsaken the guide of her youth, and forgotten the covenant of her God. Fervent, believing prayer, was the mother's only resource ; nor was it in vain. Touched by a sense of sin, late one night the daughter returned home. It was near midnight, and she was surprised to find the door unlatched. But she was soon told, in the fulness of the mother's heart, "Never, my child, by day or by night, has that been fastened since you left ; I knew you would come back some day, and I was unwilling to keep you waiting for a single moment." Reader, are you far from home—God's home of love and happiness ? Remember, then, the door is open, God waits to welcome you, as the father waited for the prodigal. Oh, enter at once. "For thou Lord, art ready to forgive ; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee." (Ps. lxxxvi. 5).

BEYOND THE REACH OF MERCY.

YES, when the last grain of sand has run out. YES, when the heart has ceased to beat. YES, when the flickering lamp of life is extinguished. BEYOND THE REACH OF MERCY! YES, when you can point out to me a sinner whom the blood cannot cleanse. YES, if you can tell of a foul stain which the blood cannot meet. YES, when those words are blotted out of our Bibles:—
 “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from ALL sin (1 John i. 7).

BEYOND THE REACH OF MERCY! *Never*, as long as you tread this earth. *Never*; although you may be the vilest and worst out of hell. *Never*; although you may be a drunkard, a swearer, a blasphemer, or a religious hypocrite. The thief was saved at the last moment, and went straight to Paradise, for he found mercy, yes, at the 12th hour (Luke xxiii.) Saul, the Pharisee, was saved in early life, in the glory and strength of manhood (Acts ix.) The hardened jailor of Philippi was saved when about to commit suicide (Acts xvi.) There is no sinner on earth beyond the reach of mercy. There shall be no mercy to sinners in hell; no gospel there. The glory, too, of the Salvation of God is, that no price is asked. It is absolutely free to all: “there is no difference.” Another grand feature of God’s mercy is, that no one is asked to forsake his sins *first*; no one is asked “to give up,” but simply to *receive*. The power to part you and your sins

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and darling lusts is the Holy Ghost, which a man receives AFTER he is saved. Come then to Christ ; come in your sins and guilt, personal unworthiness, and, it may be, all that may be vile ; come in your ignorance, too, and you will prove that *you* are not *beyond the reach of mercy*. “Him that cometh to ME, I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. 37).

“OH ! TO THINK THEY CAN HEAR AND
WON'T !”

A poor old woman, who was so deaf that she could not hear a word, was remarkable, notwithstanding, for her constant attendance at the preaching of the Gospel ; and very forcible was her frequent exclamation of pity and true sorrow, when she saw the carelessness and indifference of the great mass of hearers. “Oh ! to think that they *can* hear and *won't*.”

FOUR KINDS OF HEARERS.

There are four kinds of hearers of the Word, those like a *sponge*, that suck up good and bad together, and let both run out immediately, having ears and hearing not ; those like a *sand glass*, who let what passes in at one ear pass out at the other, hearing without thinking ; those like a *strainer*, letting go the good and retaining the bad ; and those like a *sieve*, letting go the chaff and retaining the good grain. Reader, which are you like ?

UNSAVED READER.

You need peace with God about your sins. Now you, the sinner and transgressor, cannot make peace, or procure it.

GOD ALONE CAN MAKE P E A C E. Blessed be His Holy Name. He has done it. *Peace has been made by the blood of Christ's Cross* (Col. i. 20). The Lord risen and bearing in His body the memorials of the conflict and agony of the Cross of Calvary, stood in the midst of His terrified disciples and said: "**PEACE BE UNTO YOU**" (Luke xxiv. 36).

Reader, "Peace be unto you"; God's peace to you, beloved reader. Peace about the future. Peace about your sins. Peace as to all doubts and difficulties. Gaze upon the risen Lord and doubt no more. Behold His hands, and feet, and side, once wounded for thy healing; once bruised for thy Salvation.

Yes, yes. Peace has been made and is thine the instant you believe on God's beloved Son!

DIVINE QUESTIONS.

Christless reader, don't regard with indifference these questions. Heaven or hell is before you, and it is sheer madness to trifle a moment longer with that which concerns your immortal soul. Where are you going to spend your eternity? In Heaven with Christ and the saved, and in everlasting life and glory; or in hell with Satan and the lost, and in eternal misery in darkness and woe? Man rouse up and shake off the freezing coldness which is settling down upon you.

1. "Who among *us* shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among *us* shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" (Isa. xxxiii. 14.) *Who?* *Who?* *WHO?*.....(Answer.)

2. "What think ye of Christ?" (Matthew xxii. 42.) What say you to this question? You will think of Him in hell, if you won't now. You will *then* think of Him as a forgotten, neglected, despised, and insulted Saviour. What do *you* think of Him now? Just write down your thoughts of Christ in this blank line:—.....

3. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? (Mark viii. 36.) Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Verse 37.) Here the Lord asks you two questions, the first is one of profit and loss. Where is the pro-

fit if the soul is lost? You know you can't take a particle of the world with you into eternity. Have you bartered away your soul? or sold it? For *what*? For *WHAT*? we repeat.....
..... (Answer.)

4. "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" (John ix. 35.) Yes,..... No,.....
For your encouragement, Jesus says, "He that believeth on Me *HATH EVERLASTING LIFE.*" (John vi. 47.)

5. "Wilt thou go with this man?" (Gen. xxiv. 58.)
Answer honestly, and truthfully, and instantly, ere it be too late—"I will go;" fill up the line with the answer.....

"THERE WERE TWO."

People say sometimes, "I shall take my chance with the dying thief." Ah! but with which of them? There were two. These were the words I heard from an open-air preacher as I passed on to the Railway Station at C——, and my mind has again and again recalled that solemn story of Luke xxiii. "*There were two.*" Yes, indeed, one went from the side of the Lord Jesus to the paradise of God, the other from His side to an everlasting hell. Man, in his enmity against the blessed God, preferred a murderer to His Son—asked life for the life-taker; but nailed the life-

giver to the cross. Release unto us Barabbas, but away with Jesus, "crucify Him, crucify Him." Two things met in that cruel cross, the enmity of man to God, the love of God to Man. The heart of man was there displayed in all its malignity and hatefulness ; and there, too, the heart of God was manifested in His wondrous mercy to the guilty and the lost. Yes, reader, your heart, my heart, was there displayed ; for as face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man.

Listen—"*He trusted in God ; let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him : for He said, I am the Son of God.*" "*He saved others ; Himself He cannot save.*"

"*The thieves also, which were crucified with Him, cast the same in His teeth, if Thou be the Son of God, save Thyself and us.*"

"*Then said Jesus, 'Father forgive them : they know not what they do.'*"

"*And one said unto Jesus, 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.'*"

"*And Jesus said unto him, 'Verily I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.'*"

What a translation ! "Made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." Straight from a cross of ignominy and shame to the paradise of God. Hear this dying testimony to the spotless humanity of the blessed Lord :

"*This man hath done nothing amiss;*" and to the justice of his own sentence, "*we receive the due reward of our deeds.*" He owned the One by his side crucified in weakness as Lord and King, asking to be remembered in that kingdom, when all that is vile and unjust will be excluded; and what an answer he gets from the blessed Lord Jesus, not only paradise, and that "this day," but "with Me." And this is the believer's heaven—like Jesus, and with Him for ever.

If man was just in putting this poor malefactor out of this world, God was, in *justice* as well as in *mercy*, taking him into His paradise above, on the ground of the precious blood of the One hanging by His side—God could thus be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.

The other rejecter of Christ, and therefore a rejecter of mercy; for, though it is a blessed fact that God is rich in mercy, it is only in Christ and through Him that mercy can reach us. How could God accept one who despises His beloved Son?

Reader, "there were two," with which of them will you spend eternity? Ah! ponder the solemn thought; an eternity of bliss, or the blackness of darkness for ever. "Be reconciled to God:" that loving Saviour's heart is the same to-day. He says, "come unto Me."

Reject not this offer of mercy, it may be your last.

"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

We shall be pleased if the first paper is carefully read by thoughtful persons; the other articles are more especially adapted for a larger and more general class of readers. The earnest and believing prayers of all true christians are requested, for special blessing on the circulation of "*Living Streams*."

DEATH-SAYINGS.

Chancellor Thurlow.—I'm shot, if I don't believe I am dying.

Queen Elizabeth.—All my possessions for a moment of time.

Mirabeau.—Let me die to the sounds of the delicious music.

Voltaire.—Addressing his doctor, said, "I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months' life." The doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me;" and soon after he expired.

Gibbon, just before his death, said that, when he looked forward, "all was dark and doubtful."

Hobbes.—"I am taking a fearful leap into the dark."

Lord Byron.—"Shall I sue for mercy?" After a long pause, he added, "Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last."

Cæsar Borgia.—"I have provided, in the course of my life, for everything except death; and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared."

"It is too late," exclaimed a man in dying; "Oh, what would I not give if I had heeded your warning yesterday, but it is now *too late*; I am lost."

Goethe.—"Let the light enter."

"WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM TAKE THE WATER
OF LIFE FREELY.—Rev. xxii. 17.

LIVING STREAMS:

A GOSPEL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE DYING SOLDIER.

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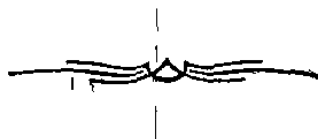
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LIVING STREAMS.



A PRICELESS GIFT.

