

SCATTERED SEED

AND

Good News for Young and Old.



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SCATTERED SEED.

How Stands it with You?

ANOTHER stage of our journey is passed—passed for ever. Another tale is told—told for eternity. Its record is abiding. None of us can undo the past. None of us can recall our lost opportunities.

Now, as we step across the threshold of another year, we do well to ask ourselves how we stand with regard to the past and with regard to the future.

The word to Hananiah of old by the mouth of the prophet was, "Behold, I will cast thee from off the face of the earth.

THIS YEAR THOU SHALT DIE,

because thou hast taught rebellion against the Lord."

It may be that that word has gone forth of *you*. Have you not gone your own way and walked in the ways of your own heart and in the sight of your own eyes? Have you not taught rebellion against the Lord? Not by your words, it may be, but by your actions, which speak louder than they do.

Year after year you have been tried, and ever with the same result: there has been no fruit for God. "Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none. Cut it down. Why cumbereth it the ground?" said the owner of the vineyard in the parable of old. And may it not be the same in your case?

Oh, wake up to your real condition before God! You who have drifted on without a care as to your soul. You who seem to have forgotten that you are a responsible being who has to give an account of himself to God. You have wasted your years in folly and sin. You have neglected the so great salvation which God has provided for man. You stand exposed to God's just judgment.

Still once again God's blessed invitation falls upon your ears—

"COME NOW."

Even after all your indifference He calls, "Come now, and let us reason together: . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

God is still the Saviour-God. He has found a way of blessing. He has given His Son to suffer, "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." That way is open still. The master of the house has not yet risen up and shut to the door of blessing. But that door will be shut. It may be shut before another year, or another month, or another day has passed over you. On which side of that door will you then be? Pause, consider, be honest with yourself, and flee from the wrath to come.

Now, while yet you may, strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many will seek to enter in and not be able. Be not content with the observance of ordinances. *Christ* is the door. You must come to Him. Multitudes go to churches, chapels, and meeting halls who never come to Christ. Many sit and listen to the gospel, many even partake of the Lord's Supper, but never in true repentance turn as guilty sinners to a Saviour-God for the blessing He delights to bestow.

The solemn words to such will be, "I never knew you." In vain will they urge, "We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets." His reply is, "I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from Me, all ye workers of iniquity." Will you be among them?

Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin!
Nay! alas, thou guilty creature,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now He knows thee not!

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Oh, the awful despair that will fill the soul at that moment! Weeping and gnashing of teeth will be theirs.

Now the Saviour calls; as it were, He knocks at your door. Fain would He enter and bless you. Oh, open to Him without delay! You have long unrighteously closed your door against Him. Beware lest His door is righteously closed against you.

“Apprehended.”

“**I**’M *apprehended!* I’m *apprehended!*” said a grey-headed old man.

“Apprehended? I don’t understand what you mean,” was the reply.

“Why, I mean that I’m *apprehended*—the Lord Jesus has *apprehended* me. He has taken hold of me for Himself—a poor, wicked old sinner like myself. For sixty years I lived without God in the world; but, blessed be His name, I am apprehended now, and it’s only a little while since I was first able to say this.”

Dear reader, can you say, with the deep joy of that old man, the reality of whose confession has been tested, and who now waits for the Lord from heaven to take him to be with *Himself*, that the Lord Jesus has apprehended you? If not, why not? Has He not been following you day after day, and seeking to win you for Himself? Listen to His words: “Incline your ear, and come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live.” “I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.” Again, God says: “Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?” “Why will ye die?” when *He* says, “He that heareth My words, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life.” Hear *His words*: “Hear, and your soul shall live.”

This old man had been wicked and truly miserable, the corruption of his heart finding expression in profanity and unbelief.

Several times he was actually in possession of means to commit suicide, but something or other occurred to prevent it—God, doubtless, watching over him to preserve him from this terrible temptation of the enemy.

He was induced by a Christian to go, one dark winter’s night, to a little meeting where a few of the Lord’s people were assembled. Upon leaving the place he was accosted with the inquiry, “Are you in communion with the Lord’s people meeting here?” It was the Lord’s *apprehending* word to him. “What? Me! Me! Me in communion? No, indeed, that I’m not!” The arrow of conviction pierced his soul as he thought of the terrible distance between himself and the people of God.

He went home, but not to rest. Sleep fled from his eyes; terror for the consequences of his sins overwhelmed him. “Lord, what must I do to be saved?” was the question of questions with him.

On the second night he again retired to bed, but not to sleep—he was thoroughly awake from the slumber of death. He paced the room, his very frame quivering with emotion as his terrible guilt was displayed to him by the teaching of the Holy Ghost.

Morning came. He opened the neglected Bible, and there, in the Word of the living God, he saw just that which met his need, laid hold of it for himself, and the deep peace of a soul simply resting upon God’s testimony to the finished work of Christ for salvation was his; and instead of torture of conscience, terror of heart, and fear of judgment, he was abounding in grateful thanksgiving to the ONE who had *apprehended* him.

Simply and quietly the old man walks, his ever-increasing desire, like the apostle’s in Philippians iii., being to *apprehend* more of that for which he had been *apprehended* of Christ Jesus.

Will you, dear reader, accept this love, flowing from God Himself through the cross, so that He can say, “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out”?

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HELPLESS.

Helpless.

HELPLESS and almost hopeless, lashed to the mast of their sunken ship, the seamen long for salvation. They are past doing in order to deliver themselves. As far as any strength in themselves is concerned, all is over. Their boats have capsized, they cannot reach the shore by swimming. They can only look out for help from others.

Thus the signal of distress is waved. They own their condition. A day or two before, while their bark proudly ploughed her way through the rolling sea, they would have laughed at any who brought a lifeboat alongside and invited them to enter. They were not in need, not in distress then. Now all is changed, and with gladness beyond description they would hail the approach of a lifeboat.

So it is with ourselves. We hear the gospel preached, but we heed it not. We do not see any reason to embrace it. We are in need, in awful need, but we know it not, and thus are not prepared to receive God's salvation. But when once our true state is seen as sinful, ungodly, without strength, and we learn that we are perishing, then we are glad to hoist our signal of distress, and the cry goes up, "God be merciful to me, the sinner."

Such a signal is always seen. To those who turn to God, salvation always comes. Have you turned to Him yet? Turn to Him now.

Another Warning.

HOW sudden!" A Shropshire farmer was driving to the town of W—— in company with his wife, when his heart ceased to beat, and the once strong man had passed without a moment's warning from time into eternity.

A solemn illustration of that oft-repeated

expression, uttered often in the midst of the rush of city life, as well as in the calm of the country—"In the midst of life we are in death."

Scarcely two weeks before, the writer had used these very words to the farmer. Little did he imagine that they were so soon to be so forcibly and solemnly exemplified in his own case. Yet truly such was the fact!

Unsaved reader, whoever you may be, old or young, rich or poor, what if death has marked you for its very next victim?

Pleadingly we would beg you to pause a few moments. Think what might happen ere long in connection with yourself. Surrounded by anxious, loving, and sorrowing relatives, you take your *last* breath on earth. The blinds of the house are drawn, the coffin's measure taken. Then the funeral. Friends and loved ones gather round your open grave with bowed hearts and tear-stained cheeks. The short, impressive service, then a last lingering look, friends turn away, and all is over, so far as time is concerned. But

"AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT."

Yes, once you pass the narrow boundary of time in your sins, there will be nothing but God's eternal, unsparing judgment for you. Why will you go on heedlessly and carelessly to death and judgment?

Picture to yourself what a dark, gloomy eternity lies right ahead of you, without a ray of hope or spark of joy, away from the One who *now* wants to be your Saviour. Every lost soul that has gone down to hell would give worlds, if he possessed them, to have one single opportunity afforded him of escaping his doom, but, alas! it is too late for ever.

Thank God, unsaved one, we can say it is not "too late" for you. The heart within your breast still continues to beat; the cold, clammy hand of Death has not as yet been placed upon you, but forget not that you are dying, without God and without hope in this world.

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WINTER PLAY.

For the Little Ones.

Instead of Us.



I WANT to tell you something about the blessed Lord Jesus when He was on this earth. Do you know that He is the Son of God, and that when He was born a little baby into this world, there was no room for Him in the inn, but His mother had to lay Him in a manger (that is a place where cattle are fed)? Just think of that—the holy Son of God lying in a manger.

We are not told much about the Lord Jesus when He was a little boy, but I am quite sure He was very good and obedient, and that He never did anything wrong, because you know He could not sin—no one ever heard Him say any naughty words, as other children do, for He was God's holy Child.

When the Lord Jesus grew up to be a man, He was so very kind. He used to go about doing good, and healing poor sick people, and to those who were blind He gave sight. He was very fond of little children. We read in the Bible that one day some little ones were brought to Him that He might *touch* them, and the disciples told them to go away, not to be troubling Him; but Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," and then, as if it would not have satisfied His loving heart to have only *touched* them, He took them up in His *arms*, put His *hands* upon them, and blessed them.

How would you like to have been one of those little ones? Do not you think it would have been very nice? I often think I should like to have been on earth then, to have Him take me up in His arms and bless me.

Do you know why the Lord Jesus came down to the world? Why did He not stay up in heaven? Can you tell me? Perhaps

you say, No! Well, I will tell you why it was—it was to die on the cross for us. We had all sinned against God, and God said He should have to punish us for our sins, but Jesus said He would bear the punishment instead of us—as the little hymn says:—

"He knew how wicked men had been,
And knew that God must punish sin;
So out of pity Jesus said,
'I'll bear the punishment instead.'"

Was not that very kind of Jesus? What do you think the wicked men did to Him? They put Him up on a cross, and they put nails into His blessed hands and feet, and a crown of thorns on His head, and there He hung on that cross. But I must tell you what He was doing while there. He was bearing the sins of all His people, and God was punishing Him instead of us. Do you understand it? I will try to explain it to you. Supposing you had been very naughty, and that your mother said she should give you a very hard slap on your little hand, and that your brother or sister came up and asked if he or she might be punished instead of you—that would be bearing the punishment for you that you deserved, would it not? Well, that is what the Lord Jesus did for us—and much more besides. Do not you, dear children, love Him very much, seeing He was so kind as to die for us? Jesus loves little children, as I told you before, and if you believe that He died for *you*, and your sins are washed away in His precious blood, you will go to be with Him when He comes.

And now, while you wait to be with Him, you will be at peace, and may have a joyous life spent in helping others.

Oh, come to the Lord Jesus now! He will help you in your work, and in your play as well. You will learn from Him to be kind and loving to others.

If you have come to Him, own it. Put up your flag, like the children in our illustration. They all know which side they are on and show it. H. L. H. (*Adapted.*)

"I am Going to Jesus."

I WANT to ask each dear young reader two questions.

First, "Do you know about Jesus?"

To this question you may all answer, "Yes."

Then I would lovingly ask, "Do you know Him as your own Saviour?"

I lately heard of a dear little boy, scarcely four years of age, who lay dying. One day he said to his grandmother, who was watching by him, "I think I am going to die."

"Yes, dear," she said, "I think so too."

"But, grandmother," brightly exclaimed the dear little fellow, "I am going to Jesus!"

Oh, how sweet, how confiding the trust!

But there are many, many dear readers who could not say this, and it is to such Jesus says, "Come unto Me." And again, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." And again, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "And they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and My Father are one" (John x. 28-30).

Gospel Verses to Search for and Learn.

"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, ch. 3., ver. 16.

"BUT God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Romans, ch. 5., ver. 8.

"HEREIN is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

1 John, ch. 4., ver. 10.

For the Boys.

Friend or Foe?

IT was on the banks of the river Jordan that a strange scene was enacted of old.

The men of Gilead under Jephthah had fought against and defeated the men of Ephraim, and the latter were seeking to cross the river in order to return to their homes. They came down to the fords where the water was shallow, so that they might pass over; but to their dismay they found that Jephthah's men had taken possession of them.

Now these men of Gilead knew that the men of Ephraim, although they looked like and spoke the same language as themselves, could not pronounce *sh* properly. They therefore decided to ask all who wished to cross the fords to say a word which had that sound in it. So they chose the word

"SHIBBOLETH"

as the test word.

So when a man came to them they asked him, "Art thou an Ephraimite?" If he answered "No," they said, "Say now Shibboleth." If he could not manage to pronounce it rightly, however, and said "Sibboleth" instead, then they knew he was a foe, and slew him. If he could say "Shibboleth" properly they knew he was a friend, and allowed him to pass over.

What a difference that slip made! It did not appear a great matter, but it meant life or death. A single change in the sound was at once detected by those who knew the way the word should be pronounced.

Now this has a lesson for us to-day.

Many profess to be Christ's friends who really are His foes. They take His name upon their lips, but they have not taken Him into their hearts; their life does not give the right sound.

Probably every reader has a Christian

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name; it may be George or Cecil, Malcolm or Robert. Such *Christian* names are a profession of Christianity. But have you received the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour? Can you say—

“’Tis done, the great transaction’s done;
I am my Lord’s, and He is mine”?

You may go to church or chapel or meeting-hall, but that is not enough; you may be christened or confirmed, or you may be baptised and teach in a Sunday-school, but these are not enough. You must be able to say “Jesus” aright—that is, from a heart that knows and loves Him. Judas was a professor—an apostle, a worker of miracles—but he was not converted, and he went to his own place—to perdition. He could not say “Jesus” aright.

So the Lord tells us that in a day that is coming, when the door of mercy is closed, *many* will say to Him, “Lord, Lord, open to us.” His answer will be, “I know you not whence ye are.” Then they shall begin to say, “We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets.” They endeavour to say “Shibboleth” aright, but in vain. He answers, “I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from Me, all ye workers of iniquity.” They never came to Him for salvation and blessing while yet the door was open; they never felt their need of forgiveness, and so they never looked to Him who died on the cross of Calvary; they never came to Him and trusted Him as their Saviour.

And yet how near they were—eating and drinking before Him and listening to His voice in their streets. Perhaps this may mean that they had partaken of the Lord’s Supper with the Lord’s own people, and that they had heard the sweet gospel story again and again. They were just outside the door and heard of the joys within, and meant to enter, but never really came to Christ, and so never crossed the threshold of blessing.

The men of Ephraim were nearly right, but that would not do. You may think yourself all right, and be all wrong.

Oh, look to it now, and make sure work for eternity!

The Ephraimite lost his life by not saying “Shibboleth” aright. It will cost you your soul if you cannot say “Jesus” aright.

Turn to Him now for salvation. Still He invites you, saying, “Come unto Me.” Do not stay away a moment longer, or it may be said of you—

“Almost persuaded,” harvest is past!
“Almost persuaded,” doom comes at last!
“Almost” cannot avail;
“Almost” is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
“Almost, *but lost!*”

Eternity.



ETERNITY! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
And yet to thee time hastes away,
Like as the warhorse to the fray;
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
Ponder, O man, eternity.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
For e’en as on a perfect sphere
End nor beginning can appear,
E’en so, eternity, on thee
Entrance nor exit can there be.
Ponder, O man, eternity.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
A circle infinite art thou,
Thy centre an eternal NOW,
NEVER we name thy outer bound,
For never end therein is found.
Ponder, O man, eternity.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
How terrible art thou in woe!
How fair where joys for ever flow!
God’s goodness sheddeth gladness here,
His justice there wakes bitter fear.
Ponder, O man, eternity.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
Lo! I, eternity, warn thee,
O man, that oft thou think on me
The sinner’s punishment and pain,
To them who love their God rich gain.
PONDER, O MAN, ETERNITY.

For the Girls.

Lizzie's New Year's Wish.

THE last day of the old year was just closing, when a child of fourteen, looking up into her widowed mother's face, said softly, "Mother dear, kiss me."

And as the mother folded her darling in her arms, she laid her head upon her shoulder and whispered, "I should like to wake up in the morning and see my precious Saviour."

This was Lizzie Herbert's wish for the new year which was about to dawn upon her.

Her young life had been touched by grief, for early in the year, which had now all but passed away, her father had died. While the family took comfort in the sweet assurance which often fell from his lips, that he was "going home," and knew that all was well with him whom they so fondly loved, there was still an empty place in the home which no one could fill, a sense of loss and bereavement which did not pass away.

But it was not the sadness of life without him, nor the desire to be in the place of rest and peace into which her dear father had entered, that made little Lizzie utter her new year's wish. Some time before, when a friend, knowing her affectionate nature, had said to her, "You will soon see your father again, Lizzie," she had replied earnestly—

"I want to see Jesus, my Saviour, first." For she could not think of the home to which she was going without thinking first of Him who is not only the "Lord of that place," as the hymn which children know so well says, but the light and the joy of it.

Pushing away the bed-clothes, and laying her hand, so small and thin, upon her heart, Lizzie said—

"I have Jesus here, mother. I am going to Him, and the thought of it makes me so happy! But oh, how I wish you could come too!"

The mother's heart echoed the words. Lizzie was her especial treasure, greatly beloved in her house for her sweet, unselfish ways. When she had been strong and well, her brothers and sisters could plainly see that Lizzie, who was always giving up her own will, and who took such pleasure in doing little acts of kindness, was indeed a follower of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. And now, as they watched her upon her bed of pain, they saw that the hope of soon being with the Lord Jesus was such a reality to her that all else was as nothing in comparison with it.

"Shall we sing to you, dear?" some friends asked one day, as they stood beside the pale sufferer.

"Yes," she said, "do sing; but sing about Jesus. It must be all about Him."

"Should you like to recover, Lizzie?" another friend asked.

"Yes," replied the sick child, "if it is His will. But I would rather go," she added earnestly, "and see my blessed Saviour."

The new year's sun arose, winter passed away, the early spring came, and still Lizzie lay upon her sick-bed; and still she spoke of heaven, and of how ready she was to go, being washed in the Saviour's blood, when the Lord should call her to that blessed house.

"For you know," she would say simply, "I have such a beautiful white robe."

Dear children, ask yourselves how it came to pass that this child, young as you are, could speak thus. You are sure that it must be a great comfort, when one is sick and weak, and friends look sad and anxious, and the doctor says, "It cannot be much longer now," to have the blessed Saviour for your friend, and to know that heaven is your bright home, and that you have "a beautiful white robe," like those of whom we read in the Revelation, that "they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." But, remember, it was not upon a sick-bed that Lizzie first sought the Lord.

She came to Him when she was strong

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and well; and no one knew that she would die early. And so His love had brightened her life, and it was now her joy and comfort in sickness and in death. The Word of God had been her delight, and now, when a friend came to visit her, she would say—

“Do give me some thought of Jesus before you go.”


Dear little Lizzie! It was when the pure white snowdrops were blooming in their sheltered nooks, and the garden beds were ablaze with the yellow crocus flowers, that her new year's wish was granted, and her ransomed spirit went to be in paradise with the One who had loved her and had died for her.

She greatly desired that all she loved should know, as she had been taught to know, the sweetness of the love of Jesus; and to her brother especially she said, “Promise to meet me in heaven.” This brother has since come to the Saviour who was so dear to Lizzie, and he, too, now seeks to serve the Lord Jesus and to please Him.

My great desire, dear child, in writing this brief sketch is to lead you also to that same Jesus, in order that when days of sorrow or fear come upon you, as they surely will, you may have a Friend who will never leave you nor forsake you, “a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.”

H. N.

“How can I knock, Sir?”

 ARE you anxious and troubled about your sins and the destiny of your never-dying soul? Have you learned that it is true, terribly, awfully true, that you are lost?

If so, to what are you looking for relief?

To good works? God says of man that “there is none that doeth good,” and that “all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.”

Do you expect to find some change in your heart? The search will be in vain.

Perhaps you do not know where to turn, as one who said to me not long since, “I would give all my business away to enjoy settled peace with God, but I have no peace, no peace.” One of two things hinders you from peace with God—either a secret longing and love for this world, deep, deep down in your heart, or an imperfect apprehension of the grace and gift of God.

But are you ready to give up everything for Christ? Yet are you like a poor man I met some time since, who said to me, “How can I knock? How can I knock? I have been troubled about my sins, and I cannot get relief. You know it says, ‘Knock, and it shall be opened unto you,’ does it not? I have been trying to knock for many years, and I cannot find the door yet.”

“Ah, my friend,” I said, “that passage does not refer to the case of a really anxious soul. You have been reversing the order of the gospel these many years, for instead of the poor sinner knocking at God's heart, God by His Word is knocking at that of the sinner. God beseeches you to be reconciled to Him. ‘God so loved the world [not the sinner so loved God], that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish.’ It was the Good Shepherd who followed the lost sheep into the wilderness, and not the sheep that came bleating home. No, dear friend; you have mistaken God's perfect heart of love, which has followed you, making you these many years wish for salvation.”

“What! God knocking at the door of my heart?” said the man (it was all new to him). “Thank you, sir; thank you, sir,” he cried.

And, dear reader, God is not willing that you should perish, but that you should come to repentance. Cease, then, from your own thoughts and doings; accept the plain, simple truth that God loves the sinner far more than heart can think or tongue can tell. Let this love of God constrain your hearts to bow to the precious name of Jesus, and to accept God's great gift of eternal life.

H. N.

Words of Peace.

God is Satisfied with Jesus.

MANY deny the possibility of anyone in this life being in the conscious knowledge of peace with God. They look at themselves and say, "How can we be sure we have peace when we are sinning every day? Why, our very thoughts are sinful, and if so, what about our actions?"

If it were a question of ourselves in any way, we might well be afraid, and despair of being able to say such a thing. Not one is better than another in God's sight, for "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

But let us turn away from ourselves, and let every human voice be hushed as we listen to God's sure, unerring Word. Tens of thousands have believed it, and proved the truth of it by sealing their testimony with their blood. "What saith the Scripture?" must conclusively settle the question for every honest mind, and in the light of Scripture we may ask ourselves this question, What is really involved in the three words, "*Peace with God*"?

If Adam had remained in innocence, there never would have been anything that required settling on man's part with God. But Adam was disobedient, and sin made man a *rebel*—a guilty rebel. That is every man's condition to-day, whether he owns it or not.

We may well ask, How could God, whose government is based upon unbending righteousness, be on terms of peace with guilty rebels, and yet maintain the righteousness of His own government? When the believing sinner enters into peace with God, does it mean that God has raised no question about his sins and wicked rebellion against Him? Surely not, if the

Scriptures are to be believed, as assuredly they are.

How, then, has peace been secured? Has it been obtained at the *expense of righteousness*, or by the *vindication of righteousness*? The Scriptures make the answer clear. There can be no true peace apart from the righteousness of God having its perfect vindication. The sword of judgment must deal with us as sinners, or someone must be found to receive all that was due to us according to God's righteousness. Whoever meets God in judgment must meet Him as a consuming fire. "Our God is a consuming fire." "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." No wonder the Psalmist said, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified."

Who, in all the universe, could come before God in judgment and not be eternally consumed? Only ONE was equal to such a task—the blessed Lord Jesus Christ—God's own beloved Son. No one but a Divine Person could engage in such a momentous undertaking. Thank God, the Lord Jesus did stand. He endured the righteous judgment of God when on the cross He was made sin and was forsaken; but, blessed be His glorious name for ever, He was equal to the work He had undertaken. *He exhausted the judgment by enduring it.* He eternally settled every question that stood between our souls and God, but at the awful cost of being Himself forsaken of God. He gave up His spotless life, and thus "made peace by the blood of His cross."

The question of sin for the believer being eternally settled by the death of Christ, God can never righteously raise that question with him. Those, however, who wilfully reject that sacrifice as an atoning sacrifice, or neglect to avail themselves of it, will have the question of their sins raised at the great white throne, and this to their eternal shame. Their sins will then be bound upon them in righteousness for all eternity. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

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Peace is now made. Blessed news! Well may it be sounded throughout all the earth. Hear it, anxious, burdened soul, you that are groaning beneath the heavy load of your guilt. "HAVING MADE PEACE *through the blood of His cross*" (Col. i. 20). His work is finished, and requires no additions. *He sits in heaven now because His work is done.* Think of Him as a real man in heaven! Think of the value of His finished work in the eye of God, when God could place Him as man at the highest point of exaltation and honour on account of it!

The glory in which He now sits is the measure of God's appreciation of that work. By the sacrifice of Himself He put away sin from before God, so that God never charges sin to those who believe. He accepts them in all the value and fragrance of Christ's accomplished work. The knowledge of this brings peace to the troubled soul.

* * * * *

Anxious soul, think. The very God you have sinned against, whom you so dread to meet, can be your Justifier in virtue of the blood of Christ! "Being *now* justified by *His blood.*" Whom then does He justify? Let Scripture answer: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the UNGODLY" (Rom. iv. 5). That is, those who take their place as such. He is the Justifier of those who believe on Jesus.

Do you believe on Jesus, "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification"? If so, God is your Justifier. He stands before you as One who clears you from all imputation of sin. Once your eyes are opened to see that God is your Justifier instead of your Judge, you could never dread such a Being. You have been charging yourself with sin; and it is right that you should; but God clears you if you believe on His Son. "And by Him *all that believe* ARE justified from all things." "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

You may be ready to exclaim that you

accept all this in your own mind, yet you do not *feel* justified. You never will *feel* justified. When you *know* that you are justified by believing God's precious Word, you will be at perfect peace because of knowing it.

You may be like an earnest soul I met last year, who said she did believe, yet she was miserable! Alas! there are plenty like her. On my first approach to her I said, "God is not satisfied *with you.*" She seemed perplexed. I repeated the same words, "God is not satisfied *with you.*" I waited for a few minutes, and gave her time for reflection. I saw she was passing through deep exercise. I changed the structure of the sentence next time by saying, "God is satisfied *with Jesus.*" "Peace," I said, "rests on the knowledge of God's satisfaction with *another Person—not self, but Jesus.*"

This changed the complexion of things entirely. She brightened up in a moment. She had been looking in the wrong place and at the wrong person to find peace. God is not looking at you; He is looking at Jesus, in whom He has found full and eternal satisfaction.

God never found satisfaction in the flesh. The flesh is a mass of evil and corruption. No good thing dwells in it. If you look for good from it you will be heart-broken and disappointed and led to despair. Happiness never comes through looking inside at yourself. When your eye is taken off self and fixed on Jesus, the blessed exalted Son of God in glory, solid rest and settled peace will be yours. Why? Because *your eye rests where God's eye rests.*

He made peace on the cross. He preached peace in resurrection: "Peace be unto you." He lives in heaven, giving a personal permanence to the peace He made. "He *is* our peace." Well may we say, "Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

"Sweetest rest and peace have filled me,
Sweeter praise than tongue can tell;
God is satisfied with Jesus,
I am satisfied as well."

P. W.

For Young Believers.

The Liberty of Grace.

IT is at Calvary we see God's thoughts of sin, and from Calvary all genuine repentance flows. The day of atonement has had its perfect antitype. The blood of a Divine Victim has been shed, sins have been borne by a Divine Substitute, and the trumpet of grace is now proclaiming the results of that great day far and wide in this guilty world.

The year of jubilee was one of holy liberty, and it illustrates the liberty of grace into which sinners are brought by the reception of the gospel. Christian liberty includes freedom from sin, the world, Satan's power, and the law.

1. "Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness" (Rom. vi. 18). The power of sin is broken in everyone who truly repents, and the exceeding grace of God gives new and divine motives to those who believe. Inasmuch as Christ has died unto sin once, the believer reckons himself to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus. He walks in self-judgment as one who has crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts, and is thus "made free from sin."

2. "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father" (Gal. i. 3, 4). This present age is evil, because it is the age of Christ's rejection. Men may boast of progress, education, social reforms, etc. etc., but Christ has been rejected, and this makes everything evil in the sight of God. There is nothing in the world that corresponds with God. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life cover everything in the world, and they are not of the Father, but of the world. Christ's place in this world is that of the Crucified One, and in

being drawn to Him the believer is necessarily drawn away from the world. "The cross" is the standing barrier between the Christian and the world. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world" (Gal. vi. 1).

3. "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love" (Col. i. 13). The power of darkness is the power by which Satan keeps men in ignorance of God. I apprehend that it is especially seen in false religions and in corrupted Christianity. No tongue can tell the awful bondage in which millions are held by the false conceptions of God which are presented to them; but when the soul receives the perfect and blessed revelation of God in grace, which has come into the world in the person of the Son of His love, and which is now set forth in the gospel, it obtains entire deliverance from the power of darkness. God is known in the light, and His grace gladdens the heart.

4. "For I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 19, 20). The believer is not under the law, but under grace (Rom. vi. 14). He has become dead to the law by the body of Christ (Rom. vii. 4), so that he may in spiritual liberty live unto God. Christ is the Object of his heart and the Source of his strength, and Christ lives in him by the Spirit. He lives not by the law, but by the faith of the Son of God. He has now to please but One, and he must receive from that One every bit of grace and strength to enable him so to do. Thus abiding in Christ, he brings forth much fruit, and is pleasurable to God; he lives unto God.

C. A. C.

"WE love Him, because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19).

For Christian Workers.

God is Light.

THERE is nothing more dangerous than to use the Word when it has not touched my conscience. I put myself into Satan's hands if I go beyond what I have from God, what is in possession of my soul, and use it in ministry or privately. There is nothing more dangerous than the handling of the Word apart from the guidance of the Spirit. To talk with saints on the things of God beyond what I hold in communion is most pernicious. There would be a great deal not said that is said were we watchful as to this, and the Word not so used in an unclean way. I know of nothing that more separates from God than truth spoken out of communion with God; there is uncommon danger in it.

J. N. D.

Trifles.

DON'T talk of "trifles"! It is not true
When looks can injure, and harsh words
slay.
Till you are sinless, don't cast the stone;
If you are perfect, for others pray.
The shepherd left his ninety and nine
To seek one sheep on the mountain wild;
In the dust they found that silver piece;
'Mong the husks and swine was the prodigal child.

And you, my brothers and sisters kind,
Have a work to do in this world of cares.
Don't ever be seeking for blots and blurs!
Don't scatter in darkness the thorns and tares!
By deeds of kindness, by words of love,
Help the weak and weary where'er they be,
Till you gain the "Well done" of Him who says,
"What ye did for these, you have done for Me."

Who could read the history of Noah, Lot, David, and Peter, and not live in constant fear of himself? If left to ourselves but one moment, we should soon prove that sin has not lost any of its power.

Gleanings in Many Fields.

ANOTHER year begins for thee.
Oh, spend it for the Lord!
He gave Himself, Himself for thee,
And canst thou not afford
To spend the time that still remains
In His own royal cause?

He gave Himself that thou might'st be
His own, His own for ever;
And wilt thou not His claim allow,
And serve Him now and ever?
No better Master canst thou find
Than Christ the Saviour of mankind.

It was for me that Jesus died,
For me, and a world of men
Just as sinful, and just as slow
To give back His love again;
He did not wait till I came to Him,
But He loved me at my worst;
He needn't ever have died for me
If I could have loved Him first.

THE Lord sometimes takes away our loved ones that we may love Him more, and our supporters that we may trust Him, for He is pleased with our confidence and love.

HE that attempts to conquer sin in his own strength is sure to fail, and when Satan hears us making resolutions and setting about the conquest, he laughs and says, "I need not interfere."

WHEN the Lord intends to deliver us He is never at a loss for an instrument, and He very often finds one in the very last place that we should look for it. This should lead us to leave the mode of deliverance entirely to Him.

AWAKE, my soul; from slumber force thy way
Through this dark maze of *NOTHING*s to the day,
Where thy Redeemer's rays do bright appear,
Eclipsing all the glories of our sphere.
Wallow no more in sense; quit worldly toys,
Worthless amusements, for eternal joys.
What fair exchange! Give Nothing, Jesus gain;
To venture *NOTHING*, and yet all obtain.
Mount therefore, soul, with faith and love aspire,
Till thou possess and nothing more desire.

SCATTERED SEED.

Another Brand from the Burning.

IT is said of those who have been drowning, that their life history, like a panorama, flashes before the vision in a few brief moments, often filling the soul with terror. Such terror and anguish tore the inmost being of T. N—— as he was brought face to face with that most agonising picture—*a wasted life.*

There had been nothing very black, as men say, in his career. He was neither a thief nor a murderer. He had done what thousands of others are doing, frittering away existence, leaving God and eternity out of the reckoning. He had known, but had willingly forgotten, that the “wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.” Living thus for sixty-two long years, he was at length compelled to face the realities of eternity, with its tremendous issues. An affection in the throat, which baffled the skill of the surgeons and physicians, left naught to be looked for here but a lingering, painful death from starvation.

I had seen him three years before, and had spoken to him of present grace and future judgment, but a careless word about putting such matters off to “a more convenient season” was his only response.

After this a distance of two hundred miles between us prevented personal intercourse, but messages of the gospel were often sent to him by post. “Is this God’s answer? Is this the way the prodigal is to be brought to the Father?” I asked myself, when I heard of his sad illness.

I longed to be a messenger to him, and God graciously opened the way. Once again we found ourselves conversing together on grace and judgment—the grace of God that

first brings salvation, and then teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts; the judgment already pronounced, and soon to be finally executed, on all that “obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Would that the careless spendthrift of precious opportunities could have seen the unutterable anguish that filled T. N—— as he sat reviewing his past history!

He gasped out a few words, the burden of which was, “Ah! I have been a fool; I have wasted my life.”

I saw that the Holy Ghost was convicting him of sin, and desired to see those convictions deepen. As God’s messenger, I felt that if I were to “show unto man His uprightness,” it must be in God’s way, by leading him to say, “I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not.” The very depth of his moral being must be exposed before God; and he must, in common with everyone who is born of God, repent, condemn himself, and justify God.

After several interviews I was compelled to leave him in much the same condition. Days and weeks rolled on, and the pain of body was exceeded only by the anguish of soul. He was now solemnly alive to his state before God, and his cry was, “Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!” He was in the right way to get blessing now, for a repentant sinner is the very one to hear God’s message, “Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom.”

Imagine my joy then, and rejoice with me, fellow-worker, at the contents of the following note from a near relative:—

“On calling last night to see T. N——, I thought his usually sad expression wonderfully brightened, and could not help speaking to him of the change. ‘Thank God,’ said he, ‘I have a hope now. Last Wednesday night I was lying awake hour after hour, praying to the Lord to let me know if I was saved, and He answered my cry, and since

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then I can do nothing but praise and bless the Lord, I am so happy. I am willing to live or die, whichever the Lord pleases.'

"You would be surprised to hear him talk," my friend continued. "He says that he is so full of joy that he does not now feel the need of food, even if he could take it."

The few more weeks which rolled by were spent in prayer and praise, and in thoughts of the blessing of having a Saviour, a Father and a Friend, to welcome him to an eternal home. His soul was filled with joyful amazement that *he* should be thus plucked as a brand from the burning. He gathered his children round his bed to warn them not to follow his example and live wasted lives, but in their early years to repent and believe the gospel.

At length the ransomed spirit left the suffering, wasted body. He awaits, in sure and certain hope, the glorious resurrection morn, when the graves will yield up their dead, and the dust of ages start into life. Then his corruptible body will be raised in incorruption, made like unto the glorious body of Jesus, his Saviour and Deliverer.

H. N.

Divine Sequences.

WHAT then? are we better than they? No, in no wise: for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin" (Rom. iii. 9).

"All," without exception, universal and true of everyone—Jew, Gentile, learned, ignorant, rich and poor—all are proved to be under sin. It is the result of a long and laboured proof. Disproof is impossible. Every mouth is shut. Select, if you please, from Jew or Gentile the very best specimen you can discover; he is proved to be under sin! This is true of the reader and the writer. How serious! But how wise to bow before the proof!

* * * * *

"*Now then* we are ambassadors for Christ,

as though God did beseech by us: we pray in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 20, 21).

"We," the apostles, ambassadors instead of a rejected Christ, who lives in heaven a Saviour still; "we" beseech others to be reconciled to God. Wonderful message of mercy and more, sent, certainly, to people proved under sin, yet whose trespasses are not imputed to them, nor themselves judged, while this ministry of reconciliation lasts. How wise to pay heed to the word thus sent!

* * * * *

"*How then* shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed?" (Rom. x. 14).

"How," indeed? Faith lies at the bottom, and when there is no faith there can be no worship, no call, no prayer, no peace, no power, and no joy! There can be only spiritual death. If you do not believe that there is a God, you will not seek Him; if you do not believe in God you will not call upon Him, nor serve, nor worship Him!

But how fearful the condition that slights His revelation, His reconciliation, and the beseeching of His ambassadors, and that thus treads under foot the blood of Christ!

* * * * *

"*So then* every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv. 12).

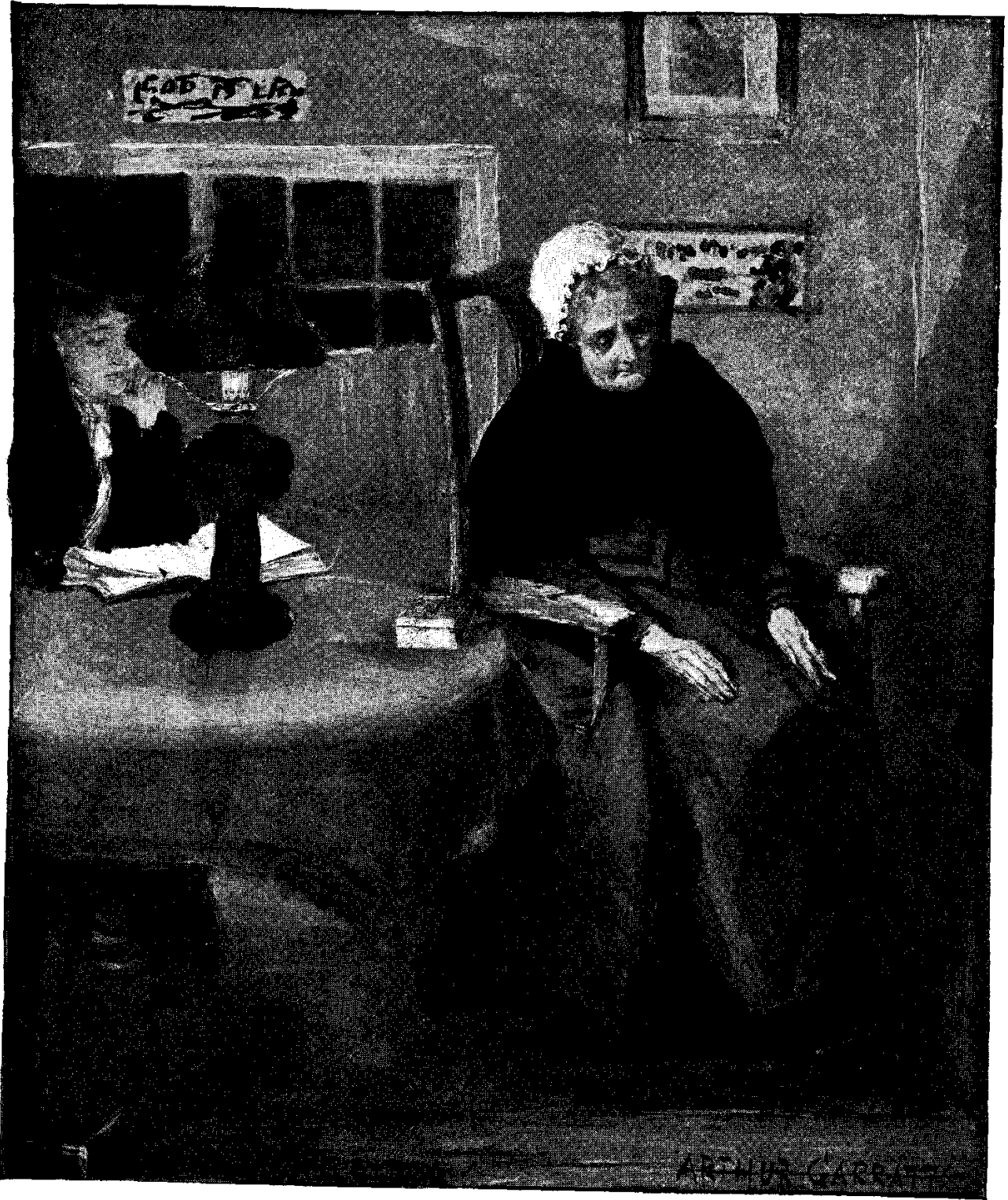
"Every one" again, without exception, saint and sinner, Jew and Gentile, you, my reader, and I. You shall, and so shall I! We cannot escape. We must meet God, and give account of ourselves to Him.

Now, the question is, *are you ready?* Have you bowed before God in the owning of the first fact, viz. that you are under sin? and, to the second, that Christ, in infinite grace, was made sin for you? and, to the third, that you have believed in Him? If so, you need not fear the last.

Pause and ponder.

J. W. S.

SCATTERED SEED.



"THE SACRED FACE"

An Unexpected Result.

“**W**ILL you go and see a poor old woman who is suffering from a painful disease?” asked a workman of his mate, whom he knew to be a happy, intelligent Christian.

“Yes,” replied his companion; and, taking the address, he proceeded homewards. As he walked along, Satan whispered, “Better leave the old woman until Sunday; you will then have your best clothes on, and have more time, and perhaps be better received than as you are.”

The suggestion was plausible; but the man lifted up his heart to his Lord and Master, who had promised to guide him with His eye, and the result was that he felt he must go that night. Notwithstanding his weariness after his day's toil, later on in the evening our friend was found sitting by the invalid's bedside, to whom he unfolded the “old, old story of Jesus and His love,” of abounding grace to the chief of sinners, of peace made through the blood of the cross, of God's delight in giving eternal life to whomsoever He will.

Alas! like the deaf adder, his listener had neither ear nor heart for the glad tidings, and the sweet music of a Saviour's love awoke no melody in her self-occupied heart.

His task seemed fruitless, and as he retraced his steps homeward, the awful folly of a sinner's rejection of God's salvation weighed heavily upon his spirits.

On the following Sunday afternoon an unwonted sight might have been seen in the invalid's bedroom. By her side sat a young woman—her daughter—who, having asked her mother if she would like something read to her out of the Bible, and receiving her assent, had lifted down a long-neglected Bible; the novel and other light literature that had hitherto occupied her time and thoughts were put aside as the daughter commenced reading in the New Testament.

As the girl read chapter after chapter of what was to her a new book, the simplicity and beauty of the sacred page filled her heart; and not that alone—the precious word of life meeting a newly awakened longing in her soul fell like dewy rain on the parched desert. The Holy Spirit was graciously working in her heart. But the mother was unmoved. And what think you, dear reader, was the beginning of this work of God in the once careless, thoughtless novel reader? Simply this: during the visit of our friend, though almost unobserved by him, the daughter had remained in the room, caring for the bodily needs of her sick mother; and the message intended for her mother's ear had fallen with divine power on her heart, and her conscience was reached; a word at parting from the visitor served to deepen the work; and during that night, and the days that followed, she began to learn more and more of her sinfulness in God's sight, and this had led her to open the Word of God on the following Sunday afternoon, and the incorruptible seed of that Word brought life into her dead soul.

Soon she was enabled to rest on Christ and His finished work, and learned that not only had He died for her sins, according to the Scriptures, but that God had raised Him from the dead, and that she was now seen in Him, accepted in the Beloved, holy and without blame before God in love.

Let us then, fellow-workers, “sow beside all waters”—yea, “in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.” H. N.

GOD will not be hurried, therefore He bids us *wait*. He will not be prescribed to, therefore He bids us *be still*. He will not be limited, therefore He bids us *watch*. And what is more reasonable than that infinite wisdom should take its own time, work its own way, and use its own means, especially when it has given us a promise which can never fail?

SCATTERED SEED.



A GIPSY GIRL.

For the Little Ones.

“Gi’ mi a Penny!”

WE were driving along that beautiful road between Crieff and Comrie the other day, and amongst others we passed a group of gipsy children sitting by the roadside. Immediately after we passed, one of them darted after us and hailed us, crying, “Hi! gi’ mi a penny,” several times.

We stopped, and up she came all breathless, and her first words were again, “Gi’ mi a penny!”

We asked her name, if she went to school, and if her father were alive. She readily replied.

“Where do you live?” we then said.

“Ony place,” she replied.

“Have you heard of Jesus? Do you know Him?”

“No,” she said, with an inquiring, anxious look in her face.

Then we told her the old, old story of Jesus and His love in coming down here to make the heart of God known to the world, of His wonderful life and death, and of how He said when here, “Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.” We asked her to repeat this text after us, which she did in a mumbling way.

Then we asked her where she would like to go to after she died.

“Heaven,” she promptly replied.

“Who will take you there?”

“Mi folk,” she said, with a look in her eyes which meant we might have known that without asking.

It was a touching sight to see that girl of about eight summers in complete ignorance of the way of salvation and in such poverty.

After telling her that Jesus would take His ransomed ones home—that He was the Way, the Truth and the Life, and the Door—we helped her and her sisters, and prayed God to bless the seed sown.

Christ and the Children.

IT was for little children
The Lord of glory died;
For He had come to save them,
And have them at His side.
His work for them is finished,
He lives in heaven now;
No more for sin He suffers,
The crown is on His brow.

To Him the little children
Were by their loved ones brought,
That He might touch and bless them,
Where He the people taught.
Into His arms He took them,
And earnestly did say,
“Suffer the little children—
Oh, turn them not away!”

Of Him the little children
Within the temple cried,
“To David’s Son, Hosanna!”
Their joy they could not hide.
And He, the Saviour, heard them,
Nor would their voices still;
If they had ceased to praise Him
The stones their place must fill.

Oh, come then, little children!
Come now in all your sin;
His words of grace invite you
By Him to enter in.
He’ll give you rest and pardon,
And gladness in His love;
Then soon will come and call you
To dwell with Him above.

Gospel Verses to Search
for and Learn.

“WHEN we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.”

Rom., chap. ., verse .

“THIS is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

1 Tim., chap. 1., verse 15

“THE Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”

Luke, chap. ., verse .

“THE Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.”

Matt., chap. ., verse

For the Boys.

The Uncertainty of Life;

OR,

The "Amazon" and "Drummond Castle."



WOULD urge even upon the most youthful of my readers the necessity of immediate decision for the Lord Jesus Christ, for, leaving aside for the moment the question of the present peace and joy of the Christian, there is the uncertainty of life.

This is a very serious matter. Death often snatches away first those who seem most likely to live and prosper. The voyage of life is short for some; they seem scarcely to have put out upon the sea of time before reaching eternity.

* * * * *

The *Amazon* was a gallant vessel, greatly praised by all who beheld her noble form as she sailed forth from the Southampton Docks upon her maiden voyage. She was the best and biggest of her kind—a perfect specimen of the art of shipbuilding as known at the time, for science and skill had combined to outstrip all former productions.

It was on Friday the 2nd of January, 1852, that she sailed, the West Indies being her destination. At one o'clock on the following Sunday morning the awful cry of "Fire! Fire!" startled the sleepers from their beds, and the black night was made lurid by the forked flames from the doomed ship, and before morning's dawn only the wreckage of this fine vessel marked the spot where she had gone hissing down full fifteen hundred fathoms deep in the Bay of Biscay.

How like is this to many a young life cut off in an hour—gone from earth for ever! Oh, well it is for such if they have trusted Jesus as their Saviour, for in such a case to pass from earth means to be ushered into the presence of Christ, which is far better!

* * * * *

Others sail prosperously; for a while everything seems to go well; they are within speaking distance, as it were, of the realisation of their hopes, when suddenly all is over with them, and the world sees them no more.

The wreck of the good ship *Drummond Castle* will not yet be forgotten. The 148 passengers and 105 of the crew were no doubt all excited with the thought of "home"; the voyage was all but over, and a parting concert was held in the saloon. A vote of thanks was moved to the captain, and in reply he spoke of the meeting of long-separated friends on the morrow. Then the National Anthem was sung, and most of the passengers retired for the night.

A fog had settled down upon the sea, and the current had carried the ship out of its course. Suddenly there was an awful shock—the engines stood still, and all was silent save for the horrible grinding of the ship's keel upon the cruel Pierres Vertes off Ushant on the coast of France. Seven minutes after this the *Drummond Castle* had gone down, carrying 250 souls to their death.

How awfully sudden! And yet not more sudden than the cutting off of some. We have known such cases—men who have been cut down in their prime, with heads full of schemes and hearts full of ambition; but they have gone apparently without warning; the waters of time roll on, and, as far as this world is concerned, they are seen no more.

You may be full of vigour to-day, anticipating great success in this world and forgetting the next. Oh, beware! you too may be cut off in a moment. You have had many warnings from God—warnings of love which longs to bring you clear of destruction; this may be your last. Tomorrow may find you in the grip of death—dark and hopeless death.

Many hope to have the chance of turning to Christ upon their death-beds; you may not have one.

No warning light reached the *Drummond Castle* through the thick fog, nor did sound

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of breakers, telling of hidden danger, arouse her officers to action.

No, destruction swift and terrible was the end of that ship, and it may be your end, too! Again, take warning; whether young or old, vigorous or feeble, turn to the Saviour now. Then, come life or death, peace and safety will be yours through Him.