Friend, I have something to make known to you. You may, or you may not, have heard it before, but it is well worth your while to listen—it is worth more than thousands of gold and silver to you if you receive it. It is about a *Man*, the *Man* Christ Jesus, once on this earth, now in glory, at the right hand of God. Now listen, I beseech you.

“Be it known unto you, that *through this Man* is preached unto you *the forgiveness of sins*.” *The forgiveness of sins!* Think for a moment. What would become of a person, should he depart this life, if he had forgiveness of sins? Ah! he would go straight to heaven. “Absent from the body, present with the Lord.” For it depends not on anything he has done, neither is it through his works, or his feelings, or his views, or through anything of his at all, but through “*this Man* ;” not through any preacher, or any church, or any society, nor through reformation, or any mending of self, or improvement of the old nature, but simply through *this Man*, Christ Jesus, through Him, and Him *alone*, is proclaimed to you

the forgiveness of sins. Probably Paul knew but few of those he addressed that day at Antioch (Acts xiii.), but he knew that they were sinners, and that Christ Jesus was a Saviour, and this he could say—"Be it known unto *you*." True, they might reject the wonderful message. Some did, and expelled the preachers out of their coasts; but they shook the dust off their feet against them and went elsewhere. The Jews would listen to the *law* that said Do; they would listen to the *Prophets* who said "*you have not done*," but they would not listen to free, full forgiveness of all their sins, without money and without price, without the deeds of the law, but simply as the free gift of God, through Jesus Christ. "What foolish people!" perhaps you say. Well, they were foolish people. But, friend, have you received this message, and given Him thanks; or do you join this people in rejecting it? or, what is as bad, "make light of it;" neglect this great salvation? Then, how will you escape? You cannot say any more than they could, forgiveness of sins has not been offered you; for, even while reading this paper, it has been offered you. You have read, have you not, "be it known unto you, that through this Man is preached unto you the *forgiveness of sins*?" Then, you are without excuse; you cannot plead ignorance. Oh! think of it; what a wonderful offer it is. Your sins—all your sins—known to you or unknown, sins of ignorance, sins against light and knowledge, sins of the deepest dye, black, hideous

sins, all manner of sin, and blasphemy against the Son of Man, forgiven, and forgiven by God, the Holy God, the Judge of all, perfectly, freely, fully forgiven, and you owing it all to God, who freely forgives you, through Christ, on the ground of what He has done.

Listen, "In Whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." How many? To what extent? *According to the riches of His grace.* Can you fathom those riches? Can you limit them? Ah! no; they are unfathomable, *according to the RICHES OF HIS GRACE*, "giving thanks unto the Father which has made us meet (fit) to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." The late Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, wrote :—"When I was a little boy at school, I saw a sight I never can forget—a man tied to a cart, and dragged before the people's eyes through the streets of my native town, his back torn and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For *many* offences? No; for one offence. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No; he who committed the offence bore the penalty all alone. It was the penalty of a changing human law, for it was the last instance of its infliction.

When I was a student at the University, I saw another sight I never can forget—a man brought out to die. His arms were pinioned, his face was already as pale as death—thousands of eager eyes were on him as he came up from the jail in sight. Did any

man ask to die in his room? Did any friend come and loose the rope, and say, "Put it round my neck, I die instead?" No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For *many* offences? No; for one offence. He had stolen a money parcel from a stage coach. He broke the law at one point, and died for it. It was the penalty of a changing human law in this case also; it was the last instance of capital punishment being inflicted for that character of offence.

I saw another sight—it matters not when—myself a sinner standing on the brink of ruin, deserving nought but hell. For *one* sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the unchanging laws of God. But again I looked, and saw Jesus, my Substitute, scourged in my stead, and dying on the Cross for me. I looked, and cried, and was forgiven. And it seemed to me to be my duty to tell you of that Saviour, to see if you will not also LOOK AND LIVE."—W.R.H.

R.

REPENT NOW.

I once entered a room where a beloved youth was dying, and having directed him to Jesus as his only refuge, and urged him to give himself to God, I asked, "and what shall I tell your young companions?" "Tell them," said he, in effect, with a look and tone of voice which I shall not attempt to describe, "tell them to repent and give their hearts to the Saviour; tell them to seek Christ *now*; a death-bed is a poor place to prepare for *Eternity*."

LIFE OR DEATH—WHICH ?

“The wicked shall be turned into *Hell*, and all the nations that forget God.” Ps. ix. 17.

“Into the fire that *never* shall be quenched.” Mark ix. 43, 45.

“I give to My sheep eternal life, and they shall *never* perish.” John x. 28.

“I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore, choose life.” Deut. xxx, 19.