“What does the ‘A’ stand for?”

I WONDER how many of my young readers know where Port Limon is? If I tell them it is in Costa Rica, perhaps they will not be much wiser.

If you can find a map of Central America, you will see that Costa Rica is the southernmost republic of that part of the great American continent, and that Port Limon is a town on its Atlantic sea-board.

Quite lately I was making a stay at this place, and I could not help noticing the scores upon scores of *children* that ran about the streets: white children, black children, brown children, and yellow children.

“I must have some meetings for the children before I leave,” I said, and a kind gentleman promised to see if they could be arranged.

Sunday afternoon was the time fixed, and the superintendents of the Sunday-schools kindly gave up their classes and allowed their scholars to come to the service.

I began to talk to the dear boys and girls about the Saviour.

“How many letters in the word ‘Saviour?’” I asked.

“Seven,” was the prompt answer.

“Right! And now let me hear you spell it.”

A score or more of young voices sang out, “S-A-V-I-O-U-R.”

“Quite correct,” I said, “and now I am going to tell you what each letter stands for.”

I then went on to tell my young hearers that “S” stood for “Sure”—that Jesus is a *sure* Saviour, One to be depended on, One who never fails, and is always as good as His word, so that every sinner who trusts Him may be *sure* of his salvation.

Then I asked: “What does the ‘A’ stand for, do you think?”

Now during the previous week I had been having some meetings for the older folks, at which a few of the children had been present. At one of these meetings I had spoken of the Lord Jesus as an “all-the-way-home Saviour.” I had told the people that when Jesus saves a sinner, He does not leave him to fight his own way on to heaven, but puts him on His shoulders and carries him *all the way home*.

But I was not thinking of that when I asked the children what the “A” stood for. I meant to tell them that it stood for “Able,” and that Jesus is an *able* Saviour, able to save the worst of sinners, and able to cleanse away all their sins by His precious blood.

There was one little fellow, however, who had not forgotten what I had spoken about to the older people. When I asked the question, “What does the ‘A’ stand for?” he shot up his hand, and before anyone else could say a word he answered—

“AN ALL-THE-WAY-HOME SAVIOUR.”

What a fine answer it was! And I gathered from the beaming face of my little friend that he knew something of the joy of having the Lord Jesus, not only as a Saviour from the sins of the past, but as an “all-the-way-home Saviour.”

Do *you* know Jesus thus? Everything that you need to make you truly happy along the way, and to enable you to please and serve the Lord, you can get from Him. No difficulty, no trial, no sorrow can come upon you but what *He* is a sure and un-failing resource in it.

Oh, thank God for the “all-the-way-home Saviour.”

H. P. B.

For the Girls.

Mr. Rogers' Escape.

MR. ROGERS was an earnest preacher of the gospel in the county of Cumberland. He was much persecuted after the restoration of Charles II., when so many other godly men were imprisoned on account of their faith and for preaching it.

Spies had attended a preaching by Mr. Rogers in order to be able to give evidence against him, and he was summoned to appear before the magistrate of the district, Sir Richard Craddock, who was a great enemy to the truth and who himself had employed the spies to go to hear Mr. Rogers.

Some of the congregation were also summoned.

The day came, and the preacher and his hearers were gathered at the magistrate's house in readiness.

Owing to one of the witnesses being unable to come at the appointed hour, Mr. Rogers and his friends were kept waiting some time in the hall.

While they were sitting there a little girl, the granddaughter of Sir Richard, came in and began to speak to them. Very soon Mr. Rogers and she became friendly, and she sat upon his knee quite contentedly while he spoke to her of one thing and another.

The witness did not arrive, so at last they were told to come on another day, the date being fixed.

When that day came they again assembled in the hall. Mr. Rogers had remembered the little girl who had been so friendly, and had brought some sweets.

The case was gone on with—the witnesses gave their evidence, and proved the facts of Mr. Rogers having preached and of his friends having been present to hear him.

Sir Richard was in his private room writing out the warrant for these servants of God to be cast into prison, while Mr. Rogers and the others were in the hall

again, waiting to hear their sentence. The little granddaughter of Sir Richard came in, and seeing Mr. Rogers, ran up to him in the same friendly way as before. She wanted to know why they were there and all about what was going to happen to them. She was told that probably her grandfather would send them to prison. She at once said, "My grandpa shan't send you to prison!" and ran off to Sir Richard's room. There she knocked and knocked again until he opened the door.

He had completely spoiled her, always letting her have her own way. Once she had been angered, and had run a knife into her arm because she could not do just as she pleased.

Since that time he had always let her carry out her own will. Now she was determined that her new friend should not go to prison, so asked, "What are you going to do with my good gentleman in the hall?"

"That is none of your business," he answered.

"But it is my business," she replied; "you are going to send him to prison." And she went on to say how if he did send him to prison she would do herself some serious harm.

Sir Richard hesitated; he knew not what to do. Then, fearing the child would carry out her threat, he tore the warrant to pieces, and going out, told the preacher and his companions that they might go to their homes, that his little granddaughter had pleaded on their behalf, and that they would hear no more of the matter.

Before Mr. Rogers left he placed his hand on the girl's head, praying thus: "May the blessing of that God whose cause you have upheld, though yet you know Him not, rest upon you in life and in death, in time and in eternity."

* * * * *

Many years passed away. Mr. Rogers' son had become an earnest preacher. He was in London, and with a friend of his—a Mr. Thomas Bradbury—had gone to dine

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in the house of a Christian lady. During dinner Mr. Rogers told the story of his father's escape through the intercession of a little girl. The lady answered, "I never knew till now you were old Mr. Rogers' son. Do you know I was the little girl that was the means of keeping him from prison?" They both expressed their surprise at this strange turn, and begged her to tell the story how she, who was brought up in a worldly circle where such preachers were so hated, had now at last come into the light.

She told them that by the time she had grown up her grandfather had died, and she became possessor of his estate.

With a lady friend she went up to London and plunged into the fashionable life of the West End of the great city. They found them unsatisfying, and tired of the whole surroundings.

She became slightly ill, and consulting a doctor was ordered, as the fashion then was, to Bath. With her friend she journeyed there, and placed herself under the care of another doctor. He was a man who feared God, and used the opportunities he had of speaking to his patients. When she had told him what her feelings were she added, "There is not much the matter with me, only I have an uneasy mind."

"Oh," he replied, "I once suffered from that, too, but I met with a book that cured me!"

"Books!" she answered. "There is not a novel or play that comes out that I do not get, and when I have read them I am just the same as before."

"That does not surprise me in the least," he said; "but the book that I found is such that when I have read it through I am ready to read it again, and as often as I read it I always find in it something fresh."

"Pray, doctor, what book is it?"

"Oh, that is a secret I don't tell everyone!"

"May I not see it?"

"Yes, if you will speak me fair. You will promise me that you will read it, and if you don't see much in it the first time that you will read it again?"

"Oh yes; I'll promise that!"

When the doctor called again he did not bring the book—he wanted to increase her curiosity still more; neither did he on the next visit.

At length he brought out of his pocket the New Testament.

"Pooh," she said, "a Testament! I might have had that for myself."

"Very true," he replied. "But I have your promise that you will read it."

"So you have," she said, "and I will read it. Besides, I never have read it."

The reading of the Scriptures only increased her anxiety, for she saw more and more what she was as a sinner and what her danger was.

In order to get rid of this deepening soul trouble she returned to London, and again mixed in the gayest of society. But it was all in vain; she could not gain thus the peace of conscience which she felt she needed. The arrow had reached her conscience, and could not be shaken out.

At last, one Saturday night, she had a dream, and thought she was listening to a gospel preaching.

She was so impressed by it that she determined to search for a place answering to what she had seen in her dream, and with her companion started out, and went from one place to another until she reached one where the preacher and all the surroundings seemed like what she had seen the night before.

The preacher preached from the verse—"Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

That sermon was the means of her conversion to God, and she was led to link herself with the Lord's people and to seek to confess the Lord's name in her life.

Thus was Mr. Rogers' prayer answered after many days.

* * * * *

How is it with you, my dear young friend? You have a soul to be saved too. Christ alone can meet your need. He can satisfy and He can save.

Words of Peace.

"Why are ye Come?"

JEPHTHAH had been rejected by his brethren and cast out from his father's house. They scorned him and would not be associated with him. Cast out and despised, he fled from before their face and dwelt in the land of Tob, far removed from their persecution.

It was while looked down upon thus that he became leader over a band of men who gathered around him. Together with them, he went out and made raids against their enemies, and proved himself a mighty man of valour.

This was in the period of Israel's weakness. Time after time they had turned from Jehovah and served other gods, and then, being oppressed by enemies, had been delivered by judges whom God raised up for their succour.

But time after time they had gone back to the service of other gods, and Jehovah, to chasten them, permitted foe after foe to come against them.

Thus it was that the armies of Ammon came up against Israel, and made war against it. No leader could be found to oppose Ammon. Doubtless this one and that one would be thought of, and possibly appealed to; but no general was prepared to take the field against the foe. At last Jephthah is remembered and appealed to; the elders of Gilead, where he was refused and despised, coming to fetch him from the place of his rejection. They say to him, "Come and be our captain, that we may fight with the children of Ammon." Jephthah upbraids them, saying, "Did not ye hate me, and expel me out of my father's house? and

WHY ARE YE COME UNTO ME NOW WHEN YE ARE IN DISTRESS?"

They tell him they have come to him to call him to be their leader, that they may

overcome their enemies. At length he consents, and, becoming their captain, subdues Ammon, and rules over Israel until his death.

Now what a contrast there is between the way Jephthah receives them and the way Christ receives the one in trouble!

He has been rejected too. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Far worse was the treatment Christ received, for after a life of persecution and ignominy, He was taken, falsely judged, buffeted, spit upon, scourged, and crucified. But He has risen from the dead. If rejected and refused by men, He is received and honoured by God. He sits exalted a Prince and a Saviour at God's right hand to-day.

He is the only Saviour. Every distressed sinner must come to Him for salvation. "No other name is given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved."

In the days of His earthly pathway, when His rejection was evident at the beginning of His ministry, He cried:

"COME UNTO ME,

all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Never did He upbraid one who turned to Him in time of trouble. But on the contrary, knowing the trouble and distress abounding on every side, He Himself gives the invitation to the needy, the labouring, the heavy laden, and to *all* such, to come to Him for rest.

None are too poor, too weak, too unworthy; all are bidden.

And all the bitterness of the malice of man did not change His heart, for towards the close of those three years of His blessed service we find Him showing the same grace.

The disciples thought He would not care for the little ones, and so bade those who brought them to take them away, but when the Lord Jesus saw it He was much displeased, and said, "Suffer the little children to

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COME UNTO ME,

and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

In Jerusalem, at the Feast of Tabernacles, when the joy of the city should have been at its height, we find Him standing alone in the midst of the city, and crying, "If any man thirst, let him

COME UNTO ME,

and drink," and promising abundant blessing to all who drew near to Him—that not only should their thirst be quenched, but that they should become channels of blessing to others—rivers of living water flowing forth for the help and refreshment of the needy around us.

Nor is His heart changed now. In the glory where He is to-day He is still the same. His last message to man is found on the last pages of our Bibles: "Let him that is athirst

COME.

And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Jephthah after upbraiding his people could lead Israel to victory over the Ammonites, but after six years of service for them he died, and Israel needed another saviour.

Christ ever liveth—He is able to save all the way through.

He receives us and keeps through all the difficulties and dangers of our earthly path, right on to heavenly glory.

Oh! will you not come to Him?

All blessing is treasured up in Him.

Do you want *rest*? He gives it.

Are you thirsting for *satisfaction*? He will satisfy your longing.

Is it *peace* you desire? He has made it by His blood.

Are you longing to have your *sins forgiven*? Forgiveness is preached in His name.

These blessings, and every other blessing, are found in Christ, and are for you if you

COME UNTO HIM

now. What is it to come to Him? It is relying upon Him—forsaking all other confidence—giving up all other hope—casting yourself in all your sinfulness and helplessness upon Him, and leaving yourself in His hands for present and eternal salvation.

Come, then, to Him. He will not meet you with the query, "Why are ye come unto me now when ye are distress?", like Jephthah did the elders, but will welcome you.

Come to the Saviour now!

He gently calleth thee;

In true repentance bow,

Before Him bend the knee.

He waiteth to bestow

Salvation, peace, and love,

True joy on earth below,

A home in heaven above.

Come to the Saviour, all!

Whate'er your burdens be;

Hear now His loving call—

"Cast all your care on Me."

Come, and for every grief

In Jesus you will find

A sure and safe relief,

A loving Friend, and kind.

The Wilderness.

WHEN our Lord Jesus was in the wilderness He did not try to make anything of it or get anything from it, though Satan tempted Him to. The Lord owned but one resource in the wilderness—*God*, and we have but that one, *the living God*.

How truly blessed when *we* are in any measure satisfied with that One. And with what are we prepared for the hardness of this wilderness path? The Word of God. I am persuaded there is that in that Word (if we were at home in it enough) to prepare and help us in every step of our wilderness journey (Deut. ii. 7; viii. 2, 3).

For Young Believers.

They Dwelt with the King.

IN 1 Chronicles iv. 21 we read of some of the families of the posterity of Judah, about whom the Spirit of God says, "they wrought *fine linen*." Now a great deal is said in both Old and New Testaments about "*linen*," and we may learn what it signifies in Revelation xix. 8, where the marriage of the Lamb is announced; and it is said of the bride, "To her was granted that she should be arrayed in *fine linen*, clean and white: for the fine linen is *the righteousness of saints*."

This makes it clear that the *fine linen* speaks to us about our walk, our ways, and our conduct, as we pass along through this defiling scene.

If you and I are to serve the Lord acceptably, dear young fellow-believer, we must see to it that all our actions and behaviour before our fellow-men are such that no one can point the finger of reproach at us because of our inconsistency; for do not let us forget that the eyes of the world are upon us, and if, while we are professedly followers of Christ, our actions and ways contradict it, does it not bring dishonour on that holy name?

Then verse 23 speaks of three different kinds of work in which the king's servants were engaged, but what we find concerning them all is that they *dwelt with the king* for *his* work. We Christians find something like this in John xv. 5: "He that *abideth in Me*, and I in him, the same bringeth forth MUCH FRUIT: for without Me ye can do NOTHING."

Have you learnt the truth of this, dear young friend, that unless your heart is kept in abiding communion with the Lord Jesus Christ, you can do *no service for Him*? Never forget this. These sons of the house of Judah were each set apart for their

special work. Some make vessels, some attend to the plants, and some look after the hedges. But they all *dwell with the king*.

And where are the potters and planters and hedgers to-day? In Ephesians iv. 11, 12, we learn that the Lord has given gifts to His Church, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." "And He gave some . . . evangelists; and some, *pastors and teachers*."

An evangelist is one who seeks to win souls for Christ, out from among the chaos and confusion of a world that lies in the arms of the wicked one, and may fitly represent a potter who, out of the shapeless and unsightly bed of clay, moulds and prepares the vessels for the royal table.

But the young and tender plants of *the Father's planting* (Matt. xv. 13) need culture and nurture and care; they must not be left to droop and fade, and this is the planter's or pastor's work in *our* day.

And the hedgers, where are they? Ah, sometimes the hearts of God's children grow cold and get engaged with the things of earth. Do not you know it, dear young reader, how often Satan tries to steal a *march upon you*? And sometimes he has succeeded, has he not? He presents some attraction to allure your heart away from being taken up with Jesus and His interests; and this leaves a breach, a gap in the hedge that needs seeing to, and so our gracious Lord fits His servants for this special work of calling His beloved sheep back to their own "green pastures" by the "still waters" (Ps. xxiii.), conducting them into the rich fields and meadows of God's Holy Word. Does it not show out the tender thoughtfulness of our loving Saviour, thus to provide hedgers to look after the broken-down fences and the wandering sheep, and teachers to guide and instruct and lead us on to the fuller knowledge of the place and portion we have in Christ, and this by means of the precious Scriptures of truth?

G. F. E.

For Christian Workers.

“Serving with the Spirit.”

IF Christ said, “My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me,” Paul could say, through grace, “Whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of His Son.”

It is not service at all if it be merely outward, unless we can say, “Of Thine we have given Thee.” All true service must flow from communion with the source of service; it is no service if we are not drinking in Christ and conscious that we are doing His will. If I should take up any service without being confident that God would have me do it, there would be no power in it.

Service, then, if real must flow from

DIRECT COMMUNION

with God. We may go on in a course of action, as a consequence of communion, for a good while. Thus, for instance, we may compare the state of the Thessalonians with that of the Church of Ephesus in Revelation. To the Thessalonians it is said by Paul that he knows their work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope. Here we see the three cardinal points—faith, hope, and charity—as springs of work, labour, and patience; but there was not the present spiritual power which comes from God direct, therefore the candlestick was threatened to be removed. How often do our attempts at service flow more from thought of something we may have to do than from direct communion with God! It then becomes, or is in danger of soon becoming, the mere activity of the flesh, and at any rate is the drudgery of duty without power, instead of serving with the Spirit. What a comfort that all my life through I may be serving the Lord with my spirit!

J. N. D.

Gleanings in Many Fields.

HIS goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day :
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

I WANT an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

LONG my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night,
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray :
I woke—the dungeon flamed with light ;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

THE men of grace have found,
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

GOD is a tower without a stair,
And His perfection loves despair.

'Tis not for man to trifle—life is brief,
And sin is here ;
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

LITTLE things often try us more than great things. Many cannot understand this, but the reason is, we try to bear them in our own strength and manage them by our own wisdom. Few learn to carry these little things to God. There is a false shame upon this point.

ONE great evidence of my abiding in Christ is quietness. I have my portion elsewhere—I go on. No matter what it may be, we bring quietness of spirit into all circumstances whilst dwelling in God. The soul is not only happy in God for itself, but it will bring the tone of that place out of it.

SCATTERED SEED.

Do you Want Him?

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS ON JOHN IX.

HE One who could call worlds into existence at the bidding of His word had time to address Himself to the necessity of this poor beggar. His hands anointed his eyes with the clay. Hands that were soon going to be nailed to the tree, hands that are pierced now—what were they doing? They were anointing eyes that had never been opened on anything here. Oh, what a glorious Saviour! You must be more blind than this poor man was if you cannot see any glory in the Son of God occupying Himself with the necessities of a poor beggar. He was never more glorious than at that moment. . . . The Saviour and sinner together here. First He anointed him, and then He spoke. Do you think that poor man ever heard a voice like *that* before? Is there any voice like the voice of Jesus? It was the first time His voice broke on the ear of that beggar. Can you say—

“I heard the *voice* of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast”?

Notice the extreme simplicity of it all. “He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing.” Satan tries to deprive souls of the simplicity of the gospel. It is *divinely* simple; the only question is, Do you *want* a blessing? The difficulty is not with the Word of God, but with souls; their inclinations are wrong. If the inclination is after these things, if there is a want of them, it is all simple; but if the inclination is after the world, all is wrong. I ask you this one question, Is there any inclination after Christ in your soul? *Do you want Him?* Would you like to come in contact with Him? Here it was just one statement on the

Saviour's part—“Go and wash”—and one action on the sinner's part. The blind man did not say, “What is the use of washing?” He did not reason about it; the Saviour spoke, and he acted, that was all. It was a beautiful example of the obedience of faith. The obedience of faith is faith's obedience—the obedience rendered by faith. That word spoken by Jesus went right down into the very depths of his soul. He acted only on the word of the Lord; it was the ground of his faith. Is not that simple? If you take Christ at His word, your soul will be brought into blessing; and you will never get it in any other way.

It is beautiful the way the man said, “I am he; *I* am the man that was born blind; *I* am the man who sat and begged”; but there was an end to all that. We never find he carried on any begging after. Of course, he could see to work. But begging was in the past; he was not a beggar in the present. How simply he described his cure! But he did not yet know who had done it, or where He was to be found. He had to say, “I know not.” It was a great loss to the man not to know this. He had received the blessing, but he did not know the Benefactor. How often one sees souls saved by the work of Christ, and not consciously knowing the Person of Christ! Men will look around and every way, but they do not look *up*. Now if your eyes are opened you will delight to look *up*. Scripture says, “The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day” (Prov. iv. 18). What is your past? A perfect redemption wrought for your sins. What is your present? A perfect Saviour at God's right hand. And what is your future? You are going to “perfect day.” Oh, who would not be a Christian?

Then comes out the enmity of the Pharisees and the alarm of the parents. What a picture of the heart of man! Nothing so

SCATTERED SEED.

hinders, blights, and withers up everything in the soul as the fear and bondage of man in religious things. . . . "How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" (John v. 44). You are afraid of what your friends will say; but they will not stand for you in the day of judgment; you will be *alone* then. No, you must go on; you must come to Christ, and go on straight after Him. The man, as it were, says, "I cannot be anything but what I *am*; my Saviour has made me what I am, and I must own Him." He was not cast out of the synagogue until he had borne a beautiful testimony (*vv.* 30-33), delivered a wonderful farewell address. He spoke with the authority of a man who knew the Scriptures. "If this man were not of *God*"—that was his point, and they cast him out upon that. "And they cast him out," but it brought him into the company of the Son of God.

"Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and *when He had found him*"—that shows how He went on the search after this man—"and when He had found him" the same voice spoke again. The only words the man had heard Him say before were, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." The next were, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" and then, "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee." Where would you rather have been, *inside* with the Pharisees, with a religious status, or *outside* with the Son of God? They were so near, so alone together, the poor sinner whose eyes had been opened, and the Saviour who had done it. What was the man's answer? "Lord, I believe. And he worshipped Him." He had found an Object on which his heart could rest for ever: and what was the only thing he could do? Worship. Have you ever reached such a state? Do you know that there is such a thing to be known in this world as being at the feet of Jesus, and not being able to ask for anything, but only delighting yourself in the sense of what He is, your

heart finding its only relief in bowing down at His blessed feet, and saying, "*Thou art worthy*"?—His worthiness so filling your soul that you lose the sense of yourself altogether; for you are swallowed up and engulfed in the love, glory, grace, and goodness of Christ.

May God in His mercy bless His word, and make Christ precious to you, for His name's sake.
E. P. C.

No Mercy Then.

THERE is no mercy at the day of judgment. Imagine this to be that awful day: you are there . . . your robe looks clean and spotless also. Suddenly the eye of the Righteous Judge looks upon a little spot.

"What is that spot?" The answer is left with yourself; you have yourself to say before the assembled multitudes of heaven, earth, and hell what is that little spot. And what must you say? IT IS SIN! Sin, O Lord, it is sin; but then, it is such a little spot—such a very, very little one, and done so long that I had myself forgotten it.

Answer yourself, if you think that pleas like these can save you. You yourself say, "It is sin." . . . Shall heaven be defiled to let you in? You dare not say that *that* is possible. It is clear you must, *unless you can wash it out or take sin with you into heaven.*

LITTLE SIN! Yet so great that nothing can cleanse it but the blood of Jesus. Little, yet so great that God must be manifested in the flesh to be wounded for that "little" transgression.

God so loved the world that He spared not His only begotten Son, but freely gave Him for us all; and now, instead of it being a faithful saying that there is no hope for us because we are all sinners, it "is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that *Christ came into the world to save sinners.*"

(*Extracted.*)

SCATTERED SEED.



A BRAVE WOMAN.

For the Girls.

A Brave Woman.

HISTORY has many stories of brave women—women who in the hour of danger have stood firm to their trust, fulfilling their duty, and risking or giving their lives for the deliverance of others.

The account of the heroism of Catherine Douglas is among the best of these.

The life of James the Second of Scotland was conspired against. They determined to attack him in his lodgings at Perth. Unknown to him or his attendants, they secured the injury of the locks so that the keys would not turn in them, and removed the bar which passed through the iron eyes to secure one of the inner doors.

The conspirators burst into the house at an unexpected moment. The king, hearing the uproar, called to the ladies of his court, who were in a room outside his apartment, to keep the door as securely as they could, so that he might have some opportunity to make good his escape.

There seemed no means to secure the door even for a minute, but the brave Catherine Douglas bravely pushed her arm across the door and held it back until, her arm being broken, the door was burst in.

* * * * *

What faithfulness this brings before us—faithfulness unto pain and suffering of such a character. She was devoted to an earthly monarch.

Christ is rejected now. In a little He will take His throne and reign. Meanwhile we who believe on Him are called to be faithful—faithful unto death if necessary.

He was faithful unto death for us. He gave His life for our salvation and blessing. He gave Himself for our sins, so that we might be with Him for ever. May our love go out to Him, so that we may confess Him daily.

We may not be called to such an act as

that of which we have spoken. But we are called to live for Christ, confessing Him with words and ways until He comes again.

A Foreigner's Question.

CAN you tell me where F—— Square is?" I overheard a foreigner ask a passer-by as I hurried along. "No, sir, I cannot," he replied.

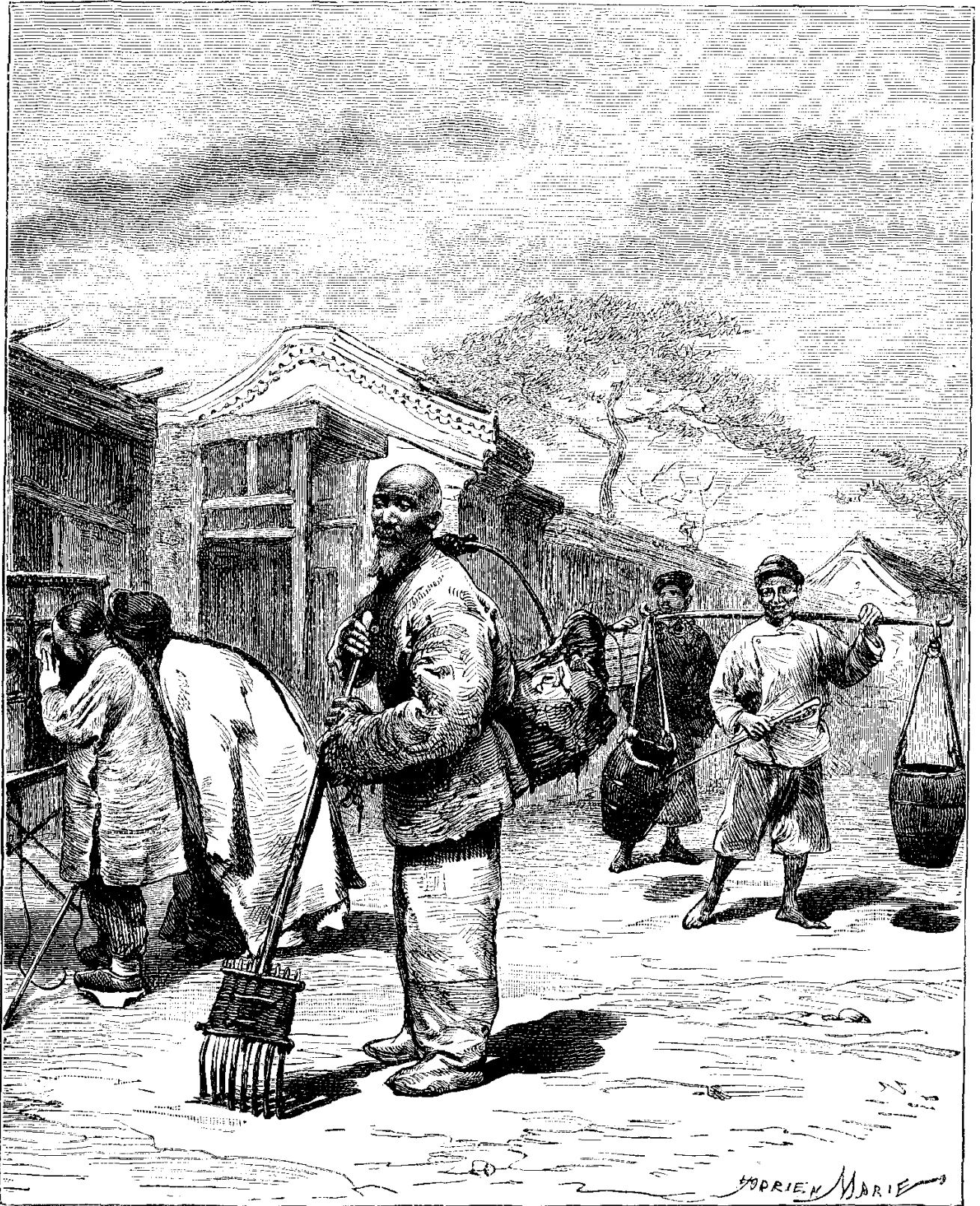
The foreigner looked around in bewilderment and perplexity. My time was precious, I could not stop, but called out, "You are in the very place you are seeking; this is F—— Square."

How much, thought I, as I pursued my way, is this like the case of a sinner seeking Christ without anyone to direct him aright. He stands in the very presence of the One he needs, yet he is directed to go on "trying" and "seeking." Now, neither trying nor seeking could help our foreigner, for the more he walked the farther he would get away from what he sought.

My reader, are you seeking Christ? If so, you are in the very presence of the One you seek. Jesus is waiting to be gracious, to bless you, to save you now.

You need not put this paper down a stranger to Christ, for listen to God's own word in Romans x. 8-13: "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that 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. . . . For the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him; for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." When? "Now," for "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Stand still, dear reader. Gaze upon the Christ of God in glory, and know Him as the love-gift of the Father to you—even you, for it is to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, that righteousness without works is attributed. H. N.

SCATTERED SEED.



A CHINESE SCENE.

For the Little Ones.

The Old Chinese Woman;

OR,

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.



AN old Chinese woman had been collecting for years and years all sorts of things that she was supposed to need in a future state. She had but very vague ideas of the future, but she had been told that she would need them. She believed it, and did her best to get ready for the time when she would leave this world, and so gathered shoes, cooking utensils, articles of dress, ornaments, etc.

Most of these things were of very little value, for she was very poor, and many of them were made of paper. However, she kept them treasured up to be buried with her for future use. At length some lady missionaries went to see her, and persuaded her to go to their meetings. After attending for some time, the light of the gospel shone into her dark heart, and she turned to God from her idols, and became a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

One day she brought all her treasures, for such they had been to *her*, and told the ladies that she wished to burn them, for they were of no use now, because Jesus had made her ready for *His* home, and she knew He had all that she would need there. She laughed with delight as she saw them burning, because she was rejoicing in something far better—a perfect salvation.

“Foolish woman,” I think I hear some reader say, “to prepare such rubbish for the future!”

Wait a moment, dear friend. Was not *her* thought a wise one? for she knew that she must die, and she sought to make suitable provision according to the light she had; but when God sent her the true light she gladly accepted the provision *He* has made for the sinner. Of course *you* have

much more intelligence, but have you thought of the future and prepared for it? If not, are you not a thousand times more foolish than the poor old heathen woman?

I would beg of you, before you lay this paper down, to answer that question of all importance: Are you *ready* to meet God? Not unless you have come to Him as a poor sinner, and accepted *His* provision—Christ and His precious blood. Nothing else can fit you, but *that* can, for it is written, “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” And, again, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” And in Acts x. 43 we read, “To Him” (that is Jesus) “give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.”

Though we are living in days when men make much of science, discoveries, and progress, yet we must always go back to the work of nineteen hundred years ago if we want to be saved. There is no *new* way; it is the old, old story of Calvary. There the work was done which God accepted, and now He proclaims pardon and peace to all who come to Him. *We* can do nothing to merit His favour, but Christ has done the work that brings us into it.

Gospel Verses to Search
for and Learn.

“THE grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.”

Titus, chap. ., verse .

“BUT after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He savd us.”—Titus, chap. ., verse .

“IN this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.”

1 John, chap. , verse .

For the Boys.

Saved by Blood.

A TALE OF SPANISH TREACHERY.

DURING the sixteenth century the Spaniards were a great power in Europe, for their fleets dominated the seas and their armies were mighty upon the land. More often than not they were fighting the battles of the Pope of Rome and endeavouring to subdue Protestant countries to his hateful yoke.

At the time of which I write Holland was under Spanish dominion, and in order to arrest the march of Protestantism in that country Charles V. and his son Philip, kings of Spain, had introduced the relentless Inquisition.

Sad indeed was the lot of the Hollanders then; they were greatly oppressed, robbed of their possessions, cast into prison, tortured and put to death on the merest suspicion of favouring Luther and his doctrines. The Duke of Alva, an inhuman tyrant, was governor of the country, and he used to boast that he had himself ordered the execution of nearly nineteen thousand people.

This went on until it could be endured no longer and the country rose in rebellion, under the leadership of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, against the might of Spain. At this rising the rapacious cruelty of the popish soldiers found full play; whole towns were put to the sword, and blood flowed everywhere.

Meanwhile the city of Rotterdam had seemed to escape the worst of these horrors, but early one autumn morning the inhabitants were startled from their slumber by the news that the Spanish fleet had entered the river Maas and was riding at anchor before the town.

Great was their dismay, for they knew that the Spaniard's thirst for blood was almost insatiable; but they determined to resist the invader and sell their lives and homes dearly.

In the midst of this storm of grief and consternation the burgomaster received a letter from the Spanish admiral, Count de Bossu, stating that he had no wish to harm them, and desiring to be merely permitted to march his men through their town so as to join the main body of the army.

With the guns of the Spanish ships frowning upon them, they judged it better to submit to his proposals, and went to their homes calmed and satisfied. Alas for them, they little realised how treacherous was their foe!

There was, however, in the city a wealthy burgher who had absolutely no faith in the promises of the Spanish admiral, and as he thought of the terrible slaughter that would probably follow the admittance of the Spaniards he determined if possible to save some of the people.

His home was a large mansion at the corner of a public square; this he determined to turn into a house of refuge. His wife entered into his project, and the furniture was all taken out and thrown into a back yard, then the windows were smashed and the shutters closed, so as to give the house a wrecked and deserted appearance.

Meanwhile the Spaniards had entered the city, the admiral gave the signal for a general slaughter by cutting down the gateman with his own sword, thousands were massacred, and an agonised cry of despair rang forth from the blood-stained streets.

By this time the house of the wealthy burgher was filled from attic to cellar. Fully a thousand people, it is said, were crowded within its walls. Then the master of the house took a kid which had been kept in readiness, and killing it just inside the door, allowed the blood to stream across the threshold and into the street beyond. Just then the clash of steel, and shrieks of the stricken people, told that the Spaniards had reached the square. They looked upon the house, and seeing the blood upon the steps leading to it, they passed it by. That blood seemed to say, "The sword has already fallen here; there has been slaughter enough; pass elsewhere."

SCATTERED SEED.

Thus were the refugees in the house with the bloodstained threshold saved from the carnage which was everywhere rampant in the city.

We do not liken the judgment of God to the treachery and rapacity of the Spaniards. Judgment is His strange work, and if He unsheathes His sword it is in perfect righteousness; but men had sinned, and in so doing had put God in the place of the Judge, and though His heart is full of tender pity, His wrath must fall upon sin. Yet God has found a way of escape for guilty sinners, He has provided a place of shelter; and the house of the wealthy citizen of Rotterdam shall stand as an illustration of this. It was the fact of blood having been shed that protected those terror-filled people; apart from that, they would have shared the fate of their fellow-citizens. And the only way to escape the righteous judgment of God is to be sheltered by the blood that has been shed—even the precious blood of Jesus. His death has satisfied the claims of justice, and if you make His blood your plea, you are safe for evermore.

You will remember that when the avenging angel passed through the land of Egypt, this was the God-ordained way of safety. Not the good deeds of the people of Israel, not the fact that their fathers knew God and had taught them of Him; no, they had to abide within the blood-sprinkled houses until the judgment had passed by.

My reader, the judgment is assuredly coming. Oh, fly to the shelter of the precious blood of Christ shed for sinners like you and me. That corner house still stands in Rotterdam; over its portal is inscribed, "The house of a thousand terrors." If I had the power to give it another title it should be named "The house of the blood-stained threshold," and it should be a monument to the fact that the way of safety from judgment is through blood-shedding, and that God has said concerning the blood of Jesus: "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." "WITHOUT SHEDDING OF BLOOD IS NO RE-MISSION."

J. T. M.

Come to Jesus.

Jesus said, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. . . . I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

MATT. ix. 12, 13.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."
JOHN vi. 37.

BUT I am a great sinner, sayest thou.
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

But I am an old sinner, sayest thou.
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

But I am a hard-hearted sinner, sayest thou.
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

But I have served Satan all my days, sayest thou.
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

But I have sinned against light, sayest thou.
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

But I have sinned against mercy, sayest thou.
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

But I have no good thing to bring, sayest thou.
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

Coming and believing are all one.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Take heed.

IN spite of numerous warnings by way of sudden deaths amongst your near relatives, or it may be school acquaintances, you are still unawakened to your *own* awful condition. Oh, sinner, we would fain arouse you from your sleepy, indifferent mood! Death is on your track, and hell is waiting to receive you. Remain no longer in your present condition of awful peril. "Haste, haste, haste, Delay not from judgment to flee."

Refusing to be Saved.

REFUSING to be saved, and in consequence perishing in the flames, seems almost incredible. Yet such a thing has just happened, and not merely one person but several have thus lost their lives.

Do you wonder at their obstinacy and folly? Would you like to know the cause of it? Let me tell you, then, these poor people were inmates of Colney Hatch Asylum, and were mad; hence their almost incredible conduct.

Do you pity them and think there can be no greater folly than theirs? Alas! there is even greater folly still, and the reader may be guilty of it.

It is the folly of losing, not your life, but your soul; the folly of going to the lake of fire when you might go to heaven; the folly of perishing when you might be saved; the folly of indifference on the one hand, and delay on the other, when God's Word speaks both of the necessity of being saved and the importance of not delaying, for "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

What folly, indeed, is that of the one who, though he might have the *love of God* and the Saviour (whom He gave to die on the cross because of what we were and what we had done), chooses rather the pleasures of sin for a season, and, after this life, death and the holy *judgment of God*.

* * * * *

Let me ask my reader, Are you guilty of such folly? Has Satan so blinded your eyes that eternal things seem as nothing, and this brief span of life everything?

"O that they were wise . . . that they would consider their latter end!" (Deut. xxxii. 29) was the exclamation of Moses the servant of God. May you be wise, my reader. May the sad catastrophe above mentioned speak to you, warning you to "flee from the wrath to come."

A holy God, whose righteous claims have

been met by His Son dying in the sinner's stead on the cross, bids you trust in Christ, and the Saviour with outstretched arms bids you trust Him with a welcome "Come."

"Haste thee—tarry not." Do not delay, but come. P. W. D.

A Very Simple Matter.

A QUESTION often asked, but worth asking again, is this: *Are you saved?* Many amongst the readers of these lines can answer with an honest, truthful "Yes."

Can you answer thus?

Perhaps you hardly understand the question. Let me put it to you in a different form. Has there ever been a moment in your history when, confronted with the sins of a lifetime, you have felt yourself to be *guilty before God*, with nothing to offer Him and with the certainty that you must stand before Him to be judged? Have you then turned to Christ and put your whole confidence in Him?

After all it is a very simple matter. There is no long process to be gone through. Receive Christ, take Him to be your own Saviour, and "saved" you will assuredly be.

A friend of mine was passing from bed to bed in a hospital ward speaking to one and another of the Saviour. Presently she came to the bedside of one, a poor old negress, whom the doctor had pronounced to be "beyond cure." The hopelessness that was printed on the poor woman's face was pitiful to see as she kept repeating in a low tone the words—

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

"Do you believe that you are a sinner?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied.

"And do you believe that Christ came to save sinners?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why do you not allow Him to save you?"

SCATTERED SEED.

"Oh, missis," said the sufferer, breaking out in her native dialect, "me is praying de dear Lord to save me."

"But hear His own words: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I will* give you rest.' Listen, too, to what God says: '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.' Do you think that God would tell you a lie?"

"No, missis; me do believe, tank the Lord; Him do save de poor sinner; me will trust Him, and no ask Him to save me no more, for Him do save me, tank and bless Him name."

The visitor was glad to see how simply the poor woman trusted the Lord, and could rejoice in His salvation.

Shortly after this she was removed from the hospital to her own little hut. To the end she retained her brightness and joy. Once she said to my friend, "Missis, me wouldn't ask de Lord to raise me up, except me could live for Him, and tell oder poor sinners dem hab got a Saviour who hab done de work Himself, and dat dem only hab to trust Him, and He do save dem, but me gwine see Him blessed face, den me will tank Him for saving a poor sinner like me."

Thus trusting in Christ, she passed peacefully away, enjoying His great and free salvation.

Why should not all readers of these lines be able to say the same? Is not salvation offered freely to them as well as to the poor woman of whom we have spoken? May they not accept it as simply as she did?

On God's side there is nothing to prevent the worst sinner on earth being saved. The obstacles are all on the sinner's side.

Reader, if your indifference gives place to concern; if worldliness gives place to serious thoughts about your soul; if the weight of your sins becomes intolerable, *then* remember this: Jesus waits to be your Saviour. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

J. A. B.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I
Shall never need;
And He, in pastures green,
My soul doth feed.

The Lord my Leader is
By quiet streams,
Where o'er those pastures green
Bright glory gleams.

The Lord my Leader is
In righteousness;
The ways in which He leads
Are paths of peace.

And He my soul restores
In matchless grace,
Whene'er my steps are slow,
To run the race.

Although through shades of death
My way should lie,
Yet I no evil fear,
For He is nigh.

His rod and staff are both
To comfort me;
For His salvation, *now*,
I ever see.

And e'en while here on earth
(A foeman's land),
E'en though my footsteps mark
The desert sand,

Yet is my table spread
(A banquet rare;
A feast of love for me
Beyond compare).

My cup is also filled
To running o'er;
And thus I of His love
Know more and more.

Sure goodness follows me
All through my life;
And mercy, too—my need
'Mid scenes of strife.

And when the journey's done,
The conflict o'er,
I'll dwell with Him, my Lord,
For evermore!

B. C.

ETERNITY.

A GULF whose large extent no bounds engage,
A still beginning, never-ending age
Which, when ten thousand thousand years are run,
Is still the same and still to be begun.

Words of Peace.

Assurance.

IT is the privilege of the people of God to be assured of their salvation.

Yet, alas! how few are at rest in their souls.

Occupied with themselves, they find only feebleness, and folly, and failure.

Looking *within* at their own experiences, or realisations, or lack of faith, or looking without at their frequent shortcomings and sins, they are constantly wondering whether they are forgiven or unforgiven, saved or lost, converted or unconverted.

Now this uncertainty is the result of an incomplete understanding of the gospel, of the full provision God has made for their salvation and for their knowledge of it.

I am bold to say that it is nowise the wish of a Saviour-God that we should be in any doubt on this all-important matter.

Many, knowing nothing better, seem content to go on in doubt week after week, month after month, year after year. At times faith is bright, and their confidence increases. Indeed, for a few moments they will rise above the mists and murkiness of their fickle feelings and really rejoice, but these seasons of brightness are oftentimes followed by greater darkness.

Can we imagine the condition of things which would arise if a corresponding uncertainty existed in the relationships of this life—if a child were ever wondering whether it belonged to its parents, if a servant knew not who his master was, if a sailor was unable to determine to which vessel he was attached, if a soldier was undecided as to his regiment?

Into what woeful confusion would everything be plunged! Life would be burdensome indeed.

Now can we conceive that a God of goodness would leave His creatures in such

darkness and ignorance? This was never His intention. There is not only a perfect salvation provided in Christ's work for every simple believer on Him, but also a perfect "knowledge of salvation" is given by the Holy Spirit and in the Scriptures.

If we take the histories given in the four gospels, can we for a moment believe that those who were the subjects of the healing power of Christ were in doubt as to what had occurred? Were they to be found wandering in uncertainty or dismayed by doubt?

Would the leper ask in doleful tone, "Am I cleansed or not?" Would the woman of Luke viii. demand, "Am I healed or not?" Would the demoniac seek to ascertain whether he was really delivered from Satan's power or not? No! No, indeed!! One and all would rejoice in the grace and power which had met and rescued them. Those who were healed by His touch knew it, and joyfully accorded Him the praise.

And should it not be thus to-day with those who have been delivered from spiritual uncleanness, spiritual powerlessness, spiritual bondage? Surely there should be equal assurance, resulting in earnest praise and loving service.

Let us turn to one or two passages which will clearly show the assurance which belongs to all those who have really had to do with God, and have in truth believed upon His Son whom He has sent.

First of all, then, *as to the forgiveness of sins*, the apostle John says: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake" (1 John ii. 12).

So Paul says: "In whom [in Christ] we have . . . the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. i. 7).

"Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. iv. 32).

As to being justified, the apostle Paul says: "By Him [Christ Jesus] all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39).

"Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him" (Rom. v. 9).

As to being redeemed: "In whom we have redemption through His blood."

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ" (1 Peter i. 18, 19).

As to being children or sons of God: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God" (1 John iii. 2).

"Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

Surely these passages speak for themselves in the clearest possible way. They are but a few of many that might be referred to, for the whole of the New Testament supposes that the believer is in the knowledge and peace and joy of assured blessing and relationship with God.

It may be some reader may ask, How am I to gain such blessed certainty? Look, then, at Romans iv. 22 to v. 1. Abraham was justified when he believed God. God had said that his seed should be as many as the stars of the heaven for multitude. There was nothing to show it. Abraham could not *feel* it, but he believed God because God said it, and it was counted to Abraham for righteousness. Now, we are told this because it is like our own case, only we believe what God has done, while Abraham believed what God could do. And if we believe on the God who raised up the Lord Jesus—who died on the cross for our offences and was raised again for our justification—we shall be accounted righteous too, and as the apostle says, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Then will it be yours to say, "He was wounded for our transgressions; . . . and with His stripes we ARE HEALED" (Isa. liii. 5).

Go on in uncertainty no longer, dear believer. Take God at His word and rest on what He has done, and present, permanent peace shall be yours. I. F.

The Cape of Good Hope.

THE early navigators who discovered South Africa found the weather so bad that they called it the "Cape of Storms." Later the name was changed to the "Cape of Good Hope," in anticipation of what lay beyond.

It is even so in the history of the soul. When God is first known, what heart-searchings, what spiritual storms arise in the soul at the thought of His holiness and His righteous requirements, and the utter impossibility of ever being able to satisfy even the least of them. But when the soul finds that the Son of God has Himself taken up our cause, and borne our sins in His own body on the cross, and so satisfied all God's claims against us that He has raised Him from the dead and given Him glory, the place of storms becomes the place of Good Hope; and, in the words of 1 Peter i. 8, "In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." W. M.

"Come Now."

A MAN sat reading the Bible. As he read, the Holy Spirit applied the Word to his soul, convincing him of sin. Turning to his wife he said, "Wife, if this book's true, we are lost!" As he still "searched the Scriptures," fresh light broke in upon his mind, when he exclaimed, "Wife, if this book's true, we may be saved!" A short time longer he studied the Word of God, and then, with joyful surprise, he said, "Wife, if this book's true, we may be saved now!"

Reader, there is no time to be lost, if thou wouldst have thy soul saved. There is but a step between thee and death. Heaven and hell are both before thee, both alike at hand, and both alike *eternal* when once reached. Each step, each breath, each pulse, each heart-throb, draws thee nearer to the darkness of the one, or to the glory of the other.

For Young Believers.

The Light in the Window.

THE story has been told of a schooner which was driven by a winter storm on the rocks of the Maine coast, and went to pieces so quickly that the crew had barely time to launch their little boat and push off.

Nothing ever seemed less likely than that they would escape. Blinded by the flying snow, the men had been unable to steer their ship, and now, at night, cast to the wind and waves in a frail boat, their lives were in the greatest jeopardy. They rowed at random, for they could only guess which way would take them to a shelter.

When they were nearly exhausted, suddenly a strange eddy in the wind showed them a light through the smothering storm. They turned about and pulled towards it, and presently felt the terrible power of the waves begin to abate, and in a little while they knew where they were.

In one of the houses of the fishermen's little village a woman, who was awake late at night caring for her ill husband, had looked out into the storm, and, seeing only unbroken darkness along the miles of coast, set her lamp in the window. She knew the perils of the ocean, and showed her pity by this simple act. It was that little lamp which, later in the night, guided the five shipwrecked sailors to the refuge of her home.

May not our lives, as Christians, be as truly a beacon and a blessing as that woman's lamp? Are we not told to let our light shine? In so doing, we may help some wanderer who may be stumbling along in the darkness to tread with us the narrow way that leads to life; we may bring fresh hope to some in despair.

Oh! let us not hide our light and keep our glad tidings to ourselves. Thousands

are perishing around us. Are we putting out a hand to save? or are we quietly leaving it for others to do? Are we spreading the good news of salvation through Christ by speaking a word for Him, or, if unable to do this, by giving a little book to some we meet with day by day? Are we scattering the seed?

Are we not too often content to enjoy the love and light and warmth ourselves, without feeling our responsibility to our brothers and sisters all around us? Let us be in real earnest, and so let our light shine that others may be attracted to Christ and find Him to be their Saviour and their Friend. Then we shall not only be blessed, but be also a blessing.