In these scriptures there are just two conditions described—life, or death; and one little word of five letters settles for ever, in eternity, each one's place, who dies in either of these conditions. So that, every one can now know what is beyond the present. That little word *never* (Ps. ix. 17.) tells us where the wicked, and those who forget God, are put—into *Hell*, Mark ix. 43, 45 tells us how long the fire that burns there will last: “Never shall be quenched.” Many a one to-day says, “I don't believe in *Hell fire*.” Don't you? Jesus did. Others say, “it is only those preachers who preach terror, and who are hard and unfeeling, that speak of these things.” Did Jesus not feel? Was He hard? He, the man who bound up the widow's broken heart! Did the One who wept with bereaved ones not feel? Yes, it was the man of whom even His enemies said, “Never man spake like this man,” who said, “Into the fire that never shall be quenched.” Many *try* to reason these words away, as meaning nothing; but there they stand, deny them who may; and the question for you to settle for yourself, dear reader, is this, Has the mouth of the Lord

spoken them? If so, He will bring them to pass. Heaven and earth will pass away, but one word of His will not fail; and He says, speaking in Jeremiah xliv. 28, they “shall know whose words shall stand, Mine or theirs.” How solemn, then, dear reader, to think of the end of a life of wickedness or forgetfulness. Hell, “where the fire is *never* quenched.” *Never!* never quenched!

Man, in his wicked rebellion against God, may now reply against God, and tell his Maker what He should say, how He should act; but “Shall not the judge of all do right?” Many go on from day to day planning and purposing; yes, and be very religious in it all; may be a church member, a member of a workers’ society, a Sunday-school teacher, and all the time forget God; you may have forgotten that He is holy, and cannot look upon sin; you have forgotten that He is righteous, and must punish sin; you have forgotten that He in His grace has provided a Saviour, and that He will *make every* knee bow to that One, and *every tongue* confess Him. Have you forgotten all this? If not, What has all this done for you? Has it brought you into God’s presence with the confession that you are a sinner? Has it brought you to “Believe in your heart, and confess with your mouth, the Lord Jesus,” and thus have you got salvation? Or, is it a mere assent to the truths of the gospel; an assent that has wrought no change in your affections, no change in your hopes; a mere round of service, and

God forgotten? Ah! dear friend, beware! God links you with the openly wicked blasphemer, who says "No God," and if you go on, your end will be the same; Hell, "where the fire *never* shall be quenched." Mark, it does not only say "is not," as in verses 44, 46, 48, but "*never shall be*," (verses 43, 45.) The Lord burn that *never* into every unsaved person's conscience who reads these lines.

But, dear reader, there is another *never*, "*Never perish*." Precious words! "*Never perish*." To whom do they belong? Well, Jesus says, "My sheep." But some one says, "How am I to know that I am a sheep?" Well, Jesus Himself gives us one or two things to know by. First—He says, "They hear My voice," Now, dear reader, be honest with yourself, for it is a question of "*never perish*," or of being where "*the fire is never quenched*." Has ever the voice of Jesus been heard in your conscience? I don't ask, have you heard about Him; do you know the doctrines of the gospel? Most in this country have, and do. But the question is: Have you heard His voice speaking right home to your own heart, so that you felt like Peter in His presence, "*sinful*," and you fell at His feet, feeling you were unfit to be in His presence? He said, "The hour is coming, and *now is*, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live," (John v. 25.) Have you heard His voice, has it given life to your once dead heart, so that you can say "I love Him

because He first loved me," and, "I know I have passed from death unto life, because I love the brethren," (that is, all christians)? That is the first mark, they have heard His voice; and then, having heard, they follow. That is our side—but notice, it is not follow and serve and then hear; but first hear His voice, and get life, and then follow.

Then we get what He gives, "Eternal life," and they shall NEVER perish. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23), thus eternal life is a gift. It is not now, "do and live." God tried man on that line. But the result was that God had to say—"All have sinned," and "The wages of sin is death." You have sinned. So have I. Well, the wages for each of us is "death." But! (blessed be God for that "but"), "The gift of God is eternal life." But how? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord." He (Jesus) loved us and laid down His life for us (John x. 11-15). The wages, "death," belonged to me, a sinner. He, the Sinless One, took my place, and died, and now, as the result, He gives "eternal life." Now the word is "Whosoever WILL, let him TAKE the water of LIFE freely." He gives eternal life. I take it. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36). Thus He gives it. I take it, and have it—and I know it because He says:—"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye

LETTER FROM A DYING NOBLEMAN.

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have eternal life " (1 John v. 13) "and they shall NEVER PERISH,"—never perish nor "any pluck them out of My hand."

"What a Saviour Jesus is! Oh what grace, what love are his." He says *never perish*. I believe Him, in spite of all that man, or Satan, or my own evil heart may say. Do you, fellow-believer, believe and receive, as His word, who cannot lie, both these "nevers" as equally true. "The fire that NEVER SHALL *be quenched*," for the wicked, and those who forget God. "EVERLASTING LIFE and NEVER PERISH" for those who have heard the voice of the Son of God, and who have believed the record which God has given concerning His Son. Which is to be yours, my reader, life or death? Remember both are NEVER ending. "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; THEREFORE CHOOSE LIFE." (Deuteronomy xxx. 19.) J.S.