“Half-hearted? Master, shall any who know Thee
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid down
Thine own?
Nay! We would offer the hearts that we owe
Thee,
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.”

God Hears.

AND this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him” (1 John v. 14, 15).

These verses remind us of four simple little lines that come from Pondoland, and we pass them on, thinking they are well worth committing to memory. They run thus—

“I believe God answers prayer,
I am sure God answers prayer,
I have proved God answers prayer.
Glory to His name!”

BE OUT-AND-OUT.

LET us not miss a single opportunity of showing whose side we are on, and of shedding around us love, consideration, and sympathy, so that perchance some from among both young and old may be persuaded to give their hearts to Him.

For Christian Workers.

Be Yourself.

BE what *you are*, doing what you *can*. If you are a lily, do not try to be a rose or a carnation, but to excel as a lily, glad if by your fragrance and modest bloom you suit the eye and hand of Him who has set you in the valley to grow there for Him.”

J. B. S.

What Wilt Thou?

HE SAID, “Let me walk in the fields.”
He said, “No, walk in the town.”
I said, “There are no flowers there.”
He said, “No flowers, but a crown.”

I said, “The skies are black,
There is nothing but noise and din.”
And He wept as He sent me back.
“There is more,” He said; “there is sin.”

I said, “But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun.”
He answered, “Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone.”

I said, “I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say.”
He answered, “Choose to-night
If I am to miss you or they.”

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, “Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide.”

Remember the Words, and Go.

GO out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.”

“Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled” (Luke xiv. 21, 23).

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature” (Mark xvi. 15).

“Go ye therefore” (Matt. xxviii. 19).

Gleanings in Many Fields.

“COMMUNION with God always gives confidence in His power. . . . If my heart has learnt the love God has for me, and what His purposes are toward me, I can trust Him to order *the way*.”

“ONE atom of brokenness of spirit is worth more to Him than filling all London with miracles.”

“WE are idolaters if we seek to enjoy ourselves where Christ died.”

“READER, remember ‘*He is not here!*’”

“CONTACT with one who is going on and occupied with Christ always helps you, at whatever stage of growth he may be.”

“WE have not wisdom to judge of God’s ways unless we have patience to wait their issue.”

“FOR the believer the most distinguished path is the most dangerous.”

“Now may the sunshine of His love
Upon you rest;
And with His favour from above
May you be blest.
That love can change earth’s darkest days
To light and peace,
And fill our hearts with songs of praise
Which never cease.”

MY LAST DAY ON EARTH.

WHAT should I like that day to be?
How should I wish to spend it?
Enjoy His love each passing hour,
And for His glory end it.

I would not leave my wonted place,
Nor drop my daily duty;
But fill it with His fragrant grace,
Adorn it with His beauty.

Since life’s short span will soon be past,
Let *every* day be as my last,
And this my warm endeavour—
Each hour to list what He doth say,
Serve His blest wishes all the way,
Then dwell with Him for ever. GEO. C.

SCATTERED SEED.

"3, —, Claim."

IT was years ago, on a spot that is now covered by the city of Idaho. Gold-diggers were at work with but little success. Some twenty or more cabins were built above a creek, and the occupants had little idea of the value of the site. Underneath those cabins the bed rock contained a rich vein of gold. The trouble of bringing water up from the creek led some of them to hire a well-digger to dig a well for them. At a depth of about six yards he struck the bed rock, and seeing grains of gold in his bucket he went to the river to wash some of the earth out. He found a good yield of gold—perhaps ten shillings' worth in the one pan—and went at once to show his find to the men who were gambling in the saloon near by. At the news they rushed forth, ran up beside the creek, and posted up each for himself a notice something like this—

*I, —, claim sixty feet
west of this notice for mining
purposes.*

In half an hour the whole of the beach along by the side of the creek was "claimed." All of these yielded abundant gold.

How quick man is to seize an opportunity to gain the gold that perisheth, but what folly he shows as to the "gold tried in the fire"!

Some have found this gold—the gold that abides—the gold of God's present and eternal blessing. We go to tell others what we have discovered, but they heed it not. There is plenty for them, but they will not "claim" it. They will not make it their own.

It was not long before all the claims were taken up along the bank of that creek, and many were disappointed that they could not share in the find. Indeed, those who were having the well sunk were not able to secure any of the ground for themselves. They were away on the hills prospecting when the bed rock was struck, and when they returned they were too late to claim any site.

Oh, sinner, now you may claim, but tomorrow you may be too late! *Half an hour* sufficed for the gamblers to seize upon their various claims—then the best were exhausted. For nearly nineteen hundred years the grace of God has waited for man. Still there is room. Still you may be blessed. But the moment will come when the judgment of God will fall upon those who have slighted God's so great salvation.

Put in your claim *now*.

The Two Kings.

WHEN Charles I., King of England, was summoned to the scaffold, almost the last words the doomed monarch was heard to utter were these, "I forgive my enemies," and yet when the executioner knelt and begged his forgiveness, he said, "No, I forgive no subject of mine who comes deliberately to shed my blood."

Now listen to the dying words of another and a greater King—the Son of God Himself. After sentence has been passed upon Him, He is led out to the hill called Calvary to be crucified. The people make a crown of thorns and put it on His holy head. They smite Him, and spit in His face, and in mocking worship they bow to Him; then sitting down they watch Him there.

His heart, unlike that of Charles I., is full of love to the last, and He cries aloud, "Father, forgive them."

SCATTERED SEED.

Judas, His betrayer, confesses that he has shed innocent blood. Pilate, His judge, declares that he finds no fault in Him; and though Herod mocks Him and sets Him at naught, yet he sees nothing in Him worthy of death.

The judges of Charles I. found him guilty of being a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the good of the nation; but this Man, the Son of God, had done nothing amiss.

Is the death of Jesus then, like that of Charles I., an event of merely historical interest, which, happening so many years ago, does not affect us at this present day? Not at all.

Charles I. died because of his own transgressions, but Jesus died to put away *your* sins. He died for *you*. His blood is the atonement for your sins, and though they be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, if you will only trust in the finished work of Christ.

"But," you object, "I am not a sinner. I give to the poor, I regularly visit the sick, I do all I can to help in religious work; therefore I am not a sinner." God says: "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23), and "There is none that doeth good; no, not one." How then are you to reconcile what God says with what you say?

It is "not for the righteousness or for the uprightness of thy heart," therefore, that you may hope to find favour with God.

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."

His life, His glory, and all that He had He laid aside that He might win the heart of a poor sinner like you. Can you not fully confide in such love? Surely love could no further go!

Of course, if you are not a sinner, I grant that you do not need a Saviour; it is the sick and not the whole who need the physician. But whether you believe it or not, you *are* sick—sick unto death. You are covered

from head to foot with that vilest of all diseases—SIN. There is nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ which will effectually cure you. Will you not finally decide, then, for the One who is "mighty to save"? If you will only turn to Him now, this very moment, you shall hear His loving voice say to you: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins." Why will you not come to "the just God and Saviour," and be saved with the everlasting salvation which He now offers to all who believe on Christ's name?

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). J. T. M.

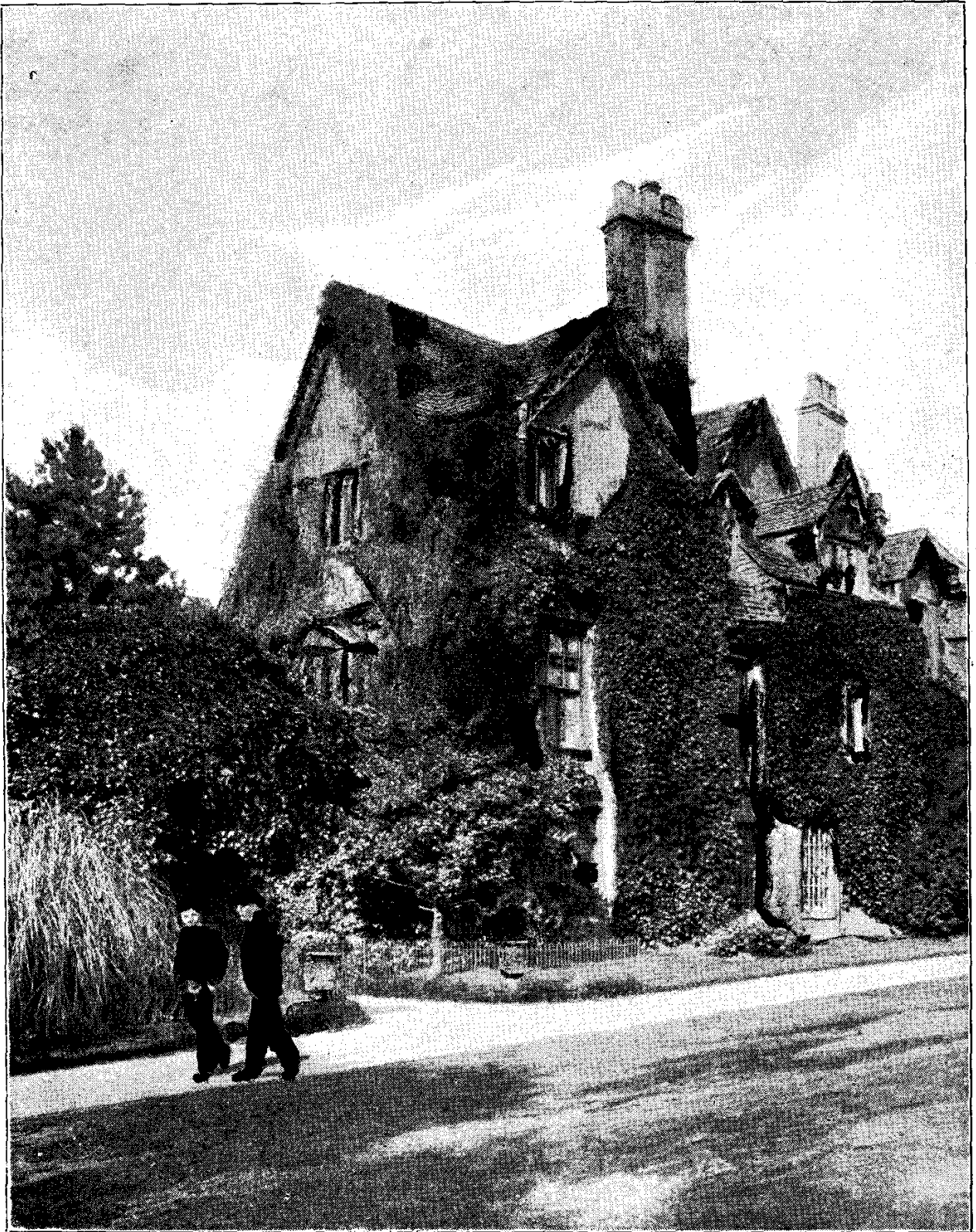
A Marvel.



ANY a time have I wondered that men of reason, that are here to-day and in endless joy or misery to-morrow, should be able to forget such inexpressible concerns. Methinks they should easier forget to rise, or dress themselves, or to eat, or drink, or anything than to forget an endless life, which is undoubtedly certain and so near. Oh, wonderful stupidity of an un-renewed soul! Oh, wonderful folly and distractedness of the ungodly! Every man of you must shortly be in another world, where all the pomp and pleasure of this world will be forgotten, or remembered but as sin and folly. Sometimes the preachers of the gospel do call on you to remember your God, your souls, your Saviour, your ends, your everlasting state, and to remember your misdoings, that you may loathe yourselves and may find life; but some either scorn them, or quarrel with them, or sleep under their most serious and importunate solicitations, or carelessly and stupidly give them the hearing, as if they spoke but words of course or treated about uncertain things.—*Baxter*.

**"FLEE FROM THE WRATH
TO COME."**

SCATTERED SEED.



From a photo by

A COUNTRY VILLA.

[Gillman and Co.]

The Passion Flower.

WHILE in the English Lake District last autumn I was much struck with a passion flower in full bloom as I closely observed its lovely colours and wonderful form. It spoke to me of the handiwork of the wise Creator-God, and in one way reminded me of the great salvation day.

When the flower has come out fully it remains open just one single day and no longer; it then closes up, never more to open.

This I put to the proof by marking a stone close to where some of these flowers were in full bloom and carefully noting their various positions on the side of the villa which was close to my lodgings. So, you see, if the beauties of one of the blossoms of this choice flower are really to be seen at all, it must be

UPON THE VERY DAY IT IS OPEN.

Now, salvation's day is not confined to an ordinary day of twenty-four hours. No; the God of all grace would have all to be saved, and that day of longsuffering mercy has already run a bright course of nearly two thousand years. Better still, it is yet day-time, and all may avail themselves of it. But its sun is hastening down the western sky, and soon the night will fall. Flee, then, to the Lord Jesus Christ. It is indeed well for you that it is still "the accepted time"—still "the day of salvation." As surely as the passion flower closes up, so will the day of salvation,

NEVER, NEVER MORE TO SHED ITS LIGHT UPON YOU.

To miss a sight of a passion flower is not serious, but to miss God's salvation will mean eternal ruin to you. To have had such golden opportunities of being saved, and after all have to exclaim, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!"

Think of the love of Jesus and what He accomplished for lost sinners, who so richly

deserve all that He endured. He is now a Prince and a Saviour at God's right hand, still as ready to save as ever.

* * * * *

May *you*, my reader, have grace to believe in that blessed Saviour before it is too late, then you will be with Him and like Him in His own eternal glory.

"There everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers."

J. N.

Who can Stand?

WHO can stand before the law of God? Who can say, I have not transgressed it? How can one justify one's self by a law one has transgressed? By the law is the knowledge of sin. What is to be done?

Hear what the apostle says: "But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood."

It is the precious blood of Christ, the Lamb of God, which is the only answer (which God Himself has furnished to us) to the demand of the justice which condemns the sinner.

It is the righteousness of God by Jesus that makes righteous the man who has no righteousness to present to God, so that God is just in justifying him that has faith in Jesus.

What grace! What a blessing for the poor sinner who has a heart broken enough and cleansed sufficiently true for him to condemn himself! Boasting is excluded through faith in Jesus.

SCATTERED SEED.



AN EASTERN SHEPHERD.

For the Little Ones.

The Faithful Shepherd.

THE Eastern shepherd has to defend his flock from the ravages of lions and other beasts of prey, as well as to feed them in the green pastures. David had to fight the lion and the bear in order to deliver his father's lamb from their grasp. I read a touching story lately of a Syrian shepherd whose flock was assailed by some of those beasts of prey. A helpless lamb would have been carried off, but the faithful shepherd tore it from the ravenous beast, which became so enraged that it sprang upon the shepherd and bit him badly. He was found bled to death, with the lamb safely folded in his bosom.

The Good Shepherd gave His life for His sheep, and He will never allow one of them to be carried off by the lion. (*Extracted.*)

My Passport to Glory.

ANICE floral text hangs on the wall of my little room, which I call "My passport to glory." I will tell you how I came to give it this name. My father was travelling on the Continent during the time of the Franco-German war, and when he came to a certain place on the borders of Prussia, he was asked for his passport. He began to search for it, but it could not be found. In his eagerness to catch the steamer he had left it behind. He sought to explain his position, but it was of no use; they must have the passport before he could enter Prussian territory. So he had to turn back and come home. When he told that story to us, he said, "I thought it was just like what it will be with many a sinner when he comes to the confines of eternity without

a passport for glory, but, thank God, I have that all right."

"What is it, father?" I asked, for although only a little girl, I was deeply interested in what he had just said.

"I will tell you, my dear child," said he, taking me on his knee. "It is this, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners' (1 Tim. i. 15). That I shall present at the pearly gate of heaven, and I know it will pass me in, and onward to the throne of God. No sinner who has believed that glorious fact, and cast himself on the Saviour of the lost, will ever be turned back or cast out."

I never forgot that simple word. A year or two after I really saw my need, and cast myself on the Lord Jesus, and I can say with all certainty, as my dear father did that day, that this is my passport for glory.

He has passed within the gate and is to-day "with Christ," and when the moment comes for me to enter I shall present "my passport," which I have *already* received, and pass into the presence of the King.

Have you got your passport? Do not leave it until the last moment. (*Extracted.*)

Gospel Verses to Search for and Learn.

"NEITHER is there salvation in any other: for there is NONE other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts, chap. ., verse .

"THROUGH His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." Acts, chap. ., verse .

"BE it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." Acts, chap. ., verse .

"WHAT must I do to be saved? . . . Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Acts, chap. ., verse .

For the Boys.

A Youth's Letter to his Friends.

HAMILTON, *May 28th*, 1881.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Having been asked to write out an account of my conversion, I will try as near as I can to tell you how it took place.

I was in the habit of going to hear some evangelists last winter, that is, in 1880, and I used to hear them say how easy it was to be saved, and how happy they were; and they said that I could be as happy as they; but, alas! I still put off Christ, and clung to sin; and down the broad road I was going—going to that eternity where the sun I would not see, but would be in hell for ever.

Little did I think about eternity then, and little did I think that I should see this day, when I should tread this narrow way.

My heart was hard, but the Lord was merciful, yet I had no thought about the Lord; my thoughts were with my father the devil, and I would go where he wanted me—to theatres; but the Lord was still kind in bearing with me. I might have had my wages, which you will see in Romans vi. 23.

Oh, my friends, if you are not saved, you are waiting for your wages!

Some nine months had passed since I heard the preaching referred to, and I was still unsaved; but God still loved me, and He did not want me to go to hell. Praise the Lord! For it says in Ezekiel xxxiii. 11 He did not want me to die.

On the 14th January, 1881, I was in Hamilton, and was about to go into a theatre, and was just at the door, but God stopped me, and I would not go in, so I turned back to walk the streets; but I had not gone far when I heard some people singing, and I saw them go into a building,

where they were having gospel services. But the devil had not let me go quite, and I would not go up to hear them; but the singing I could not forget—it cut me to the heart. I wandered on, but I could not go far, so I went home, thinking of the hymns that I had heard.

When I got home they asked me if the people had put me out of the city (Hamilton), but I could not talk as I usually did; but I went to bed still unsaved.

This was Saturday. Sunday came. I went to my box, got my Bible, and I read a little in Jeremiah. When night came I went to Hamilton, and went to the place where they were going to have gospel service. All seemed to be happy but me. And why was it that I was so unhappy? I was a sinner, and knew it. They sang a hymn. This is the hymn they sang. I have only put a few lines of it:—

“We’re travelling home to heaven above—
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour’s dying love—
Will you go? Will you go?”

I knew that I was on a road, but not the road to heaven. They had nearly sung the hymn, when it came to—

“My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell—
Will you go? Will you go?”

I thought that I should like to go, but I was still unhappy; so they prayed, and had another hymn, then came the time for me—a time I can never forget. That text went to my soul. It was: “Remember Lot’s wife.” She looked back and was lost. The meeting concluded, but I was still unhappy. Soon a young man came up to me, and asked me if I was saved, but I only laughed at him, yet I knew that I should like to be saved myself.

I went up to the meeting the next night, that was the 17th January, 1881, and I was still unsaved. I was laughing still at them, but that night, or nearer morning, I was saved. As I went home that night I found Jesus, and was saved. Praise the Lord for saving me from eternity in hell!

SCATTERED SEED.

But oh, sinner, there is an eternity. Thine own turn to enter eternity will shortly come. Ask thyself honestly, "Am I prepared for eternity?" Give thy conscience time to answer it. It speaks to thee to-day; drown not its voice, lest it speak to thee no more. Let heaven or hell stand before thee in all their realities. One of these must be thy eternal dwelling-place. And to-day is the time to make thy choice; to-morrow may be too late. Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He wills it not; to-day He pleads with you as He did with me. He says, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?"

Pierre's Bravery.

IN front of a lofty house in course of erection at Paris was the usual scaffold loaded with men and materials. The scaffold being too weak, suddenly broke down, and the men upon it were precipitated to the ground, all except two, a young man and a middle-aged one, who hung on to a narrow ledge, which trembled under their weight and was evidently on the point of giving way.

"'Pierre,' cried the elder of the two, 'let go; I am the father of a family.'

"'C'est juste!' (That is right) said Pierre; and instantly letting go his hold, he fell and was killed on the spot. The father of the family was saved."

* * * * *

Such is the story. As I read the brief account of that Frenchman's heroism—of how he died for his fellow-workman and his family—I could but think of One who died for me. Pierre died for others. Christ, the Son of God, died for me. That family must have blessed the name of Pierre, who sacrificed his life for their benefit. It was the father who told the story of such kindness and love shown in response to his request to "let go."

Unmasked the blessed Son of God came

from on high to meet us in our need and to bring us home to God. He gave His life for us. Blessed be God, He lives again in highest glory, and to Him our thanks may ascend for His deep love to us. And

HE DIED FOR ALL.

The door of blessing has been opened for everybody. The desire of the heart of God was for the blessing of all, and the Lord Jesus in His death has made the way for the blessing to flow to us in righteousness.

Folly and Wisdom.

IF you are laying up treasure for yourself and not rich towards God, He says, "You are a fool" (Luke xii. 20, 21).

If you are trusting in your own heart, God says, "You are a fool" (Prov. xxviii. 26).

If you are making clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness, God says, "You are a fool" (Luke ii. 39, 40).

If you are raising such questions as, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? God says, "You are a fool."

If you despise wisdom, God says, "You are a fool" (Prov. i. 7).

* * * * *

Christ is the wisdom of God (1 Cor. i. 24).
Do you possess Him? (Extracted.)

You May be Blessed.

THE heart of God is the source of our blessing.

THE work of Christ is the channel by which the blessing flows to us.

THE Holy Spirit is the power by which we may enjoy the blessing.

A DEVOTED life is the proper result of the enjoyment of the blessing.

For the Girls.

A B C.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS.



SOME of the earliest letters we can remember are these first letters of the alphabet. We know them very well indeed, but perhaps they can be used to teach us important lessons even now.

I want to link some words with these letters, so that whenever you see them in future you may remember this meeting.

First of all, then, let us use them to remind us that we all have

A BAD CHARACTER.

Romans iii. tells us what we are in the sight of God. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." "There is none righteous, no, not one. . . . They are all gone out of the way. . . . There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." If I were to offer a shilling to any boy or girl who is good in the sight of God, who has never had a bad thought, or said a bad word, or done a bad deed, who has never been selfish, or disobedient, or untruthful, or unkind, who could come for it? No one here could come. If you made a mistake and came, I should have to say, "You are making a great mistake, and without knowing it you are making God a liar. He says that if we say we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us. God says that *all* have sinned; that "all" includes the writer, and that "all" includes the reader also. Years ago a lady said to a friend of a preacher after a seaside service, "Is that true?" "Is what true?" he asked. "Is it true that there is no difference?" She could not understand how that in the sight of God all were alike as sinners. Many are like her to-day. They do not believe that they are guilty before God and need a Saviour, just as the more open sinners who are around us. They have a bad character—but so have we. It is not that we are murderers, or thieves, or pick-

pockets. No, but we *are* sinners. We had done our own will and gone our own way.

It would be useless for a man who was being tried as a burglar to say that he had not committed murder or that he was always sober. The thing before the judge is whether he is a burglar or not. My dear young friend, you are a *sinner*. You may be better than many, but you are a *sinner*. You may be well brought up, but you are a *sinner*. You may be religious, but you are a *sinner*. It is useless to plead, "I have not done this or that or the other thing." What *hast thou done?* Thou hast sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Now have you owned this to God?

The next A B C we will speak of is

A BLESSED CHRIST.

How different this is! We turn away from what we are to think of what the Lord Jesus is. When He was here on earth He was just unlike us. He never sinned. No unkind word ever fell from His lips; no selfish action ever stained His life. He was without blemish and without spot, and wherever we follow Him in all His blessed path we find Him faithful to God and blessing man—healing the sick, curing the leper, feeding the hungry, blessing the children, forgiving the sinful, raising the dead. "He went about doing good." How unlike the sinner, who goes about doing harm! Living for ourselves, we do evil; going our own way is sin. Do you remember what it says in Isaiah liii.? The sixth verse tells us, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." We have not all gone just the same way, we have not all done just the same sins; but we all have gone astray, we have all turned to our own ways. Christ never did that. He was here to do the will of God, and always did it. As He Himself could say, "He that sent Me is with Me: the Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please Him" (John viii. 29). But we think of the Lord Jesus on the cross. Why was He there? Why was the sinless, spotless Son of God in all the darkness and suffering of Calvary's tree?

SCATTERED SEED.

It was for us, that we who were sinners might be saved; that we might be cleansed from our sins, and made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. It was for this that Christ died. In no other way could we be fitted for God's holy eye, or be able to serve Him aright. Now, through the Lord Jesus, the pardon of sins is preached, and "through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive the remission of sins." Blessed message to fall on the ears of the troubled and distressed! Full forgiveness for all. Then, believing the good news, knowing the grace of God, each can seek to serve Him and become, like Stephen,

A BOLD CONFESSOR

of Christ. We have not strength for this ourselves, but, clinging to Christ, He will give us all the strength we need. We may make promises, and break them; we may form good resolutions, and fail to carry them out. But if we keep depending on Christ, abiding in Him, He will give us grace to own Him at all costs.

I have read of a girl who, when quite a little child, had been saved by her mother from a burning house. The mother's face was badly burnt and greatly disfigured. One day the girl was walking with a friend along the road, and the mother was coming towards them. The friend said, "Oh, what an ugly woman this is coming towards us!" Now the child might have said, "Oh, don't say that; it is my darling mother, and her face was burned when she saved me." But she feared to, and simply said, "Yes, she is ugly," and passed by her mother as though she did not see her. She was afraid of being laughed at by her friend.

Is it not so with us who do love the Lord Jesus? If we do not abide in Him we can do nothing. It is as we keep near Him that we can be bold in His cause. Stephen could live and die for Christ, not in his own might, but in the might Christ gave, and you and I can seek grace to live day by day for Him we love, and He will never disappoint us.

"The Lord Bless thee and Keep thee."

"**H**E Lord bless thee."
How shall He bless thee?
Not with earth's vain empty blessing,
Joys that fade in the possessing;
Not with earth's poor fleeting treasure,
Not with earth's mean scanty measure;
But with the blessings of Him
Whose light cannot fade nor dim,
Whose boundless store
Yields ever more and more:
Whose mighty strength
Knows neither shortness nor length;
Whose wondrous love
Outspans the heavens above:
With the gladness that knoweth no decay,
With the riches that cannot pass away,
With the sunshine that makes an endless day:
Thus may He bless thee!

"And keep thee."

How shall He keep thee?
Not with earth's poor feeble keeping,
Eyes that cannot stay from sleeping;
Not with earth's fast-tiring power:
Strength too weak for trouble's hour,
But with the keeping of Him
Whose eye can never grow dim
Whose potent arm
Can ward off each alarm;
Whose untiring zeal
No weariness can feel;
Whose tender care
Sends just what we can bear;
With the all-covering shadow of His wings;
With the strong love that guards from evil things;
With the sure power that safe to glory brings,
Thus may He keep thee!

ETERNITY.

Ever—for ever thy portion shall be
To dwell in the light with the Saviour on high,
Enjoying with Him all the riches of glory,
Rejoicing to be by His blood thus made nigh;

OR

Never to enter that home of the blest;
In blackness of darkness for ever to dwell;
The Saviour who suffered—thou wouldst not receive
Him,
Your soul thou hast lost, and thy woes who shall tell?

Words of Peace.

The Door is Open. Come out.

I WAS deeply impressed the other day with a sentence in a letter I received from a person at a distance, in which he states, "The gospel, as (sometimes) preached in our day, is of no use to a man WHO FEELS HIMSELF TO BE LOST."

When a man has broken the laws of his country and is under sentence of death, he paces the floor of his gloomy cell, looks through the iron grate, and thinks of the fearful morrow. That is something like being lost as to this world. Let us go down the dark passage and speak to him at the iron grate. Hark! how he groans. What will you say to him? Would a lecture on morality do? Would you tell him to be a good man and keep the laws of his country? Would he not reply, "You very much mistake my case; that sort of talk is no help to me at all; my life is forfeited. I am under the sentence of death." Poor lost one! Would it help him if you engaged to keep the laws of his country for him? Not in the least; the law demands his life, and the day is fixed. The only way of keeping the law for him would be to die in his stead; and the only good news that would meet his case would be the free pardon of his sovereign.

Such is the case of an awakened sinner who feels HIMSELF LOST. This world to him is a condemned cell. The devil roars in his conscience, GUILTY! GUILTY! He has tried to be innocent; he has pleaded, "Not so guilty as my neighbours"; he has tried "to mend"; he has tried to keep the law of God; he has broken it more and more. And now, trembling with guilt and fear, conscience, the devil's jailer, has turned the heavy bolt of the iron gate of *despair*. And thus, sooner or later, is every saved sinner brought to utter despair as to all help in self or self's

doings. Now, what is the good news that will meet a man who has thus learnt the truth about himself and feels himself lost?

Will it meet his case to tell him to amend his life, to love God and keep His commandments? Would he not reply, "You don't understand my case at all. If I could do that, I should not be *lost*; but I *am* lost. I *am* vile, I *am* condemned; I have forfeited my life, heaven, everything!"

Reader, art thou the man? Have I described thy condition? Art thou one who feelest thyself lost? Then hearken! I will tell thee of One who came to seek and

TO SAVE THE LOST.

I come not to thy iron grate to tell thee what thou must do. Nothing that thou canst do can save thee from thy dark condemned cell nor thy future fearful doom. I tell thee, if the Spirit of God has thus made thee feel thou art lost, I have good news from heaven to thee. There *sits* Jesus at the right hand of the Majesty on high; that is the Blessed One, who came in pity to this condemned cell, who took the sinner's place, died, the just for the unjust. Hadst thou forfeited thy life? He gave up His own, even to the death of the cross. Hadst thou forfeited heaven? He left it and became a man of sorrows. Oh, think of the glory of this mighty Saviour! He knew that nothing short of His very life's blood could meet thy guilty, condemned state. He gave it freely. What plenteous redemption through that precious blood! Thou hadst sinned against God, and God is satisfied, justified, glorified by this precious sacrifice. God hath raised Him from the dead, "and through Him is preached the forgiveness of sins"—free, full, everlasting forgiveness through Him, not through thy doing; and *by Him*, not by thy doing, thou and "all that believe *ARE justified* from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

The door is open. Come out and rejoice in the gospel that suits the man who feels *himself* to be lost.

C. S.

God is for Us.

HOW different is the Holy Ghost's reasoning from that of the natural man, or even, it may be, of the quickened soul, who, judging of God by himself, would say, "He must judge me, for I know I deserve it!" "But God commendeth His love. . . . Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."

The Holy Ghost reasons downwards from what God is in grace to the full effect of that grace; not upwards as man does, from his responsibility to what God will be.

The Holy Ghost unfolds what God is to meet the wants of my soul.

True it is the sinner deserves judgment, he needs not merely to be made better (that will not do); he wants a Saviour. Here is reasoning God will allow, He will allow it till we have got a Saviour; but here, when the Holy Ghost reasons from what God has done for the sinner, it is quite another thing.

It is much harder to learn that we are without strength than that we are ungodly.

If a dead Christ is made a Saviour, a living Christ will be a Friend to you. A dying for you (the weakest thing, as it appears in nature, though it was God's strength), and now how will He not do all you want of Him in His life? If He died for you when your sins were on you, how much more will He care for you now your sins are gone! A living Christ cannot be to destroy you, if a dying Christ has saved you (mark, not only the power of the argument, but its grace in taking away all torment from the heart, for "fear hath torment").

* * * * *

We first rejoice in the things given, but do not rest there, we rejoice in Him who gives them and delight in the things that God is in Himself. He is holy, He is love, He is great in goodness. I can boast in Him who has so loved us and say what a God I have, what a God to me. Holiness would naturally terrify us, but we are in the

light; and we can sit down with joy in the presence of Him who is the source of all our blessings.

If my will is not broken it is true I cannot joy in God, I cannot even joy in tribulations, because He has to deal with me in such a way as to break my will, and we never like that process; but afterwards, when we are walking with Him, when He has broken it down, we can joy in Him. And so if I stray in practical walk I do not doubt my salvation, but I cannot joy in God, though we know joy is there; we only joy in God when walking with Him. If I stray I can reflect about the joy, but I must take a double step in getting back. I must judge the sin according to the judgment of sins on the cross, where the sin I have committed is put away, and return to God's unchanging grace before I can again joy in God.

J. N. D.

"No Condemnation."

IN Christ," no condemnation:
I stand before God's face
Perfect in Christ, without a spot,
A trophy of His grace.

Jesus my judgment bore
When on the cross of shame;
My sins, myself, for ever gone,
All glory to His name.

And I have peace with God
Nothing can take away,
Secured by Jesus' precious blood,
Shed on that wondrous day.

No fears my soul disturb,
For Christ is on the throne,
A proof that God is satisfied
With what His Son has done.

And soon I hope to see
My blessed Saviour's face,
When I shall praise in louder strains
The riches of His grace.

Till then I would proclaim
His wondrous dying love,
And seek to follow Him below
Until we meet above. F. E. L. H.

For Young Believers.

"A Good Soldier."

COURAGE and boldness in the face of danger and conflict may help to bring victory in the fight; but to go through a campaign and come out of it triumphant needs another quality—endurance.

Hence the apostle Paul exhorts Timothy "to *endure* hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

The Christian pathway is one long campaign—that is, if he really desire to be a "good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Do you seek to follow Jesus in your daily life? Do you desire to serve the One whose precious blood was shed that you might be cleansed and brought under His banner of love?

Then you must be prepared to "endure hardness."

Every day will bring testing, and how can we meet these tests and trials, these difficulties and besetments so that our great Captain may be honoured and glorified? Will not devotion of heart to Himself make us victors?

Many a soldier has been inspired, by devotion to a trusted commander, to endure immense hardships. And what a Commander we have in our Lord Jesus Christ! The apostle Paul was himself a striking example of one who endured hardness. We have only to read the latter part of 2 Corinthians xi. to see that he knew, by experience, all that was entailed in being a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

But what carried him through to a triumphant finish, so that he could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith"? Was it not whole-hearted devotion to Christ? Note his words to the Philippians, "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life, or by death. For to me to live is Christ, and

to die gain." "I can do all things," says he, "through Christ, who gives me power."

Let us then, dear reader, just let our affections go out to the One who *endured* the cross, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

We shall be more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

Keep in the Sunshine.

WHY is it that the plants in cottage windows are so often such beautiful specimens, so fresh and full of blossom, and remain in bloom so long?

The reason is found in the constant care which is bestowed upon them. They are looked after with such patient zeal. The sunniest window is chosen, and the proper supply of water is given. From the oldest to the youngest in the cottage, all do what they can for the flowers on the sill, and the result is that they yield a good return for the labour expended.

Three things go to make them flourish—good soil, good sunshine, good water.

Now, dear young Christian, you are one of the Lord's plants. You are privileged to grow up and bloom for Him. You are planted in good soil, in the good soil of the grace of God. This is where you can grow. You know His goodness. Your roots may take well hold of this—hold fast grace—for only thus can you blossom aright. Then you need plenty of sunshine. "Keep yourselves in the love of God." Do not let anything in to turn your face away from Him. The love of God shines upon you; just enjoy it, and if anything would seek to make a cloud, judge it.

Then you will need watering, and you will find in prayer and reading of the Scriptures, in dependence upon God, the refreshment which you need. They that be planted in the courts of the Lord shall flourish in the house of our God.

For Christian Workers.

Sent Ones.

I.

The waiting One—I heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send?"

The ready One—"Here am I; send me."

The word to the sent One—"Go" (Isa. vi. 8, 9).

II.

The waiting one is sent—"Go, work."

His place appointed—"in My vineyard."

His time arranged—"to-day" (Matt. xxi. 28).

III.

Workers must be—

1. *Competent* (1 Chron. ix. 13; xii. 33).
2. *Whole-hearted* (Neh. iv. 6; vi. 3).
3. *Men of valour* (2 Chron. xxxii. 7, 8).
4. *Diligent* (Ezra vii. 23; Neh. iv. 21).
5. *Vigilant* (Neh. iv. 11, 18).
6. *Not discouraged* (Neh. iv. 11-14).
7. *Must look to God for results* (Neh. iv. 20).
8. *Keep His honour in view* (Neh. v. 9; vi. 15).
9. *Give Him the glory* (Neh. xii. 27, 43).
(*Extracted.*)

NOW.

Now is the time for toil,
Now must the work be done;
Now must you gather up the spoil,
Ere sinks the setting sun.

Now, is the wise man's word,
"To-morrows" never come;
Now let the Master's voice be heard,
"Go, bring the wanderer home."

Now are the fields all white,
Then reap while it is day;
Sleep not, for still the sun is bright—
Go, work while yet ye may.

**YOU HAVE A POUND
TO ACCOUNT FOR.
DO NOT FORGET IT!**

Gleanings in Many Fields.

It is a sweet thought that He who *sends the storm steers the vessel*, and not only so, but He is pledged to take care of all on board, and will glorify Himself by bringing all safe to land.

HOWEVER strong our faith may be to-day, it will be weak to-morrow if we do not walk in fellowship with God. Faith will only thrive in the atmosphere of God's presence.

ABSOLUTE consecration to Jesus is the strongest bond between human hearts. It strips them of self, and they have but one soul in thought, intent, and settled purpose, because they have only one Object.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
And by Thy love I live.
I am as nothing, and desire to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

STRENGTH is not given to a believer as you give a shilling to a beggar, who can go and spend it as he likes; it is always in connection with *Christ Himself*. Apart from Me ye can do NOTHING.

AROUND us there are souls to help,
Where truth with falsehood feebly strives.
Forget yourself—seek day by day
To help and gladden other lives.
Self forgetting, helping others,
Soothing those by sorrow prest,
Thou shalt find in life thy mission,
And thou shalt thyself be blest.

NOTHING between, Lord, nothing between.
Thus may I walk with Thee,
Thee only may I see,
Thine only let me be—nothing between.

THIS path which I tread in the waste
Is one vast disclosure of love,
Begun in the passover haste,
Fulfilled in His presence above.

If the ear of sinners be shut to our words,
let our mouth be opened at the Mercy-seat
on their behalf.

SCATTERED SEED.

The Saving Name of Jesus.

THE name by which, according to angelic communication, our Lord was to be called, was *Jesus*, meaning "Jehovah-Saviour"; and the reason given was because He should "save His people" (Matt. i. 21).

He is presented thus as Saviour. But from what does He save His people? From trouble? From disease? From enemies? Nay, but "from their sins."

He is their Saviour from sin. And truly this is the greatest deliverance of all. His people are at rest on the awful question of sin. They are conscious that Satan is still their enemy, that sickness is still their lot, that trial and poverty and sorrow still strew their path, and that death may still overcome their bodies; but they know that their sins were all borne by their Saviour. This pacifies their conscience, bridges the gulf between God and them, and secures their eternal glory.

Hence to them the name of Jesus is precious—ininitely so—for in Him they see their Saviour. True, they could not know Him as such apart from repentance and the work of the Spirit in them, but their salvation is contained and covered by the name of Jesus. This necessitated His death and resurrection for its basis, and His life in glory for its security; but all is in Him.

It is not that He saves them from sinning, but from their sins, their guilt, their rebellion against God, their hopeless state of alienation in offences and sins. They will assuredly sin, and that seriously, until they walk in lowly dependence on God, because the root of sin remains ever in the flesh; but He is their blessed Saviour from their sins. That is settled by His very name.

But, then, who are His people? Who form the happy circle of such a gracious deliverance?

Israel? Nay, for we read that "He came to His own, and His own received Him not"! They rejected and crucified their Messiah! His blood lies primarily on them.

"But as many as received Him, to them gave He the power [privilege] to become the children of God, even to them that believe on His name."

How wide is this! How generous! "As many as . . . believe on His name," no matter who.

But is there no condition? Is it just a passive assent to the saving power of His name? Stay, we further read: "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 11-13).

Belief in the name of Jesus and being born of God are divine equivalents. If you have one you have the other. If you are born of God you believe in that name. If you are not born of God no other birth, or religious descent, no will or work on your own part, or on that of man for you, neither baptising nor christening, neither promise nor penance is of any avail. The name of Jesus is barred to all that is merely of the flesh. The only approach to it is by being born of God.

This constitutes "His people." They are born of God; they have received Jesus, and they believe on His name. He saves them from their sins.

Should one really interested feel perplexed as to being "born of God," let me suggest that he ponder the words "as many as received Him" rather than "born of God."

Our privilege is to "receive Him," and He makes all welcome. God is very gracious though infinitely holy.

J. W. S.

"NEITHER is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven . . . whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

What are your Thoughts?

HANNAH NEEME, a woman ninety-eight years of age, was lying in Blean Infirmary, near Canterbury. She was visited there by a gentleman who was interested in her. As he entered he asked this question:—

“Will you tell me what you were thinking about as I entered?”

She replied that she was glad to see him.

“But,” he said again, “tell me honestly what you were thinking about.”

She answered, “I was thinking of what my Sunday-school teacher taught me,” and then she repeated several verses of one of Dr. Watts’ hymns. It was the well-known one—

“I sing the almighty power of God.”

Her visitor had no doubt that Hannah knew the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, and that she was enjoying what she thought about.

My reader, do you sing the almighty power of God? It has been shown in creation. It has been shown more clearly still in redemption. Christ, who died for us, has been raised from among the dead, and is seated in heaven. He is the Saviour for sinners. For *you*, yes! for you *now*.

But let me ask you whether such subjects occupy *your* thoughts during your leisure moments. Do you know the grace of God in the forgiveness of your many sins? Are you at peace with God, so that you can with pleasure turn to Him and say, like the apostle Paul—

“WE JOY IN GOD THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST”?

Sunday-school teachers, take courage! The words you speak amid much to pain and try you are sinking into the hearts of those who hear you, and ere long may bear fruit to the glory of God and to your praise.

Remember, every man shall receive according to his own labour.

A Blessed Message.

**BUT GOD
COMMENDETH HIS LOVE**

HE shows it, He signals it, He calls our attention to it—for He would have us know and believe it without a question. And His is a love peculiar to itself. There was nothing in us to call it out. For a righteous man one would scarcely die—for a good man it is possible one might. But we were neither righteous nor good. God loved us nevertheless, and manifested it

TOWARD US

Knowing all that we were—not at all deceived as to our condition—His love was expressed toward us when we were far away and without a thought or desire toward Him.

IN THAT

WHILE WE WERE YET SINNERS

Yes; *then* He loved us. Not when we were converted. Not when we had reformed and amended our ways. No; it was before we turned to Him—while we were dark and distant—while we were yet sinners,

CHRIST

The Son of God—the Anointed One who ever did God’s blessed will, and who was Himself without spot or stain,

DIED

Went into the judgment that we deserved—endured the wrath that was our due, and then, having cried “It is finished,” bowed His blessed head in death. He died

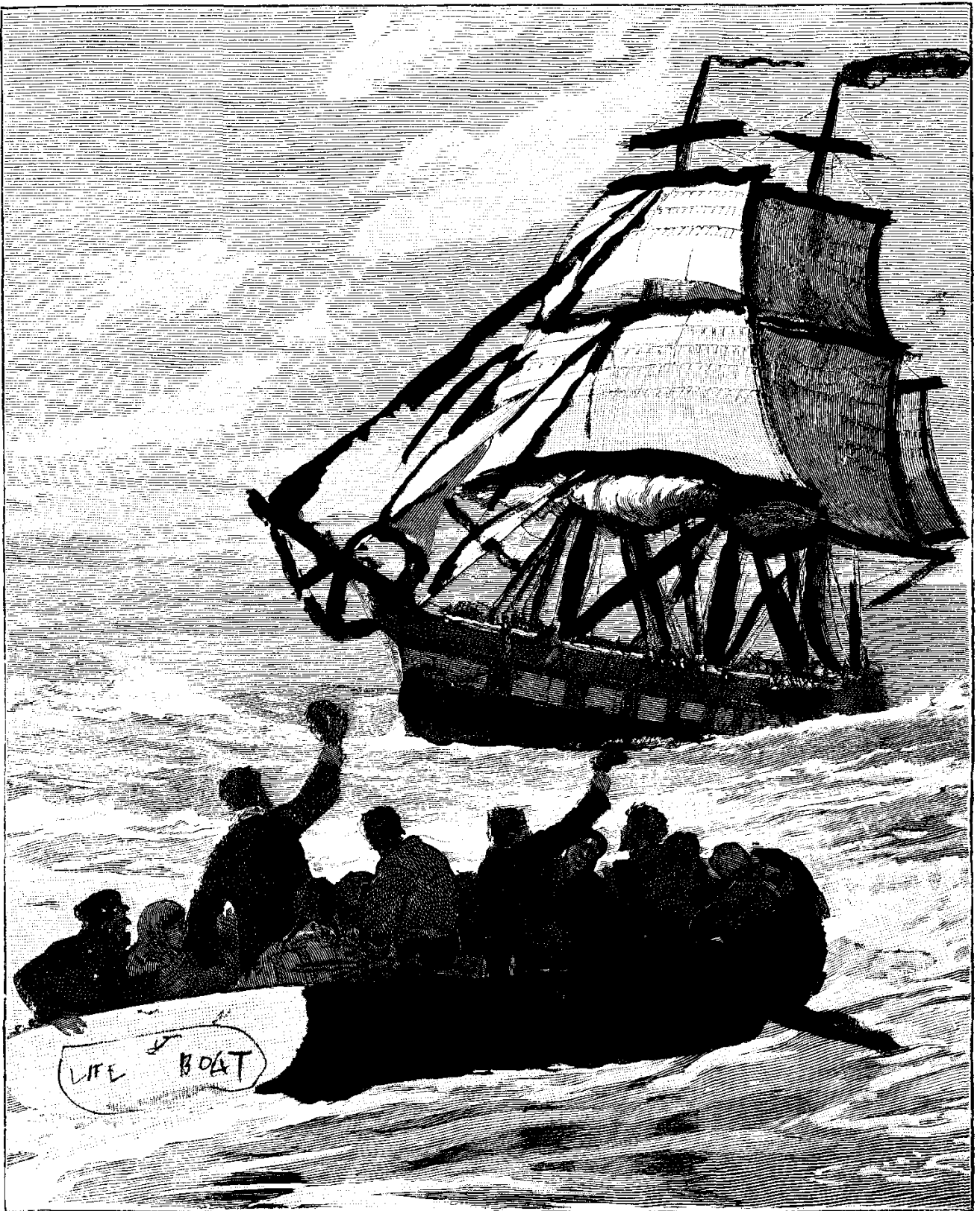
FOR US

Taking our place; suffering in our room and stead; bearing our burden; drinking the cup of judgment which we had filled.

“For us.” These were the words which were used of God to let the light in upon the darkness of an anxious girl. They were pointed out by her teacher, and she was asked what they meant; and, having thought a moment, she answered, “instead of us,” and then saw that it was for *her* as well as for others that Christ had laid down His life.

Anxious reader, it was for *you*.

SCATTERED SEED.



OUTWARD BOUND.

“Come Now!”

HOW many lads think that if they could but break away from the restraints of home they would be happy! They little think that true happiness lies in knowing God and doing His will.

Such a lad was Robert —. He was wilful and indifferent to what was said to him at home, and resolved to go to sea. At last it was arranged that he should do so, and his mother prepared his outfit and packed his sea-chest. Amongst the many things which the box contained she slipped in a tract entitled “Come Now!”

Soon the ship was on her voyage, “outward bound” for a far country.

That tract was pursued by the mother’s tenderest prayers. She longed that her boy might be blessed by its means, and that thus he might be stopped on his way down the broad road.

* * * * *

Months rolled on their course, and Robert was far away from his home. By this time he had learned that the result of having his own way was not as pleasant as he had expected, for it is ever true that “the way of transgressors is hard.” One day he was looking over his things and saw the tract. The heading struck him—“Come Now!” The words clung to him. Wherever he went he seemed to hear them, and nothing that he could do was able to turn them from his thoughts.

One day when utterly wretched a young lad on board the ship said to him, “Bob, what’s the matter with you? You look miserable.”

“Yes, lad, I am miserable,” he answered; “that tract, ‘Come Now!’ has made me wretched.”

In reply the boy said, “Ah! that reminds me that I promised my dear old mother to read my Bible at sea, and I have never opened it; let us read it now.”

He went and obtained the long-neglected book and they sat down. He opened the Bible at the first chapter of Isaiah and read on until he came to the eighteenth verse, which says, “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” But when he read the words “Come now,” Bob cried out, “Stop there, those are the very words—‘Come now’; let us see them in the tract.” So the tract was read and the first of Isaiah was finished, and the Holy Spirit showed Robert what he was as a sinner, and

He “came to Jesus as” he “was,
Weary and worn and sad”;
He “found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made” him “glad.”

Have you turned to this blessed Saviour? He calls you, just as you are now. Still His blessed words are

“COME NOW!”