LETTER FROM A DYING NOBLEMAN.

"DEAR SIR,—Before you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth. In a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inscrutable sentence will be passed. It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul—the vast uncertainty I am struggling with! No words can paint the force and vivacity of my appre-

hensions. Every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overcome me, but for some faint beams of hope which dart across the tremendous gloom! What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery. I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important issue. . . . It is not giving up my breath at which I shrink. It is not being for ever insensible. It is a terrible hereafter—that something beyond the grave at which I recoil. Those great realities which in the hours of mirth and vanity I treated as phantoms—as the idle dreams of superstitious people—these start forth and dare me now in their most terrible demonstrations.

My awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied. Oh! to what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach! What extravagance to jest at death! to laugh at damnation! to sport with eternal change, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of eternal misery! Oh! my friend, with what horror do I recall the hours of vanity we have wasted together! But I have a splendid passage to the grave! I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependents sigh; my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent,

WAGES AND GIFT.

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conceals her inward anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief. But oh! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? Which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me? While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may be hearing my just condemnation at a supreme tribunal; where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy! Adieu, my dear friend, till we meet in the world of spirits."

WAGES AND GIFT.

"The *wages* of sin is death; but the *gift* of God is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23.) These two words, "wages" and "gift," are worth looking at. Sin is a faithful paymaster. He won't rob you of your wages you may be sure. Depend upon it, your faithfully earned wages will be most certainly and punctually paid. But now, reader, remember this; that, after you have been paid for your services which is *Death*, you will have to meet God in judgment. Eternal condemnation must be your portion if you die unsaved. *Death* and *Judgment* are awful realities before the unsaved sinner. Tremble, Oh reader, as these solemn facts await you. "But the *gift* of God is Eternal Life." Ah! God is not a paymaster like Sin. God is a good, a free, and a generous giver. "To him that worketh *not*." (Rom. iv. 5.)

"We must do our best," or, "I intend to give over hard drinking," or, "I go to church regularly,"

or, "God is merciful, you know," are a few of the many excuses advanced by religious people *not saved*. Now, God is giving the gift of Eternal Life. He is not selling it, nor promising salvation to those kind of people. There is no use in deceiving yourself and losing your soul. God neither gives Eternal Life for so much work done in the shape of good conduct, nor does He sell it, save "without money and without price." "The gift of God!"—Oh! receive it, man. "Come," "Receive," "Take," "Believe," "Look," are precious gospel words. Just sit down and ponder over our verse, then ask yourself—"Am I saved or lost?"

OUR ETERNAL SALVATION, AND HIS ETERNAL WORD.

"It would be a terrible thing, Mrs —," said a godly Scotch minister, who wished to test the faith of a dying woman who had just spoken with assurance of the possession of eternal life: "It would be a terrible thing if, after all, you lost that life." "It would indeed be a terrible thing for me to lose eternal life," replied the dying woman, "but it would be worse for God." "Mrs —, what can you mean?" "Why, you see, sir, I should only lose my life, though that would be bad enough, but *God would lose His character*." Yes, it is even so. The living God who cannot lie, has declared that "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," and that "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Thus *our* eternal salvation as believers, and *His* eternal Word stand or fall together, and the very character of God Himself is between us and judgment.

O God! We see Thee in the Lamb,
 To be our hope, our joy, our rest;
 The glories that compose Thy name—
 Standing engaged to make us blest.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Thou great and good ! Thou just and wise,
Hail as our Father and our God ;
For we are Thine by sacred ties—
Thy sons and daughters, bought with blood.
JOHN FORT.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

“Put me down,” said a wounded soldier in the Crimea to his comrades who were carrying him. “Put me down ; do not carry me any further ; I am dying.” They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer saw him weltering in his blood, and said to him—“Can I do anything for you ?”

“Nothing, thank you.”

“Shall I get you a little water,” said the kind-hearted officer.

“No, thank you ; I am dying.”

“Is there anything I can do for you ? Shall I write to your friends ?”

“I have no friends you can write to ; but there is one thing for which I should be much obliged. In my knapsack you’ll find a Testament ; will you open it at the 14th Chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with ‘peace.’ Will you read it ?”

The officer did so, and read the words—

“Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth give I unto you ; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”
—(John xiv. 27).

“Thank you, sir,” said the dying man, “I have got that peace. I am going to that Saviour. God is with me. I want no more,” and instantly expired.

Yes, there is peace, perfect peace with God.

Reader ; Is it yours ?