He knows all about your sins. Your deep need is before Him. He has died so that the way might be open, and that whosoever will may come to Him.

COME THEN TO CHRIST!
COME NOW!

Forgiven.

FORGIVEN”—for ever;
How blessed the word!
All sin “put away”
By my glorious Lord.

“Forgiven”—for ever;
I see the blood flow.
Though once “red like crimson,”
Now—“whiter than snow.”

“Forgiven”—for ever;
“In the depths of the sea,”
“Far as east is from west”—
The pardon is free.

“Forgiven”—for ever;
“Remembered no more.”

My Saviour, I love Thee,
Thy name I adore.

ANON.

SCATTERED SEED.



IN THE HAYFIELD.

For the Little Ones.

Have you any Room?

THE summer sun shone brightly, and we enjoyed ourselves in the hayfield, just across from our country home.

Our little cousin had come to spend her holidays with us, and her presence greatly added to the sport. When we were fairly tired out, we sat down to rest in the hayfield, and my little brother began to sing a favourite ditty he had learned at school. I followed with a song, and then Amy, our cousin, was asked to sing one of hers. So she began—

“Have you any room for Jesus?
He who bore your load of sin;
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?”

She sang the whole hymn, and as it was new to all the rest of us, we listened most attentively.

When Amy had finished, we all said it was “nice,” and I said, “I wish I could sing it,” meaning of course the tune.

But Amy took it up in another way, and replied, “It’s quite easy, Maggie; you have only just to let Jesus in, then you will be saved and happy. It’s just a year since Jesus saved me, and I have been very happy ever since.” That remark astonished us all, for nobody in our home had ever told us anything like that.

Amy shared my little room, and before we went to bed she knelt down and prayed. I felt strange and very unhappy, and when Amy asked, “Are you saved, Maggie?” I burst into tears.

“You have only to own yourself a sinner, and believe that Jesus died for you on the cross, then He will save you, and come into your heart to stay.”

It was all new to me, and I could not at first understand it, but as Amy told me again and again about her conversion, I saw

the simplicity of it, and I believed and was saved.

What grand times we had singing in the hayfield then, and although Amy is away, the joy is not, for Jesus is mine.

(*Extracted.*)

A Saviour for Little Ones.

JESUS, the Saviour of sinners,
For us has died;
Once on the tree He has suffered;
In Him we hide.
Jesus the Saviour,
Saviour of sinners,
Jesus has suffered,
Has suffered for sinners like me.

Jesus the Saviour is risen;
The fight is won.
All that was needed to save us,
All, all is done.

Come to the Saviour, dear children,
And you shall know
All your dark sin-stains are cleansed,
White as the snow.

Soon with the Saviour in glory
His own shall be,
Singing the song of the ransom’d
Eternally.

Gospel Verses to Search for and Learn.

“THE blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

1 John, chap. . . , verse . . .

“My blood . . . is shed for many for the remission of sins.”

Matt., chap. . . , verse . . .

“THE Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.”

Matt., chap. . . , verse . . .

“THIS is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

1 Tim., chap. . . , verse . . .

For the Boys.

“Have you taken Warning?”

THE tidings of the recent terrible volcanic eruption in the West Indies and the tremendous loss of life connected with it were received on our shores with horror and consternation. The later news that some had escaped with their lives was heard with great thankfulness. Then it was known that some warning of the impending eruption had been given, but had not been generally received.

“How foolish,” some may say, “not to have taken such a warning! I should have fled at once.” But would you? How is it, then, you have not profited by the warning given *you* of a still greater danger? Why have you not taken God’s warning? Why are you, still in your sins, hastening on to a Christless eternity—“without God, without hope”?

“Oh, that is a different matter,” you say. Is it? Yes. Perhaps so, for the soul is infinitely more precious than the body, and on your choice for salvation, your acceptance or neglect of salvation, eternal life and eternal death are trembling in the balance.

Many times, perhaps, God’s love has been put before you, and many times, perhaps, you have been told that “the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world” (1 John iv. 14).

Do you think that God will not hold you responsible for the time and opportunities that He has given you, the days of health and strength, the blessing of a clear brain and understanding, all of which you have used only for your own will and pleasure?

One of the saddest verses in the Bible is found in Revelation ii. 21—“I gave her space to repent . . . she repented not.” Will you let such a record be true of you?

“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” He who neglects salvation in

this life can but receive damnation in the next. Harsh-sounding words perhaps, but, dear soul, if one sought to snatch you from falling over a precipice, would you complain that the grip was hard and painful? If one roused you from sleep in a burning house, would the awakening touch be a gentle one?

Oh, then, harden not your hearts; “now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.” But the night is swiftly and surely coming. “We beseech you, be ye reconciled to God,” the God who “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). Will you take your place now as one of these “whosoever”? Then eternal life, eternal love, and eternal security shall be yours for ever. F. E.

Afraid to Trust the Rope.

APARTY of miners were entombed by a fall of rock, and thus imprisoned in the depths of the earth. At length, to their joy and relief, they discovered a hanging rope, by which means they hoped to be able to ascend to a place of safety.

For some time they hesitated, fearful lest the rope might be insecure or unable to bear their weight, in which case they would be dashed to pieces and thus, instead of escaping, only meet death in another form than that which already threatened them.

At length one of their number resolved to trust himself to the rope. Great were his joy and relief to find that the rope would bear; it not only supported his weight, but proved a means of safe transit to the surface. Quickly he shouted the good news to his comrades, and before long not only himself, but his fellow-miners found themselves in safety at the mouth of the pit.

Are any of you like these miners, dear boys?

“Well, I’m not down a pit,” perhaps you

SCATTERED SEED.

may say. No, probably not; and yet, if you are still unforgiven and unsaved, you are in a far worse plight than these poor miners were.

Like these men were at first, perhaps, too, you are afraid to trust the rope.

You know all about the way of salvation, but you are afraid to try it for yourself. You have heard many times that "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," but you are afraid to avail yourself of God's offer.

The "chief of sinners" has tested and proved the value of the rope of God's salvation; need you be afraid?

If those imprisoned miners had continued to distrust the rope, they would probably have starved and died.

So, too, you, if you still refuse to avail yourself of God's salvation, will perish without excuse.

Oh! will you not trust such a mighty Saviour as the Lord Jesus Christ, that One who can "save to the uttermost"?

As the hymn says—

"Thousands have fled to His spear-piercèd side,
Welcomed they all have been, none are denied."

Then, will not *you* "venture on Him, venture wholly"?

Do not fear to cast yourself upon Him, and you too shall find that the rope will bear. The Lord Jesus Christ will not fail you.

"Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed" (Rom. ix. 33); and "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). F. E.

One Question.

Ask yourself this one question, "Do I want Him?" If so, He will have you.

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Let these simple words, or words like them, be the language of your heart. He will hear you and answer you with present and eternal blessing.

An Alphabet for Beginners.

A is Atonement, without which is judgment,
B is the Blood of the Victim for sin;
C is the Cross where deliv'rance was purchased,
D is the Death bringing freedom within.

E is Eternity looming before us,
F is the Fire of God's wrath for the lost,
G is the Glory He'll give His redeemed,
H is the Hell to escape at all cost.

I am the sinner so needing salvation,
JESUS the SAVIOUR so ready to bless,
K means the Kiss of the FATHER's forgiveness,
L is the Love of His tender caress.

M stands for Mercy as high as the heavens,
N for the Need that's as deep as the sea;
O for the OFFERING of JESUS so holy,
P for the Pardon and peace come to me.

Q is the Quest of the ransomed believer,
R is the Race that he runneth to heaven;
S is the Succour that waits on his weakness,
T is the Teaching from CHRIST that is given.

U is the Unction of God's Holy Spirit,
V is the Virtue produced by the Same;
W the Watching, and Waiting, and Working,
Also the Worship alone in Christ's name.

X for the Excellent glory succeeding,
Y for the Yearning with patience below,
Z for the Zeal which should mark all who love Him,
Till we are with Him, and all His grace know.
W. H. W.

Now.

NOW is the time of all times for you to come to Christ, dear lads. You have all life before you; and if it is given you to live, you may spend a long life in the best of service—the service of the Lord Jesus Christ.

As a lad I came to Him, and I have ever proved His care. I have known ups and downs in my life, as everyone finds as the days go by; but the Lord Jesus has ever been my Help and Stay, and has given me joy and gladness when everything around was difficult. In school life, office life, home life, the Lord Jesus will aid you and enable you to lead a bright, useful life for the good of those around you.

For the Girls.

Beta's Search for Happiness.

BETA was six years of age when she went to her first school. It may have been because she was the youngest in years that the governess and elder girls made a great pet of her, but this was not to her advantage. For some time Beta had the character of being a very quiet, modest little girl, but she thought differently of herself. She thought she was the worst child living, though she had a longing to be good.

There was One who would have helped her then, but she was far away from Him. She did not want the Lord Jesus, she wanted her own will and way.

He was watching her all along and just letting her see how far she would go until, unhappy and miserable, she would let Him have His way and lead her into the way of peace.

Then she read books about good and pious children who died in early years, which made her think more and more she ought to be good, for she too might die.

How could she meet God, against whom she sinned every day of her life? So these months and years of Beta's childhood were far from being happy ones.

At this time she worked a book-marker for her brother with crimson and green silk. It had upon it the words, "Thou God seest me." But, alas! it never came before her mind that God was really looking at her. She sang hymns every Sunday, but the tunes were more to her than the words, or how could she have sung such as this verse:—

"Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead whom they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him?"

* * * * *

The early days of youth went on and passed away, leaving Beta an unhappy, wilful girl. Would she ever be happy? She thought not. She would seek more and more to forget her early impressions, and live for her own pleasure, come what would. So she desired, but somehow or the other her way did not prosper. Her studies did not go on well; her home was full of trial and affliction; her health was not good, and all she did seemed to be failure. She wanted her own way and her own self-gratification; but circumstances prevented this, and vexed her extremely.

Why should not she enjoy herself like other girls? Why not? we may ask. Because God wanted her for Himself, and thus preserved her from what would have kept her from seeing her wretchedness and misery.

At length she was brought to feel her great need of a mighty Saviour, and that One God's own Son. God wanted to make Beta very happy. How little she knew this in those days! She thought He must hate her as she hated Him. How He loves to break down a poor stubborn heart, and give it right thoughts of Himself!

* * * * *

Beta grew up to eighteen years without being happy, and then there came a turning-point in her life which will never be effaced, either from her memory or from that of the gracious Saviour who spoke to her soul. One Sunday she went with an uncle to an infirmary where he was accustomed to read and pray with the aged and infirm.

He wanted them to sing a little verse with him, which he altered by putting the name of "Jesus" in the place of the word "religion." It was this:—

"It is Jesus who can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
It is Jesus can supply
Solid comfort when we die."

Through the week that followed this verse kept coming before her, but its meaning was hidden till the next Sunday evening, when some of her cousins urged her to go

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with them to a preaching. She went, and though her mind was full of vanity and folly, she felt impelled to listen to some of the things said. Yes; the time had come when she turned to God. As she listened and heard of the Judge, of the wicked being turned into hell, and of the one who neglects or "puts off" also going there, she trembled greatly. The tears could not be kept back; she sat and wept unrestrainedly.

She heard no more of the preaching, but one great fact had taken possession of her whole being—that she was a lost sinner going away from God.

The people dispersed from the building, with the exception of those who remained for a prayer-meeting. Beta wept on and prayed too. She felt she was brought into the presence of the Lord against whom she had sinned all her life.

If she could only trust Him! But, then, might she do so?

At length she said, "Lord, I do trust Thee."

How near was He, how ready to help her! Darkness fled from her soul and light shone there, and peace remained. "It is the Lord," she said to herself, "He has done all for me!" She did not know much of Scripture, but she had learnt Psalm ciii., and with sweet and blessed surprise came to her heart and lips, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name. . . . He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." She arose from her knees, and to the surprise of those standing near her, she said:—

"I am not told to labour
To put away my sin,
So foolish, weak, and helpless
I never could begin;
But, blessed truth, I know it,
Though ruined by the fall,
Christ has my soul redeemed,
Yes, Christ has done it all!"

She went home, singing softly along the dark road:—

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be."

Her relatives were greatly surprised to hear her tell what great things the Lord had done for her, and perhaps doubting her, said they hoped what she believed would have its effect upon her ways.

From that evening Beta began to learn that the Lord, who had met her in her deep need, and had rescued her from destruction, had never expected any goodness from her. He had wanted her to accept the truth about her badness, that He might show her what a Saviour He is. He had met all God's righteous claims against sin when He died upon the cross. He was now a living Saviour for all. God would not refuse any who would take the place of a sinner and go to Him through His Son. But to seek to make one's self fit for God was altogether vain. There would have been no need for Christ to have died had people been able to free themselves from sin, so as to be suitable for a just and holy God.

No; there was no one who did good and sinned not, save God's own Son, who had in grace become the Saviour.

What good news was this for Beta to take home to her heart!

You must not suppose, however, that she was never tried or tempted from this time, but she found His ear was ever open, and that He was ever ready to hear, while His hand was stretched forth to hold her up and keep her. She found comfort in going to Him, and proved Him an ever-ready help in times of trouble. Beta still lives, learning and leaning upon the God of her help, whom she can also call Father. I trust, too, she is understanding the reason God called her to be His.

You see He wanted to be able to look upon her with pleasure before the day when He takes those He loves to be with Him above.

Now, dear young friend, what about you? Have you found that all your goodness is as a morning cloud or the early dew that passes away? If so, turn your weary gaze to the same living, loving One whom Beta found.

E. E. S.

Words of Peace.

The True Ground of Safety and Peace.



HE blood on the lintel secured Israel's peace. There was nothing more required in order to enjoy settled peace, in reference to the destroying angel, than the application of the blood of sprinkling. God did not add anything to the blood, because nothing more was necessary to obtain salvation from the sword of judgment. He did not say, "When I see the blood, and the unleavened bread or bitter herbs, I will pass over you." By no means. These things had their proper place and proper value, but they never could be regarded as the ground of peace in the presence of God.

It is most needful to be simple and clear as to what it is which constitutes the groundwork of peace. So many things are mixed up with the work of Christ that souls are plunged in darkness and uncertainty as to their acceptance. They know that there is no other way of being saved but by the blood of Christ, but the devils know this, and it avails them naught. What is needed is to know that we are saved—absolutely, perfectly, eternally saved. There is no such thing as being partly saved and partly lost; partly justified and partly guilty; partly alive and partly dead; partly born of God and partly not. There are but two states, and everyone must be in one or the other.

The Israelite was not partly sheltered by the blood and partly exposed to the sword of the destroyer. He knew he was safe. He did not hope so. He was not praying to be so. He was perfectly safe. And why? Because God had said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." He simply rested upon God's testimony about the shed blood. He set to his seal that God was true. He believed that God meant what He said, and that gave him peace. He was able to

take his place at the paschal feast in confidence, quietness, and assurance, knowing that the destroyer could not touch him when a spotless victim had died in his stead.

If an Israelite had been asked as to his enjoyment of peace, what would he have said? Would he have said, I know there is no other way of escape but by the blood of the lamb, and I know that this is a divinely perfect way; and, moreover, I know that blood has been shed and sprinkled on my door-post, but somehow I do not feel quite comfortable; I am not sure I am safe. I fear I do not value the blood as I ought, not loving the God of my fathers as I ought. Would such have been his answer? Assuredly not. And yet hundreds of professing Christians speak thus when asked if they have peace. They put their thoughts about the blood in place of the blood itself, and thus, in result, make salvation as much dependent upon themselves as if they were to be saved by works.

Now, the Israelite was saved by the blood alone, and not by his thoughts about it. His thoughts might be deep or they might be shallow; but, deep or shallow, they had nothing to do with his safety. He was not saved by his thoughts or feelings, but by the blood. God did not say, "When *you* see the blood, I will pass over you." No; but "When I see." What gave the Israelite peace was the fact that Jehovah's eye rested on the blood. This tranquillised his heart. The blood was outside and the Israelite inside, so that he could not possibly see it; but God saw, and that was quite enough.

The application of this to the question of a sinner's peace is very plain. Christ, having shed His blood as a perfect atonement for sin, has entered into the presence of God, and God's testimony assures the believer that everything is settled on his behalf. All the claims of justice have been fully answered; sin has been perfectly put away, so that the full tide of redeeming love may roll down from the heart of God along the channel which the sacrifice of Christ has opened for it.

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To this truth the Holy Ghost bears witness. He ever sets forth the fact of God's estimate of the blood of Christ. He points the sinner's eye to the accomplished work of the cross. He declares that all is done; that sin has been put far away and righteousness brought nigh—so nigh that it is "to all them that believe." Believe what? Believe what God says, because He says it, not because they feel it.

Now, we are prone to look at something in ourselves as necessary to form the ground of peace. We are apt to regard the work of the Spirit in us, rather than the work of Christ for us, as the foundation of our peace. This is a mistake. We know that the operations of the Spirit of God have their proper place in Christianity, but His work is never set forth as that on which our peace depends. The Holy Ghost did not make peace, but Christ did. The Holy Ghost is not said to be our peace, but Christ is. God did not send "preaching peace" by the Holy Ghost, but by "Jesus Christ" (Acts x. 36; Eph. ii. 14-17; Col. i. 20).

No power or energy of the Holy Ghost could cancel sin. The blood has done that. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

It is of the utmost importance to distinguish between the Spirit's work in us and Christ's work for us. Where they are confounded, one rarely finds settled peace as to the question of sin. The type of the pass-over illustrates the distinction very simply. The Israelite's peace was not founded on the unleavened bread or the bitter herbs, but upon the blood. Nor was it by any means a question of what he thought about the blood, but what God thought about it. This gives immense relief and comfort to the heart. God has found a ransom, and He reveals that ransom to us sinners in order that we might rest therein, on the authority of His word and by the grace of His Spirit. And albeit our thoughts and feelings must ever fall short of the infinite preciousness of that ransom, yet inasmuch as God tells us that He is perfectly satisfied about our sins,

we may be satisfied also. Our conscience may well find settled rest where God's holiness finds rest.

* * * * *

Beloved reader, if you have not as yet found peace in Jesus, we pray you to ponder this deeply. See the simplicity of the ground on which your peace is to rest. God is well pleased in the finished work of Christ—"well pleased for His righteousness' sake." That righteousness is not founded upon your feelings or experience, but upon the shed blood of the Lamb of God; and hence your peace is not dependent upon feelings or experience, but upon the same precious blood which is of changeless value in the judgment of God. What, then, remains for the believer? To what is he called? To keep the feast of unleavened bread by putting away everything contrary to the hallowed purity of his elevated position. It is his privilege to feed upon that Christ whose blood has cancelled all his guilt. Being assured that the sword of the destroyer cannot touch him, because it has fallen upon Christ instead, it is for him to feast in holy repose within the blood-stricken door, under the perfect shelter which God's own love has provided in the blood of the cross.

May God the Holy Ghost lead every doubting, wavering heart to find rest in the divine testimony of these words: "WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD, I WILL PASS OVER YOU."

"And if by grace, then is it no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace" (Rom. xi. 6). "The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29).

"But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name" (John xx. 31).

"For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4).

C. H. M.

For Young Believers.

Be Faithful.

“**B**E that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much” (Luke xvi. 10).

Be faithful in *little things*: it may be that God will entrust you with greater matters.

We are a little afraid of those who neglect the commonplace duties of everyday life for what they are pleased to think and call the work of the Lord. At all events do faithfully and well whatever comes to your hand.

In a humble school, far removed from public observation, God is wont to train His servants for their higher mission.

Moses was forty years in the back side of the desert, keeping the flock of his father-in-law ere he was called to lead out the tribes of Israel from the house of bondage; and David in the wilderness watching over the few sheep of Jesse was there prepared for his conflict with Goliath in the valley of Elah.

The years thus spent were not wasted years; the fruit of them was seen ever afterwards.

But let none hold back from serving Christ under the mistaken plea of youth or inexperience.

An infant's hand may plant the acorn that shall yet become a stately oak. It is no uncommon thing for small beginnings to have endings by no means small.

A Little.

“**B**BETTER is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith” (Prov. xv. 16).

Why? Because the Lord can make a little go a very long way. And how blessed for us He is oftentimes pleased in His grace to use the little *we* have.

Only a handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse, and yet a whole household was sustained upon it for a full year.

Only a baken cake and a cruse of water—true, all prepared by angel hands—and yet Elijah could go in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights to Horeb the mount of God.

Only five barley loaves and two small fishes, and yet there were left twelve basketfuls of fragments after five thousand men, besides women and children, had eaten and were filled.

Only a little of that Bread of God which came down from heaven, and yet not only are we made entirely independent of all that is in or of the world for enjoyment and satisfaction, but we shall live for ever.

Why, then, should we ever doubt the blessed Lord? Why not, like the prophet of old, rather say, “Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation”? (Hab. iii. 17, 18).

Therefore let us be content with such things as we have, for He—the One who cannot lie—has said, “I will never leave nor forsake thee.”

C. A.

Sunshine from Above.

WHEN bending low before His feet
I made “petition deep”
That He would make His light to shine
My faltering steps to keep.
I waited—then a glorious ray
Fell from His face above
Upon my soul, in sadness still,
Illuming it with love.
His words, like echoing music sweet,
Fell soft upon mine ear,
Bidding me wait and rest in Him,
To trust and never fear.
And o'er my heart there stole His peace,
Like sunshine from above.
Around my restlessness—*His rest*,
Around my need—*His love*.

For Christian Workers.

To Serve and to Give.

THE apostle Paul exhorted the elders at Ephesus to remember the words of the Lord Jesus how He said "It is more blessed to give than to receive." You will not find the words in the four gospels, but He has written that truth on every step of His blessed goings.

"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many," were His words. "To minister," that is, to serve and "to give." That was His blessed mission.

And, beloved fellow-workers, it is ours too, indeed the portion of every saint of God on earth. To serve and to give. In our measure to imitate Him.

He gave His life a ransom for many. In that atoning work we can of course have no part. Blessed be God, *that* work is finished. But there is a work which we all may do—we may give our lives for others. We may in love spend and be spent for those around us on every side. "We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

"In God's great field of labour
All work is not the same;
He hath a service for each one
Who loves His holy name."

Alas! how self-centred our lives become. It may be we are content with giving an hour or two in the week for others, and congratulate ourselves that we are doing more than some of our fellow-Christians. And yet our *business* here is to do the will of God, to be of help one to another, and to make Him known with our lives and lips.

There was never a selfish moment in all our Lord's blessed life. He ever thought of others, and planned and wrought for their welfare and happiness. And this is true blessedness. May we all bear in mind the words—

**"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE
THAN TO RECEIVE." I. F.**

Gleanings in Many Fields.

How bright soe'er the day
Of glory to the heart,
No glories e'er can fully show,
Lord Jesus, what Thou art.

BEYOND thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.

WENT ye not forth with prayer?
Then went ye not forth in vain;
The Sower, the Son of Man, was there,
And His was precious grain.

WHAT harm is there in these things, do you say? If they have occupied your heart and made you slight God, *that* is the harm.

J. N. D.

It is worth all the sorrow that ever was, and more, to learn the least atom more of *His* love and of *Himself*; and there is nothing like that, nothing like Him; and it lasts.

OUR yet unfinished story
Is tending all to this:
To God the greatest glory,
To us the greatest bliss.

THE heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill.
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

THEN let His true love fold thee,
Keep silence at His word:
Be still, and He shall mould thee.
Oh! rest thou in the Lord.

MAKE up your mind to have no real friends but those who love the Lord.

"WHO LOVED ME."

GAL. ii. 20.

My soul, the order of the words approve,
Christ first, me last—nothing between but love.

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Cornelius.

THAT a man should send three servants some thirty miles, in order to bring one who was able to show him the way of salvation, indicated a great degree of soul-interest in the matter. Yet this was done by the Roman officer of whose salvation we read in Acts x. and xi.

He sent two household servants and a devout soldier all the way from Cæsarea to Joppa to fetch the apostle Peter, in order to hear from him "words whereby he should be saved." He was in deep earnest.

But his earnestness was no sudden impulse—no scare of the night. It resulted from a long course of prayer and feeling after God.

He was a Gentile, and had no spiritual privileges. He was a stranger from the commonwealth of Israel; but he had a soul, and one that felt its need of the mercy of the God whom Israel regarded but slightly, spite of the worship accorded Him.

Cornelius was a prayerful man. His prayers came up for a memorial before God; and now, in acknowledgment of them, God granted him a vision. He was enjoined, by direct angelic ministry, to send for Peter—all the way to Joppa!

Why for Peter? Could not the heavenly visitant explain the way of peace, in far more thrilling words than the stammering tongue of man could employ?

No; he must send for Peter for the double reason, first, that *he* should learn that salvation is of the Jews, and, second, that Peter should learn that it is *for* the Gentiles. Christ came of Israel, but He is Lord of all.

And thus prejudices were annulled, and links formed, and believers incorporated into one body, animated by one spirit!

Thus called, Peter, after much exercise before God, came in response to an invitation

from the Gentiles. He found a ready company. He preached about Christ in a few words of rare interest (see Acts x. 34-43), narrating briefly His life, death, resurrection, appointment as Judge of quick and dead, and, finally, the boundless scope of His sin-pardoning name.

No sooner had he touched this last truth, saying that "through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins," than the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the word. The effect was instantaneous and perfect. Link the words "whosoever" and "believeth in Him" and "remission of sins" with "*His name*"—the name of Jesus of Nazareth, now "Lord of all"—and the explanation is simple. It is but a testimony to the worthiness of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ to be owned as Saviour of any and Lord of all.

And marvellous was the change wrought that day in this Roman soldier's house. It was a day of astonishment to many. God was magnified.

Oh! there is something magnificent in the universality of God's grace. It is astonishing. Who can limit the word "*whosoever*"? Who place a bound to the grace of God? None but the obdurate sinner himself, who prefers his own righteousness and earns his own doom. It is sweet to the prodigal, and to the heart that feels its deep spiritual need.

J. W. S.

"The Wisest of Men."

DARE say you have all read or heard of that great Greek philosopher Socrates, whose wisdom so excelled the wisdom of all other men of his day that he was called "the wisest of men."

If so, you may recollect that one thing he is said to have insisted on was that the

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consciousness of ignorance was the only way to the attainment of true knowledge.

He had a habit of asking people a number of questions in order to find out what was in their minds; and sometimes when people came to talk with him, puffed up with vain thoughts of themselves, their knowledge and their own importance, he would ply them with question after question, until at last they had to go away confessing their ignorance of the very smallest matters.

Thus it is with the sinner when the light of God's Word, with its all-searching rays, is flashed into his soul. If anyone who is exalted in his own eyes, or even boasts in that righteousness which God declares to be but "filthy rags," will read the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, he will get a picture of what man is in himself and without Christ. From the tenth to the eighteenth verses we read:—

"There is none righteous, no, not one.

"There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.

"They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

"Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips:

"Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness:

"Their feet are swift to shed blood:

"Destruction and misery are in their ways:

"And the way of peace have they not known:

"There is no fear of God before their eyes."

These, dear reader, are God's thoughts of you and your righteousness, so called, if you are still in your sins. What a terrible character! Perhaps the darkness with which Satan has blinded your eyes will not allow you to see yourself in your true colours; but the Word of God declares that "from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not

been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment" (Isa. i. 6).

I think Socrates, living in that dark, heathen city of Athens four hundred and sixty-nine years before Christ came to die for sinners, had truer thoughts of himself than you have of yourself, dear reader, if you have not yet found out how utterly worthless and unfit you are for a holy God.

Perhaps you say to yourself, "I will turn over a new leaf; I will reform from to-day. Then God will accept me."

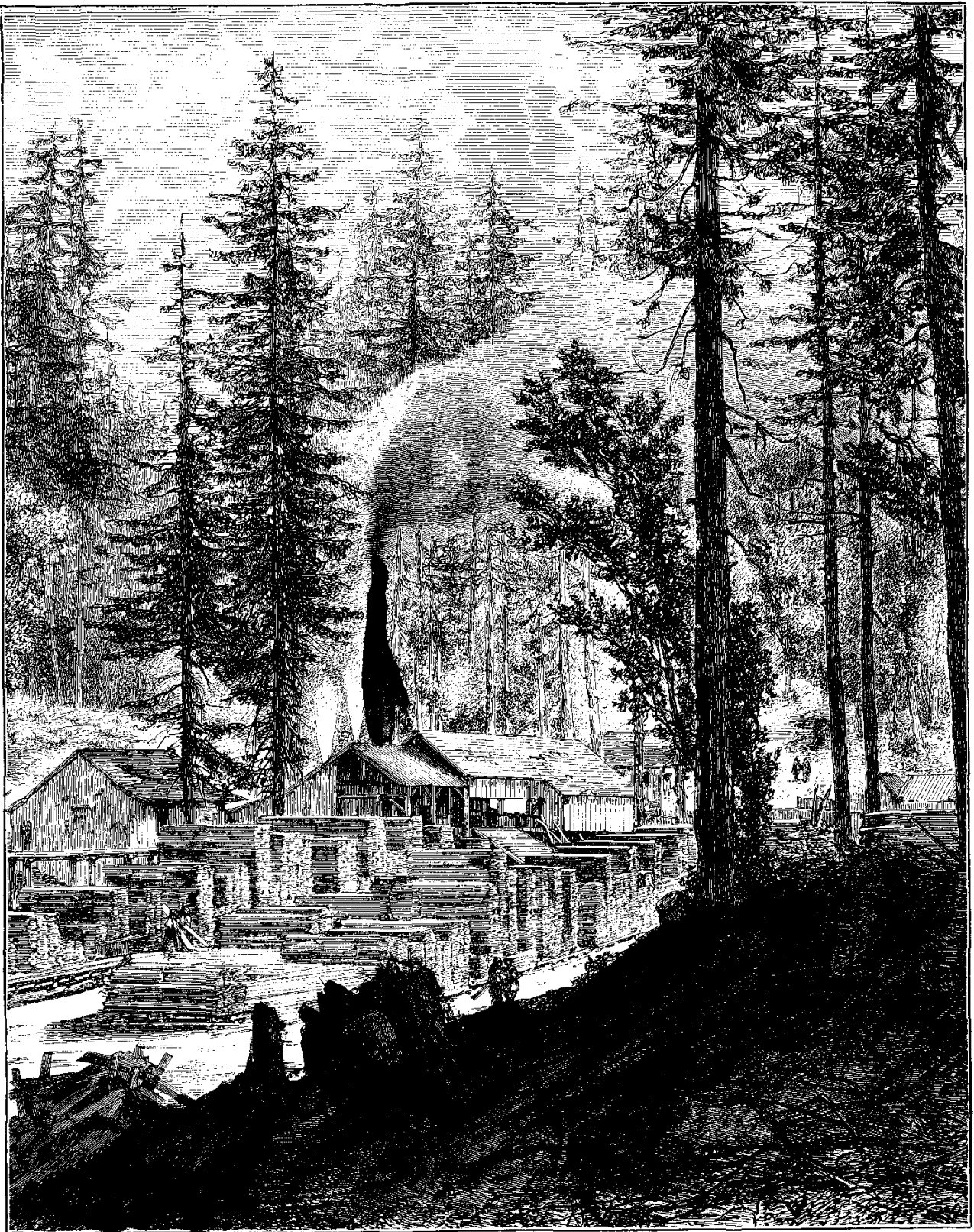
You are mistaken. God is absolutely holy, and He could never accept you on those terms. Satan may fill your heart with false thoughts of your own uprightness and good works, but for God they will never avail. It is only through Christ that a sinner can ever approach God. Christ is the beginning and Christ is the ending of all God's purposes and thoughts. He is all to God's heart; He must be all to our hearts.

Dear reader, will you believe what the Word of God says of you? If so, you will frankly own that you are not one whit better than the sinner described in the third chapter of Romans, and you will then turn to the One who in His grace has opened your eyes to see your true condition. Will you not say to-day, "I am nothing, He is everything. Though I was sin-steeped and guilty, His blood has washed all stain of sin away, and now, through Him, I am loved of God in exactly the same way in which He loves His blessed Son"? E. S. M.

Despisers.

ARE you a despiser of God's mercy? Are you unrepentant and unbelieving? If so, we beseech of you by the happiness and glory of heaven, by the love and passion of the Saviour on the cross, by the unutterable horrors of hell, to flee, without delay, to the only place of refuge, even to the Lord Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend and the sinner's Saviour.

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SAW-MILL IN AMERICAN PINE-FOREST.

Suddenly Destroyed.

IN the early part of December, 1901, much work was being done in the forests of Minnesota. Many men were employed. The noble pines were being felled and hauled to Mille Lac Lake, to be floated in the spring to where the big sawmills were located, to be sawn into lumber, and then conveyed to different parts of the world to build the habitations of men.

Little did those light-hearted men think as they went to their work one morning that that was the last that some of their number would see of the pineries. What their state of mind was as to eternity the writer knows not, but the whole neighbourhood was shocked by the news that a number of them had sat down to dinner on a skid, immediately under an enormous pile of pine logs, and while they ate and chatted together, and without a moment's warning, down came the pile of logs (some sixteen and twenty feet long) upon the poor fellows, crushing six of them to death. In one moment they were cut off, and into eternity they went to meet God.

It is to be hoped that some of them had looked to Christ and were saved; but, sad to say, lumbermen, as a class, are very ungodly, as men in the greatest danger often are. But while unable to pronounce upon their state, we can say they were suddenly cut off, and if in their sins, were cut off in their sins, and therefore are lost for ever.

Almost the same day a young man was engaged digging a well. He was down deep. Before this he had been urged to accept Christ, but had rejected Him. It was his last chance. Never more would he have another offer. Little did he think that that was the last well that he would ever dig, and that he had seen the last day of sunshine, and never more would he see or talk with his friends on earth. All at once, without a minute of warning, the well caved in, and the poor fellow was buried beneath the

mass of earth that fell upon him, and perished in a moment.

How true the Word of God is! And with what accuracy is it fulfilled! It is written, "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1).

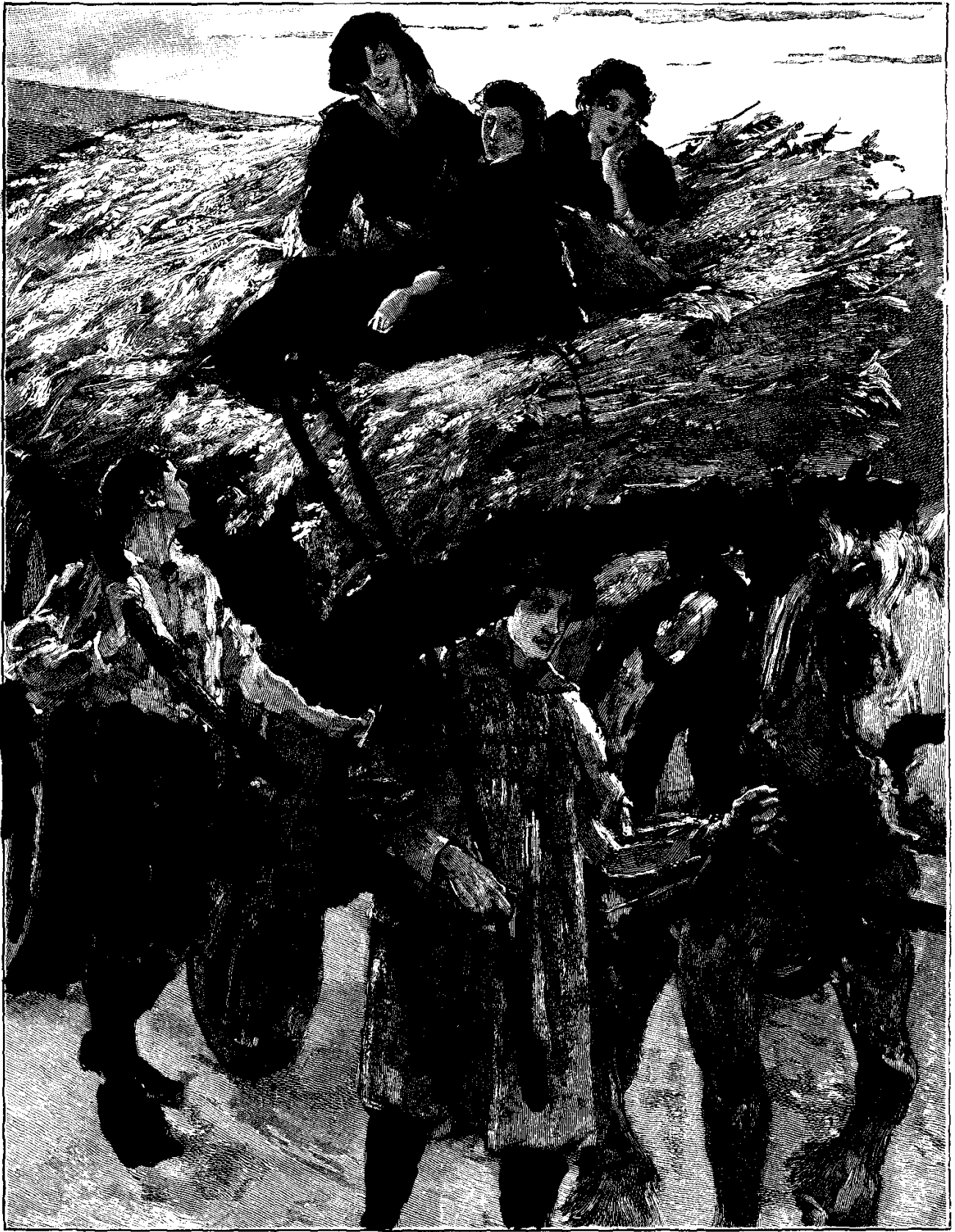
Yes; the Word of God is true, and we can trust it every time. "The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times" (Ps. xii. 6).

"God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If a man lives and dies in his sins, the judgment of God is his portion for ever. If a man rejects Christ, as this young man did, he dies a Christless death, and spends a Christless eternity. If a man says, "Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of Thy ways" here, in eternity he will be in outer darkness, where God is not. If a man sows to the wind here, in hell for ever will he reap the whirlwind of the wrath of God.

But if repentant and believing, if Christ is accepted and confessed, if His precious blood is the ground of the soul's confidence, then death is but the door that leads to paradise, whether it comes suddenly or is seen gradually approaching. The sting of death, which is sin, was taken away in the Saviour's death, and now, for the child of God, death is but falling asleep here, and waking up in paradise.

He will receive you; He says so. He will save you; He says so. His blood will cleanse you; God's Word says so. Only come at once; delay not. Death is on thy track; the dark clouds of judgment are already gathering to break upon this poor world, and the King of kings and Lord of lords will appear to reign, "and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all tribes of the earth shall wail because of Him" (Rev. i. 7).

Hasten thy steps, friend, ere death and judgment overtake thee, as they did this young man. "To-morrow," as someone has said, "is only found in the calendar of fools." "Now"—"to-day," is God's word. E. A.



HARVEST-TIME.

Sowing and Reaping.

THERE frequently pass before my mind's eye two scenes which occur regularly in every year of our lives, which have occurred in every year since the days of Noah, and which, on the definite promise of God, will occur in every year "while the earth remaineth."

In the first I see a man, or two—never a great number—pursuing their daily toil in the midst of cold and wet; suffering hardship in their work, with few to look on and none to applaud. It always seems to me that the sky is overcast, there are no flowers, the leaves even are gone from the trees, and the scene is one of comparative desolation. I hear no birds singing, and even the cattle appear to feel the state of things, and move in a manner which seems to speak of suffering. In the midst of all this I see the few men I speak of patient in their toil, and plodding on in spite of everything. I draw near to see what they are doing, and find that they are apparently engaged in throwing away what might be considered of value. This, in the opinion of some, would brand them as foolish. The men, however, go on, irrespective of the opinions of others, as men who are in earnest, who have a definite work to do and who mean to do it.

In the second I see a very different state of affairs. It is the same scene, but, oh! how wonderfully changed! I see many more people in this, and hear many sounds from them which speak of joy and gladness. I see golden loads going towards home, and hear the waggons creaking under their weight as they go. Truly a very different state of things from the first; and all the toil and the discomfort of that scene seem to be lost account of in this. The one is seed-time, the other harvest, each of yearly occurrence, and each of the deepest interest.

But I desire to turn from them as occurring in this world to look for a moment at those of which they speak. Dost thou, dear

young or old servant who may read these lines, know anything of working in a scene such as the first one I speak of? Art thou in thy labour sometimes cast down because of thy loneliness, and art thou tried because of those who look coldly on thy work, and who, perhaps, far from *applauding* thy service, would fain stop it as useless? Take courage! Thy labour is too important to be given up. Were it not for the sowing by thyself and others there would be nothing to reap. And I have observed that blessings and promises are, in the Scriptures, nearly always held out by God to the sower, and not so much to the reaper. "Blessed are ye which *sow* beside all waters" (Isa. xxxii. 20). Even when it is a question of the sheaves being brought home, it is not the reaper who brings them, but the one who went out with the seed. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Ps. cxxvi. 6). All his toil and his labour are forgotten in the joy of harvest. Take courage, then! Stay not thy hand, nor heed the voices of others. Thy Master has set thee to do a work which, however small or insignificant, cannot be done by anyone else so well as thou canst do it. Do IT! and leave all results with Him, and the day will surely come when, in another world than this, thou shalt see the blessed result, and shalt find that He was able to make much out of thy little, and in His own marvellous grace to credit thee with very much more than thou couldst ever deserve. And if in this world He permits thee to reap, what joy is thine! Thou didst sow in pain and sorrow and tears, but thy reaping is with singing (Ps. cxxvi. 5, margin). Thou art reaping, and "he that reapeth receiveth wages" (John iv. 36). But, should it not be thine to reap, *go on with thy sowing*, knowing this, that there is a day coming when thou who hast sown wilt rejoice with the one to whom it was given to reap (John iv. 36). And all thy toil, and thy weariness, and thy pain will be forgotten when He says, "Well done!" B. C.

For the Boys.

Salvation Rejected.

A SEA STORY.

HOW sad must have been the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ when He had to say to the Jews of old, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life," and again, when He stood outside Jerusalem and wept over the sinners therein because they had rejected Him and refused the salvation He had brought for them. And is it not sad to-day to see men and women and youths and maidens rejecting the Saviour, and choosing the way of destruction instead of the way of safety and blessing? Oh, this is folly most strangely sad and solemn.

I greatly doubted whether any tale of the sea could illustrate such madness as this, but I have a letter lying open before me now which I think may do so. The facts in this letter are as follows.

A ship sailing from the West Indies got out of its course and was stranded, during a gale, on the rocks near Boulmer, a small fishing village.

The brave and kind-hearted fishermen at once manned their little lifeboat, and after much tossing and a weary struggle, they succeeded in reaching the wreck. Imagine their disappointment when, after risking their lives in this gallant mission, the captain refused point-blank to avail himself of their boat or to allow them to save any of his crew. The lifeboat-men besought him to let them save them, but he refused to believe that this was their object, and charged them with having come to plunder his ship and rob him of all that he possessed. "Men, we have come to save you," cried the fishermen.

The crew of the sinking vessel believed them, and, defying the captain's authority, they jumped into the lifeboat. One more appeal was made to the captain, but in vain ;

they had to turn from him sadly, leaving him to the awful fate which in his folly he chose for himself. All the rest were saved, but the captain's body was picked up a few days afterwards at Newton-by-the-Sea, about six miles from the scene of the wreck.

I expect we are all ready to exclaim, "What madness! The man deserved to lose his life!" Yet we can find an excuse for him, for there have been men hard-hearted enough to pretend to save when they intended only to rob and destroy, but the sinner who rejects Christ is absolutely without excuse.

Whoever heard of Jesus deceiving and robbing sinners? Nay! On the other hand, He Himself said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and He delights to take the more blessed place. He came from heaven to earth to proclaim God as the living God, and went even unto death that we might be saved from destruction and receive the blessed gift of God, even eternal life.

And yet there is a notion in the world that to trust in Christ means to be robbed of many things, such as the mirth and pleasure of this world; and because they love their sins and are greatly fascinated by the pleasure, many refuse Christ. How desperately shortsighted such people are! They do not understand that the things which they love are but the glitter that dazzles the eye in order to obscure the bitterness and misery at the end.

The captain of our story looked at his cargo, and thought, If I step into that lifeboat I shall lose all this. He did not see that he would lose it in any case; and, O reader, this is what I would press upon you, *you* must leave the world and its attractions behind, when your soul sinks beneath death's dark wave. They will not help or solace you then, and when bereft of them you will have to face the judgment and the lake of fire.

* * * * *

But let us look this question in the face. What are the best things that this world has to offer? Can one or all of them satisfy? Well, we will call upon one who drank deeply at many of the world's wells of plea-

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sure to answer that question. He was a talented and titled poet, and thus he wrote:—

“I fly like a bird of the air
In search of a home and a rest,
A balm for the sickness of care,
A bliss for a bosom unblest.”

If we had had the ear of poor Byron when he penned those lines we should have whispered into it, “Fly to Jesus, fly to Jesus; He can give you what you need and seek.” It is certainly most evident that the fair prizes of this world had not satisfied his heart.

We will cite another witness; this shall be the world-famous singer Jenny Lind. None sang more sweetly or received more applause than she, but she wrote, in spite of it all:—

“In vain I seek for rest
In all created good;
It leaves me still unblest,
And makes me cry to God.”

Thank God for that last line, for the heart that really turns to Him finds that in the Lord Jesus is perfect joy and unfading treasure.

But we have proved that the things that hold souls back from God's salvation are not sufficient to fill the heart, and if this is so, why, oh, why risk your eternal happiness for them? Lose everything rather than heaven, turn your back upon everybody rather than Jesus. Do not cast away your soul for vanities altogether lighter than air. Take salvation now from the hand of the Saviour, and you will prove that true joy and lasting wealth are the portion of those who have trusted in Him.

For the Little Ones.

Redeemed.



FRIEND in Ireland once met a little Irish boy who had caught a sparrow. The poor little bird was trembling in his hand and seemed very anxious to escape. The gentleman begged the boy to let it go, as the bird could not do him any good; but the boy said he would not, for he had chased it

before he could catch it. He tried to reason it out with the boy, but in vain. At last he offered to buy the bird; the boy agreed to the price, and it was paid. Then the gentleman took the poor little thing and held it on his hand—the boy had been holding it very fast, for the boy was stronger than the bird, just as Satan is stronger than we—and there it sat for a time scarcely able to realise the fact that it had got liberty; but in a little it flew away chirping, as if to say to the gentleman, “Thank you! thank you! you have redeemed me.” That is what redemption is—buying back and setting free. So Christ came to break the fetters of sin, to open the prison doors and set the sinner free. This is the good news—the gospel of Christ: “Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.” “How can I be saved to-night?” do you ask? Accept the Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, and rest on His finished work. When Christ on Calvary said, “It is finished,” it was the shout of the Conqueror. He had come to redeem the world, and now He had done it—done it without money! And His cry to the world comes ringing down the ages to-day: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.”

Verses to Search for and Learn.

“FEAR not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” Luke, chap. ., verse .

“FEAR not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.” Luke, chap. ., verse .

“FEAR not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.”

Matt., chap. ., verse .

For the Girls.

Her Life for Her Jewels.

IN a New Jersey city not very long ago a dwelling-house, occupied by a large family, took fire in a sudden and unaccountable way. It was late in the afternoon, and the ladies were upstairs dressing for dinner.

Among them was a beautiful girl who was just making her *début* in society. For her the world was made up of parties and dances and dinners. She was in the flush of her first social triumphs, with life and the world before her, and her fond father and mother had lavished upon her all the luxuries that wealth could buy. Her dresses and jewels were the envy of all her girl friends.

When the fire broke out the ladies made a dash for the stairs, but these were already in flames, and escape was cut off from below. They ran to the windows, and shrieked for help. The fire-engines were coming, but by the time they reached the house the flames had made frightful headway.

The firemen raised their ladders to the window of the room where the poor women stood. The young lady welcomed the certainty of rescue with lively joy; she was too sure. In the moment while she waited her turn on the ladder she thought of her jewels. Before anyone could stop her the rash creature had rushed back into the blinding smoke. 'I shall have time enough,' they heard her say.

Hers was the next room, and upon the bureau lay her casket of diamonds. In vain the firemen called her, and tried to follow her; the flames drove them back. In a minute more the house was a raging furnace.

The next morning, in the ruins, the firemen discovered an unrecognisable body; but clutched in one charred hand was a small metal box that somehow had escaped destruction. It was the jewel-case for which

the girl had thrown away her precious life. The gems were all safe, but their worth could not ransom their owner. It was too late."

* * * * *

Such is the story. Why do I reprint it? For this reason: that you, girls, are, many of you, doing just the same thing as this American lady did. Only in your case it is not losing your life for time, but losing your soul for eternity.

"I shall have time enough," says many a girl when besought to pay attention to the question of her soul's salvation. She pays attention to her pleasures, enjoying her games; pays attention to her school-work, perhaps gaining prizes; pays attention to her body, thinking of what she shall eat and drink and wear, but pays no attention to her eternal interests.

"I shall have time enough" for that, she says; but she is duped by Satan. She thinks that she will lose her girlish brightness and happiness if she becomes a Christian, and that she will therefore wait until the time comes when she is likely to die, and then turn to the Saviour-God for His salvation.

Take care, girls, lest you be overtaken by the fire of God's judgment as the lady of whom you have read was overtaken by the smoke and flames of the burning building.

Now you may escape. To-morrow may be too late.

A Child's Mistake.

ONE Saturday morning a governess was unexpectedly called out of the schoolroom. Before leaving she requested there might be no talking among the scholars during her absence. However, after a few minutes this was forgotten, and a general hum and a little scuffling ended in one being pushed on to the floor. I scarcely know how it was, but B—— had boasted to her older friends that she did not "care for governess."

In the midst of their confusion Miss

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G—— returned, inquiring the reason of the disturbance.

Beta said a girl had been pushed off her seat.

Then another said that Beta had said she did not care for Miss G——.

The governess immediately told her to go into the hall and stand with her hands behind, facing the wall. And there she stood from about twelve until half-past three in the afternoon.

Many a laugh, too, was raised against her as the girls passed her on their way out. It was not until Miss G—— had had her lunch that she thought of the little girl left standing in the hall. Then she called her into her study and lectured her severely as to her rudeness and disrespect. By this time she had become obdurate. A kind word would have melted her, but not a harsh one.

She would neither ask pardon nor show any sign of repentance, and so she was sent home in disgrace, requested to tell her mother and bring a message from her on Monday.

Well, all at home thought she had been badly treated, and tried to make her forget all about it, and it was intended for her elder sister to call at the school and set the affair straight.

On Monday morning one of B——'s big friends called for her and reminded her to take her mother's message to Miss G——. An apology was sent, and the two went off to school. On the way Julia persuaded B—— not to give her mother's message to the governess. B—— knew it was wrong, but, as usual, yielded to the influence of the elder girl. Miss G——, upon asking for the message, was told that she did not send any. Then Julia gave the mother's message, saying she had heard it. Miss G—— was now convinced that B—— was a very naughty girl, and said as she was both rude and untruthful she could not allow her to sit with the other girls, as she might teach them her habits; so she was seated in a distant corner of the room in sad disgrace. From that day she never recovered her place in

the affection of her governess, and the influence of her elder companions had more than ever its power over her. "Oh, how much God wanted her to turn to Him and trust Him, but she did not want Him! She thought He was a God who would have nothing to say to her, except to punish her for being naughty, so she thought she would try and not think of Him at all. But that would not do, for wherever she went she heard people talking about Him.

* * * * *

Such is the story. Do any of our readers think this of God? Probably a great many of them do. I thought it; that God was against me because I knew I had been against Him.

Oh! what joy it was to find that God is *for us*. He knows our sins—every one of them. He knows what we are—*all* about us. And yet He calls us to come to Him; and the blessed promise sounds in our ears,

**"THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET,
THEY SHALL BE
AS WHITE AS SNOW;
THOUGH THEY BE RED LIKE CRIMSON,
THEY SHALL BE AS WOOL."**

Do not distrust Him then, but come just as you are. S. AND F.

"Look unto Me."

DO not look in but look out—look back—look up.

Look out from yourself altogether. God never intends us to find rest and pleasure in looking in at ourselves. He has looked in, and He bids you look out. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Look back and see where He has been—even to Calvary's cross. There in love to us He laid down His life. There He bore our sins in His own body. There He finished His blessed work of atonement.

Look up. Christ who died for us is in heaven, because His work on the cross is finished.

Words of Peace.

Justified Freely.

BEING justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 19). What God does He does freely, because He loves to do it. Mark these words—"Through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." Then in the fifth chapter, ninth verse, we read: "Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him." The sinner is justified with God by His matchless grace through the blood of His Son. Justified—that means, as just as if he had never committed sin. What a wonderful thing! not one sin against him. It is as if he owed someone a debt, and when he went to pay it was told, "There is nothing against you; it is all settled." "Why," he should say, "how is that? I got some things from you not long ago, and I want to pay the bill." "There is nothing against you." "But I am sure I got something here." "There is nothing against you in my ledger; someone else has come and paid it." That is substitution. Now I know who paid my spiritual debts. It was the Lord Jesus Christ. And God looks at His ledger and there is nothing against us. Christ was raised up for our justification. It is a good deal better to be justified than pardoned. Suppose I was arrested for stealing £1,000, tried, and found guilty. But suppose the judge had mercy on me and pardoned me; I should come out of prison, but it would be with my head down. I had been found guilty; I could never face the world again. But suppose I was accused of stealing it, but it could not be proved, and when the case came on it was found I had not done anything of the kind; then I should be justified. It would make all the difference in the world. Now God justifies us by the blood of His Son. That is what the blood does—sin covered, put out of the way,

and nothing against us. Is not that good news? "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. i. 5). There are a great many people who wish to be saved, but who think they cannot be saved until they get a little better. . . . If you are going to wait until you get rid of your sins you will never be saved. You cannot get rid of one sin. Instead of getting better you will get worse. But thanks be to God, He loves us even in our sins, even before He saves us from our sins. He hath "loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood." Loved us first, then washed us. But if we attempt to wash ourselves we will make wretched work of it. The blood will cover it all up if we only trust ourselves to Christ. Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? If He has justified me it is enough.

(*Extracted.*)

Two Important Questions Answered.

Question 1.—How shall a person who has been careless, reckless, profligate, who has neither good character nor religion, be saved—be justified before God?

Answer 1.—"Such were some of you; but ye are *washed*, but ye are sanctified, but ye are *justified* in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Through faith in Christ Jesus.

Question 2.—How shall one who has been virtuous, amiable, kind, having both character and religion, be justified—counted righteous before God?

Answer 2.—"What things were *gain* to me, those I counted *loss* for Christ. . . . to be found *in Him*, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but *that* which is of *faith*, the righteousness which is of God *by faith*." Through faith in Christ Jesus.

Read carefully Romans iii. 22-26; iv. 4-8; v. 1-11.

Covered.

HAVE you ever noticed the transforming and beautifying power of snow? The soft, feathery flakes gradually covering even unsightly objects until nothing is visible but the dazzling purity of the snow.

Does it not remind us of that precious blood that "makes the vilest clean," that cleanses "from all sin" (1 John i. 7)? How blessed are His people: "Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy people, *Thou hast covered all their sin*" (Ps. lxxxv. 2).

How many have longed that their sins might be covered, that their intolerable burden of guilt might be removed, that the transgressions which fill them with a sense of their vileness and pollution might be put away for ever!

Perhaps such a one may be reading this, one perhaps, it may be, who could cry in the words of the psalmist—"Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance" (Ps. xc. 8).

Perhaps it is some sin of years ago which follows you with haunting persistency; it starts up and confronts you at quiet times, and will not let you forget it.

Would you not rejoice to know that it (with all your sins) was covered and gone for ever in the sight of God? Then let His message come home to your weary soul. The One whose word says, "Without shedding of blood is no remission," Himself provided the sacrifice. The Lord Jesus Christ "was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." He "gave Himself for our sins," and made a full and perfect atonement. And, lest you should think yourself shut out from that wondrous work, we are told that He gave Himself a ransom for *all* (1 Tim. ii. 6).

Does not that include you and your sins? Then instead of vainly seeking to obtain peace by tears, and prayers, and good works, take God at His word, rest on the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing

that you could do would ever put away sin; it has all been done for you. God sees not your sin, but the One who has put it away for ever.

And when Satan would seek to buffet you with doubts and fears, then rest your soul on God's own word, for "the word of the Lord endureth for ever, and this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you" (1 Peter i. 25).

"To *you* is the word of this salvation sent" (Acts xiii. 26). F. E.

Both Saved.

SOMEONE has said that the little fly in Noah's ark was just as safe as the great elephant. It was the ark that saved them both. So Christ saves the weak disciple as well as the strong one.

When you go to a railway station you find all classes of people wishing to travel. They have their tickets and take their places in the carriages. When the guard comes to ask for the tickets he does not look to see what or who you are. You may be rich or poor, learned or unlearned, this or that; he looks for the tickets, and if you have your ticket you pass. The ticket is the token.

So if you are sheltered behind the blood of Christ, you may be very ignorant or poor in this world, but you are as safe as the wisest or wealthiest. (*Extracted.*)

Unutterable Exchange!

THE sinless One is condemned (Luke xxiii. 24, 25).

The guilty goes free (Rom. iv. 25).

The Blessed bears the curse (1 Pet. ii. 24; iii. 18).

The cursed receives the blessing (Gal. iii. 13).

The living die (John xix. 30).

The dead live (Rom. v. 9, 17, 21).

For Young Believers.

A Few Words on Christian Growth.

AN aged servant of the Lord said to a young Christian, "You must grow. You have seen a stone put upon ivy, yet the ivy will not stop growing; it grows around the stone."

Yet growth comes not by effort. No one by anxious thought adds a cubit to his stature. And even the reading of Scripture may fail to minister growth, for it is possible that we may only through it gain the knowledge which puffs up, and inflation is very different from growth. Growth is by the knowledge of God (Col. i. 10).

Peter has this in view when he bids us desire the pure mental milk of the Word, that by it we may grow up to salvation. As we understand this, we are much cast upon God in the reading of Scripture, that He will through it so minister of Himself to us that we may thus be formed in the divine nature.

The woman of Luke vii. illustrates for us our beginning. She not only received the knowledge of forgiveness, but she was also impressed by what the Lord was to her, as the perfect expression of the grace of God, and thus a most marked effect was produced in her. She tasted that the Lord is gracious.

Mary, in Luke x., continues for us the story. The good part which she chose was the Lord's company; she sat at His feet and heard His word. She not only received communications from Him, but she received them in such close intimacy with Himself that they could not but affect her deeply. This is really the secret of growth.

John xii. exhibits the end. There Mary in her affection for the Lord values nothing in comparison with identification with Him, though He is dying. This is the devoted

love which, as He is no longer here, brings us to know Him in resurrection. The soul, freed from everything that would hold it here, enters into the joy of its portion with Him there.

The marks of growth are that self is displaced and Christ becomes everything; earth loses its charms, and heaven is reached with its light and joy.

May God grant us to grow!

J. R.

He is Worthy.

CHRISTIAN, on thy way to glory
Art thou leaning on Christ's breast?
Doth His love pervade thy being
While thou'rt waiting for God's rest?

Oh, the peerless worth of Jesus!
Oh, the fragrance of His name!
Far above our thoughts how precious!
Soon shall all things speak His fame.

Is thine heart now set upon Him?
Art thou wean'd from earthly things?
Thou shalt drink of heav'nly pleasures,
Thou shalt dwell beneath God's wings.

What can this cold world afford thee?
Can it bring thee heav'nly food?
Can it yield abiding blessing
That will bear the light of God?

Doth the love of God our Father
Find its rest in Him above?
Look unto Him, He'll restore thee,
Fill thy treasures with His love.

There in glory God hath set Him,
Far above the things we see,
That thy thoughts may dwell upon Him,
That thy life for Him may be.

Worthy! He alone is worthy!
He would have thee keep near Him,
Strengthened for the pilgrim journey,
Till He come to bring thee in. A.

Loved.

FOR me Thine was the service,
In loneliness and loss,
Sorrow and shame—rejection,
Tears, conflict, death, the cross.
Precious the whispered secret,
'The Son of God—loved me'
(Depth of eternal marvel),
'And gave HIMSELF for me.'"

For Christian Workers.

Simplicity.

BE plain, be simple, be clear, dear fellow-workers, mean what you say and say what you mean in words easy to be understood. We owe it to all whose ears we gain to express ourselves in such a way that they cannot miss our meaning.

We have most of us heard of the child who prayed that the preacher on the following day might say something she might be able to understand. Do not let the children have to pray this against you.

It is said in Nehemiah viii. 8, "So they read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." This is a good verse for every Sunday-school teacher and preacher to study well. Be distinct, explain, and cause your hearers to understand. Long words and fine phrases are not called for, but solemn, searching, simple words, which the hearers may readily understand.

The result of the ministry in Ezra's day was abundant happiness, "because they had understood the words that were declared unto them."

Surely our endeavour should always be that Christ may be made known even to the most ignorant and unlearned in our audiences.

It is well, when opportunity offers, to question our hearers a little after we have spoken to them. This will bring to light how little has been received and how much has been misunderstood.

I am not forgetting that the Holy Spirit alone can give entrance to the word we proclaim; but on our side we should ever seek that what we are given to say is said in the clearest possible way.

John the Baptist, Peter, Paul, all used great plainness of speech, and all of them were abundantly blessed in their ministry.

Gleanings in Many Fields.

IN all the little things of life
Thyself, Lord, may I see;
In little and in great alike
Reveal Thy love to me.

"SET A WATCH, O LORD."

Ps. cxli. 3.

LET me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

PSALM CXIX. II.

Something
hid
Somewhere
by
Someone.

WHAT may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What Thy will ordains is best.

WATCHING DAILY.

Prov. viii. 34.

"DAILY hearing," every morning
Ere thou goest on thy way,
In the silence of thy chamber
All the Master has to say;
Then to haste, as He shall lead thee,
Well content for Him to use
All the talents He has given
Whatsoever way He choose.

FOR every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there is one, try and find it;
If there is none, never mind it.

A LITTLE WHILE ONLY.

"ONLY a little while my Lord to follow,
And for His sake the world's reproach to bear;
For Him, like Him, to be despised, rejected,
And then His everlasting glory share.

"Only a little longer here to *serve Him*,
As I may never serve Him when above;
A little while to *yield Him heart devotion*,
And then to *revel in His changeless love.*"

SCATTERED SEED.

“Too late to knock.”

“**T**HEN shall it be too late to knock, when the door shall be shut, and too late to cry for mercy when it is the time for justice.”

Such were the words that caught my eye the other day on the front page of a daily paper.

I thought as I read them they were strange words to be found there, yet none the less true.

It was only by about half a minute that I lost my train the other day. I tarried too long in the house, therefore I was too late and missed it. Such is the case with many to-day as to their soul's salvation: they tarry too long in the world, too long in their sins, too long without Christ.

Then death overtakes them, and they have missed their last opportunity.

Like the five foolish virgins, while they went to buy oil for their lamps the Bridegroom came. They that were ready went in, and the door was shut. Then the foolish stood outside and knocked, and cried, “Lord, Lord, open to us,” but it was too late to knock, and too late to cry. The voice from within said, “I know you not.”

On another occasion I got to the railway station just in time to see the ticket inspector shut the door, but round the other side was another door which was open, and thus making my way round, I was able to catch my train. I thought how different it will be in that day, for there is only one way. “There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved” (Acts iv. 12). Christ is the way, He is the door; “by Me,” He says, “if any man enter in, he shall be saved” (John x. 9). To-day is God's day of grace; to-day He showeth mercy. Soon it will be the day of justice;

then will be fulfilled that which is on the heading of our paper, then God will render to everyone in that day according to his deeds.

“Sinner, heed the warning voice,
Make the Lord your happy choice,
Then all heaven will rejoice:
Be in time.

Come from darkness into light,
From the ‘way that seemeth right,’
Come and start for heaven to-night:
Be in time.”

E. I. E.

The Danger of Indifference.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

A SEA STORY.

“**O**FTEN the passing from the cradle to the grave has been likened to a voyage from one port to another; and truly it would be difficult to find an apter simile. Upon this “voyage of life” we all have started, but whether it will end in storm and wreck and destruction, or whether in peace and harbour and home, is a serious question, and one which demands the attention of all.

It would be difficult to imagine a vessel weighing anchor and putting out to sea without the captain having any knowledge as to what port to steer to. The mariner has his destination in view; he has his chart and compass to guide him to it; he is careful to avoid shoals and rocks on the way, and will use every endeavour to reach the hoped-for port. Yet in this more serious voyage across the waters of time to eternity, strange as it may seem, we find those who are utterly indifferent as to the future—they live in the present; and if the sun shines brightly and the winds are favourable they care not, though they may be but a league from some dreaded reef.

* * * * *

SCATTERED SEED.

Such indifference reminds me forcibly of an incident which I here recall. We were sailing from England for a West Indian port. The passage had been a trying one, owing to fierce head winds and rough seas, and we were eager to reach the end of it. The longest voyage will come to an end at last, and we were very near the end of ours. We had laid us down in our berths with happy thoughts of harbour reached and old friends met on the morrow; but it might easily have been otherwise, had it not been for the providence of God. Our captain awoke very early in the morning, and failing to hear the tread of the officer on watch on the bridge above his room, he got up hastily to discover the cause. To his dismay he found the second mate, whose watch it was, and the quarter-master who had charge of the wheel, both drunk and asleep, while the big ship ploughed through the waves at the mercy of the wind and of the strong currents of the tropical seas.

Well it was for us who were passengers that the captain was there at the time to take charge and put the ship's prow in the direction of our desired haven. These men were insensible to danger, and would probably have slept on until the ship had struck upon the rock-girt coast to which she was heading.

* * * * *

In their case behold the case of thousands. They are oblivious to danger, indifferent to warnings, and they are speeding on to certain destruction, wind and wave conspiring to hasten them there. Yes, the world and Satan are bent upon destroying the souls of men, and, alas! many seem to be in league with them to bring this about.

But someone may say, "We do not see any danger ahead." You have heard how that in the midst of the battle of Copenhagen Sir Hyde Parker, commanding the British fleet, signalled to Nelson, his second in command, to cease action and retire. When Nelson's attention was called to this, he put his telescope to his blind eye, and said, "I

really do not see the signal." In like manner many do not see the danger because they *will not*; they are blind to it, and say, We do not see it. This is Satan's work. They will neither see their danger nor listen to warning. Their eyes have not only been blinded by Satan, but they have been made deaf as well. Their ears have been closed. Oh that they might awake to their danger, and see how completely they are being deceived and wronged by Satan! When the Spaniards plundered the ship *Rebecca*, and cut off the ears of Jenkins, the captain, he made all haste, when released, to England to lay his cause before the King. But Satan makes men deaf to all the entreaties of love; he cuts off their ears so that they shall not hear God's warning, and *they love to have it so*.

Oh that they would turn from their arch-enemy to God, who would take up their cause and deliver them from Satan's power!

But we will not cease to warn; we cry, "Breakers ahead!" Oh, change your course! Nay, give up the command of your craft to the One who will act as captain and pilot, and bring you safely to port. Haul down Satan's flag, and hoist the colours of the blessed Saviour, and all will be well with you. That this might be brought about *Scattered Seed* is sent forth; its simple pages tell forth the grace and love of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that God may bless you while you read them is our earnest prayer.

J. T. M.

What are your Prospects for Eternity?



H! do not put off the answer to this question until your death-bed. You may never have one. Sudden death comes upon those who seem most healthy. It may come upon you. And, besides, you are losing joy and blessing every day you remain away from the Saviour. Come to Him now—He will in no wise cast you out.

SCATTERED SEED.



A TIME OF TERROR.

"It's My Turn Next!"

IT was a time of terror. A noble vessel was sinking fast. The boats had been got out, and one by one were being filled and pushed off from the doomed ship.

Amid the cries of despair and shrieks of terror the shrill voice of a little girl was heard, as she pressed towards the side of the vessel, crying, "It's my turn next! It's my turn next!"

She did not want to lose whatever chance she had of being saved, and her demand was answered. She was among the survivors from that shipwreck.

* * * * *

Oh, beware, you are in danger! This world, as a great ship, is settling down into the sea of God's righteous judgment. Many are unaware of it. Many are fast asleep in their sins. Many are occupied with pleasures or with the endeavour to gain a place of honour among their fellows. But the ship is sinking. It is but a little while and the end will come.

But you may be saved. Christ, as the great lifeboat, has been provided by God for our salvation, and you may enter.

Many longed to be saved from the shipwreck I have spoken of, but could not.

Thank God, there is room in Christ for all.

Will you not say, "It's my turn next! It's my turn next!" and by simple faith enter into the boat of blessing and be saved for ever?

Oh, do not tarry! Do not wait for a more convenient season. Believe me, it will never come. It never came for Felix. As far as we know, although he had heard the great apostle Paul preach and warn, he went down into the waves of wrath. It is not enough to hear and intend to be blessed some time. *Now* is the time. Turn now to Christ, and you will find present peace and joy and blessing.

Remember, "the world passeth away, and the lust thereof."

"Now is the judgment of this world."

"Our Lord Jesus Christ . . . gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world."

Time Enough.

HAVE you heard of the dream in which the sleeper was carried away to the dim court of hell, and Satan sat with all his host in solemn council to deliberate upon the ruin of mankind?

The question was proposed, "How can men be ruined in the greatest numbers?" And one spake on this wise, and another on that.

One advised that he be sent forth to preach that there was no God. "No," said Satan, "men *cannot* believe that. I have tried that long enough, and it fails."

Another proposed to tell them that God was so holy that none but the holy could reach Him, that thus they might be urged to trust in good works. "No," said Satan, "they soon see through that, and discover their sins."

"Send *me*," cried another, "and I will tell them that salvation is through Christ and by His blood, and that all who believe will be saved; but I will whisper, 'Time enough.'" "Go," cried the arch-fiend, "and prosper!"

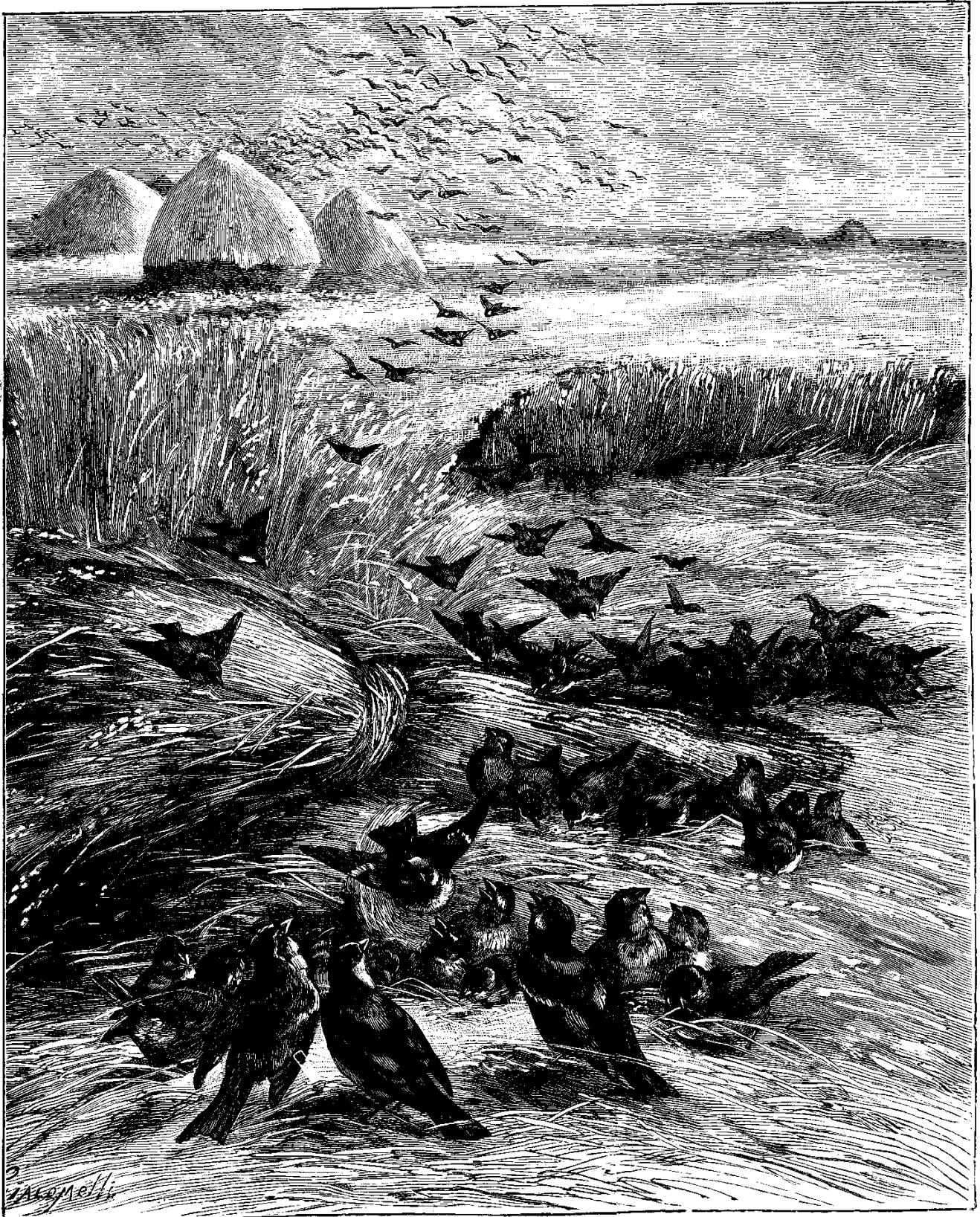
And men have believed this lie in numbers, and been damned by believing it.

Shall it be so with you? Be not deceived. Awake—awake! The axe lieth at the root, and hell is at your door. Escape now for your life, if you want salvation! But if ye seek damnation and that "outer darkness,"

GO ON JUST AS YOU ARE;

make no stir nor outcry, and you shall safely reach that goal. Only, be assured of this: salvation may be yours to-day. The arms of Christ are open to receive you. He will not cast you out.

SCATTERED SEED.



SPARROWS.

For the Little Ones.

Sparrows.

THE commonest birds we know are the sparrows, and sparrows are common almost all the world over. Wherever civilised man is found, there the sparrow is nearly sure to be found too.

In Leviticus xiv. we find how two such common birds as sparrows were used to be a kind of picture, so as to bring Christ before us. They speak, I think, of His death and of His resurrection.

It was in connection with the cleansing of the leper. On the day of his cleansing, two birds were to be taken alive and clean, with cedar wood and scarlet and hyssop. One of the birds was to be killed in an earthen vessel over running water. Then the other bird was to be dipped in the blood of the slain bird, and the man to be cleansed was to be sprinkled with the blood seven times and then it was to be said that he was clean, and the living bird was to be let go in the open field.

The killing of the bird was for the leper.

The letting go of the other bird was for the leper too.

So Christ died for *us*. He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. He went to the cross, and died, because we were sinners, just as the one sparrow was killed because the man was a leper, and the other let go because he was cleansed.

Yes! Christ is a living Saviour. His blessed work for us is completed. His precious blood has been shed, and now He is alive for evermore.

Many other things were done for the cleansing of the leper, of which I do not speak now. But I want to ask you whether you have thought that you are like the leper, and need cleansing. You are a sinner, I mean. The two birds were needed by the

leper. Christ is needed by you. His precious death alone could cleanse you from your sin in the sight of God; but He has died, and you may be made quite clean if sprinkled with His blood. Nothing else will do. Nothing else can cleanse you.

However well brought up you may have been, however amiable or kind you may be, you need a Saviour. One spot of leprosy would be enough to show a man was a leper. One sin, one temper, one lie, one theft, one proud look shows what is within—the leprosy of sin.

Christ is needed by you. Come to Him now.

Gospel Verses to Search for and Learn.

“CHRIST died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and . . . He was buried, and . . . He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.”

1 Cor., chap. . . , verse . . .

“WHAT must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.”

Acts, chap. . . , verse . . .

“To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.”

Acts, chap. . . , verse . . .

“BE it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.”

Acts, chap. . . , verse . . .

“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., chap. . . , verse . . .

“WHOSOEVER shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

Rom., chap. . . , verse . . .

For the Boys.

Victory through Christ.

REMEMBER, one morning in the month of August, taking my camp stool into a meadow close by. I had not been there very long before two boys passed me, to each of whom I gave a tract. A little while after the elder of them again passed by with another little companion, who smiled as if he also would be glad of one. So, after they had seated themselves on the grass a little way off, I went up to them and addressed myself to the elder one, a boy of about thirteen years of age. He was thoughtful and delicate-looking. I asked him if he went to school.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "I am in the seventh standard, only it's holiday now."

"The seventh standard! Why, you will soon be leaving school, and then, I suppose, you will help father and mother?"

"I have no father, ma'am."

"Indeed. Is it long since you lost him?"

"He died on the 1st of August."

"That is sad for you," I replied; and then, after talking with him for some little time, and inquiring about his mother and brothers and sisters, I asked, "And where do you think your father is now—in heaven?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What makes you think so?"

"He died with a smile on his face."

"Well," I said, "I dare say you were glad to see the smile on your father's face when he died, but I don't think that is a proof that he is gone to heaven. How did he live?"

"He always had family devotion, and he said, when he was dying, he hoped we should continue it."

"I am glad to hear that; and have you any other reason for thinking so?"

"He took care of his Bible; he did not knock it about. Why, it was given him when he was quite a little boy, and he was

more than forty years old when he died; it was in beautiful binding, and it was as good as ever."

"Well, I am glad your father took such care of his Bible. But do you think he often read it?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. Why, when he was ill (and he was ill nine months) he would have me come and read to him every evening. He was too weak to read himself. He always liked his Bible."

"Well, I am glad to hear all this; but do you think you could tell me any text in the Bible that would be sufficient reason to believe that he is really gone to heaven?"

"Yes, ma'am, I could. There was a young lady who used often to come and see father when he was ill, and she gave him two texts on cards, and one of them he would never have out of his sight. Why, I had to stand it up against a book right in front of him, that he might always see it. He would not be without it."

"I should like to know what it was. Do you think you can remember it?"

The boy thought for a little while and then said he knew it was in Corinthians, and it was something about thanks for a victory through Christ.

"I think I know it," I said. "Was it not, 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ?'" (1 Cor. xv. 57.)

"Yes, ma'am, that was it. Father would not take his eyes off it."

"Well, my boy," I replied, "if your father found so much comfort in that verse, you may depend upon it he is safe in heaven now. He was not trusting to any merits of his own. Christ must have been all in all to him."

My reader, happy smiles, family devotion, caring for our Bibles, and such things are right enough, but, remember, unless there is behind them faith in Christ, they are really valueless. Victory is through Him alone. He died to secure it, and we may live and enjoy it. Then, living or dying, all will be well.

M. M.

For the Girls.

“Prepare to meet thy God.”

AMOS iv. 12.

THESSE words were given, one Sunday, by a teacher to her class of scholars to be searched for during the week and shown to her the following Sunday.

How many found the words I cannot say, but as they were spoken they reached the heart of one of the class of girls, and try as she would they could not be forgotten.

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD”

was continually ringing in her ears. On reaching her home she went to her own room in distress, only there to meet again the words hanging on the wall, “Prepare to meet thy God.”

And why this distress? Ah, it had become a *reality* to her soul that she would have to meet God, and that to meet Him unprepared was to be *for ever lost*.

Dear reader, *you* too will have to meet God, for “*every one* of us shall give account of himself to God” (Rom. xiv. 12).

Let me then press upon you the question, Are you prepared? The girl of whom I have told you tried to establish her own righteousness. Don't do this, you will only prove it is all as “filthy rags.” It may pass as all right amongst men, but it *will not do for God*.

Do you say, “My life is consistent; in fact, better than that of many who make a loud profession”?

Alas! how many are being deceived by the devil in this way! Their own good works, their religious ceremonies, these are their only trust.

Is it so with you, reader? Are you looking with disdain upon the drunkard, the swearer, the profligate, and saying, as one of whom we read in Luke xviii. 11, “God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are,” and wrapping your own robe of self-righteousness around you and feeling so proud of it? Such a

garment as this will not do to meet God in. Whatever others may think of it, *God* sees it to be but “filthy rags.” If you were called into the presence of the King you would not go in rags, but would seek to be dressed in suitability to his presence.

Suppose for a moment that a message was sent from the King to summon before him several ragged children, such as are found in the large towns, would not their first thought be the unsuitability of their dress? It might pass in a London alley, but not in the King's palace. But suppose the King had sent clothing which was in every way suited to his presence, would it not be an insult for them to still cling to their rags, refusing the dress sent them? Can you imagine one of them acting so foolishly? Surely, when brought into the King's presence they would be filled with shame, and see *then* their unfitness to be there.

* * * * *

Reader, *you* will be summoned into God's presence, for *everyone* will have to meet God; but in His wonderful love and grace He *has* provided a robe in which you may meet Him in perfect rest.

Do you acknowledge that all your righteousness is as “filthy rags,” and feel your unfitness to meet God? Then read the fifteenth chapter of Luke. There we see how the prodigal exchanges his rags for “the best robe,” and can enter into the father's house, suited to be in his father's presence; the father can look upon him and see, not his rags, but a dress to his own satisfaction, and so you too may be clothed with the robe of God's own providing—CHRIST.

Cast aside, then, your worthless garments and accept *Him* as your righteousness, then will you be prepared to meet God without a thought of dread or terror, because He will see you in all the beauty and perfection of *His own beloved Son*. E. M. W.

ART thou prepared, O soul, by sin undone?
Art thou prepared? life's race will soon have run.
Then heaven or hell must be thy long abode.
Prepare, O soul! prepare to meet thy God.

Trumpets.



MOST children like trumpets—little boys prize even a penny trumpet. There are all sorts of trumpets—tin and brass and silver, and other kinds; but now I want to speak to you about three trumpets of which we read in God's Word. In olden times, before printing presses and the electric telegraph were invented, when a public announcement was given a trumpet was always sounded. The people in those days understood what this meant, and gathered together in a certain place to hear the news. This olden custom is still kept up when a royal proclamation is to be made. I well remember just over two years ago, when Edward VII. was proclaimed King, hearing the fanfare of trumpets sounded from the Town Hall steps before the Mayor read the Proclamation.

The first mention we have of trumpets in the Word of God is, I believe, in the Book of Exodus, chapter xix. and verse 16. Here we find a most wonderful thing happens. God comes down to the children of Israel, but how different from the way He came down to Adam before he sinned. God could then find delight in that beautiful garden with His creature man. What had caused the difference? I will tell you; that little though awful word SIN made the difference. It spoiled God's creature and creation, and God could no longer hold communion with men, but His heart was, and is still, full of love to sinners notwithstanding the great distance man has got away from Him.

At the beginning of our chapter we find God speaking to Moses about the people He had chosen for Himself, "a peculiar treasure unto Me above all people." What beautiful words! Do they not show how God's heart was full of love for His people?

Just look at the seventeenth chapter and see what the people thought and even said about Moses and God. They had no water to drink, so they began to murmur and rebel and tempted God. They told Moses

that he had only brought them out of Egypt to kill them. This was very wicked indeed, for had not God promised them at the very start that He would take care of them? Moses told the people what God had said, and they sent an answer back to God, saying, "All that the Lord hath spoken will we do." God then told Moses that He would come down to the people upon Mount Sinai; but how particular God is about barriers being set round the foot of the mount. Why is this? It was because the people had sinned, and if they now came near God they must surely perish. The people had two clear days' notice of God's visit, and in those two days they had to cleanse themselves from every defilement. On the third day the people were awake earlier than usual. What was it, do you think, awoke them? What does our verse say? There were thunderings and lightnings and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of *The Trumpet* exceeding loud. The sight and sound must have been terrible, for the Scripture tells us that all the people trembled, and even Moses, that godly man, said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." So terrible was the sight that the people fled, and desired Moses to ask God to stop speaking to them.

Surely after witnessing the majesty and power of God in this way the people would never forget, and would always seek to do what He wanted them. They promised to do so, but did they? No, for while Moses was receiving instructions from God about them, and with the sound of God's voice still ringing in their ears, they persuaded Aaron to make them a golden calf. Thus you see they broke the very first commandment.

How angry God must have been with the people He was taking so much care of! When Moses came down from the mount he, too, was angry with the people, so angry that he threw down the tables of stone on which God had written. The people had to suffer for this great sin, for Moses ground the calf to powder and mixed it with the

SCATTERED SEED.

water they had to drink. Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp and cried, "Who is on the Lord's side?"

Before passing on to the next trumpet sound, I would like to ask that question, dear children, and I would like you to answer it—

"Who is on the Lord's side?"

The next trumpet I should like to speak about is found in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus and the ninth verse. This is called the trumpet of Jubilee. It was to be sounded once every fifty years, and every Israelite who was a bond-servant when that trumpet was sounded was set at liberty. Oh, how welcome would be the sound of that trumpet! How unlike the one I have just been speaking about, which made the people tremble! This trumpet would make the people rejoice, for just fancy a father of a family of little children like you being taken from them and from home because he could not pay his debts, and being made a bond-servant or slave. How those dear children and their mother would long for the day to arrive when that trumpet of Jubilee should be sounded, and the prisoner whom they loved set free! But notice the day on which the trumpet of Jubilee had to be sounded. It was the Day of Atonement, on which once every year the priest had to make an offering or sacrifice for the sins of the people. How doubly happy would the released one feel on that day—his sins atoned for and himself free to return to his home and friends!

All this was but a faint picture of what God has before Him for you. I was saying a few minutes ago that sin had put a great distance between men and God. It was Satan who introduced sin into this world, and men and women, boys and girls, who are yet unsaved, are all under the power of sin and Satan. But God, who is love, longs to release you from this bondage. Who could do it? and how was it to be done? There was only one Person in the whole universe who could do it. That Person was God's only Son Jesus. Was He willing to do it? Yes, for He loves you, and He left

heaven with all its brightness, its joy and splendour, and came to earth to do the great work.

You have heard the story many times of His humble birth in Bethlehem. Then for thirty years He trod this earth as a lowly man in that despised village Nazareth, known only by God in heaven, whose will He was ever doing, and of whose heart He was ever the delight. One Sabbath day He walked into the synagogue (the place where the Jews worshipped), took the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, and began to read these beautiful words: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." But how was He to do all this? There was only one way, and that way was death. God had said that the soul that sinneth, it shall die; and if Jesus was to remove that sin He must bear the judgment. God's judgments uttered their voices at Mount Sinai, and at Calvary, when the sun ceased to shine, they again broke forth upon the spotless Lamb of God. We read that "Christ bare our sins in His own body on the tree." "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."

Can you say that He bore your sins?

We now turn to the next trumpet, which has yet to be sounded. It is spoken of as the last trumpet (1 Cor. xv. 52), and all that believe in Jesus, whether dead or alive, will hear it, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, will go to be for ever with the Lord. My hope is that if the Lord were to sound that trumpet to-day every one of you would be ready; but if not, how awful would be your position—shut out of heaven and blessing, and not only this, but cast into everlasting despair and remorse!

Again I ask you to hearken to the gospel trumpet, accept Christ as your Saviour, and blessing will be yours.

G. E. M.

Words of Peace.

“I’m not Good; I’m Bad—
very Bad.”

MARTHA L—— had grown up to be a young woman, and like thousands of other young women was moral and respectable. She went to “a place of worship,” behaved herself properly, and was classed as a “very good-living young woman.”

But there was one thing that had never happened in Martha’s history—she had never been converted, had never been in the presence of God about her sins.

It is to be feared there are very many in the same condition as Martha L——.

What a dreadful thing it is to be deceived as to one’s *real* condition before God! Has the reader of these lines ever had to do with God consciously?

I do not mean merely going through a form of “attending worship,” or saying prayers, for there may be all *that* without the soul being consciously in God’s presence. I beg my reader to sit down quietly and think over this matter at once.

Well, to resume my story, Martha had gone to be in service with a lady who was also a regular attendant at “a place of worship,” one who never failed to take the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper when the time came. She was anxious that Martha should be regular in religious duties also, but noticed that she did not desire to become a “church member” and partake of the sacrament when the day arrived. The truth was that Martha was not happy. She had been awakened to a sense of her need as a sinner before God, and although *she did her best*, it brought no peace to her soul.

In the meantime her mistress had spoken to the minister, and told him what a good girl she was, and asked him to see her and urge her to become a member of his church,

and coming into the kitchen one day she herself broached the subject.

“You know, Martha,” she said, “you are a good girl, and should become a member of Mr. ——’s church, and I think——”

But Martha interrupted her by bursting into tears and saying, “I’m not a good girl, ma’am; I’m bad—very bad.”

Her mistress expressed surprise, but could not console her or speak words of peace to calm her troubled conscience. She was, as we have said, religious, but not converted.

Ah! the devil will allow people to have any amount of religion without Christ, and religious activity apart from Him only deceives and hardens the heart.

My dear reader, are you religious but unconverted? You are in dreadful peril if it is so. The moment is drawing *very* near when the door of grace will be closed. Will you be amongst those described in Matthew xxv. 11, 12? “Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us. But He answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.” What an awful awakening for religious Christendom!

Poor Martha did not know anyone to whom she could go to find help then, but confided in a girl friend, who only laughed at her fears, and sought to cheer her up by mirth and folly; but God was at work in her soul, and in His own good way was about to bring her into blessing.

About this time the minister did call to see her, and persuaded her to become a “member,” and in due time she received “the token” which entitled her to present herself for the sacrament, and Martha thought this might relieve her of her burden. Instead, however, it only seemed to add to it. Her load of sins seemed unbearable, and in vain she strove “to be good.” The fear of death and judgment, of having to meet God, was continually with her, and she cried in her soul, “What must I do to be saved?”

Now an anxious soul, when at the end of its doings and strivings, is just ready for the “glad tidings” of God’s grace. A drowning man does not argue about the *kind* of rope

SCATTERED SEED.

thrown to him, whether it is thick or thin, a new rope or an old rope; he is ready to grasp it at once. *It* may fail him, but what is held out to an anxious soul in the gospel will *never* fail, it could not possibly fail. God's very character is at stake, and if *that* could be impugned, the very universe would crumble to dust. And what brought blessing to Martha L——, giving her peace and joy, has not lost its power, but is still doing its mighty work in poor sinners. The gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth (Rom. i. 16). It pleased God to send a friend along with just the needed word. It was that wonderful word in John iii. 16: "For God *so* loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The light broke in to her troubled soul. All her *doings*, her church-going and sacrament-taking, had not brought her relief from the burden of her sins, but now she saw that God's *love* had been declared in the *gift* of His Son. It was not her *doing*, but God's giving and Christ's doing, and she just rested on this blessed word in child-like simplicity. Then peace filled her soul. She saw that the One who had borne her sins in His own body on the tree was now in heaven, and therefore her sins *must* have been put away for ever, and she rejoiced in a *known* Saviour and a *present* salvation.

Some years have elapsed since then, but still Martha lives in the enjoyment of a present salvation, and is waiting for the Saviour from heaven.

Dear reader, how is it with you? Do not be content with outward forms and ceremonies, but solemnly challenge your heart—Do I know my sins forgiven? Am I *ready* to meet God.

There was the absolute necessity for the Lord Jesus to make atonement for sin. Have you appropriated that death for your own individual need as a sinner before God? In conclusion, I direct your attention to these words: "God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto

the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, *the man Christ Jesus*; who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time" (1 Tim. ii. 3-6). A. H.

"Tak' me as I am."

BELLA was a bright girl about nineteen years of age. She was always ready for any worldly amusement; and no wonder, since she belonged to the world and found her joy in its pleasures.

A ball was just about to come off, which she was very anxious to attend. On the night in question she was far from well, but so set was she on it, that she would and did go. Next day she was obliged to keep her bed, and there she lingered for about three months, never rising from it again.

One day she was very thirsty and asked her sister for a drink, and she gave her a drink of cold water. This had a strange effect upon her; the pain she had been suffering from left her, and she just seemed to be passing away. She said to her sister, "Run for mother; I'm dying." By-and-by another sister came into the room. The sight was sad indeed; Bella was sitting up in bed with a look of horror upon her face.

"Oh, Maggie," she cried, "I'm dying, I'm dying, and I'm nae ready!" Then almost with the same breath she held out her arms and cried, "Oh, Jesus, tak' me as I am."

What a blessed thing that she could turn to Christ in her trouble! She was just like Hezekiah when he got to the end of himself and cried, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me" (Isa. xxxviii. 14). But would the Lord "undertake" for her when she had put the matter off until she was just nearing the end of her days? His own words are, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Moreover, she came as she was, and that is the only way in which any of us can come—as sinners we may draw near and find forgiveness.

For Young Believers.

Soul-growth and Soul-hindrances.



SOUL-GROWTH cannot be imitated, and it is very certain Christians can only progress in divine things as the Spirit occupies them with Christ.

But still the remedy must rest very much with ourselves, because the Spirit who indwells believers is here in a special way to make known Christ to us and to lead us on. It is written, "He shall guide you into all truth," and "He shall teach you all things."

After all, the question remains—Why do not souls really get on?

Perhaps we may learn a lesson on this subject from the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee. It is said that the Dead Sea is dead chiefly because it is always taking in and never giving out. The River Jordan flows into it, but there is no known exit from it. The Sea of Galilee is kept fresh and clear by the same River Jordan ever flowing into it at one end and out of it again at the other. So thick and heavy are the waters of the Dead Sea that fish cannot live in them unless perhaps just a few at top of the sea, where the Jordan enters.

Now is it not so with us Christians? We receive by the Holy Spirit some truth from Christ through any of the numerous channels of blessing open to us to-day. Now if we apply it to ourselves and then pass it on to others we shall be kept fresh and bright, but if we do not use it thus deadness of soul is very likely to set in. "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

When we receive light from Christ, the living Source, and walk in it, we receive more light if set for it; but if not, that light becomes darkness. When the blind man referred to in John ix. got his eyes opened, he walked in the light he had got and received more. He confessed what he knew

of the Blessor and got to know more of Him. He passed it on, until, stage after stage, light and intelligence was reached, and at length he was found even

WORSHIPPING THE SON OF GOD!

Divine intelligence is soon reached when the soul is in the company of Christ. See how rapidly Mary Magdalene increased in it through close intercourse with her Lord and Master! This goes far beyond mere knowledge.

May the Lord in His grace be pleased to stir up our hearts so that we may be found in such a condition of soul as will enable the Holy Spirit to more freely help us forward in heavenly things. So shall we be correspondingly helpful in the Lord's interests.

Thus may the state of our souls be characterised more by the freshness and life of the Sea of Galilee, and less by the deadness of the Dead Sea, till the Lord of life and glory comes forth to take His beloved waiting people away for ever from the coldness and deadness, which so mark these closing days, to the unfading freshness of His blessed presence and to the gratification of His own loving heart.

J. N.

What is Life?



SOLOMON said, "I hated life . . . for all is vanity and pursuit of the wind" (Eccles. ii. 17).

Lord Beaconsfield said, "Youth is a struggle, manhood a mistake, and old age a regret."

Byron said, "My days are in the yellow leaf, The flowers, the fruits of life are gone, The worm, the canker, and the grief Are mine alone."

Paul said, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain; but if to live in the flesh is my lot, this is for me worth the while" (Phil. i. 21, 22).

Which are your sentiments?

W. M—E.

For Christian Workers.

Lovest thou Me?

JOHN XXI. 17.

NO matter how much I toil and labour, if love to Christ be not the motive of my service, it will only be as the apostle says, like "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal," which dies with the sound thereof. The Church has a positive service, very distinct from what the Jew ever had. God was not looking for the Jew to go out in love, but the Church, having received grace, is to go forth in grace to call sinners in. The Jew had a wall to keep righteousness in, but no open door for love to flow out.

G. V. W.

PRAY, BRETHREN, PRAY.

"HE who does not earnestly pray over his work must surely be a vain and conceited man. He acts as if he thought himself sufficient for himself, and therefore needed not to appeal to God. Yet what a baseless pride to conceive that our preaching can ever be in itself so powerful that it can turn men from their sins, and bring them to God without the working of the Holy Spirit! The preacher who neglects to pray much must be very careless about his ministry. He cannot have computed the value of a soul, or estimated the meaning of ETERNITY."

WELL may we adore the grace that has sought and found us, and is caring for us in such a marvellous way. May we be found, each one of us, in our little measure, seeking to bear fruit for Him.

"Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear MUCH FRUIT; so shall ye be My disciples" (John xv. 8).

IF broad and wide my path should be,
My life were not so sweet;
There's just one little spot for me,
And that is at His feet.

Gleanings in Many Fields.

If God is with you, you will want neither company nor comfort.

Do with the truth what the snail does with its shell, live inside it as well as carry it on your back.

IDLENESS is the nest in which mischief lays its eggs.

THE sinner's life is a dream, and death an awakening.

Do not let the blessing you receive be uncultivated.

SOME people will never listen to the voice of God until it speaks to them from a coffin.

*Thy purpose is that I like Christ shall be;
Oh, matchless grace! Thy hand shall fashion me.
The Perfect Workman Thou, whose wondrous skill
Doth make "all things" combine to work Thy will.*

NOT a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear!
Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought;
Oh! how marvellous will be
All the bliss Thy pain hath bought.

Make Haste to Live.

MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like a breeze,
How swift its moments fly!
Make haste, O man, to live!

To breathe, and wake, and sleep;
To smile, to sigh, to grieve;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live!
Make haste, O man, to live!

Make haste, O man, to live;
Thy time is almost o'er;
Oh, sleep not, dream not, but arise;
The Judge is at the door!
Make haste, O man, to live!