G O D
SO LOVED THE WORLD
THAT HE GAVE
HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON
THAT
Whosoever Believeth
ON HIM
SHOULD NOT PERISH,
BUT HAVE
EVERLASTING LIFE.

John iii. 16.

"WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM TAKE THE WATER
OF LIFE FREELY.—Rev. xxii. 17.

LIVING STREAMS:

A GOSPEL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ODD WAY OF SPELLING.

LOST AT THE DOOR.

FOOLS MAKE A MOCK OF SIN.

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LIVING STREAMS.



THE SAVIOUR'S RESTING PLACE.

"He entered, and was passing through Jericho" (Luke xix. 1). A short but a significant statement. Not a house apparently was opening for His reception. No Pharisee had invited Him to accept of hospitality under his roof. In other places it had been offered and accepted (Luke vii. 36 ; xi. 37 ; xiv. 1). At Jericho that was lacking. He was passing through it. Opportunity was being afforded, but no one of the Pharisees had availed himself of it to invite Him in to dine. Perhaps no publican would have ventured to ask Him. He would, however, abide there that day. But, where? He knew, and the historian will now tell us.

"There was a man named Zacchaeus, who was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich, and he sought to see Jesus, where He was, and could not for the press, because he was little of stature, and he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him ; for He was to pass that way " (verses 2-4). Evidently, they had never met before. Clearly, too, Zacchaeus had only desired to see Him, having no apparent thought of speaking to Him. Bent on the

accomplishment of his purpose, he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree. His desire was attained. He saw Him. God, however, had purposes of grace for Zacchaeus. He saw the Lord—was that all? The Lord spoke to him. Intercourse between them began on the Lord's side, "Zacchaeus, make haste and come down, for to-day, I must abide at thy house." Hastily, gladly, the publican came down. Now it was disclosed where the Lord was to rest.

His company in Jericho had been unsought. Traversing the city, no door was opened by its owner to ask Him in. This was nothing new to Him who was cradled in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn, nor was it only on this occasion that the need was supplied in an unexpected way. At His death, we learn how provision was made by God for His burial. So, here, if men do not care to invite Him, He would find a house for Himself, and the threshold of a publican He would cross.

These few words to Zacchaeus roused the murmurs of the crowd. But why should they murmur? Who had solicited the favour of the Lord's presence, and had been refused? Not one. Who had a right to murmur, if He made choice for Himself? But, as is so often the way, creatures of God, strangers themselves to divine grace, would think to limit in actions, to call in question what He is pleased to do! "He is gone," the multitude said, to "be the guest of a man that is a sinner." True indeed. Far more

true than they knew. Zacchaeus they viewed as a sinner, because he was a publican, and collector of the Roman taxes, and, being a chief one, he must necessarily have been very obnoxious to many of his countrymen. Yes, he was a sinner, a born one, who had displayed the fruits of one, but he was no worse than those who murmured at the Lord for going to his house. Truth, he was a sinner.

There is *none* righteous, no, not one. "Come to be the guest of a man that was a sinner!" Into whose house could the Lord have entered, when on earth, of whom such a designation was not true? Where was there one of Adam's race to whom that did not apply? Where is there one of that fallen race on earth to whom it cannot in truth be still applied? How the objection brings into relief the sovereign grace of God!

And, now, what a group! The murmuring crowd on the one hand, Zacchaeus on the other, and the Lord in the midst. The crowd have spoken. Zacchaeus next delivers himself, telling the Lord—in answer probably to what has been said of his charity and justice, or more than justice—of his returning to any injured person more than the law demanded in reparation. The Lord next speaks, and has, as is fitting, the last word in the controversy. "To-day," He said, "is salvation come to this house, forso much as he also is a son of Abraham." As to privilege, Zacchaeus was as much entitled to receive the Lord as any other Jew. But why? "For the Son of

man came to seek and to save that which was lost." A sinner Zacchaeus was, but that kept not the Lord from his house ; charitable he was, but that did not make the Lord choose his abode, when even to rest. He was lost, though a son of Abraham—he needed salvation. The Lord brought it to him. Zacchaeus and all persons on that occasion have forever passed away from earth—we never saw him who was privileged to be the Lord's host. But this history is of great value, and can minister comfort to those who need a Saviour. The being a sinner will not turn Christ away. The being that, will not make Him indifferent to save. He came to seek and to save the *lost*; and, when on earth, could enter unsolicited the house of such an one, to bring to him salvation.

Of the house in which he would lodge, can more be said? Yes, indeed, He who passed through Jericho, without one door being spontaneously opened to Him, is now in glory at the Father's side—Angels, Authorities, Powers, being made subject to Him. Changed is His condition. Is He changed in heart? Ah, no! He who spoke to Zacchaeus has spoken from Heaven to assure us of His desire to hold intercourse with any one who is willing for it (Rev. iii. 20). To them only, to ourselves in Spirit now, who desire not His company. Are there no sinners, Zacchaeus-like, needing salvation? For such He came. Such He seeks. Such He saves.