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Time and Eternity.

TIME is hurrying us on towards eternity.

We know not the year, the month, the day, the hour, the minute when we shall reach the close of our present life, and yet—oh, the folly of it!—many drift on as though all would close when they “shuffle off this mortal coil.”

Where shall I spend eternity? What a question is this! Men consider well where they will spend their lives—whether they will remain in the land of their birth or emigrate; whether they will stay in the city, town, or village where their parents have brought them up, or go into other centres of industry. But where we spend our lives here is a small matter to where we shall spend eternity. And yet “spend” is an incorrect word to use as to eternity, for eternity can never be “spent.” It never wears away. It is a constant *now*. A thousand, a million years, a million of millions of years, and eternity will be as young as ever. Where will you be in eternity?

What is eternity? “The lifetime of God,” said a child in reply to the question.

Oh, my reader, awake from your sleep! Face the question, Where will you be in eternity, during “the lifetime of God”?

Let not the fear of man—his laugh, his taunt, his gibe, his jest—lead you to put off decision. But now flee from the wrath to come.

If you were in danger of being suffocated in a burning building, would you hesitate to flee because some drunken man in his folly laughed at your fear? Men in their sins are, as it were, drunk with pleasure or business. They will not consider their latter end, and think mad those who turn to God and receive His salvation. The madness is

theirs. Be not like them. Let nothing lead you to hesitate another hour.

Remember the words of our Lord, “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” What will the greatest honours of this world—its greatest riches and glories—appear like in the light of eternity? Like mere bubbles on the torrent of Time, which glistened a moment in the sunshine and vanished for ever, so will the choicest of this world’s favours seem when gazed at from the shores of eternity.

And will you barter away your soul for these trifles—these unreal things?—for they do not last. They are but temporal things. The unseen things are the eternal ones.

“There is another world,” said a dying man with his last breath. He was a famous scholar, and had written much. But all his learning had been the learning of this world. It was merely man’s wisdom, which comes to naught. Alas! it was only as he was crossing the threshold into eternity that the truth of another world—the real world—burst upon his view. Have you thought of it? Have you prepared for it?

A death-bed, if such be your portion, is no place to consider such matters. Put not off till to-morrow the settlement of the question, “Where shall I spend eternity?” I. F.

Have You Seen His Face?

WHAT a variety of faces one sees when walking through the crowded streets of a big city! Some very beautiful, some, on the contrary, very plain; young faces, old faces, fat faces, and thin faces; faces fair and faces dark, all pass in seemingly endless succession. Some people have very fair exteriors, while on the faces of others the marks of vice and sin are indelibly written.

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When I have been in such places as London, Liverpool, or Manchester, I suppose I have seen some thousands of faces, and yet I cannot recollect what one of them was like. All quickly seen, all quickly forgotten.

I have seen one face, however, which I can never, never forget—a face resplendent now with glory, with light and with majesty. Oh! who can tell its beauty, who describe its tenderness and grace? or who is able to depict each line of love that marks my Saviour's face? "He is despised and rejected of men," yet He is "altogether lovely" in the eyes of God and of those who love God.

There was a time when I saw no beauty in Him, and hid my face from Him, and because He was despised, I esteemed Him not. I was in the distance and darkness then, and did not want "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" to shine into my heart.

How could I ever steel my heart against Him who has now become my precious Saviour? Are you hiding from Him, dear friend, as I once did, or are you "beholding with open face the glory of the Lord," as I am now? *I behold Him with open face!* Oh, glorious privilege of those who know Him! Nothing between Himself and me to hide His glory!

Is your heart hard against Him? His is full of love for you. Are you trying to hide from Him in the gaiety and frivolity of this world? He is seeking for you, longing for you, waiting for you! Oh that you might see His face and know His heart!

Have you ever thought what the suffering, as described in Isaiah liii., meant to the Lord Jesus? Many of you will have read this chapter over and over again, but have you ever seriously considered the tremendous price the Saviour paid to secure eternal blessing to as many as believe on His name? In the fifth verse we read: "*He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.*"

An old farmer, while travelling on the same journey as a friend of mine, who had entered into conversation with him, speaking of this scripture, said, while tears ran down his cheeks: "It is enough to break a heart of stone!" Does it break yours?

If you have never seen the face of my blessed Saviour, I am sorry for you. You do not know what you are missing in this life, you cannot know what you are laying up for yourself in the life hereafter. You may hide from His face now, but a time is coming when this will be impossible. Now is the day of salvation, but the day of judgment is certainly and surely drawing nigh. How about you? Will you be among those who will say to the mountains and rocks: "Fall on us, and *hide us from the face of Him* that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. vi. 17). This will be the cry of thousands in "the great day of His wrath"—this the shriek of despair that will issue from the lips of "kings of the earth, great men, rich men, chief captains, and mighty men." What will their kingdoms, their greatness, their riches, their distinction, or their might avail them in that day?

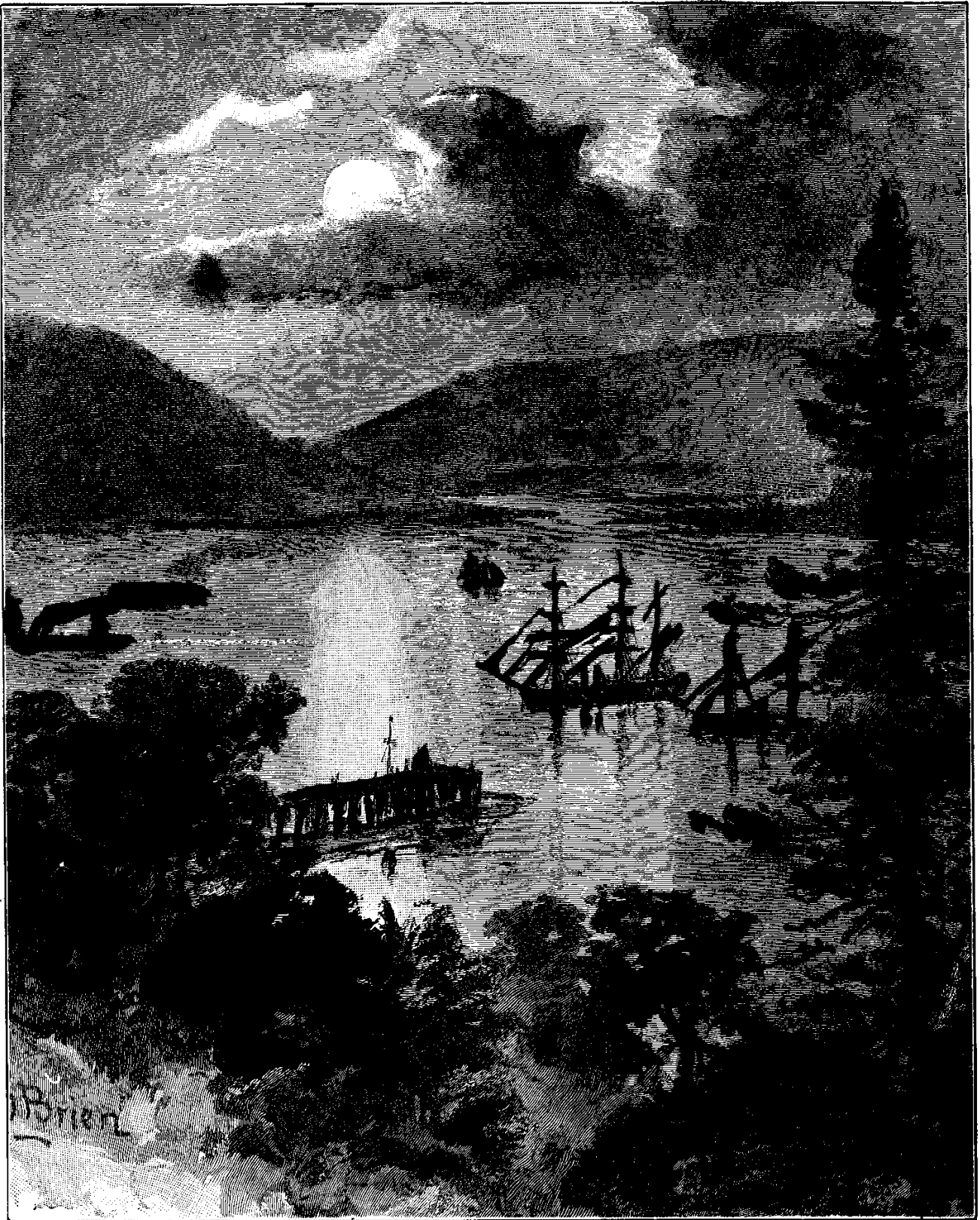
Nothing!

The day of grace will be past, their souls will be eternally lost, and they then *must* stand face to face with Him to whom all judgment will be given, and who might once have been their Saviour. What folly, what madness to hide from Him now!

I thank God I shall never be among those on whom this fearful judgment will fall! My place is prepared in a different scene altogether—a scene which the glory of God will lighten, and of which the Lamb is the centre and theme and object. I shall form part of the Bride of Christ, the Lamb's wife. *I shall see His face!*

Dear reader, I earnestly implore you to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ *now*, and you will have a right to share His glory *then*. Let us who are saved wake up and be earnest in our prayers for the unsaved. C. S. M.

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A LAND-LOCKED BAY.

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Do You Know It?



KNOW a little land-locked bay
For souls upon a stormy sea ;
What light on all the hills around,
What song of birds in every tree !

No billows roll, nor rocks do rend ;
No wildly wrecking winds are there ;
But tiny ripples whisper " Peace " :
That little land-locked bay is PRAYER.

Only a Step.



LIFE in this world is only like the vapour which passes away—soon over, soon gone. Death is its end here. It is God's judgment upon us. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23).

David said to Jonathan, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death" (1 Sam. xx. 3), for King Saul sought his life.

How often sudden deaths remind us that we have not a *moment* to call our own! Death is around us on every hand, it is in front of us, and it tracks us with relentless steps till it *overtakes* us, how soon we know not.

Are you prepared at this moment to step out of time into eternity, into the presence of a holy, sin-hating God, with your sins upon you, unforgiven, to meet their due reward at His hands, never to return to this world or this life, never to reach heaven? A friend went to hear the gospel preached a short time since in her usual health, and had not been in her seat many minutes before her head fell back and she was gone—had taken this solemn step for which, through the grace of God which bringeth salvation, she had been made meet (Col. i. 12); through faith in the Saviour of sinners, who in the greatness of His love came from the glory of God and went into death, the death of the cross, to bear God's judgment due to sin. He glorified God with regard to it, has risen *out of death* victorious over it, and is seated on the throne of God. What a bright end for my friend! With Christ, which

is far better, for her death was only a step into the glory.

When here she had loved to think of Him who has robbed the grave of victory, and taken away the sting from death (the sting of death is *sin, unforgiven sin*), and has brought life and incorruptibility to light through the gospel. She knew Him as her Saviour, and that His death on Calvary had answered to God for all her sins. This was all she relied on. What is sufficient for God is a sure foundation to rest on. God has provided the Lamb, and has been glorified in His death for sinners.

He has provided righteousness for us, and in His sight all who believe are clothed in it. Christ is the righteousness of God (Rom. iii. 22), and by His finished work alone can a sinner be justified before God. It is "not by works of righteousness which we have done" (Titus iii. 5), for all our righteousness is as filthy rags. The best we can do is mixed with sin and not good enough for God. God sends you the blessed news from heaven of free pardon and eternal life in His Son. Christ is the need of your soul. He alone can take away your guilty fears and make you happy here and hereafter.

Can you refuse such grace, such love? Believe it, and you are linked for ever with the Christ of God, the Man in the glory, Lord of all, and with Him in the Father's house where there are many mansions. Then you can look death in the face; for, through grace, it will be the door into glory. For the unrepentant sudden death is sudden judgment. While you have opportunity come to the Saviour. He has said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3).

**"BECAUSE HE HATH APPOINTED A DAY,
IN THE WHICH HE WILL
JUDGE THE WORLD IN RIGHTEOUSNESS
BY THAT MAN WHOM HE HATH ORDAINED;
WHEREOF HE HATH
GIVEN ASSURANCE UNTO ALL MEN,
IN THAT HE HATH RAISED HIM
FROM THE DEAD" (Acts xvii. 31).**

A.

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A GIPSY CARAVAN.

The Gipsy's Conversion.

AT a Bible-class for boys held in a small village in Surrey some years ago a number of gipsy boys who had been invited paid great attention to the message given, which was new and strange to most of them. Amongst other things that arrested their attention was a hymn which is familiar to many children—

“Oh! come to Jesus now!
Jesus is here,”

sung to the tune of “There is a happy land.”

At the close the question was asked, “Will you take this message to your fathers and mothers, ‘Father, Jesus loves you. Mother, Jesus loves you?’” To this all the children consented, and they dispersed to their homes. One of the gipsy children, just four years old, went back to the van in which his father was sitting, and climbing up on his father’s knee he said, “Father, the lady sent you a message: she said Jesus loves you, father.”

“Sent *me* a message!” he said.

“Yes, she said Jesus loves you.”

The story is now better told in the gipsy’s own words.

“I was just going to push the child off my knee. What! that name! I know’d nothin’ about it except to take it in vain. Now to hear it like this from the child: when he put his little arm round my neck, and began to sing:—

“Oh! come to Jesus now!
Jesus is here.”

“I went straight out of the van. I walked about. I could eat no food. I could get no rest. All my sins came straight before me. I could think of nothing else. I could get no relief. Fifty years of sin! fifty years of sin! Just think of that! But I could not go to the public-house to forget it this time, indeed I couldn’t. I went to every church and chapel in the place, but I got no comfort, everything I heard made me worse. Yes! I was miserable. One day as I was travelling to G—— to get my hawking licence my load

was very heavy—very heavy—my sins, I mean. . . . I kept saying to myself, ‘Twelve miles am I walking to get my earthly bread, but I have never yet tasted *one* crumb of the ‘Bread of Life.’ Oh! where shall I go to get life for my poor soul? I’d walk farther than this to get that life, indeed I would! but I don’t know where to go. When all of a sudden Freddy’s hymn came into my mind, ‘Jesus is here.’ ‘Take on the vans,’ I cried, ‘never mind me!’ and I went right off the road, away into the common; there I knelt down for a long time. ‘Jesus here! Jesus here!’ That was all I could think of. Jesus says, ‘I am the Bread of Life,’ and ‘Jesus is here.’ When I got up from my knees I was shouting for joy. Yes, I was praising God with all my heart. I went after the vans, and we all came back from G—— together, but I was shouting and singing all the day—couldn’t help it. My missus, and all *they*, said, ‘He’s gone mad! B—— you’ve gone mad.’ When I came home I went straight to Steven and told him all about it. ‘Stev,’ I said, ‘will this *go off*?’ ‘Go off, man!’ he said, ‘no, you have got Christ, and He will never go away from you.’”

This dear old man until “called home”—a period of fourteen years—remained a bright and happy Christain.

Now, my reader, you who know the way of salvation so well, and have listened to the “old, old story” of the love of God so often that to you it has become an oft-told tale, let me ask, Have you ever turned to God in all earnestness as that poor gipsy by the roadside, to learn in His presence the utter sinfulness of your own heart, and at the same time to learn that He has drawn near to man in infinite grace in the person of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin those who trust in Him? The God of all grace who met that man in his deep need will do the same for you, for “He is rich unto all that call upon Him. For *whosoever* shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved” (Rom. x. 12, 13).

JNO. M.

For the Boys.

The Rejected Message.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.



WHEN the cry from India, in 1857, obliged the authorities to raise and send out large forces for the relief of their suffering fellow-countrymen and countrywomen there, it reached a small town in the west of Ireland, and three young men came forward to join the list of recruits. In a short time they sailed for India, and on their arrival were ordered up the country. On their march two of them, Matthew and James, were left sick in hospital, and there I became acquainted with them. James very readily told me their history, asking for news of the beleaguered garrisons of Cawnpore and Lucknow. After conversation on the subject of his inquiry, I proposed reading a few verses from my Bible. He said I might read if I liked, he didn't care. I repeated some suitable verses to him, and then referring to death and eternity, I strove to make him feel the awful consequences of scorning the Saviour here, who will be our Judge hereafter. He would hear no more; so I turned to his companion, who agreed in the reasonableness of my advice, and quietly allowed me to read and speak with him.

For some days I continued to see these men. James's heart was hardened, and quite deaf to the calls of grace. When I entered the ward he generally left it, to avoid hearing that truth which he hated. Matthew seemed indifferent. As it pleased me to read and speak, he listened; but he gave no evidence of real interest in what he heard.

James was soon well, and in a few days left the hospital. I saw him in the verandah just before he left, when he said: "You see I was right; I told you I was young and hearty; that I had nothing to do with these things—death and eternity—yet: there's time enough. I'll be up and have a hand

in wiping off some of them black niggers." I was much grieved, and tried to win him, even then, to Jesus. "You know," I said, "that hymn, James—

'No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come;
No med'cine, though it oft can cure,
Can *always* balk the tomb.'

He turned away. Reader, when I next heard of James he was a corpse. Only a few hours had intervened. He had gone to the bazaar and indulged in drink with some comrades, and as he was walking back to the barracks he was suddenly arrested by the hand of death. He fell down senseless, and was borne back to that bed which he had so lately left. On reaching it, he lived only just to open his eyes, and, calling Matthew, to say to him, "I find her words true: 'Too late'—I am lost." What an awful end for an unprepared sinner!

Reader, it may be *you* are careless about your soul's best interests; but *this day* you too may be a corpse. Oh, look to Jesus; trust in His blood, and you shall be saved.

For the Little Ones.

"Black Jenny."



THE Highland shepherds are reputed very noble men, and so they are; but I have a Shepherd to tell you about who loved His sheep so intensely that He gave Himself for them.

Do you not think that was wonderful love? Surely it was, and the depths of it we cannot understand.

In John x. 14 the Lord Jesus speaks, and tells us who the good Shepherd is; He says, "I am the Good Shepherd," and in the following verse, "I lay down My life for the sheep."

Do you ask why He must needs lay down His life? Turn to Isaiah liii. 6 and read slowly those words, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to

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his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Yes, we have all gone astray, not one can say "I have not."

Those who think they are fairly good, or those who feel how bad they are, are the same, in that "*all*" have gone astray.

Oh, it is a very sad thing for a sheep to go astray. I have heard that when one has gone out of sight of the fold and lost its path, instead of turning to go back, it goes farther and farther away.

Can you not see, then, our great danger, had not the Good Shepherd, the Lord Jesus, come "to seek and to save that which was lost"?

* * * * *

I will now give you a little account of how sheep follow one another—just as children go after others in doing wrong. A gentleman was staying at one of the large sheep-farms in Australia, and tells the story of it. He says: "I went to see the shearers at work. Having watched them for some little time, and the number in the pens gradually becoming less, it became time for more sheep to be brought into the shearers' shed. How this was to be done was a matter of great interest to me. I expected to hear the barking of dogs, and to see some hard driving by men: but it was much more simply and quietly managed. They had got a tame sheep, which they called 'Black Jenny,' trained for the purpose. Some two or three paddocks away were perhaps five hundred or a thousand unshorn sheep, which Black Jenny was to lead into the shed. The shepherd went and seemed to talk to her, and, opening the gate, off she trotted, and going at a goodly pace she came to where the other sheep were quietly feeding, totally unsuspecting of danger. Black Jenny turned her face towards the shed on joining the others, and began nibbling the grass. Just very slowly she moved our way, shaking her head and ringing the bell attached. By a fascination, as it were, all seemed to follow her, forsaking their old path. Little by little she brought them out of their paddock into

the next. So far it had been a slow movement. Now she quickened her steps, only stopping now and then to nibble a blade or two of grass: then from a rapid walk she broke into a run, and they all imitated her, until they ran out of the last paddock into the yard, and then right into the shearers' shed."

Oh, I would entreat you not to trifle or to go on blindly after others who know not the Lord Jesus. There is no reason why you should continue in a wrong path. Christ, the Good Shepherd, has died for us so that we might be happy now and for ever. Do not go on without thinking where you are going, as these poor silly sheep did.

The Lord has been here and given His life that we may be saved. Just think of those loving words He speaks: "I lay down My life for the sheep."

Put your trust in that Blessed One, the Good Shepherd, who loves you so much. Acknowledge your lost position, and you will know that, through His precious blood being shed, you are found, and He will say of you, "Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep which was lost."

Gospel Verses to Search for and Learn.

"THOU shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins."

Matt., chap. ., verse .

"CHRIST JESUS came into the world to save sinners."—I Tim., chap. ., verse .

"THE Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."—I John, chap. ., verse .

"HE is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

Heb., chap. ., verse .

"A SAVIOUR, which is Christ the Lord."

Luke, chap. ., verse .

"THE Son of Man is come to save that which was lost."—Luke, chap. ., verse .

For the Girls.

Unselfish Love.



ENGRAVED upon the tombstone over the grave of Grace Darling is the following verse—

“Out of her lonely grave
She bids us this lesson prove,
The strongest power for good below
Is the might of unselfish love.”

Without doubt it was love and pity that made the lighthouse-keeper's daughter brave the fierce elements of the wild September morning, and that one noble action has placed her name high up in the temple of fame.

But if you would see unselfish love in all its glory and greatness, you must look to Calvary's cross—not human love, but divine. The love of God to poor sinful men. This love stands alone in its grandeur, and every attempt to illustrate it must sink completely into the shade. I fear that it has become such a familiar story to us that we often treat it lightly, and forget its greatness and power; yet it is the wonder of the angels of heaven, and will cause the note of praise to sound forth eternally from the lips of the ransomed.

If, then, it is the wonder of heaven, and shall never be forgotten, it must be greater than anything that this world can produce. There are many things in this world which fill people with wonder; for instance, the huge steamships which plough the seas so magnificently are marvels of skill, and truly the men who have designed them are great in their way, but the day is coming when these and every other great work of men will be forgotten. When the earth itself will have grown old and been set aside, *then* the love of Jesus will remain as fresh and bright as ever. Truly His love is the greatest thing in the universe. His love is great because of what it has done; it brought Jesus down from heaven to die for sinners like you and me. We richly deserved the judgment, and

were steering straight to destruction, nor had we any desire that God should send His beloved Son to save us. Nevertheless, God did send Him, and He was triumphant over the foe. We were the prey of Satan, but Jesus overcame his power, and passed through death in order to save us. In the Scriptures we read of love which “many waters cannot quench,” and which “the floods cannot drown.” This is the love of Jesus, and it is all for you. It is a better and greater portion than any worldly prize. It can fill your heart now, and make you happy for ever and for ever. Oh, I would beseech of you to open wide your heart and let this love enter in. Great good and blessing will most surely be the result to you, and you will prove that “the greatest power for good below” is the love of Jesus.

J. T. M.

To-day.



THERE'S a Stranger, meek and lowly,
Gently knocking at the door;
He is waiting to deliver you from sin:
It is Christ, the loving Saviour,
He has been there oft before,
And you always have refused to let Him in.

Since the tender years of childhood
He has lingered near your heart,
Though He never was invited to remain;
But your long unbroken silence
Seemed to say to Him “Depart!”
Yet He tarries still, in love, and knocks again.

When your heart was filled with sorrow,
And your eyes were bathed with tears,
When some cherished one was taken from your side,
You have heard the same One knocking
That you heard in other years,
Anxious still to enter in, and there abide.

As the orb of day was setting
In the far off golden west,
When the world was robbed in night and lost to view,
You have heard this Stranger knocking
As you went away to rest,
When He seemed to speak to no one else but you.

Do not keep Him longer waiting,
Gladly let Him in to-day,
He will make your life a heaven here below;
Though your sins may be as scarlet,
He will take them all away,
He will cleanse you even whiter than the snow.

Author Unknown.

The Persian Mountaineer.

IT was a snowy day in February that Deacon Gewergis, an avaricious and selfish man, living amid the snow-capped mountains of Persia, appeared in his Koor-dish dress, with his belt of ammunition, his dagger at his side, and his gun thrown over his shoulder, at the school of the missionary, amongst the Nestorians, to see his daughter, then in the seminary. It proved to be the time of spiritual awakening with the children; and amongst others that had sought and found the Saviour was his own child, who soon appealed to her father, with deep feeling, to seek the salvation of his soul, and asked him to go alone with her and pray. The hardy mountaineer laughed, but went with her, and as she prayed, "Lord, save my father going down to destruction," he raised his hand to strike her, but God kept her from harm.

They left the place of prayer, but God heard that child's cry. The father grew more fierce—Christians pleaded with him in vain, and the missionary at last said, "I see you do not wish me to speak with you of your soul. I promise you that I will never do so again, if you do not wish it; but I want you to make me one promise: When you stand at the bar of God, promise me that you will tell the assembled universe, that on this twenty-second day of February, 1846, you were told of your danger; I leave you to pray for you." The missionary turned, and was about leaving him, when he burst into tears, and said, "I need this salvation. I will go and pray for myself."

"My sins, my sins!" was the bitter cry of his soul, "they are higher than Jelu mountains"; but he was soon able to rest his soul on the precious atoning blood of Christ, and this cry became, "My great sins, and my GREAT SAVIOUR!"

Returning to his mountain home, he gathered his old companions, and ever after delighted to tell them "of sin and of Christ,"

and laboured hard to win their souls to the Saviour; while the mountain passes were made to ring with the notes of the hymns—"Rock of Ages," and "There is a fountain filled with blood," as he went through the districts telling of "sin and salvation," till he was called to glory, on March 26th, 1856, shouting, "OH, IT IS FREE GRACE! FREE GRACE"; while his child, with whom he first knelt in prayer, was at his side, and her voice in supplication was the last earthly sound that fell upon his ear.

Unsaved reader, have you received the "free grace" of God which this Persian sinner proved sufficient for salvation? if not, come now to Jesus, as you are; for He "will in no wise cast out," and you shall soon join the mighty throng before the throne from every kindred, clime, and tongue, and

"Hail Him who saved you by His GRACE,
And crown Him Lord of all."

(*Extracted.*)

Have You a Ticket?

YOUR ticket, please!" I was standing on the platform of a small country railway station one evening, waiting for the train which was to take me home. A boy, wearing the uniform of the railway company, had come up to clip my ticket. "And what would you do if I hadn't a ticket?" I asked, smiling. He laughed. "Ah, my boy, and what will you do if *you* have not a ticket by-and-by?"

Dear reader, have you a ticket? There will be no admission for you into the "many mansions" of the Father's house above (John xiv. 2), if you have not. And what is the ticket? "When I see the blood I will pass over you" (Exodus xii. 13). Have you been sprinkled with this blood, the precious blood of Christ? S. R. H.

"FOR ever! what a volume lies
Within these simple words alone;
How we regret, how dearly prize
What once was trifling in our eyes,
When 'tis for ever flown."

Words of Peace.

Forgiveness of Sins.

“**I** WRITE to you, children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name’s sake” (1 John ii. 12, N.T.), is language addressed to the whole family of God, whether little children, young men, or fathers; and it is of all importance to be divinely established in this fundamental truth of Christianity, as without the knowledge of forgiveness of sins one cannot be said to have started on the Christian course at all.

It is, therefore, with the desire to draw the attention of young believers, or those who may be anxious, to a few of the salient points in Scripture, in connection with the forgiveness of sins, that these few lines are written, although one is conscious that in doing so one can do little more than put together in a simple way for the young that which has been written and spoken of much more fully by others.

The first thing we may consider, and that which is the foundation of all, is

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD,

as described in Romans iii. 25, 26, where, speaking of the Lord Jesus, the apostle writes, “Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness: that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.” Here we have the divine basis upon which God can bestow pardon upon all who believe in the Lord Jesus. From Romans i. 18 to chapter iii. 20 man’s condition before God is developed. The Gentiles had sunk lower than the brute creation; the philosophers who condemned others practised the same things themselves; and the Jews, who had an outward link with Jehovah, and special

privileges as His people, had behaved so inconsistently that the name of God was blasphemed amongst the Gentiles through them. Thus the Spirit of God sums up not only what man has done, but what man is before God; the law being introduced that every mouth might be stopped, and the whole world be under judgment to God.

On the ground of responsibility all was lost; man had been weighed in the balances and found wanting, and death as the judgment of God lay upon him. But now God acts in sovereign grace from His own side—coming into this world of ruin and sin and death as a Saviour-God, not demanding anything from man, but drawing near in the fullest grace to those who were sunk in sin and misery. Therefore it becomes a divine necessity that God, acting in grace towards such a world, must declare His righteousness: and this He has done in the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom He has set forth a Mercy-seat—a Mercy-seat established in blood—the witness of death accomplished, of a life poured out under the judgment of God. So that grace is exercised, not through judgment stayed, but through judgment executed. Death as the judgment of God lay upon man. Christ as man has been in death; and in laying down His spotless, unforfeited life, He ended in death for God the life to which, *in us*, sin attached; so that, as another has said, “The man under judgment has gone in judgment.” Every question of righteousness has been divinely settled in the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, the history of man in the flesh judicially ended, sin removed from under the eye of God, and the sins of believers borne and put away. Thus God’s righteousness has been declared in the passing by of the sins of Old Testament saints, and in the justification now of all who believe in Jesus; and not only so, but in the very depths of death itself all the love of the heart of God has been revealed. None can challenge the absolute righteousness of God’s grace; for the full judgment due to man has been borne by Man, and the heart of God told

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out at the very moment when that judgment was borne. Thus the death of our blessed Lord is the divine basis upon which God can justify, and that too through which all His counsels can be carried out.

Having, therefore, seen God's character vindicated, and His love revealed in the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, we may now consider a second important truth, which we find in Romans iv., namely,

THE POWER OF GOD AS DISPLAYED IN RESURRECTION.

Speaking of righteousness being imputed to Abraham, the apostle adds, in verses 24 and 25, that it was not written for his sake alone, "but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification."

We see, then, in Romans iv. that the point is not death, but resurrection; and resurrection, as has often been said, is the great demonstration of the power of God, of complete victory over every enemy. Christ, the Seed of the woman, has bruised the serpent's head in death, has through death annulled him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and delivered them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The battle-field has been swept of every foe, and Christ stands in resurrection glory in all the triumphs of victory. And here in Romans iv. He is presented as having been set there by God. The One who went into death for the glory of God has been brought out of death by the power of God. The God who delivered Him for our offences has raised Him for our justification. Could proof be greater of how completely the righteous claims of God were met in death by the Lord Jesus? Therefore the Spirit of God, in Romans iv., presents the *God of resurrection* as the Object of faith, the God in whom Abraham believed; for if God has closed the history of man after the flesh in death, He has begun a new order of things in divine power in resurrec-

tion in Christ, the Man of His pleasure. Thank God! there is a Man out of death, and that Man the One "who was delivered for our offences," "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," the One upon whom Jehovah hath laid the iniquity of us all. If we look back in simple faith and see Christ charged with our offences on the cross, there bearing all the judgment due to us, it is our privilege and joy now to see Him raised by God for our justification, and to know that, if He is clear of death and judgment, He is clear on our account as the Representative of His people.

Death and judgment never lay upon Him personally; but taking our place in grace He was in death and under judgment, therefore His clearance is ours; He was raised *for our justification*. Justification is a legal term, and has the sense of clearance; and while of course including the thought of forgiveness, it goes further. The question in Romans viii. 33, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" has its divine answer in "It is God that justifieth." We are cleared from every charge in the clearance of Christ.

On the cross Christ was charged with all that we could be charged with; there all the sins of His people were borne; there all that we were morally as children of Adam was judicially ended in death. But now Christ is clear of death and judgment; and the measure of His clearance is the measure of the clearance of every believer. . . . It is not *in us*, but *in Christ* that the truth of justification is set forth. We can never understand justification by looking at ourselves, or at one another; it is apprehended on the principle of faith, that is, faith in contrast to works. Not that there is any intrinsic value in faith, but faith lays hold of God in that which He has accomplished; and we see by faith that God, in the putting forth of His power in raising Christ from the dead, has displayed *in Christ*, thus raised, the measure of *our* justification, our clearance from every charge, as well as, we may add, our deliverance from every foe.—L. H. F. (*Extracted.*)

For Young Believers.

Where is our Home?

THERE are few Christians who do not understand the *benefits* of the death of Christ.

But, beloved reader, do you understand that *He died*?

It is a great fact that the Lord Jesus died *here*; and remember *that death severs us from all here*.

The result is, we are drawn *to Him where He now is*.

The Land I Love.

MY heart is bounding onward
Home to the land I love;
Its distant vales and mountains
My wishful passions move.

Fain would my fainting spirit
Its living freshness breathe,
And wearied feet find resting
Its hallow'd shades beneath.

No soil of nature's evil,
No touch of man's rude hand,
Shall e'er disturb around us
That bright and peaceful land.

The charms that woo our senses
Shall be as pure, as fair,
For all while stealing o'er us
Shall tell of Jesus there.

What light! when all its beaming
Shall own *Him* as its sun.
What music! when its breathing
Shall bear His name along.

No change, no pause those pleasures
Shall ever seek to know;
The draught that lulls our thirsting
But wakes that thirst anew.

J. G. B.

The Believer's A B C.

Accepted in the Son beloved,
Before the Father's face,
Blessed with all blessings now in Christ,
According to His grace.
Complete in Him in whom there dwells
The fulness e'en of God,

Delivered from the fear of death
Through Jesu's precious blood.
Elect according to God's will,
Ere time its course began.
Foreknown as sons, ere earth was formed,
Or stretched was heaven's span,
Given by the Father to the Son
To be His special prize,
Heirs of the same inheritance,
How wondrous in our eyes!
Indwelt by God the Holy Ghost,
The present Earnest given,
Joy of His heart, whose face we soon
Shall gaze upon in heaven;
Kept by God's power unto the day
When Christ shall be revealed.
Led safely by the Comforter,
By whom it is we're sealed.
Made meet to be partakers of
The saints' inheritance.
Never to perish,—in His hand,
And none can pluck us thence.
Ordained to bring forth fruit for Him
Whose power sustains us still.
Predestined to be like Him made
According to His will.
Quickened with Christ and raised with Him,
We wait to see Him come
Radiant with glory us to greet,
And take us to His home.
Saved in the Lord for ever saved,
To us His grace is given
To gather to His name below,
Soon round Himself in heaven.
United to our Head above,
By God the Holy Ghost,
Victorious in our Saviour-Lord,
In Him alone we boast.
While here below, be it our joy
His banner to sustain,
'Xpress His character, and shine
Until He comes again.
Yielding our members as His tools
To work His holy will.
Zealous our Lord alone to serve,
His pleasure to fulfil.

J. V.

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- | | | |
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| D Heb. ii. 15. | E Eph. i. 4. | F Rom. viii. 29. |
| G John xvii. 24. | H Rom. viii. 17. | I I Cor. vi. 19. |
| Eph. i. 14. | J John xv. 11. | Luke xv. 10. |
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| U I Cor. xii. 12, 13. | V Col. ii. 15. | Phil. iii. 3. |
| W Psalm ix. 4. | X Luke xii. 35, 36. | Y Rom. vi. 13. |
| | Z Acts xxvii. 23. | |

For Christian Workers.

Go out Quickly.

LET us remember the Master's word, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind."

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled."

Let us go while we can.

IF you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes pass by :
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along ;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

CHARITY is always active—never idle.

DIG channels for the streams of love
Where they may broadly run,
For love has ever-flowing streams
To fill them every one.

For we must *share* if we would *keep*
This good thing from above.
Ceasing to *give*, we cease to *have* ;
This is the law of love.

MASTER, where dwellest Thou? Come and see. As though He had said, Follow Me, and you shall know ; do not lose sight of Me, but follow Me even to the Father's bosom.

SATISFACTION in His presence, or Himself, is the divine spring of all graces and services. To have it is to set us in joy when others advance beyond us.

To have it sends us out to serve, though with inferior talents, in the spirit of servants.

IF on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach and welcome shame,
"If Thou remember me."

Gleanings in Many Fields.

THE gate of the domains of heaven is on earth.

LOVE does not wait for great occasions, but buckles on its service suit at once.

The God of all grace. How little do we let the majesty of such words in upon the soul!

THOUGH *we* may not have capacity to put things together, Scripture has.

WE should lean upon the Word as David leaned upon his harp and press music out of it.

WE must leave *reason* with God ; *believing* is ours. God will take care of His own glory.

"If we *live* in the constant valuing of Christ *for His own sake*, we shall assuredly have Him delivering us from temptation."

"If my heart is full of Christ, the things that are *contrary* to Him do not attract me, I may feel my weakness and failure all the more, but the God that by *power* has brought me into this place *in Christ* can sustain me in it."

"THE standard of our work gets its *real power* and *blessedness* when once we see that we are no longer 'in the flesh,' but are set in Christ before God."

"IN Him we stand, a heavenly band
Where He Himself has gone."

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm ; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

How little we have thought, when God has sent us one trial, of the many His love has withheld.

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“He is Able.”

DURING the preaching of the gospel an evangelist related the following incident:—

Some years ago I had been preaching in a suburb of one of our northern cities, when a man remained behind to speak to me. He realised his need of a Saviour, he saw the way of salvation clearly, but he was a slave to drink, and his fear was that if he became a Christian he would be unable to “hold on”; he knew that he had no strength to resist temptation, and he dreaded to fall again after being converted.

Taking up the Old Book, I turned him to Hebrews ii. 18, and showed him that however helpless *he* might be, however powerless to resist temptation, there was One who is “able to succour those that are tempted.” It came to him as a rope to a drowning man; then and there he laid hold of the Saviour, or rather, that all-powerful Saviour laid hold of him, and he became “a new creature in Christ Jesus.”

Later, I saw him again; he was completely changed; his dress, his appearance, everything was altered. No longer “led captive by the devil at his will,” he had been made free, and he whom “the Son makes free shall be free indeed.”

Perhaps you too, reader, are in the same state that this man once was. Some sin—it may not be the same as his—holds you in its grip. You are “holden with the cord” of your sin. Again and again you may have tried reformation, only to fall and sink deeper into the mire; you have realised that it is impossible for you to free yourself.

But, O slave of Satan! there *is* a Deliverer. You need no longer be in such cruel bondage, you need no longer serve such a taskmaster. And, oh! remember that you are earning terrible wages, for “the

wages of sin is death,” and their payment is sure and certain. Not only death to the body, but a living death, “blackness of darkness for ever,” for the soul.

But, dear friend, you need not perish. God has laid help upon One who is mighty, who is “able to save to the uttermost”; and, hopeless as your case may seem to you, you are *not* too bad for Him.

Yield yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ, come to Him just as you are. Thousands of tempted souls have fled to Him, and never one has been turned away; then you too shall find, first, that “He is able to *save*,” and then that “He is able to *keep*.”

F. E.

“Flee from the Wrath to Come!”



FRENCH gentleman named Ferdinand Clerc, who lived in St. Pierre, noticed the rapid rising and falling of his barometer, and fearing an eruption, decided to leave the city at once. He accordingly ordered his coachman to have his carriage ready in a few minutes, and telling his friends of his fears, he advised them to leave also. They only ridiculed him, telling him there was no cause to be alarmed.

Seeing he could not persuade them, he wished them good-bye. As he was driving through the streets he saw the American consul and his wife standing on the balcony, and shouted to them his observations, and also offered them a seat in his carriage. To his kind offer the consul replied that there was no danger, and that they would stay.

The Frenchman pursued his journey and had hardly left the town well behind when the sky was filled with clouds of hot ashes, and an immense flame covered the doomed city. . . . He had left friends and riches to

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save his life, as Pilgrim left the City of Destruction. Everyone would applaud his wise choice as they think of a destroyed St. Pierre, but how many there are who have heard God's warning of coming destruction, yet treat it as an idle tale! How terrible will be the awful awakening when they find themselves where the "worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched"!

The united efforts of all the fire brigades in the world could have done nothing to prevent Mont Pelée from belching forth its tons of molten lava, and how much less will the procrastinating sinner be able to evade the wrath to come! A wise man seeth the evil and fleeth. R. P. (*Extracted.*)

A Physician's Testimony.

IN days like the present, when the *reality* of Christians and Christianity is so often called in question, and when all kinds of objections as to the *worth* of the same are so widely spread, it is a matter of deep thankfulness to have such a testimony as the following.

May the perusal enable the reader to decide that that faith which is energised by the Lord Jesus Christ is a *reality*, and also that it is well *worthy* of unhesitating and confiding belief.

"At the Nottingham General Hospital in the year 1810, I assisted at the operation of removing a tumour from a female sixty-nine years of age. During the operation the patient made no complaint whatever—not the least vocal expression of pain. Some of them began to praise her for her resolution and courage. The good woman said—

"'Ah, it was not *me*, it was not *me*, it was the Lord, it was the Lord.' Any sceptic or unbeliever in Christianity may be asked, What natural powers could be called in to support or sustain a weak, aged woman, whilst undergoing so severe an ordeal? I have no doubt she had supernatural strength

given her in her time of need, and that she realised those promises, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be'; 'My strength is made perfect in weakness.'

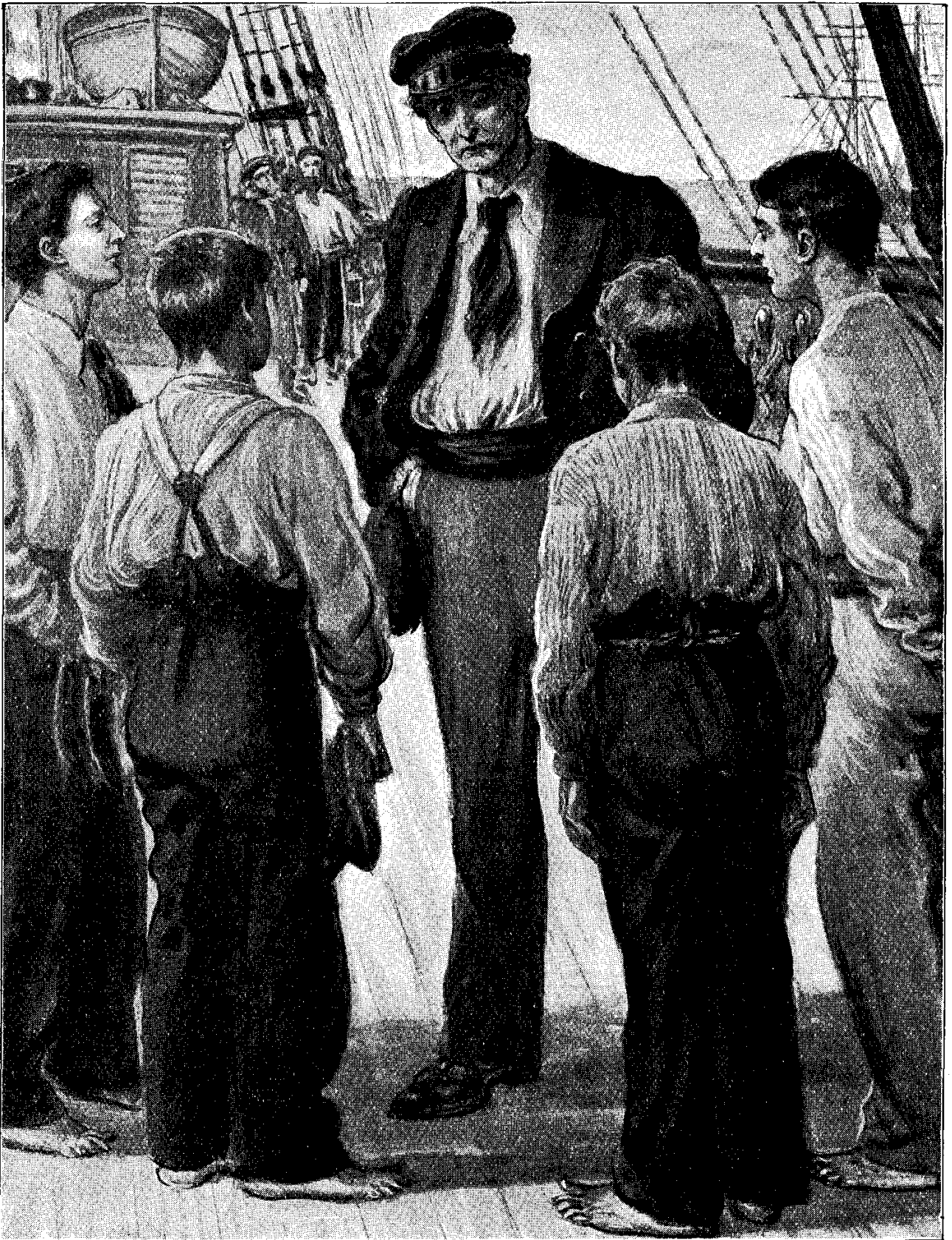
"An opiate was prescribed for her after the operation, but she refused it, and desired nothing should be given her which would lull her senses, as she wished to have a lively sense of gratitude to God, who had been with her and sustained her during so great a trial.

"I dressed her wound, which was large, until it was quite healed, and had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with her. She was a woman of decided piety and strong faith. She had left Alfreton, a town in Derbyshire, to live in Nottingham and have the operation performed. The Bible was the rule of her life; she had an unshaken and abiding trust in the providence of God, and had submitted her all to Him who has assured His children, 'Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.'

"I might give many other cases. The one I have related occurred very early in my professional career, and has been very vividly impressed on my memory. Since that time more than half a century has elapsed, and I have, during that period, witnessed the deathbeds of hundreds of Christians, and their long, trying, and painful illnesses, and have remarked their freedom from complaint, querulousness, and impatience.

"Their resignation and faith in Christ and His promises have enabled them to realise 'the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering,' etc.; with the apostle Paul to glory in their afflictions, and with the psalmist to say, 'My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'"

* * * * *
In mournful contrast to the foregoing we would add the case of an aged woman, nearly eighty, who recently died in one of the London hospitals from the effects of this same terrible disease. The last words she said to a young doctor were—"Nobody cares for me."
L. J. M.



“BROUGHT BEFORE THE CAPTAIN.”

A Refuge that Failed.

NOT long ago a cargo-steamer, or "tramp," as such boats are often called, was loading for Marseilles at one of the busiest ports in the Bristol Channel.

At length she sailed, accompanied by a pilot, with his boat in tow.

During her time in dock some "stowaways," had contrived to get aboard the steamer and secrete themselves, hoping thus to succeed in obtaining a passage for which they had neither worked nor paid.

Rapidly the steamer sped onward, leaving a white track behind, and for some hours the stowaways remained undiscovered. But just as the steamer had got well out of the Channel, and the pilot was leaving her, some commotion arose—the stowaways had been discovered, and now were dragged from their hiding-place and brought before the captain. His judgment was summary; they were quickly bundled over the side into the pilot-boat, and taken back to the nearest port. Their refuge had failed them, their hiding-place had been discovered, their dishonest project had an ignominious ending.

True, theirs was but temporal insecurity, they only lost a free passage; but how many in eternal things are seeking refuges which will only fail them, and in trusting to which they will lose not a mere temporal advantage, but their immortal souls!

Whilst so many are building false refuges of good works, of hopes, of prayers and tears, oh! see to it that *you* are not amongst them.

Only the Lord Jesus Christ, by His precious blood, can shelter our ruined souls; all other refuges, all other hiding-places are false, and the storm of God's wrath will sweep away all such, for "the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, the waters shall overflow the hiding-place" (Isa. xxviii. 17).

The believer in the Lord Jesus Christ can say of Him, "Thou art my refuge" (Ps. cxlii. 5), "Thou art my hiding-place" (Ps.

cxix. 114). And that is the only refuge, the only hiding-place, that can stand the storm.

Let the cry of *your* heart be, "I flee unto Thee to hide me" (Ps. cxliii. 9). Then indeed you shall find a safe, a sure, yea, an eternal refuge.

F. E.

The Gospel Echo.

(Found in a pew in a church in Scotland, supposed to be suggested by observing an echo.)

TRUE faith, producing love to God in man,
Say, Echo, is not this the gospel plan?
Echo—The gospel plan.

Must I my faith in Jesus constant show
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Echo—Both friend and foe.

When men conspire to hate and treat me ill,
Must I return them good and love them still?
Echo—And love them still.

If they my failings causelessly reveal,
Must I *their* faults as carefully conceal?
Echo—As carefully conceal.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove;
Thy voice will leave me nothing else but love.
Echo—Nothing else but love!

Amen, with all my heart then be it so,
And now to practice I'll directly go.
Echo—Directly go.

Henceforth on Him I'll cast my every care,
And friends and foes, embrace them all in prayer.
Echo—Embrace them all in prayer.

"A TRUE believer in the Lord Jesus is *justified* by His blood, and then learns to be *satisfied* with His love, and consequently is *occupied* with His things, and at any moment, as I write or you read this, may be *glorified* at His coming again."

O Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above.

HE that follows the Lord fully will find goodness and mercy following him continually.

SCATTERED SEED.



"BRIGHT AND HAPPY."

For the Little Ones.

Another Dress.

BRIGHT and happy days are known by many of you boys and girls. You have all you need to eat and be clothed with, and kind and loving parents to care for you, and perhaps you do not think that you need anything at all. Now I think I know something you need—you need another dress—and a little book I have read shall tell you about it.

* * * * *

THE WHITE ROBE.

REV. vii. 13-17.

I wish to tell you how you may get a white robe. But you may say, "What do I want with a white robe? I am nicely clothed, and I have no need of anything more to put on." This may be very true, dear children, as regards your body in this world; but now let each of you ask himself, "Have I got a dress prepared, clean and white and pure enough for the presence of God?"

You will not always live in this world; you must all one day go away, either to be happy with Jesus, where there is no sorrow, nor crying, nor pain; or to be cast into outer darkness, where there is nothing but sorrow.

I dare say you know what sorrow is. You have suffered pain and sickness, perhaps even hunger and cold. You may also have seen your parents, or your brothers or sisters, taken away by death. All this makes you sorrowful. But in heaven there is nothing of this. There is no sorrow nor sighing there; but, on the contrary, happiness, and peace, and joy. . . .

Some little children like gay and fine clothes, and envy others that have them. But there is no such thing as envy in heaven. John saw all there clothed in the purest white. They can stand there in only one dress. No one is admitted without it; and the dress is provided by God. . . .

Now, dear children, I want you to ask yourself this question, "Should I like to hear Him speak to me?" If your sins are not washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and if you have not got on this white robe, you ought to be afraid of the thought of coming before God and His throne. But if you have come to Jesus, and believed what God says about His blood, you are made so perfectly clean that if you were to die to-night you would be quite fit for the presence of God; because He says, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." God is looking down on all, and sees all to be in one of two conditions—either dead in trespasses and sins, or washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Those who stand before that throne shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. In heaven all the causes of sorrow and pain are taken away; there is fulness of joy at God's right hand, and pleasures for evermore. How many little children know what it is to be hungry and thirsty; but there is nothing of this kind in heaven. There God will supply all the wants of His children, and give them joy for evermore (Ps. xvi. 11).

Verses to Search for and Learn.

"GOD is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Gal., chap. . . , verse . . .

"THE Lord . . . will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts."

1 Cor., chap. . . , verse . . .

"IN the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my gospel."—Rom., chap. . . , verse . . .

"WHAT shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Matt., chap. . . , verse . . .

"YE cannot serve God and mammon."

Matt., chap. . . , verse . . .

For the Boys.

A Door of Escape;

OR,

HOW DULONG SAVED A FRENCH
ARMY.



DOOR of escape. Ah! that is what is needed when danger threatens, and the greater the danger the more welcome will the door of escape be.

What would not that crowd of English men and women who were forced into the Black Hole of Calcutta by the inhuman tyrant Surajah Dowlah have given for an open door—a way of escape? But they found none, and their frantic clamourings for freedom were but laughed at by their cruel captors.

But how shall we illustrate the danger that threatens those who are unconverted and strangers to Jesus? Every figure fails to do so, for their danger is beyond the power of mortal language to express.

Sin—death—hell—these things are terrible and real; but—thank God!—there is a door of escape from them, and this door of escape is within the reach of everybody.

I will here recall an incident of the Peninsular War, and use it to set forth the way of escape which has been opened for all who desire salvation.

MARSHAL SOULT,

one of Napoleon's greatest generals, had invaded Portugal and established himself with an army of 25,000 men in the city of Oporto, on the coast. Having destroyed one bridge that crossed the Douro, and placed another in the hands of a capable captain with 3,000 men, he deemed himself safe from attacks from the land; but he was living in a "fool's paradise," and had greatly underrated the military genius of "the Sepoy general," as he contemptuously termed Sir Arthur Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington),

who had been sent by his Government to drive the French back to France.

THE BRITISH COMMANDER

set about his task with that brilliant strategy and energy for which he was famous. Discovering some barges, he managed to get a large portion of his army across the Douro before the French were aware that they were in the vicinity. A sharp and decisive battle followed, in which Soult had to acknowledge himself defeated, and made a hasty retreat, leaving behind all his stores and baggage and sick in Oporto. He was pretty sure of getting away from the pursuing army until his scouts informed him that the bridge of Aramantha, which he supposed was safely guarded by his own soldiers, had been seized by Wellington.

It was then that he heard of a bridge, the Ponte Nova, which had been partly destroyed, and was held by the Portuguese. This was his only chance.

SENDING FOR MAJOR DULONG,

an officer distinguished for his bravery, he explained to him the situation, and giving him 125 well-mounted men, ordered him to secure and repair the bridge in time for the army to recross it, and thus escape the British, who were close in the rear. The marshal's last words to Dulong were, "*If you are successful let me know at once; if you fail you need not send—your silence will be sufficient.*"

The night was dark and stormy, and the approach of Dulong and his comrades was not noticed by the Portuguese sentinels, who were promptly seized and slain, and the soldiers being overpowered, the bridge was strengthened.

Then the news of a way of deliverance was carried back to Soult as hard as horse-man could ride, and his army escaped—only just in time, for the pursuing army was close at their heels. When the French had crossed, the bridge was destroyed, and Wellington gave up the pursuit.

Soult and his army shall represent the sinner hemmed in on every side. Is there a

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door of escape? *You* are a sinner; is there a door of escape for *you* from the judgment your sins deserve, and from the foes that threaten to overwhelm you? Thank God, there is. Jesus came to make a way of escape, and He has done that by His death. Great was the work which He undertook, but He was the Son of God, and of course has proved Himself blessedly equal to it, and through His death perfect salvation is obtained for all.

But how do we know that He has really opened a way of life and salvation for those who were in danger of eternal death? He has come back from the grave. Had He not finished redemption's work, He would never have been raised from the dead. His voice would have been for ever silent, and that silence would have been sufficient to prove that there was no way of escape for us.

But His voice is not silent: He came back to His own disciples. They saw Him alive from the dead, and heard Him say, "Peace be unto you." How melodious to their ear must have been His words! And they have lost none of their music to-day, though for nearly 2,000 years that word "peace" has been ringing out for all. Oh! have you got the peace that the voice of the risen Saviour proclaimed? Is life yours through His death, and can you say, I am saved by Jesus who died and rose for me? God grant it, is my prayer.

J. T. M.

"What will it be to see Him!"

THESE were the words of a dear black man, who has now gone home to be with the Lord. Only a few months ago he was spending his holidays at the same place where we were staying, and hearing he intended going out to Africa to preach to his own countrymen, we desired a little conversation with him, and it was not long before we found a free entrance in speaking of the Lord's interests to him. We offered him a little book entitled *Safety, Certainty,*

and Enjoyment, which he kindly accepted. Looking at the title with beaming face, he said, "How blessed to have safety, certainty, and enjoyment!" and then he remained silent for a few moments, as though words could not convey the deep emotions of his heart; he at length exclaimed, "What will it be to see Him in all His glory without distraction!" Blessed testimony indeed of a soul saved by God's grace; for who but the believer in Jesus desires to see His face again? Those who know Him not see no beauty in Him that they should desire Him; but to the true believer He is the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. This dear man could say, too, "What were we more than anyone else, that the Lord thought of us?" He seemed to have had a deep sense of his own need and God's rich grace towards him. Well it was for him that he had made God's well-beloved Son his choice, for within a few short weeks he was called away to be for ever with the One whom he longed to see. The last accounts we heard of him were that he had passed away in the E—— Infirmary, and was buried in a burial-ground at the same place. Then, dear reader, if still unsaved, does this not speak to you as a warning note to "be in time, for time is short and eternity long"? If you as yet have never taken this Worthy Friend as your eternal Saviour, we would earnestly plead with you to do so now. For He has thought of us long before we ever thought of ourselves, and proved His love too, to the very full, in going down to the depths of Calvary for us. But God hath raised Him from amongst the dead and seated and crowned Him with glory and honour at His own right hand, proof indeed that He is perfectly satisfied with the perfectly finished work He accomplished on Calvary. Then, dear reader, why not you? All He wants from you is to come to Him in all your need, trust Him in simple faith as the alone Saviour whom God has provided, and prove His unalterable Word, which saith, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

J. B.

For the Girls.

"Dropped out of the Race."



WALKING contest recently excited great interest in one of our country villages. The goal was a well-known watering-place, about ten miles distant, the contest was well advertised, the prizes (which were handsome) were exhibited for some days beforehand at a local tradesman's, and there were several competitors.

The winner of the first prize—a silver cup—was warmly congratulated on his arrival at the goal; and those who obtained prizes of less value received a due amount of approbation. But there were some who presented themselves as competitors, and complied with the regulations—made a good start as it were—but never reached the goal at all. Overcome by the heat, fatigue, or the difficulties of the road, they had dropped out of the contest, thus relinquishing all hope of a prize, or even of completing the course that they had begun.

I wonder if any of you have in a far greater contest—"the race that is set before us"—dropped out by the way?

You made perhaps a brave start; you were very happy when you first confessed Jesus as Lord, and rejoiced in the forgiveness of your sins, but now something seems to have dimmed the brightness of your joy—something seems to have come between you and your Lord, until, like Peter, you have been following Him "afar off."

It is not that you doubt your forgiveness; it is not that you have lost your assurance—the One who made you His own has said, "My sheep shall never perish"—but deep down in your heart you have no satisfaction, no happiness.

The Scriptures have lost their freshness to you, prayer has become a duty instead of a source of strength and joy; you cannot say with gladness as you once did—

"Thou, O Christ, art *all* I want;
More than all in Thee I find."

Looking back, you can perhaps tell what it was that hindered you (for you may be perfectly certain that the change is in you, *not* in the One who is the same "yesterday, to-day, and for ever"). Something that seemed to you a very little thing at the time; "not much harm in it," you thought, but you let it into your heart; you allowed it to come between you and your Lord, until the weight which should have been "laid aside" became heavier. The sin which "doth so easily beset us" was indulged in more frequently; instead of "looking unto Jesus," your eyes became occupied with other objects that seemed fascinating and alluring. Your love to Him grew cold, and finally, to all outward appearances, you gave up the contest and dropped out of the race.

It has been said by another that "if we are not following the Lord, He is following us to bring us back to Himself," and surely only He, who goeth after that which is lost until He find it, can cleanse and restore the soul which He has purchased with His own blood.

You have grieved and slighted the Lord Jesus; you have, as it were, turned your back upon Him, but He has not turned away from you—never for a moment has He lost sight of you. No, His love is still yearning over you; "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee" (Isa. xxx. 19).

Can you stay away any longer? Oh, come back to the Lord Jesus *now!* Make a clean breast of all your failure to Him; tell Him the whole sad story; ask Him to set you free from the power of the sin that in your own strength you are so helpless to combat with, that again and again you have struggled against, only to realise your own weakness. Do not let Satan deter you; no doubt he will try to. It would please him only too well for you to remain a miserable, unhappy, half-hearted Christian—a burden to yourself, a stumbling-block to others.

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Instead of listening to him (and ah! how strange it is that we should ever heed the words of the one of whom we have been told so plainly that he is "a liar"! (John viii. 44), come back to the One who "loved you, and gave Himself for you," who is waiting and longing to receive you.

Then, indeed, you will be able to say with gladness, "He restoreth *my* soul; He leadeth *me* in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake." F. E.

Peace Proclaimed.

"**H**AVE you heard the news? *Peace is proclaimed!*" and "*Peace at last!*" were the cries of young and old on the welcome news of the termination of the long and trying war in South Africa between the British and the Boers. Many hopes had been shattered, many precious lives sacrificed, but *at last* arms were laid down, and the strife was at an end.

Many who had fought through the long and weary strain were now at liberty to return to home and dear ones, though in how *many* homes the "empty chair" testified to the absence of one never more to return!

Well might news of *peace* fill every heart with real thanksgiving, and loud were the rejoicings on every side as the welcome news was spread. Some were too much overcome to express their feelings by anything but tears, and a fervent "Thank God" went up from many an overcharged heart.

The news of peace in South Africa brought a welcome sound to thousands all over the world, but welcome as it was, I have yet sweeter news to tell to every weary, wayworn sinner who longs for rest. *Christ has made peace by the blood of His cross*, for ever settling the great and all-important peace question with God for all who believe. He has died to bring liberty to those bound by sin and Satan. Can you resist *such* grace? Many times before, it may be, you have *heard*

of it. Has it not awakened a desire in your heart to *know* it for yourself—that peace which the world cannot give or take away?

Peace was *proclaimed* and *received* on the termination of the war. Peace has been *proclaimed* by Christ Jesus, yet how few *receive it* as an accomplished *fact!* The conditions of peace between England and the Transvaal will long be recorded by history. The pages of Holy Writ have long recorded a far greater transaction—the *peace* for ever made by Jesus Christ, bringing to millions, from age to age, light and liberty; and, thank God, souls are still captivated by its blessed sound, and brought to Himself. Will you not, as you hear that word of *peace*, receive it as a message to yourself, and, believing, find "*peace*" in *His* name?

"Proclaimer of that peace to all,
He tells of full, unmingled grace;
To high and low who hear the call,
To old and young of Adam's race,
He preaches peace,
And love divine shines in His face."

E. A. M.

The Strait Gate.

LUKE xiii. 24.

WIDE open stands the gate—that low-set door
To God's fair palace leading;
And blessed are ye, if in spirit poor
Ye enter after pleading;
Too low for plumed heads, your cloak of pride
You must perforce undo it;
And laying all self-righteousness aside,
Pass unencumbered thro' it.

When once the Master of the house shall rise,
That only entrance closing,
In vain to lift beseeching, prayerful eyes
Towards barriers opposing:
Not then the time for suppliants to begin
Their loud, repeated knocking;
"Lord, open to me," no response shall win,
No hope of an unlocking.

Not then the time ye should *begin* to say,
"Ah, count me not a stranger"
I knew Thee well, good Lord, one other day—
Deliver me from danger;
My feet with making haste are sore and hot,
My speed was unabated."
Alas! He shall confess, "I know *you* not,
O traveller belated." W. A. I.

Words of Peace.

Forgiveness of Sins.

II.

“**T**HEREFORE being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ” (Rom. v. 1). God, acting in divine righteousness, is for us, having removed, in the death of Christ, everything that was against us. Peace with God is the necessary consequence of apprehending Him thus by faith in that which He has done for His own glory and our blessing. And as it rests entirely upon what God has wrought through Christ, it is a settled, abiding peace, unaffected by feelings, experience, or anything in us. Moreover, it is “*through* Jesus Christ our Lord.” All the grace of God is administered through Christ as Lord. As in the famine in Egypt all who came to Pharaoh were told to “go unto Joseph,” so now all who come to God must come through the Lord Jesus. “For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved” (Acts iv. 12). So too in Acts xiii. 38, 39, we find the apostle, having spoken of the death and resurrection of Christ, proclaims that “*through* this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and *by Him* all that believe are justified from all things.” And in Romans v. we find that blessing after blessing is described as coming to us “through” or “by” Christ Jesus. He has fought the fight, He has gained the victory, He has glorified God; and now, as raised and glorified, all the blessings which God has for man, as the result of Christ’s victory, are administered by God through Christ as Lord.

The last point I would notice, in concluding, is the condition upon which forgiveness of sins can be known and enjoyed. We have already seen that the death of Christ is the righteous basis upon which God can bestow it, and that the resurrection

of Christ is the great display of His power, and of victory over every enemy. As also that through Christ as Lord all blessings are administered. And so far all is on God’s side. But many have not the joy of forgiveness through not apprehending that which Psalm xxii. would teach, from which Romans iv. 6, 7, 8 is quoted. In Romans iv. we have the principle of justification by faith established in Abraham; and in David we have an example of one who got blessing on that principle. And David’s own words in Psalm xxxii. are quoted to prove it. Turning back then to the Psalm, we see that, in order to be in the joy of forgiveness, there must be *confession to God*. It cannot be too strongly pressed that we must get forgiveness *from God*, if we are to be really established in grace before Him.

One has little doubt that the lack of spiritual growth in many souls is due to the fact that they have never been alone with God about their sins. They have, it may be, been aroused at a gospel meeting, and have confessed *to the preacher* what sinners they feel themselves to be, and have trusted too in the finished work of Christ, and will assuredly never perish; they may even have the knowledge of forgiveness through some precious verse of Scripture. But it is one thing to get the knowledge of forgiveness from a text of Scripture, and quite another to be in the presence of God in confession, and to receive, it may be, the same text as the word of His mouth.

We see therefore in the Psalm that so long as David kept silence God’s hand was pressing upon him, in order that the silence might be broken by confession; and when at length that silence is broken, in verse 5, we see it is with God he has to do. “I acknowledged my sin *unto Thee*, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions *unto the Lord*; and *Thou* forgavest the iniquity of my sin.” The result, therefore, of his being with God in confession, and getting pardon from God, is that he has the joy of forgiveness, and is in the sense of the favour of the One who

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has pardoned him. And the joy of forgiveness and sense of favour is entered into now by the power of the Spirit, who has been given as the seal of righteousness, to all who believe the gospel.

Again, if we turn to 1 John i. 9 we read, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Taking our place in confession before God, telling out all that our consciences take cognisance of as sinful, He pardons, and not only so, but cleanses us from all unrighteousness—the blood of Jesus Christ His Son, which witnesses of death accomplished, being the righteous ground upon which He can do so. And this ninth verse is an abstract statement of wide application, which would embrace those coming as sinners to God through Christ at the first, upon whom He bestows His eternal forgiveness as a Saviour-God. And also if, alas! we fail and grieve Him after our conversion, upon taking our place before Him in self-judgment and confession we receive His pardon, not now as sinners coming to the Saviour, but as those who are, through grace, in relationship with Him. To quote from another, "If it is our first coming to God, it is forgiveness, it is in the full and absolute sense. I am forgiven with God: He remembers my sins no more. If it is subsequent failure, honesty of heart always confesses; then it is forgiveness as regards the government of God, and the present condition and relationship of my soul with Him."

We live in superficial days, in which, alas! shallow conversions are by no means uncommon; and the great need is for souls to *get to God*, like the Thessalonians, who "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God." Let us remember that "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

We would do well to ask our own hearts, Have we stopped short, contented with a mere mental peace, or have we been BROUGHT TO GOD?

L. H. F.

Blessed Messages.

No. III.

IT

THE atoning work of Christ. Long looked forward to—long pointed out by the types and shadows of the law—long foretold by the prophets. The redemption work which *must* be done if sinners were to be saved—if God were to be glorified about sin—and if heaven were to be peopled by those who once were lost and undone. The work on the ground of which all the saints of old were forgiven and blest, the work which was necessary,

IS

done; it is not being done—it is *completed*. Everything that had to be settled has been settled. It has been settled by Christ. It has been settled with God. It has been settled for us—and we may now and ever be in the joy of that settlement. Nothing remains to be done. Christ is not doing the work—He has done it—and He sits in heaven because it is done. As it is said in Heb. i. 3, when He had by Himself purged our sins, "He" sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Yes! He, the Son of God, has

FINISHED

His work. When creation work was completed God rested. All was very good, and He could rest in the works of His hands. That rest was broken by man's sin. Now the greater work of atonement has been finished, and that work can never be marred. God can rest eternally in it, and Christ who wrought it is sitting at God's right hand.

The priests in the tabernacle of old always stood daily because their work in offering many sacrifices was never done. Christ, having offered one sacrifice, is seated for ever at the right hand of God.

Do not seek to add to His work. A cupful of vinegar would spoil a pailful of milk. A little of your work added to Christ's will spoil it all as far as your blessing is concerned.

Remember His words,

"IT IS FINISHED."

For Young Believers.

"A Tiny Mission."

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

"**H**AD been hoping to get to my ——; he is in a country home, where he seems to have a tiny mission in helping others weaker than himself. There are six patients there, and he wheels a lame one about in his long perambulator!" So writes a widowed mother.

How touching to read of this "tiny mission." Let me try to bring him before your mind's eye. Picture to yourself a gawky youth of about twenty, with his head put on so that it waggles about, and his tongue frequently protruding from his mouth with a perpetual dribbling. Something wrong with the eyes, too. Hands that hang strengthless. One elbow drawn up and twisted. A short leg, with a deformed foot, on which he swings, as on a pivot, at every second step. And this pathetic figure is wheeling one "weaker than himself" in a "long perambulator," doubtless somewhat heavy. Though so old, his mind is not as strong as that of a child of five. But God has in His mercy given him sufficient intelligence to take in that Jesus died *for him*, and to *believe* it to the saving of his soul (1 Peter i. 8, 9); and to be able to satisfy others also that he does so. Shall we write over the account of this dear lad's occupation—"To *every* man his work"? (Mark xiv. 34).

Perhaps this may meet the eye of a young believer, one who is "sound in wind and limb," and clear, and it may be bright, in intellect. Do you thank God sometimes, when you pray, for these priceless mercies? And *what use do you make of them?* Do you put the talents committed to your charge to so good a use as —— put his small talent? (Matt. xxv. 14-30). Or are you one of those who are always murmuring and fretting instead of seeking opportunities for—

"Little acts of kindness,
Little deeds of love?"

You might wait a lifetime for some great work which you think worthy of your powers, and never do anything. But if you daily do what *little* things come in your way, you will not lose your reward. And what a big mass they would make when all added together! It was but a small thing for the little Jewish maid to tell her mistress of the prophet in Samaria, but it lives for ever on the sacred page (2 Kings v. 3).
W. G. B.

Intimacy with Christ.

A HOLY intimacy with Christ is the strength and light of the soul, and He encourages us in it, for He is full of love. How near He brings Peter at the end of Matthew xvii.! The tribute was the tribute to the temple, to Jehovah, and while He shows He knew all and could command the creatures—the fish to bring the exact needed sum—He says to Peter, "Lest we should offend them." You and I are children; we do not owe the tribute, and "that give for *me* and for *thee*." And He spoke as intimately and familiarly to His disciples about His death as He did to Moses and Elias. It is a gracious and blessed Saviour we have; He delights in our being near Him, and soon will have us so for ever, and like Him too. May He make you more and more like Him daily! Oh, cultivate intimacy with Him; it keeps the conscience alive and the heart happy. You may be comparatively a young Christian, and I am an old one; but He is all we want, each of us, and suited to each. You can have Him to keep you in the journey before you, and I can look back and see a patience and a faithfulness, a goodness beyond all my thoughts and all my praise. It is a sweet thought that in going on I am drawing near being with Him for ever. If spared, you have more of the toil of the way; with me it is almost over.
J. N. D.

For Christian Workers.

Go Forth.

PSALM CXXVI. 6.

SOW ye beside all waters
Where the dew of heaven may fall :
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.

Sow though the thorns may wound thee ;
One wore the thorns for thee ;
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

Sow ye beside all waters
With a blessing and a prayer ;
Name Him whose hand upholds thee.
And sow ye everywhere.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray,
For the rain of heaven descendeth
When the sunbeams pass away.

Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days may break,
And the seed in darkness nourished
A goodly plant may make.

Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land ;
And when the evening falleth
Withhold thou not thy hand.

Sow though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride ;
Some cleft there may be riven
Where the little seed may hide.

Fear not, for some will flourish,
And though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the scattered grain be found.

Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on,
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh
And the labourer's work is done.

Watch not the clouds above thee ;
Let the wild winds round thee sweep ;
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.

Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb ;
Thou knowest not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.

Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest, coming,
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

Extracted.

Gleanings in Many Fields.

ALL is closing in, . . . but the narrow way leads to a wealthy place. Here it is to be the girded loins (1 Peter i. 13), there the flowing robes. Here it is to be the trimmed lamp; there not even sun or moon needed, for the glory never sets.

“YOU have a hard cough, Betty,” said a lady to a poor woman. “Yes, ma'am, but it is the Lord's will,” said she. “Some years ago the Lord said to me, ‘Betty, do this,’ and I did it, and ‘Betty, go there,’ and I went; but now He says to me, ‘Betty, lie there and cough.’ So, ma'am, I lie here and cough.”

LIKE as the sun's fair light
Shines on to perfect day,
Each step shall be more clear, more bright,
Along their heavenly way.

Till at the last 'twill end
In everlasting rest ;
Oh ! what a blissful day to spend
With Jesus' presence blest.

THE lights of God which sweetly dawn
In earliest books divine,
As morning hours to noonday lead
Along the volume shine.

'Tis but the same though brightening sun
Which clearer, warmer grows ;
The clouds which veil'd his rising beam
Fly ere the evening close.

WE may bring the meridian light of the
New Testament to shine upon the *Old*.

HIS purpose and His course He takes,
Treads all my reasonings down,
Commands me out of nature's depths,
And hides me in His own.

THE more *morally* we read Scripture the safer; because it keeps us in company with our own conscience and delivers us from our speculations.

JOHN xiv. 27. The world will give what it can spare, the Lord gives what cost Him everything.

SCATTERED SEED.

What are You Waiting For?

MANY people are waiting; they cannot exactly tell for what, but for some sort of miraculous feeling to come stealing over them—some mysterious kind of faith.

Is any reader waiting for some strange feeling—you do not know what? Nowhere in the Bible is a man told to do so; God is *commanding* you *now* to repent.

There are men to-day who are in darkness and bondage because they are not willing to turn from their sins and confess them; and I do not know how a man can hope to be forgiven if he is not willing to confess his sins.

Bear in mind that *now* is the only day of mercy you will ever have. You can repent now, and have the awful record blotted out. God waits to forgive you; He is seeking to bring you to Himself. But I think the Bible teaches clearly that there is *no repentance after this life*. There are some who tell you of the possibility of repentance in the grave; but I do not find that in Scripture. I have looked my Bible over very carefully, and I cannot find that a man will have another opportunity of being saved.

Why should he ask for any more time? You have time enough to repent now. You can turn from your sins this moment if you will. God says, "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth; wherefore turn, and live ye" (Ezek. xviii. 32).

Christ said He "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Are you a sinner? Then the call to repent is addressed to *you*. Take your place in the dust at the Saviour's feet, and *acknowledge* your guilt. Say, like the publican of old, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and see how quickly He will pardon and bless you. He will even justify you and reckon you as righteous, by virtue of the death of Him

who bore sins in His own body on the cross. There are some, perhaps, who think themselves righteous; and that, therefore, there is no need for them to repent and believe the gospel. They are like the Pharisee in the parable, who thanked God that he was not as other men—"extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican"; and who went on to say, "I fast twice a week; I give tithes of all I possess." What is the judgment about such self-righteous persons? "I tell you this man" (the poor contrite, repenting publican) "went down to his house justified rather than the other" (Luke xviii. 11-14). "There is *none* righteous, no, not one." "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 10, 23). Let no one say *he* does not need to repent. Let each one take his true place—that of a sinner; then God will lift him up to the place of forgiveness and justification. "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted" (Luke xiv. 11).

Wherever God sees true repentance in the heart, He meets that soul.

Have You?

AN old man was asked one day, "Have you ever in the whole course of your lifetime got on your knees alone with God, to tell Him you were a poor lost sinner, and looked to Him to save your soul?"

He replied, "I can't say as ever I have."

Reader, have you?

Meet God you must; meet Him now while it is still the day of salvation. God speaks in love from heaven, and tells real sinners of a great Saviour who died for them—Christ Jesus, "whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation" (mercy-seat) "through faith in His blood" (Rom. iii. 25). A.

THE BLOOD

IT is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." Such was the word of old to the Israelites, and all the sacrifices under the law told the same truth, that "without shedding of blood there is no remission."

Adam and Eve being clothed with skins probably told the same story to them—that to clothe them victims must die. Abel seems to have learned the lesson, for he brought of the firstlings of the flock and of their fat. The blood of the passover lamb was a very direct witness to the same all-important truth.

Man has sinned, is subject to death, and "after this the judgment." Nothing but the blood can screen him. All the offerings of old pointed to Calvary. There was no real value in the shedding of the blood of bulls and goats. It, in itself, could not put away sin, but each offering served as a signpost along the road of time pointing to the cross, and telling of One who was to come—telling of the blood

OF JESUS CHRIST

which was to be shed.

Thank God, we live in a day when He has come and offered Himself. He has died. His precious blood has been shed. That which was so long looked for has come to pass. The God of all grace has given

HIS SON

and His death avails for every sinner. The glory of His person as the Son of God lends the value to His blessed work.

What a message to calm the anxious soul is this that we speak of—The blood of Jesus Christ His Son

**CLEANSETH US
FROM ALL SIN.**

Naught else could cleanse. Naught else could possibly avail, but it cleanses from all sin. Not a spot or stain of sin remains on the one who believes. "All sin" means *all* sin. God speaks it, and we believe it because He speaks it.

TO HIM

WHAT is to Christ, the Son of God. He is the great centre of God's thoughts and plans and purposes, and of old God's servants were sent to bear witness to Him in one way or another. Some serve as types of Him, some sing His praises, while to Him

GIVE ALL THE PROPHETS WITNESS

They all proclaim His worthiness and His work. They tell of widespread blessing which will yet come to this earth through Him, and tell too of blessing for all by His means.

THAT THROUGH HIS NAME

Through what He is—in virtue of what He has done—on account of His atoning death on the cross, and on account of it alone. Not through your name or mine is blessing to come. Not through the name of some great one of earth. No, through His name—the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Through His name.

**WHOSOEVER
BELIEVETH IN HIM**

Could the way of blessing be simpler? Could easier means be devised for us? Whosoever—anybody—you or me or anyone—whosoever believeth in Him. Oh, turn from all connected with yourself, dear anxious soul! Look away from your sins—your strivings to be better—your struggles to overcome. Look to Christ, where He is at God's right hand. Rest your whole weight upon Him. Rely entirely on His atoning work, and the blessing of forgiveness shall be yours, for whosoever believeth in Him

SHALL RECEIVE

now, at once, on believing,

THE REMISSION OF SINS.

A full, free pardon of every sin. "Of sins." Not of some of them. Not of most of them, but of all of them. Are you longing to be at rest as to the matter of your sins? Believe then in Him, and forgiveness is yours.

SCATTERED SEED.



“ MISSED.”

Almost Saved.



MAN is drowning! He fell off the pier-head into the sea, and look! you can see his head just above the waves! There! he has just caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him. Now he has it! No, he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him further out.

Nothing can save him now. Oh, if he had but caught the rope when he was so near it!

"And he so near being saved," says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye. "Why, the rope fairly touched his hand!" Ah, that made it all the worse! To think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

* * * * *

Almost saved! Reader, do you not hear that cry from another world—"I was once very near being saved; I had almost made up my mind to accept Christ, but did not do it, and now it is too late! Lost! lost! and for ever! Oh, if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus! Oh that I had come to Him then, when I might have come!"

Dear reader, are you almost persuaded to be a Christian? Then there is one great difference between you and that poor drowning man. *It was not his fault that he missed the rope.* He did all that he could; he clutched at the rope with all the strength of despair—and who blames him because he missed it? But ah! it is not so with you. You know that you might be saved at this moment *if you liked*; but instead of laying hold of Christ at once you are thinking about it, and wishing, and hesitating, and putting off. "Ye *will* not come unto Me that ye might have life," says Christ.

Almost within the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, lingering about the door, catching an echo of its music—and yet shut out! Better, better far, never to have heard of Jesus than to come so near to Him, and yet,

at last, to hear Him say, "Depart, I never knew you!"

"Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall:
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous;
Sinners Jesus came to call."

What a Price!

"WHAT is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul."

A solemn pause followed this brief answer, for the inquirer had not sought "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

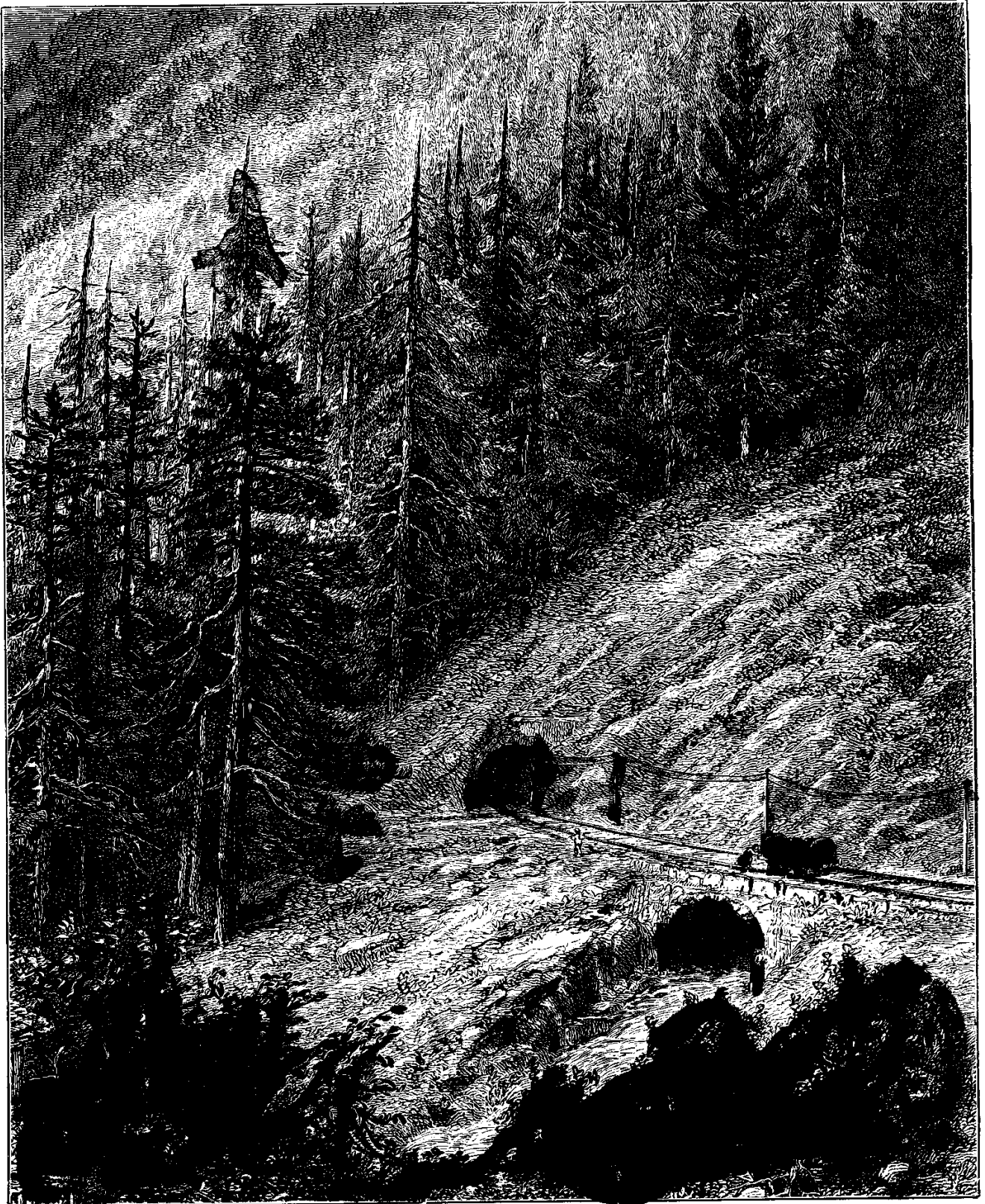
The former owner referred to was the son of a pious labouring man. Early in life he was the subject of serious religious impressions, and was, moreover, thought by all to be a pious young man. He obtained a situation in a mercantile establishment in the City, and was ultimately taken into partnership. But, alas! as the cares of this world increased, his desires to know and serve Christ decreased, and thus the cares of this world choked the word. Ere he became old he was exceedingly rich, but was poor and miserly in soul.

At length he purchased the large landed estate referred to, built a costly mansion, sickened, and died. Just before he died he remarked, "My prosperity has been my ruin."

Oh, what a price for which to barter away immortal joy and everlasting life! Yet how many do it!

"When I have finished this house," said one man, "then I will seek the Lord." "Years afterwards," said the narrator, "I passed that way; the house was not finished, but *the man was dead!*"

SCATTERED SEED.



ON AN AMERICAN RAILROAD.

A Railway Incident.

TRAVELLING a little while ago on a newly opened railway, there was some conversation about the engineering difficulties that had to be overcome and the large necessary expense. But what easy travelling it was as the result, bringing also the benefit of stations to people in the country, who before were miles distant.

This made one of the passengers think and speak of that perfect and permanent way to heaven, which cost the blessed Lord Jesus so much, by which all believers are brought right home to God; for we read He Himself says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life" (John xiv. 6). What rest and comfort it gives to the one who thus comes to Him and finds the infinite value of His precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin! Dear reader, do you know this? Are you travelling on this line? It is through the finished and perfect work of another, even the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour, that this eternal salvation is obtained.

"The new and living way
Is open now to heaven;
There, where the blood is seen alway,
God's gift is given.
The river of His grace,
Through righteousness supplied,
Is flowing o'er the barren place
Where Jesus died."

J. E. A.

"I go a fishing."

IGO a fishing," said Peter. "We also go with thee," said the others. "And a right thing to do," someone may say, for were they not fishermen? But think a moment. Since the Lord Jesus had risen from among the dead He had declared the new relationship, had refreshed their hearts with His presence in their midst, had given them peace, breathed on them, saying,

"Receive ye the Holy Spirit," and had sent them as the Father had sent Him. Moreover, from the beginning they had been called to be fishers of men.

Alas! how soon apparently all is forgotten and how readily they turn their own way, but only to prove what a very unsatisfactory way it is. "That night they caught nothing." The Lord at length appears and asks a question: "Children, have ye any meat?" Or in other words, What has been the result of all your labour and toil? Have you got even that which can sustain? They answered Him, No. What an admission! Not only is there nothing for Him, but they have nothing for themselves. However, it is well to be honest.

A COMMAND.

"Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." To go a warfare at our own charges is but to court defeat and disgrace; at His it will redound to His honour and glory. It may appear foolishness to cast the net on the right side of the ship, and particularly so in the morning, but the foolishness of God is wiser than men. "They were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." Here is success indeed with no failure in any respect. And for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.

What a contrast—His way from ours!

A GRACIOUS INVITATION.

"Come and dine." If *you* have no resources, I have. "As soon then as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals and fish laid thereon, and bread." Not only sustenance, but energy to go against the stream. How like the blessed Lord! Not a word of reproach, but a feast provided such as tired and hungry men could appreciate. Thus the Lord recalled His wayward disciples from a path of self-will to the only true source of joy and satisfaction—Himself.

May He lead our hearts thus, so that we may intelligently serve Him while He is away.

C. A.

For the Boys.

Confession.

YOU are a young convert. You have come to Christ, and have been saved by Him. God knows this, and you know it; but God wants you to let others know it. He wants you to own that you belong to Christ. This is confession.

There may be converts who do not openly confess Christ. Few will count them with believers, and even their kindest Christian friends may fear that there is no reality about them. Suppose you are sent to change a five-pound note. You receive four sovereigns and a little disc of gold, in all respects like a sovereign, but unstamped. You would not take it because it did not bear the king's head. It might be standard weight and just as valuable as a sovereign, but it could not pass as one.

Confession of Christ is like the die-stamp. It does not make you a child of God and an heir of glory, but unless you own Christ you will not pass as His. It is all very well to go to heaven, but you should *show* as well as *go*. The Melbourne suburban trains have a board in front of the engine showing their destination. Let everyone know, by your open, brave confession, which way you go.

There are two ways of confessing Christ—first, *with the life*; second, *by the lips*.

We read in John i. 4 that "the life was the light of men." This was true first of all in Christ when here, but if Christ is your life, that life in you will be light for those around you now. You can see nothing in a dark night unless it shines, as a star or a candle, for instance. This world is a very dark place, and Christians are lights in it. Why? *Because Christ is their life*. The life is the light, and the light is the confession by which the life is seen. If you do not shine, who can see you in this dark

world? Travelling by the night express to Adelaide, we passed through a little town. How did I know this? Simply by the cottage lights, which showed that life was in those humble homes. Let the new life proclaim all round by its brightness that you are in reality a believer.

Boys, when you go to office or bench for the first time, among strangers and new associates, take your stand for Christ at once. Keep close enough to Him to be at a long distance from an evil man, a foolish jest, or a wicked story. From the side of Christ down to the company of fools who make a mock of sin (Prov. xiv.) is a deep descent indeed, and you will find the return difficult and sorrowful. Be careful what you laugh at. Christ, the living Bread which came down from heaven, is your daily food (read John vi.); do not let the ungodly suppose that you have a relish for their pig-wash. If Christ is your life, then say with Paul, "To me to live is Christ" (Phil. i.).

Next, *confess Christ with your lips*.

I hope you did this soon after you knew you were saved. Did you tell your mother? Does your brother know you are a Christian? Out with it, dear young friend; do not keep your conversion a secret. Surely your Saviour deserves better returns than that. If you got off the wreck in the breakers, why not tell of the lifeboat and crew that saved you? If from the fourth story of a burning house a brave fireman rescued you, would you be ashamed of the man who, at the risk of his own life, had saved yours?

It was on a battle-field. A soldier lay bleeding to death. Seeing a surgeon passing near, he faintly called, "Doctor, please." The surgeon dismounted, attended to the man, gave all possible relief, and ordered him to be conveyed at once to the hospital.

As he was leaving, the wounded man asked, "What's your name, doctor?"

"Oh, no matter."

"But, doctor, I want to tell my wife and children who saved my life."

SCATTERED SEED.

Surely that was becoming gratitude, and do you not think the Lord Jesus deserves as much from you? Would He not say to you as He did to another, "Go home to thy friends, and *tell* them how great things the Lord hath done for thee"? (Mark v.) Tell it out, dear young believer. It will be a safeguard to you. It is more likely you will stand firm if you confess.

Is confession easy? No, it is not. And it becomes no easier because it is postponed. To-day you may confess Christ with blushes and awkwardness, with blunders and stammering lips. Never mind, better to confess Christ so than to be silent. To-morrow it will be much easier, and soon you may be so strong in His strength that you cannot help saying with the psalmist, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul" (Ps. lxxvi.).

After all, you will not have to lay down your life to seal your witness for Christ. If your confession brings suffering, it will not be like the suffering which many have endured before you. The history of Confession is written in blood and flame, and tender boys and girls have their record on its pages.

Do not be a coward, but follow in the track of such brave confessors, who are passing heavenward, led by Christ Himself. You have countless blessings, may you not miss this one: "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me" (Matt. xi.).

J. N. B.

For the Little Ones.

Not too Young.



H! they are much too young to come to the Master." "They are far too little." "He only wants those who are wise and useful."

Some such thoughts as these must have

filled the minds of the grown-up disciples of the Lord Jesus when they told the parents and friends of the infants who were brought to Christ to go away. How little they knew the heart of the Lord. How little they understood His love.

We all know His kind words. Surely they should be written on the heart of every little one—

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN,
AND FORBID THEM NOT
TO COME UNTO ME,
FOR OF SUCH IS THE
KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Yes! He called the children round Him. He was glad to welcome them and to give them the nearest place of all; for He took them up in His arms, and then laid His hands upon them—those hands which soon were going to be nailed to the cross—while He blessed them.

He is just the same blessed Saviour to-day.

He is up in heaven now—for when He had died for our sins He rose again and went into glory. But we can go to Him and speak to Him much more easily than if He still lived on earth in far-away Judæa. Very few of us could go to Him there, but all of us may draw near to Him. Up in our own rooms when all is quiet, and when no eye but His can see us, we can speak to Him and tell Him about ourselves, our sins and our sorrows. And He will hear and He will bless.

The little children who were blessed by Him were sinners just such as we are. They were not a special kind of good little children who never did wrong at all. No, they were just such children as we see all around us every day. Children who had ugly tempers, and perhaps said ugly words, and had ugly looks on their faces. But they came and they were blessed. The Lord Jesus came on purpose to save sinners, and if for sinners, then for naughty children as well as for sinful men and women.

"Not too young to love Him, little hearts beat true
Not too young to serve Him as the dewdrops do;
Not too young to praise Him, singing as we come;
Not too young to answer when He calls us home."

Gospel Verses to Search for and Learn.

“WHO can forgive sins but God alone?”
Luke, chap. ., verse .

“HER sins, which are many, are forgiven.”—Luke, chap. ., verse .

“FATHER, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”—Luke, chap. ., verse .

“I WRITE unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name’s sake.”—I John, chap. ., verse .

“FORGIVING one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.”
Eph., chap. ., verse .

For the Girls.

“If I only had faith.”

“**B**ELIEVE every word of the Bible, and all that you have said to-night about Jesus Christ dying for sinners on the cross.

I sincerely believe that He died for me, and that I cannot be saved but by Him alone. I do believe and trust Him, but still I seem to want something that others around me have; I sometimes think that I have a grip of it, and at such times I feel happy, but then it fades away and I am as dark and dull as before. Oh, if I only had faith to realise it as you have; but I cannot get it, try as hard as I may.”

The speaker was thoroughly sincere and in dead earnest, a well-taught respectable woman. She had been coming regularly to the meetings held every night in the town where she lived, and in response to an invitation given one evening for any who were anxious about their salvation, or in doubt or difficulty, to remain, she kept her seat at the close. Sitting down by her side I said, “Your difficulty is by no means an uncommon one; I meet lots of people who are stranded on the same spot, and kept from entering the harbour of peace as it

is provided by God in the gospel of His Son. What you are looking for is not *faith*, but *feelings*. You want to ‘realise’ and to ‘feel’ certain changes taking place *within* you, and if these changes would take place to your satisfaction, then you would believe that you are a saved person. This would not be believing God—it would *not be faith*, but feeling—in fact it would be an experience instead of Christ for a Saviour, and ‘feeling a change’ instead of believing God’s Word as the ground of assurance of salvation. Whenever this change of feelings died away, as you say it has often done with you, then your ground of assurance would be gone; you would have nothing to hold on to, and the consequence would be, you would be plunged into darkness and doubt as before. I will tell you now how I know that I am saved, and what gives me the constant assurance. God says in His Word that He gave His Son to die for sinners, that they might be righteously saved. You say you believe He died for you. God further says that ‘all that believe *are* justified from all things’ (Acts xiii. 39). Not ‘*will* be justified’ or ‘*may* be justified’—or ‘feel justified,’ but ‘**ARE JUSTIFIED.**’ I believe God. I take Him at His word, without waiting for feelings or experiences. The consequence is, I know that I am a justified man—*know it* BECAUSE GOD HAS SAID IT. Is that enough?”

“The Cleft in the Rock.”

“**A** SHORT time back I met with a pathetic little story which I think will interest the readers of *Scattered Seed*, as showing how God uses some slight incident to awaken a careless or hardened sinner.

The story runs thus:—During a sudden and very severe snowstorm in the north of Scotland a poor widow woman, carrying beneath her plaid a sickly infant, was making her way home across a lonely moor, and down a deep, long glen.

SCATTERED SEED.

Setting out in the early "gloamin'," she struggled against the unexpected storm with a brave heart, and reached the glen, which was quite two miles from any human habitation and her own home. Worn out, she sought for a shelter for her babe, so that, being relieved of her tender burden, she might push forward for help and return. She found a great rock, which had at the base a "cleft" reaching far away underneath it.

Thither she crept; and, wrapping her babe in all the clothing she could spare, she put it in there. All who knew her said she would not do it without prayer. Then, once more, she faced the terrific snowstorm. She had not gone many yards from the rock when she swooned and fell. In the morning her lifeless body was found by the villagers. As they were lifting it a low, feeble wail caught their ears. Listening intently they heard it again, and found the "cleft in the rock," where the babe was lying safe and warm. Kind friends were not wanting to take care of the baby; but the sequel is sorrowful, for the child grew up to be so wayward, rough, and bad that he nearly broke the heart of the poor woman who had acted a mother's part toward him. He became notorious for every kind of wickedness, and was several times imprisoned. At last he enlisted in a Highland regiment, and went through the Crimean War. He lost a leg, and was for some time in the hospital, where his past life came up before him, with the story of how his mother had saved his life at the cost of her own, and he seemed softened. While in this state one of the nurses sang Toplady's "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," which had a thrilling effect upon the dying soldier, as all thought him to be. As he sobbed and moaned the sweet singer told him of God's great love, and salvation through Jesus Christ for all who come to Him as lost and helpless sinners; and then he told her his childhood's story. He recovered, to the surprise of all, went back to Scotland, and drowned his convictions in all manner of profligacy and sin. Circumstances led him to revisit his birthplace.

Nobody remembered him there, and he knew nobody. He made his way to the old churchyard to visit his mother's grave, and on finding it covered with simple flowers, which loving hands must have put there, he was greatly moved. He went into the lonely and unadorned "kirk," and there heard, once more, the gospel told out in its fulness and beauty. The closing hymn strangely, and yet not strangely, was again Toplady's "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," by which the Spirit of God had, ten years before, striven with the soldier. It came to him now with startling power, bringing thoughts of the past, the stifled convictions, and the worse than wasted life. He sank down and wept bitterly, wounded of Him who alone could heal. It was the turning-point of his life. He cast himself, just as he was, "a poor sinner, and nothing at all," on the infinite mercy, patience, and love of the Lord Jesus Christ as his very own Saviour; and, after a sharp conflict, he found perfect peace. He lived for about five years after this, and gave evidence of the real heart-change in a touchingly lowly, penitent, and altered life, and when he was called home they laid him in his mother's grave. There he "sleeps well," till the resurrection morning, when mother and son will rise in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, with glorified bodies, to be for ever with the Lord.