C.E.S.

WHAT I DESERVE AND WHAT I GET.

“Measure your mercies by the foot-rule of your deserts.”

COMING across the above statement in my reading the other day, brought forcibly to my memory an incident which occurred when I was a boy. In the Market-place a few Wesleyans were assembled to preach the Gospel, when an aged man, whom I knew well by sight, commenced the service by prayer, and his opening words made a deep impression on me. They are as fresh before me as if it were but yesterday, instead of nigh forty-five years ago. “Lord, we thank Thee we are out of hell.” Now, I did not, till years after, realise the true force of this for myself. I was reasoning, “What have I done?” “Why should I deserve so dreadful a punishment?” &c. But when I saw myself in the Light of God’s Holy presence, and was constrained to exclaim with the Prophet, “Woe is me, I am undone;” when I learnt a little (a very little) of the awful depth of evil of this heart of mine; when I found out the reason I sinned was because *I liked it*; then, I said, “How can God have such an one as I am in His presence; yes, I do deserve hell.” I then knew what the old man meant when he thanked the Lord, for I could fully endorse his prayer as my own, and thus, passing sentence on myself—acknowledging God’s estimate of me was true.—“I submitted myself to the righteousness of God,” (Rom. x. 3), and heard God, as it were, saying, “If

you condemn yourself and justify Me, I will justify you," and peace flowed into my soul. Years have passed since then, and I need hardly say to those who have followed me with an *Amen*, that those years, as they have fled, have only deepened and confirmed the truth of this to my soul, and again and again have I thought of dear Baxter, who, seeing a culprit led to execution, exclaimed, "But for the grace of God, there goes Richard Baxter." And what a marvel of grace it is, that the very righteousness of God, His consistency with His own blessed character—which must have inevitably consigned such an one as I am to the blackness of darkness for ever, while my conscience must have echoed "amen" to the just, but awful sentence—that very righteousness is now my comfort and stay—an eternal rock beneath my feet (Rom. iii. 21-25). "God is just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." "On what are you depending for salvation?" said a young evangelist to an aged believer. "I am depending on the justice of God," she replied. "What do you mean?" he said. "I mean," she replied, "that God must be true to His Son." So now I can add to the old man's thanksgiving, and not only thank God I am out of hell, but going to be with Christ in Glory. Do you ask, "How do you know that?" I answer—Jesus is there enthroned in glory, where God has set Him as the complete answer to His humiliation and death for sinners like me. God's righteousness has set Him there, and "it

is part of that righteousness that He should see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied." He must have with Him, therefore, those whom He has redeemed, for "What would a Redeemer be without the redeemed?" "It becomes a necessary part of His glory." Christ's atoning work, and God's faithful Word, assures us of this now, and they are alike stable, unchangeable, and everlasting; though all besides may change, fail, and pass away, they never will; "For ever, O Lord, Thy Word is settled in Heaven," and the soul that rests on that unshakeable foundation will be as settled as it. Thus, I measure my mercies by my deserts; and how many and how big they are — deserving nothing but eternal judgment, and, instead of that, going to be with Christ in glory. Every mercy. The least, as we speak, looks large indeed; and, as someone has said, "He that deserves nothing, should be thankful for anything. Praise Him for what you get, and trust Him for what you want."

"I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call this Saviour mine.
His Cross dispels each doubt; I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear, each lingering shade of gloom.

In Him is only good, in me is nought but ill;
The ill but draws His goodness forth, and me He loveth still,
And I shall soon be claimed by Him who died for me;
Whose hand my home has framed, in God's eternity."

W.R.H.,
R.

A WARNING WORD.

God, in wondrous love and grace, has provided Salvation for men through the Death and Resurrection of His own beloved Son. Many a conscience-humbled sinner has bowed before God, under a deep sense of guilt and need of a Saviour, and has thankfully and adoringly accepted Jesus Christ, God's Son, as a present and eternal Saviour. Many of these have fallen asleep in Jesus—absent from the body and present with the Lord. We who are alive and remain, are looking forward with joyful expectation to that moment when the voice of Christ shall be heard. *Then* the sleeping saints will be raised, and we, the living, shall be changed, and all caught up together to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. iv.) This is the hope of the Lord's redeemed.

Reader, what is your hope? We put the question because many are yet unsaved. Are you one of them? If so, take warning from the fate of one who was once where you are in this world—enjoying its pleasure. His life came to an end, and all his pleasures ended with it. Where is he now? In Hell: lifting up his eyes in torment (Luke xvi.); where you, too, must be if you die without Christ; and you may, at any moment.

Reader, pause ere you go further, and ask yourself the question: "What is my hope for eternity?"

A WARNING WORD.

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“Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Nought of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;”

While the rich man lived, he pillowed his head on the bed of peace and plenty; resting from day to day on the couch of ease and grandeur, while all his life he was dandled in the lap of ease and luxury. But, alas! what a change! The man whom fortune smiled upon has now become a beggar; the man who in life had everything, and wanted for nothing, is *now* earnestly pleading for one drop of water (Luke xvi. 24), which is righteously denied him. The man of neglected opportunities is now where prayers and tears are plentiful, but to which no answer in mercy is ever given. His luxuries in time only increase his agonies in eternity. His former neglected opportunities have become the most agonising drop in his bitter cup of misery. The man of joy has become the man of woe. The man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, is now wrapped in a winding sheet of sin, from which there is no escape.

Reader, such will, such must be your fate if you neglect God's great Salvation. What are you going to do? You must either be saved in God's way, or be eternally lost in your own. WHICH?

J. M.K.

HAVE YOU CUT IT OUT?

He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

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*.—1 John v. 12, 13.

Two men were one day talking about assurance of Salvation. The one was fully trusting, but the other thought it “presumption for any one to say he was saved.” The first replied, “Friend, lend me your Bible.” He opened it at 1 John, v., then taking out his penknife, said, “Brother, I’m going to cut out verses twelve and thirteen; you don’t believe them, so they are no use to you, therefore they are better out than in.”

“Stop, stop,” said the other; but before he could rise up to prevent him, his friend had them out, and laid them on the table. There they were. At first the man was very angry, and vexed that his Bible had been spoiled; but, taking up the cut-out verses, he read them over, and the light began to dawn upon him. “What a fool I’ve been!” he exclaimed. “I *say* I believe God’s word, but I have not believed this, though it is very plain. It is true; I will doubt no longer what He says. Thank you, my friend, for such a sharp, cutting reproof; the holes in my Bible shall stand as a witness against my unbelief, the words are in my heart now.”

Some of you have gone limping and halting all your days. Instead of opening your hearts to the sweet, refreshing breezes of His love, you have allowed the mists of unbelief and doubt to gather round your soul, which is still enshrouded. Why not give to the wind your fears? They are as dishonouring to God as they are disquieting to you. Take John v. 24 as a rock beneath your feet, as a pillow under your head. You have read it? Yes. Do you believe it, that for you, the moment you trust Christ, there is no condemnation?

M. I. M.

SCOFFING.

In the days of Whitfield, Thorpe, one of his most violent opponents, and three others, laid a wager who could best imitate and ridicule Whitfield's preaching. Each was to open the Bible at random, and preach an extempore sermon from the first verse that presented itself. Thorpe's three competitors each went through the game with impious buffoonery. Then, stepping upon the table, Thorpe exclaimed, "I shall beat you all." They gave him the Bible, and, by God's inscrutable providence, his eye fell first upon the verse—*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish*. He read the words, but the sword of the

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Spirit went through his soul in a moment, and he preached as one who scarce knew what he said. The hand of God laid hold upon him, and, intending to mock, he could only fear and tremble. When he descended from the table, a profound silence reigned in the company, and not one word was said concerning the wager. Thorpe instantly withdrew, and, after a season of the deepest distress, passed into the full light of the Gospel, and became a most successful preacher of its grace.

THE FOUNDERING OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."

When the "Central America" was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about on the deck as worthless as the merest rubbish. "Life, life," was the cry. "To some of the wretched survivors, "Water, water! bread, bread!" these were worth their weight in gold, if they could have been bought. And oh! above all—far above all—the salvation of *your* soul, how precious! It is not yet lost; *is it saved?*

"Your life hangs by a single thread, but that thread is in God's hand."

ODD WAY OF SPELLING.

An Evangelist said in my hearing:—
 “He that believeth hath everlasting life.”
 H-A-T-H—that spells “got it.” It is an
 odd way of spelling, but it is sound
 divinity. C. H. S.

LOST AT THE DOOR.

A short time since, a party of travellers descending from Mount Washington became lost, and groped about till one of the number, a young woman of delicate constitution, sank down from exhaustion and died. A little water might have saved her life, or the warmth of home restored her, but she died on the spot just as daylight was breaking; and when her companions were able to look around they found her standing but a few rods from the hotel which they had left. Thus *she died*, and they were lost

SO NEAR THE DOOR.

Many a sinner is passing on and on, out of time into eternity; dying so near the door—the *opened* door of Salvation! O, enter in and be saved!

FOOLS

MAKE A MOCK OF SIN;

SOON, HOWEVER, THE TABLES SHALL BE TURNED.

SAYS GOD,

*"I also will laugh at your calamity :
I will mock when your fear cometh."*

(Prov. i. 26.)

The Voice of the Saviour:

"COME UNTO ME."

(Matt. xi. 28.)

The Voice of the Judge:

"Depart from Me."

(Matt. xxv. 41.)