* * * * *

Have you, dear reader, found a refuge in the Rock of Ages? Or are you unsheltered and unprepared for the storm of judgment that is soon to burst over this world? It is not too late to find it *now*, but the next moment it may be. Perhaps *you* have had incidents in *your* life which have touched you, convicted you of your sins and need of a Saviour, but, till now, you have tried to forget them, and have sought to drown the voice of conscience, and so you are still outside the shelter—lost, and in your sins. Ah! do not turn away any longer, or you may become hardened, and never have another desire to be saved.

Words of Peace.

Blessings for All.

Read John xix. 28-37; xx. 19-23; Matthew xxviii. 19, 20; John xxi. 22.



HERE are, in these four portions of the Word of God, five points of immense importance, and each of them unspeakably precious.

- 1st. A perfect work.
- 2nd. Pardon procured.
- 3rd. Peace proclaimed.
- 4th. The presence of Christ promised.
- 5th. A prospect presented.

A PERFECT WORK.

There was never an occasion in the history of eternity, nor a moment in the annals of time, like that in which, when on Calvary, the Son of God cried, "It is finished," and bowed His head and gave up the ghost.

We desire, dear reader, that you will, with us, in spirit, visit Calvary; and as we turn aside to see "this great sight," let us, as it were, take our shoes from off our feet, for the place whereon we shall stand is holy ground.

Who hung upon that cross? The Son of God.

Why was He there? The believer replies at once, For my sins.

What led Him to suffer thus? Deep, untold, eternal love.

Why did He love us? That we cannot and never shall be able to tell. The simple and rejoicing Christian delights to sing—

"Love moved Him to die, on this I rely,
My Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this I can tell, that He loved me so well
He laid down His life to save me from hell."

On the cross He took up the whole question of sin; He settled it to God's entire satisfaction and eternal glory, and having met all God's claims, and all the sinner's need, He said, "It is finished," and bowed His blessed head in death.

Beloved friend, it is a perfect work that

forms the basis of the blessing that God offers you to-day. Perhaps you have been hoping to get to heaven your own way, trusting to a moral life, a religious training, or it maybe a mother's prayers. Thereby you are detracting from the value of that perfect work. The work is done, and done for ever; nothing can be added to it and nothing taken from it, and God invites you to rest upon that with which He is divinely satisfied.

PARDON PROCURED.

From His blessed side there flowed that precious blood by which the Son of God procured, for every needy sinner who believes in Him, pardon. Reader, this is what *you* need. You are a sinner. The question of your sins is indeed a serious one. You may have viewed them lightly, but God does not, and in your serious moments you dare not. Your sins are many, and they are black; they give you an uneasy conscience; they have produced a distance between your soul and God, and they will sink your soul into hell if not removed.

You want pardon. Only God can bestow it. You cannot merit it, but, hallelujah! Jesus, our precious Saviour, God's beloved Son, has procured it at the cost of His own blood. Say, will you accept it, just now?

How great must your sin be when nothing short of the blood of Christ could avail to remove it! How immeasurable His love that He should give Himself! Oh, dear reader, can you resist such love? Can you refuse such an offer? Can you spurn such a pardon? We beseech you, accept it just now.

PEACE PROCLAIMED.

God raised Jesus from the dead. Men and devils combined to hold Him, but death had no claim upon Him; yea, by going into death He annulled it. The "glory of the Father" visited the tomb, and He who went into death in perfect love was taken out of it in absolute righteousness. At once He sought out His trembling disciples, and the first words they heard

SCATTERED SEED.

from His blessed lips, in resurrection, were, "Peace be unto you." Not only was sin atoned for, not alone was pardon procured, but every enemy was silenced, every opposing force was crushed, and the Victor who "made peace by His cross" (Col. i. 20) now "preached peace" (Eph. ii. 17), and set at rest their troubled hearts.

Reader, are you feeling the burden of your sin and the load of your guilt? Be of good cheer. Jesus was "delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. iv. 25; v. 1). The One who bore on the tree the sins of those who trust Him is now on the throne; therefore God waits to speak peace to your weary hearts.

"Peace with a holy God;
Peace from the fear of death;
Peace through our Saviour's blood,
Sweet peace, the fruit of faith."

THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST PROMISED.

Many a person says, "I should like to come to Jesus, and have this question settled; but I fear I could not hold on. I am afraid I should break down, and bring dishonour upon Him." Ah! He anticipated your difficulty, and therefore left behind Him this priceless assurance, "Lo, I am with you always." Doubtless it was spoken chiefly to His apostles. Risen from the dead, the flood-gates of divine love were thrown back, and He charged them to go to the end of the earth to proclaim His name, and gave them this blessed promise. But, friend, it is for you. If to-day you trust Him, your sins will go. Peace will flood your soul, joy thrill your heart, and He will hold you, He will keep you, He pledges Himself to be with you, till that moment when you shall find yourself with Him. This brings us to our last point.

A PROSPECT PRESENTED.

He is coming again. It may be to-day; perhaps ere you finish reading this paper His voice will be heard, His loved ones,

sleeping and waking, be caught up to meet Him, and "grace begun shall end in glory." How heaven's arches shall ring with praise to Him who alone is worthy! Reader, will you be there? Then with His own He shall return to this world. In the scene where He was crowned with thorns He shall appear crowned with many diadems, and He who now fills God's throne and fills God's heart shall fill the universe with His glory.

May God give you grace to come as a needy sinner to-day. Rest upon the perfect work, accept the proffered pardon, enjoy the peace, know the sweetness of His presence, and wait with joy His sure return. W. B. D.

True Lowliness.



CHRISTIANS have even been bold enough to say it is a humble thing not to be too confident about salvation; a sad proof of how Satan can use for the time being even a Christian to carry out his lie against God.

Faith is always sure. It has set to its seal by grace that God is true, and we have the "earnest of the Spirit," says Paul, "therefore we are always confident" (2 Cor. v).

It is no humility to be uncertain or to doubt, but the opposite. True humility is to own the grace as entirely of God, and our place in Christ in the full sense that we are nothing in ourselves, and what is of self only evil and without God; but that now we are in Christ.

If you doubt, it is thinking your own thoughts when God has spoken. When God puts the best robe on a worthless sinner, the greatest humility is to bow and wear it, knowing that all else is unfitness and rags, and that God has given us that. If you begin to wonder if you are fit, or to say, I am not fit to wear it, it shows that you think it possible that you could be fit. The Father "hath made us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." True lowliness is to accept God's gift in grace.

For Young Believers.

The Holy Scriptures.

I HAVE a profound, unfeigned (I believe divinely given) faith in the Bible. I have, through grace, been by it converted, enlightened, quickened, saved. I have received the knowledge of GOD by it, to adore His perfections—of JESUS—the Saviour, joy, strength, comfort of my soul. Many have been indebted to others as the means of their being brought to God, to ministers of that gospel which the Bible contains, or to friends who delight in it. This was not my case. That work, which is ever God's, was wrought in me through the means of the written Word. He who knows what the value of Jesus is will know what the Bible will be to such a one. If I have, alas! failed it, in nearly thirty years' arduous and varied life and labour—at least such, as far as the service of an unknown and feeble individual usually leads, I have never found it fail me: if it has not for the poor and needy circumstances of time, through which we feebly pass, I am assured it never will for eternity. "The word of the Lord abideth for ever." If it reaches down even to my low estate, it reaches up to God's height, because it comes thence: as the love that can reach even to me, and apply to every detail of my feebleness and failure, proves itself divine in doing so: none but God could, and hence it leads me up to Him. As Jesus came from God and went to God, so does the book that divinely reveals Him come from and elevate to Him. If received, it has brought the soul to God, for He has revealed Himself in it. Its positive proofs are all in itself. The sun needs no light to see it by. . . .

I beg to avow, in the fullest, clearest, and distinctest manner here, my deep, divinely taught conviction of the inspiration of the Scriptures. That is, while of course allow-

ing if need be for defect in the translation and the like, when I read the Bible, I read it as of absolute authority for my soul as God's Word. There is no higher privilege than to have communications direct from God Himself. . . .

My joy, my comfort, my food, my strength, for near thirty years, have been the Scriptures received implicitly as the Word of God. In the beginning of that period I was put through the deepest exercise of soul on that point. Did heaven and earth, the visible Church, and man himself crumble into nonentity, I should, through grace, since that epoch, hold to the Word as an unbreakable link between my soul and God. I am satisfied that God has given it me as such. I do not doubt that the grace of the Holy Spirit is needed to make it profitable, and to give it real authority to our souls, because of what we are; but that does not change what it is in itself. To be true when it is received, it must have been true before it was so. And here I will add, that although it requires the grace of God and the work of the Holy Ghost to give it quickening power, yet divine truth, God's Word, has a hold on the natural conscience from which it cannot escape. The light detects the "breaker-up," though he may hate it. And so the Word of God is adapted to man, though he be hostile to it—adapted in grace (blessed be God!) as well as in truth. This is exactly what shows the wickedness of man's will in rejecting it. And it has power thus in the conscience, even if the will be unchanged. This may increase the dislike of it; but it is disliked because conscience feels it cannot deny its truth. Men resist it because it is true. Did it not reach their conscience, they would not need to take so much pains to get rid of and disprove it. Men do not arm themselves against straws, but against a sword whose edge is felt and feared.

Reader, it speaks of grace as well as truth. It speaks of God's grace and love, who gave His only begotten Son that sinners like you and me might be with Him, know Him, deeply, intimately, truly know Him—

and enjoy Him for ever, and enjoy Him now; that the conscience, perfectly purged, might be in joy in His presence, without a cloud, without a reproach, without fear. And to be there in His love, in such a way, is perfect joy. The Word will tell you the truth concerning yourself; but it will tell you the truth of a God of love, while unfolding the wisdom of His counsels. . . .

Let me add to my reader, that by far the best means of assuring himself of the truth and authority of the Word is to read the Word itself.
J. N. D.

For Christian Workers.

The Lord's Coming.

THE *Lord's coming* has a large place in the pages of the New Testament. By the four evangelists it is presented in four different ways. Matthew speaks of it as it affects our *feet*; Mark, our *eyes*; Luke, our *hands*; John, our *hearts*.

Matthew.

The Lord is coming! And with eager FEET
We must "go forth," the Lord Himself to meet,
Forth from the world, from sloth and evil ways,
Walking while here for His eternal praise.

Mark.

The Lord is coming! And with eager EYES
We "watch" to see the morning star arise,
Beyond the world's dark night of woe and sin
We look for Him who brings the glory in.

Luke.

The Lord is coming! And with eager HANDS
Instant we'd be in doing His commands;
Lord, give us grace to "occupy" for Thee
Till we Thy face in yonder glory see.

John.

The Lord is coming! Let our HEARTS rejoice,
We soon shall hear the accents of His voice;
In His eternal home He'll bid us rest,
Gazing upon His face, supremely blest.

A TRACT or little book handed to a neighbour may be, through God's grace, a richer gift to him than the wealth of the world. Christian reader, what are you doing for the world in this promising field of happy service?

Gleanings in Many Fields.

MAKE a little fence of trust
Around to-day.
Fill the space with love and hope
And therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will be in all that comes—
In joy or sorrow.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

Yield to the Lord with simple heart
All that thou hast and all thou art.

It is not so much what we say
As the *manner* in which we say it;
It is not so much the language we use
As the *tones* in which we convey it.
The words may be mild and fair,
And the *tones* may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the *tones* may break the heart.

REMEMBER that you always injure your own character when you attack that of another.

"LITTLE root—little fruit."

THINK of rest, but work on.

FORBEAR not sowing because of birds.

LUTHER used to say: "I preach always so that the maidservant who brings her mistress's children can understand. If she understands, the learned professors will."

My old song is—the *feet* in the narrow path, and the *heart* large.

We must have a large heart, but a heart which acknowledges nothing but Christ.

THERE is one thing that gives strength: it is to keep close to Christ.

THE Christian must be a Christian, and nothing else but a Christian.

"Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone for ever."

SCATTERED SEED.

“Is it worth Your While?”



A CIRCULAR was lately left at a house bearing a notice on the outside, in both French and English, to this effect: “Is it worth your while to read this?”

As it happened, the contents related to a matter in which the occupants of the house had not the slightest interest; to them it was certainly “not worth while.”

But the words roused other thoughts in the writer’s mind, for oh! how many in the rush of business, pleasure, or whatever else they are immersed in and occupied with, never stop to ask themselves the question: “Is it worth while?”—worth while for immortal souls hastening to eternity, borne irresistibly onward by the flight of time, to put off all thoughts of the future, of death and judgment, to leave God out of their thoughts altogether—in fact, to live as though this world, this life, were all?

What business man is utterly regardless of the future? Nay, even for pleasure people are willing to take some forethought. And these are only things pertaining to the body. We would have you think of your never-dying soul.

* * * * *

Friends, if you have never considered these things before, will you not stop *now* and ask yourself the question: “Is it worth while?” For by-and-by there will be no time for consideration; the awful, eternal answer to that solemn question will be solved in “blackness of darkness for ever.” Then, indeed, many will realise too late that their immortal soul was at stake, and that eternal issues hung upon their answer.

“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). Y. E.

The Way of Salvation.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—ACTS xvi. 31.



THE man to whom these words were addressed was not like many who have been brought up in religious families and at Sunday-schools, who will admit that they are not saved, and yet go on as if the salvation of their souls were a matter of trivial importance. *This man was in earnest.* There was deep desire, urgency, necessity, wrapped up in his agonising inquiry, “Sirs, what must I do to be saved?” It is perfectly true that salvation cannot be obtained by works, but it is just as certain that indifferent souls who settle down in slothful ease and indolence will never be saved if they remain in that condition. *You* would be in earnest if a thousand pounds were at stake, and will you not be in earnest about the salvation of your immortal soul?

Paul and Silas said not a word to the jailer about his past conduct, his present position, or his future course. He was there a lost sinner, but withal an anxious and inquiring sinner, and they wasted no time in introduction or ceremony, but came right to the root of the matter at once and lifted up the Saviour before him. He inquired what he was to do. What *could* he do—a lost sinner on the very brink of hell? So they preached, not the new Romish doctrine of works and prayers, but the old gospel doctrine of faith in Christ. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

That same night the poor jailer, lost and vile, heard blessed news of One whom the Father had sent to be the Saviour of the world; One who had told out all the deep love of the heart of God to a world of sinners, and died upon the cross to open a righteous channel, through which that love might flow in streams of eternal blessing to its

SCATTERED SEED.

unworthy objects; One who had vindicated and covered with glory every attribute of God, and who at the same time had endured and exhausted all the judgment due to the believing sinner; One who is seated now at the Father's right hand, with the glory of God shining in His face, and every ray of that glory shining to reveal that the sinner who believes in Him is "whiter than snow."

Is not

SUCH A SAVIOUR

worth knowing? Is He not worthy of all the confidence of a sinner's heart? And if you were the vilest sinner on earth, God's pure and perfect grace makes you welcome to that Saviour. He gave Himself a ransom "for all," and the glorious "whosoever" of Scripture hold out their welcoming hands to every sinner under heaven. God asks no question, He raises no difficulty, He looks for no qualification, He imposes no condition, He requires no merit. If He were seeking something *from man* it would not be thus; but He has done everything *for man*, and He now proclaims far and wide this decree of His sovereign love—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Let no thought of self-sufficiency hold you aloof from such a Saviour. Cling not to the "filthy" and soul-destroying "rags" of your own righteousness. Do not tarry until you feel better and more worthy. Wait not for deeper convictions and truer repentance. Linger not for a louder call from God, for His next call to you may be the voice that summons you from a Christless grave to stand at the great white throne. Let not earth's trifles and sin's pleasures any longer outweigh in importance the salvation of your soul. Lay aside the procrastinator's folly, and let this precious ray of light from God shine into your heart now. Listen to the message once more—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

You have no need to wait five years, or five weeks, or five minutes, to find out whether God really means what He says. Of course

He does. If you take the lost sinner's place, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—the lost sinner's Saviour—God's word is pledged for your salvation. It is no longer a question of what *you* are, or of what *you* have done, or of what *you* feel; but of what *God* is, and

WHAT CHRIST HAS DONE,

and what *the Holy Ghost* witnesses. It is true that you are a guilty and worthless sinner, but God is love for a sinner like you. It is true that your works have well merited the lake of fire, but Christ's work has made full atonement for them all. It is true that your feelings are not always very bright, but the witness of the Holy Ghost is unchanged and unchangeable, written down in the Word which "endureth for ever," and it is that witness which is the unalterable ground of our assurance—"Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. x. 15-17). Then may you—like the jailer—rejoice, "believing in God."

Now!—before the judgment falls, before Death claims you as his prey, before the Master of the house rises up and shuts to the door—*Now!*—while a Saviour God waits to be gracious, while the last bright beams of the setting sun of mercy are falling on a guilty world whose day of grace is nearly spent, while the Spirit strives—reluctant to leave thee to thy doom—*Now!*—"*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" C. A. C.

A Serious Thought.

TWO Christians went into a Yorkshire churchyard and found the sexton digging a grave. He was asked if he was ready to have his body laid in one, and if his sins were forgiven. He replied, "We was born in 'em, we lives in 'em, and we shall die in 'em."

One of the Christians added, "And if you die in them you will go to hell in them."

A.

SCATTERED SEED.

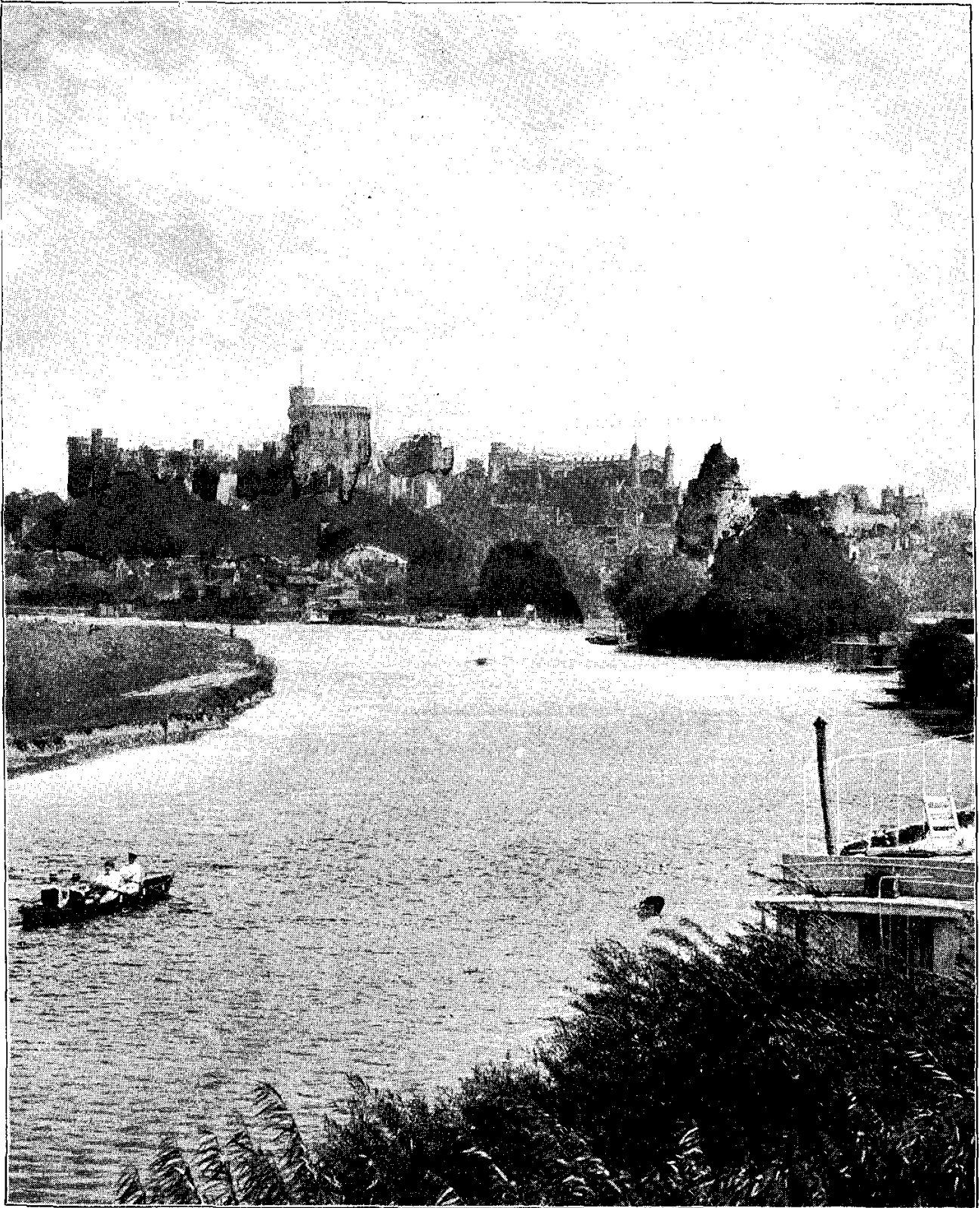


Photo by Messrs. York & Son,]

“ON THE THAMES AT WINDSOR.”

[Notting Hill, W.

Mid Stream.



AS the broad river flows on to the ocean, so the stream of life glides on almost imperceptibly, but none the less surely, to the ocean of eternity beyond.

Eternal issues of happiness or misery depend on how we use or abuse the precious opportunities given us of a change of mind towards God, for all have sinned and are on the broad way that leadeth to destruction (Matt. vii. 13), but, thank God, there is a narrow way "which leadeth unto life." Christ is God's way to a blissful eternity. In Him is life. Don't miss the turning, reader, for after death there is no returning here, no pardon for sin, no Saviour, only the Judge.

About forty years ago two young men determined on a row up the Thames to Windsor, which they reached safely. On the return journey the man at the boat-house, then on the left side above bridge, pointed out the channel, which is very narrow on the opposite side of the river, below bridge; but they only *saw* a broad stream before them, like young men entering on life here, careless as to what lies beyond. They did not heed the warning given, though they did not question the friendliness of the man at the boat-house, that he gave good advice, or ought to know the way better than themselves, but they preferred their own way, and concluded there could be no better than "mid stream."

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. xiv. 12). There was *one* channel to London and no other. God has sent us a message of love from heaven by His Son to tell us of Christ, who is the only way to the knowledge of God as Father, the glory beyond in the home prepared for them that love Him. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). "Mid stream" is like the path of man's will; he

says in effect, Am I not a free agent? No! you are the servant of sin (Rom. vi. 17).

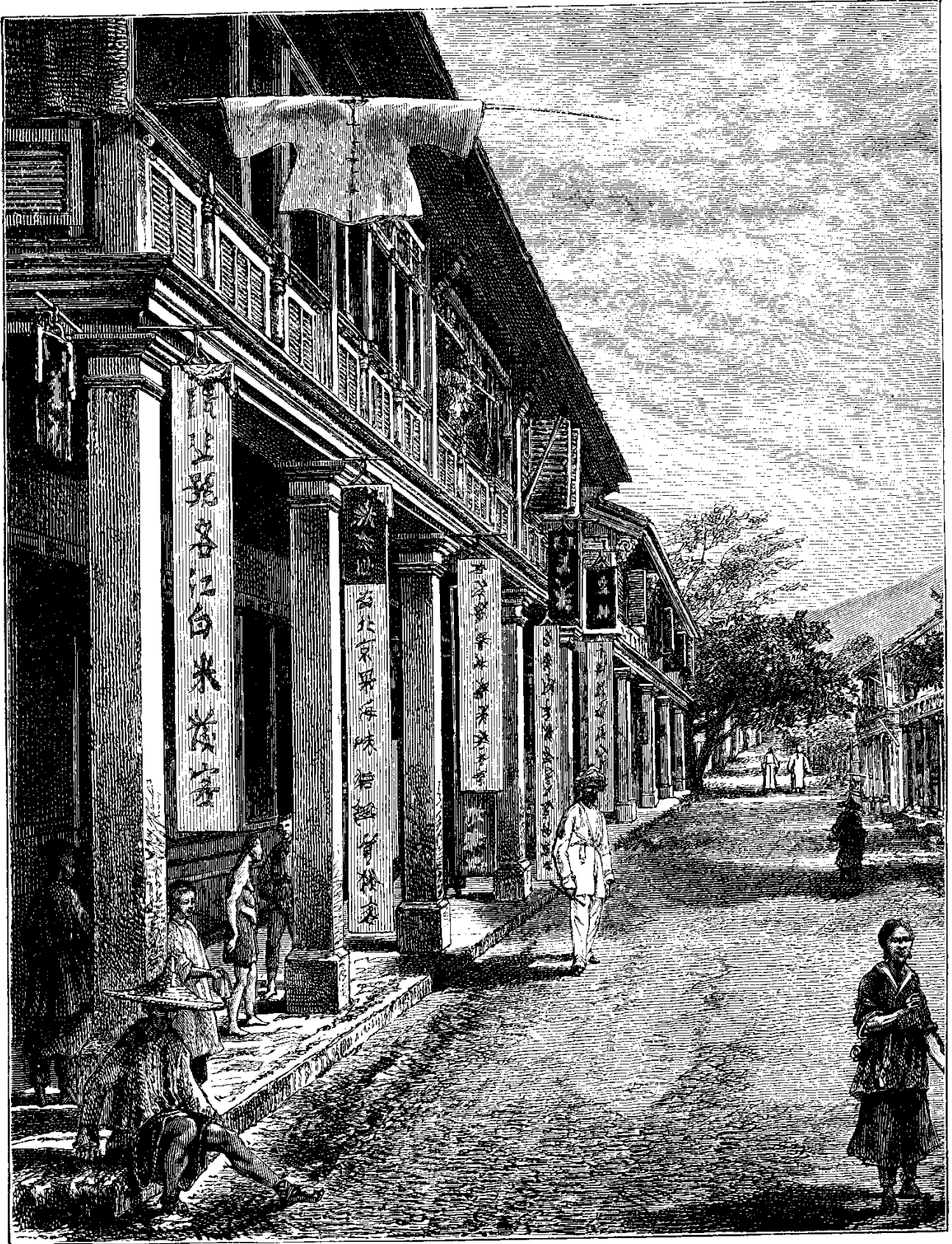
Can I not do better for myself than God can do for me? No, dear friend, He can do infinitely better; His goodness leads thee to repentance. He wishes to save you and make you happy now and for ever in the knowledge of His love. Those who refuse His grace are greater fools than these young men were. But let us continue our story. They rowed on through the bridge, insensible to coming danger. No doubt providentially, several men stood on the left bank, shouted and pointed to "something in front."

The rowers began to "look out," and almost at once felt the boat was in the power of the current. *A waterfall was right ahead "mid stream."* They were only *just in time* to get the boat's head round, and by dint of hard rowing to get out of the current that was carrying them, it might have been, to eternity. They were not ready to meet God. Soon, through His mercy, they were in the right channel, *saved*.

Unsaved reader, there is "danger of the judgment" ahead. Death may be nearer you than you think. Turn to God. Awake from your death slumber before it is *too late*. God warns, God beseeches; despise His grace no longer.

Many years since these two young men entered the narrow way which leadeth unto life, by faith in the Son of God, and have been kept by the power of God's Holy Spirit, which He gives to those who believe on the once crucified, now glorified Saviour at His right hand. They have proved His sustaining as well as His saving grace, and are looking to be with Christ, which is far better (Phil. i. 23). They affectionately warn you to leave the "mid stream" of the world and its ways, lest you "lose your own soul" (Matt. xvi. 56), and point you to the Lord Jesus Christ, who is ready—oh, how ready!—to receive sinners (Luke xv. 2). Believe on Him in your heart, and enter the "narrow way," redeemed by His precious blood.

Yield yourselves to God and become His willing, happy servants. A.



A STREET IN CHINA.

For the Girls.

Old Mrs. Uen-ta-niang's Joy.

THOUGH I am about to tell the story of an *old* woman, I want it to be kept in mind that the lesson it conveys is for the young who read it.

But before beginning let me ask you one question—How is it that many English children, who have heard the story of Jesus and His love hundreds of times, will stay away from Him, whilst many children who have been brought up in heathen countries will be found among Jesus' lambs, who will "crowd to His arms and be blest"?

Old Mrs. Uen-ta-niang had lived for seventy years before she heard that Jesus had died for her. Her home was in Si-chuen, the far-away western province of China, where she was brought up in all the superstitious idolatry of her people. But the Good Shepherd had His eye upon her, and seeing that her poor empty heart needed satisfying, He sent some of His servants across that vast country to tell her that He died for her because He loved her.

And so it came to pass that the happy day came when, in the busy little market-town of Ui-li-sti, Mrs. Uen heard (through the preaching of one of God's children), for the first time in her life,

"The old, old story
Of Jesus and His love."

Her dear old withered face was aglow with joy as she eagerly drank it in, and as she discovered that Jesus had died *for her*. Since that day she has had much to suffer, as the result of giving up all her idols; her nearest relations forsook her in bitter anger, leaving her to live alone; but in her loneliness she found more time to spend with Jesus. Her little ricefield was devastated by storm, but she learned "in everything to give thanks"; she was robbed of her little earthly possessions, but her comfort was—"They have taken away all my things, but

they can never take away my God; He never leaves me, and never, never will."

Her greatest happiness was to be alone in the presence of One of whose love she drank so deeply, and sometimes, with a thirst for a deeper sense of that love, she would leave her work in the fields to shut herself into her little cottage, there again to refresh herself with the sweetness of His presence.

Now, dear children, has that sweet story of Jesus' dying love the same charm for you, or have you become careless about it? I have sometimes told children that their hearts, like hot sealing-wax, are easily impressed; but let wax become cold, and what impression can be made? So the heart becomes colder and more hardened unless touched by the grace of God, and it is fearfully dangerous to hear the gospel without receiving it. Old Mrs. Uen accepted it *at once*. Will you not do the same?

JESUS is a

Just

{ Christ died, the just for the unjust. Every knee *shall* bow to Me (Rom. xiv. 11).
There is no respect of persons with God (Rom. ii. 11).

Eternal

{ Now unto the King ETERNAL (1 Tim. i. 17).
He shall reign for ever and ever (Rev. xi. 15).
The Lord is King for ever and ever (Ps. x. 16).

**Secure
and**

{ Those that Thou gavest Me . . . none of them is lost (John xvii. 12).
They shall never perish (John x. 28).
God is our refuge and strength (Ps. xlv. 1).

Universal

{ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters (Isa. lv. 1).
Come unto Me, all ye that labour (Matt. xi. 28).
That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish (John iii. 16).

Saviour

{ Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. i. 15).
He shall save His people from their sins (Matt. i. 21).
Neither is there salvation in any other (Acts iv. 12).

D.

For the Boys.

Walks and Talks about
Scotland.

EXTEND a very hearty invitation to all the readers of *Scattered Seed*, and the dear lads in particular, to accompany me on an imaginary tour through Scotland. We will visit the castles, palaces, and other places of historic interest, and while we talk together of them we will seek to use such incidents as we come across to turn our minds to eternal matters, remembering that when on earth our Lord Jesus Christ often used the scene and circumstances which were familiar to His hearers to illustrate the truth of God, and to reach their souls. Our motive is the same.

We will start with and from Edinburgh—Edinburgh, called the beautiful and “modern Athens” because it resembles in some respects that ancient and classic city. Truly the situation of Edinburgh is beautiful, and there are many scenes within its bounds to please the most cultured mind; but even in beautiful Edinburgh there is sin—vile and horrible. Walk abroad in its streets on Saturday night, and you will see sights that shock and pain the spirit. But let us remember that all sin is alike in the sight of the God with whom we have to do—the sins from which we shrink as being loathsome and abhorrent, and the sins which are harboured in our own hearts, are all alike most hateful to Him. Ah! happy is the soul that has fled to Jesus to be washed from every stain by the precious blood which cleanses from all sin.

But let us turn our steps towards the Castle. Rising sheer up three hundred feet from the valley around, it is the first thing the eye sees. Many stories of deepest interest gather round this grey and rambling pile of buildings. We will choose the trial and the execution of the first Marquis of Argyle for this paper.

The first Marquis of Argyle was a friend of Oliver Cromwell, and when Cromwell visited Edinburgh he feasted him in the large banqueting hall—the finest room in the Castle. He is also said to have agreed with Cromwell in the execution of Charles I. If that was so he certainly repented of it afterwards, for he put the crown of Scotland on the head of Charles II. at the Restoration, and he was the first of the Scottish nobles to swear allegiance to him.

All this availed him nothing, however, for during his visit to London in order to welcome Charles, he was seized and cast into prison.

After spending five months in the Tower of London, he was sent to Edinburgh to be tried by his peers for treason, and was lodged in the state prison in the Castle.

Argyle had many enemies amongst his judges, and they found no difficulty in bringing him in guilty, and at once the sentence of death was pronounced upon him.

He found that it was of no use to appeal to the King, for that unscrupulous monarch cared little for the fate of either friend or foe so long as he was able to have his fill of pleasure. There was to be no mercy—no forgiveness for Argyle.

How different are God’s ways from man’s! He offers a free pardon to all; yea, He finds His great delight in forgiving poor guilty rebels.

Now there may be a question as to Argyle’s guilt, but there can be none at all as to ours. By nature we are all rebels against God; our sins and self-willed ways prove this. But how great is the grace of God! He does not condemn us as we justly deserve, but is sending forth to all the proclamation of forgiveness.

But how can God’s forgiveness be obtained? By simply bowing to the One through whom God sends it. “Christ died for the ungodly”; and it is because of what He has done, and through Him, that God can save and bless poor sinners; but those who want the blessing must, trusting in this Saviour, bow heart and knee to Him.

SCATTERED SEED.

You must, in fact, treat the Lord Jesus as Argyle treated Charles II. Own Him as your Lord, and thus, so to speak, put the crown upon His brow.

If you do this I can assure you that He will never play you false as Charles did the first Marquis of Argyle, for He loveth at all times, and never leaves or forsakes those who belong to Him.

I am thankful to be able to tell you that Argyle was a Christian, so that the death to which he was condemned was not so terrible as it would otherwise have been. When the sentence was passed upon him, and he realised that it would be vain to hope for mercy, he said to those who had condemned him, "I placed the crown upon the King's head, and this is my reward; but he does but hasten me to a better crown than his own. Nor can you, my lords, deprive me of that eternal portion which one day you may require for yourselves."

He had evidently learnt that the treasures of heaven were better than the treasure of earth, or he could not have spoken of the crowns of heaven being better than the crowns of earth. But in this he spake truly, for all earthly glory will become dim and fade away, but the crown which the Lord's hand gives is incorruptible, and can never be tarnished or spoilt.

How good, too, for the Christian to know that death cannot deprive him of his eternal portion. Death is the end of every earthly possession, and those whose possessions are only in the earth have a very, very dark prospect.

See to it, dear friend, that you secure for yourself treasure in heaven. We thank Argyle for his speech, and earnestly hope that everyone who reads our lines may be able to speak with the same confidence about the future.

He was removed from the Castle and placed in the common prison at the Tol-booth, and here Lady Argyle was permitted to visit him. She was very indignant at the way he was being treated, and in her grief exclaimed, "The Lord will requite it."

He replied, "Forbear, Margaret. I pity my enemies, and am as contented in this common prison as in the Castle or the Tower of London."

Truly he displayed a Christian spirit, and this came out even more distinctly when he ascended the scaffold on which he was to be beheaded. There he publicly expressed his abhorrence of the execution of Charles I. and said he forgave all his enemies. Then, with great composure, he placed his head on the block, and in an instant was launched into eternity.

This story, then, shall illustrate for us two things; first, the blessed prospect that lies before the Christian, and then how the Christian ought to act in the present. If we are to be with the Lord Jesus Christ for ever, we ought to be like Him now. And it is our blessed privilege to display His character in this world, and treat others as we have been treated by Him. All we have and hope for as Christians we owe to God's free grace, for we had merited nothing but judgment, and because of this we are exhorted to forgive others also.

Then let us each one first see to it that God's pardoning grace is ours; then let us rejoice in the bright prospect before us; then, last of all, while we wait for the bright and glorious future, let us not forget that we are to show forth the praises of the One who has called us out of darkness and blessed us so greatly.

Now here I must stop, or our dear and mutual friend, the editor, will raise his brow and use his scissors. Next month, however, God willing, we will continue our walks and talks. Till then, farewell. J. T. M.

HOLD fast the Bible, dear young believer. It will support and succour you in time of trial. Let no part of it go. Read it diligently, prayerfully, humbly looking to God that the Holy Spirit who inspired it will make good its teaching to your soul, and lasting spiritual blessing shall be yours.

A Clear Testimony.

THE first sign of a desire after better things with the subject of this little paper was one day as his mother was going to the meeting Robbie said, "I should like to be a Christian."

His mother replied, "The Lord would like you to be a Christian. He likes little children to be Christians as well as their fathers and mothers."

"But," said he, looking at a text over the mantelpiece, "it says, 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission.'"

About this time an illness came on. Awaking early one morning, his mother spoke to him. He said he was not worse, but remarked, "I am thinking of that text, mother."

She said, "Yes, Robbie, but what about the text?"

He replied, "It says that 'all who believe are justified from all things.'"

His mother answered, "Yes, it does."

Robbie said, "I believe."

"What do you believe?"

"That Christ died for me, and washed all my sins away."

His mother said, "Yes."

Robbie said, "It says 'all that believe are justified from all things.'"

His mother asked, "What does justified mean?"

"Why, it means to be cleared of everything. I believe, and am cleared of everything."

Nearly three years after he was taken home to be with Christ, during which time he grew wonderfully in divine things, and never doubted. Shortly before he died he asked his mother not to go to the cemetery and put flowers on his grave after he was gone. His mother asked him why she should not do so.

"Because I shall not be there," he said. "I shall be with the Lord."

The above clear testimony to saving faith

in Christ was given by a little boy who was about eleven years of age when the Lord took him home. Would yours be as clear if called to die?
W. G. B.

For the Little Ones.

The Farmer and the Lamb.

ALMOST endless are the stories of little lambs, lost lambs, or wayward lambs, or lambs torn and eaten by the wolf, and nearly every picture-book has

one page about the shepherd and the sheep; and now I am going to add one more story to those already told, because I thought it so very sweet when it was told me by a friend who had just been staying at a farmhouse with her children.

One morning in the early spring, when the nights were very cold, she saw the farmer trotting up and down the meadow path with a heavy step, as if he were trying to jog himself as much as possible, while he held something very tightly in his arms, quite hidden under his coat.

"Ah, mother," said one of the children, "may I go and ask Farmer D—— what he is doing that for?" And hardly waiting for the answer, off she ran, and had to trot by his side, for he could not even stop to speak to her; but this is what he said in answer to her question: "Why, my child, I found this little lamb nearly dead from the cold; its heart had nearly stopped beating, so I have put it against my warm heart, and I am trying by this movement to stir its blood again, and I think now it will live, for I believe I feel it move." But still he went on and on, and the child trotted by his side, anxious to see if the lamb was alive; and when at last the farmer stopped and opened his coat, and took the little creature out and found that it was breathing, his great joy was shared by his little friend, who went with him into the kitchen to see the lamb fed by

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the fire ; and then she ran to her mother to say that the lamb was alive, and would soon be taken back to its mother ; so there was much joy in the house even over that one wee lamb.

Surely we never can think of sheep and lambs and their shepherds without thinking of the Lord Jesus, who called Himself *the Good Shepherd*. And why? Because He gave His own life for the sheep. He said, when He was down here, "I am the good Shepherd ; the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep" (John x. 11). And in another verse He says, "He calleth His own sheep by name." And in yet another, "He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him." Do not these verses show what a kind, good, tender Shepherd He is? Do you know Him, little reader? Perhaps you have often said—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night."

And yet maybe you have never really thought much about Him, and how He is watching over you, and wants your little heart to trust Him and love Him in return for His great love to you. Will you not tell Him that you want to be His lamb, and follow Him and keep very near to Him?

Home.



SERVANT of the Lord was calling, not long ago, at a house. He was shown into a room where there was a bright fire and the table laid for tea. All looked so cosy and pleasant. The three little children, with clean faces and pinafores, were standing round the fire, and happy smiles were on their little faces. Mother was there ready to make the tea, and all were waiting for father to come home.

The gentleman looked round and said quietly, "There is no place like home, children." The little ones looked up at him, but none spoke. "And what makes it

home?" he continued. The children looked puzzled, but did not answer. "Home is where my Father is," said he in his quiet, gentle way. In a very few weeks after he was called away by the Lord Jesus to His beautiful home in heaven, to receive such a welcome from his Father and God, and then we remembered his words to the children that evening.

He was one of God's dear children, and he loved God dearly, and wanted very much to go and live with Him. God had given him to Jesus long, long ago, and the Lord Jesus had come down into the world to die for him, and to save him and make him fit to go to heaven, as one of His brethren, to be happy for ever and ever.

Now he is there safe at home. Are you going there, little children? I am, and so are these little children the gentleman spoke to, I believe. The Lord Jesus has washed them in His own precious blood, and made them His own little lambs. If you go to Him and ask Him, He will save you and take you home by-and-by when He comes for His own people. Say to Him, "Please, Lord Jesus, will you save me and make me Thy little lamb?"

J. W.

Gospel Verses to Search for and Learn.

"THE Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."—Matt., chap. v. .

"I CAME not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—Luke, chap. v. .

"THE Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Luke, chap. v. .

"I CAME down from heaven not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me."—John, chap. v. .

"CHRIST JESUS came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim., chap. v. .

Words of Peace.

What is the Gospel ?

“**T**HE directions our Lord left His disciples after His resurrection, as to what they were to do, the commandments you know, and all that.”

Such was the answer I once received to the above question. Would the reader call that glad tidings—directions left as to what we were to do? Nay! there are no glad tidings there: for “by the law is the *knowledge of sin*” (Rom. iii. 20), but “the gospel of God” is “concerning His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. i. 1-3), who came “to give *knowledge of salvation* unto His people by the remission of their sins” (Luke i. 77).

Yes, it is

“THE GOSPEL OF GOD.”

It emanates from no less a source than God Himself: His own heart of love devised the means “that His banished be not expelled from Him” (2 Sam. xiv. 14). “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 no effort on the part of man to get back to God, from whose presence he had been banished on account of sin; no poetic fancy of paradise regained. None but God Himself could have conceived anything so magnificent, so divine, as that gospel which comes down to man where he is, a sinner and a rebel, and in perfect harmony with the holiness of God’s nature, and the demands of His righteousness, takes the one who receives it in simple faith out of the depths of sin and degradation in which he was sunk by nature, and sets him in the light, and life, and liberty of God’s own presence, and there, too, for the joy of God’s own heart. Truly it is “*the gospel of God.*” And not only so, but it is “concerning His Son.” If the *source* of the gospel is the heart of God Himself, its *theme* is nothing

less glorious than the Son of His love. “God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds; who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His Person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high” (Heb. i. 1-3).

Consider well

THE GLORIES OF HIS PERSON;

see Him in the past eternity daily God’s delight (Prov. viii. 30); consider Him the Antitype of all the types, the One in whom all the promises of God are yea, and in Him amen (2 Cor. i. 20); the Creator and Upholder of all things, the One by whom all things consist. Think, too, of His wondrous pathway through this world, the divine perfection, the lowly grace, all the love of His heart told out as He went about doing good; the poor, the needy, the lost ever finding in Him the One who could meet their every need; and all that pathway from Bethlehem’s manger on to Calvary telling of the perfection of His devotedness to God, who rent the heavens to declare His delight in Him who “took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross” (Phil. ii. 7, 8).

Consider all this, I say, dear reader, and as you thus trace the glories and perfections of Him who is the theme of the gospel, you may get some feeble sense of the infinite value of the sacrifice He offered, for He offered *Himself*; and the infinite blessing resulting to all who, like Zacchæus of old, have “received Him joyfully” as their Saviour.

The unrent veil, the priests standing “daily ministering, and offering oftentimes

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the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins" (Heb. x. 11), proved that God was never satisfied, that His holy claims had never been met by all the victims offered upon the Jewish altars. The three hours of darkness at the cross of Calvary—the forsaking of God—the wrath poured upon Jesus—all point to the same solemn fact, that up to that moment the question of sin had not been settled, the way into God's presence had not been manifested. But when, in answer to the cry of the Lord Jesus "*It is finished,*" God rent the veil from the top to the bottom, in plain, unmistakable language He declared *He was satisfied*—every demand of His holy nature fully met through the infinite value of the sacrifice offered by Him who came to do the will of God. And God was free to come out and bless, declaring His righteousness, "that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26).

And from this standpoint, the gospel came to Corinth through Paul, who says, "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also *ye are saved*" (1 Cor. xv. 1, 2).

NOW WHAT WAS IT PAUL PREACHED?

He says, "I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4). These ungodly sinners at Corinth described in 1 Cor. vi. 9-11 received the gospel in simple faith, how that Christ died for their sins, and was raised again for their justification, they rested in it, and were saved by it. Precious as was the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, there could have been no "glad tidings" for sinners apart from His death upon the cross. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John xii. 24). "Without shedding

of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). "For it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11), and moreover the apostle goes on to say, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins" (1 Cor. xv. 17). But He "who was delivered for our offences" *has been* "raised again for our justification" (Rom. iv. 25). "Declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead" (Rom. i. 4). "Whom God hath raised up; having loosed the pains of death: because it was not possible that He should be holden of it" (Acts ii. 24). And mark, reader, the blessings which resulted to these sinners at Corinth through believing the gospel. The apostle declares to them, "*Ye are saved,*" "*ye are washed,*" "*ye are sanctified,*" "*ye are justified*" (1 Cor. xv. 2; vi. 11). And that gospel is "the power of God unto salvation," not only to those Corinthians, but "*to every one that believeth*" (Rom. i. 16).

"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).

Present and everlasting salvation is the portion of all who believe the gospel, as lost sinners resting upon the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ; and all such have the authority of Scripture for knowing that they *are saved, are justified, that they have everlasting life, and shall never perish, and moreover that their sins and iniquities God will remember no more.* See Eph. ii. 8; Acts xiii. 38, 39; John v. 24; 1 John v. 13; John x. 28; Heb. x. 17.

L. H. F. (*Extracted*).

THE Lord Jesus has done all His blessed work for our redemption, leaving nothing for us to do as to it, but to rest upon it thankfully.

When we have believed the gospel, then we can live for Him, and seek to do good works for His glory—but not before.

For Young Believers.

Led to Victory.

IT is related of the late Duke of Wellington that on the occasion of one of his memorable battles a portion of the troops under his command became discouraged and disheartened, and were beginning to give way before the rapidly advancing enemy, when the Duke himself rode into their midst, roused their drooping courage with words of cheer, and led them on to victory.

The presence of their indefatigable leader swept back from those soldiers the tide of discouragement and defeat.

Oh, fellow-Christians, have we not proved, each one of us, the same thing in our individual pathways? Overwhelmed with temptation, almost conquered by the foe, we have found in the Captain of our salvation strength, succour, and victory; the One of whom it is written, "His right hand and His holy arm have gotten Him the victory" (Ps. xcvi. 1), has never failed us.

Temptations are often subtle and insidious; they seem to steal upon us sometimes almost unawares. But we have no excuse for falling before them, for "with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles" (2 Chron. xxxii. 8). There will always be provided "a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. x. 13).

However grim the temptation may be, however sharp the struggle in resisting it, there is always One who is not only able but willing to deliver us, if we will only seek His aid—that One of whom it is recorded that "He Himself hath suffered being tempted" (Heb. ii. 18).

Sometimes we bring things on ourselves; we get into trouble through our own folly and self-will, but nevertheless, even if such be the case, that One who is "full of compassion and gracious" is ready and willing to hear our cry, and to deliver us if we will only turn to Him.

Oh, young Christian, you who are feeling the malice and power of the enemy, the deceitfulness of sin and of your own evil heart, as perhaps you have never known before in the history of your soul; you whose way seems dark with "a darkness that may be felt"; and you who are feeling as if all had failed you, as though the fight and the tumult were bearing you under, and as though you *must* give in to the power that is arrayed against you—take courage! for the darkness shall give place to light, after the tumult shall come peace, after the weariness of warfare shall come the rest of victory, for "greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world" (1 John iv. 4).

As one who is travelling through a dark tunnel knows that there is light at the end, and is confident that he will soon emerge from gloom into daylight, so may you too realise, poor, wearied, tempted one, that though "weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning" (Ps. xxx. 5).

For yours is a Captain who will never know defeat, and, relying on Him alone, trusting your weakness to His infinite strength, you are sure of victory.

"Does the grim foe dismay thee and appal,
Whispering of failure, and defeat, and shame?
Oh! heed him not, but on thy Captain call,
And He shall give thee *victory through His name.*"

F. E.

The Song.

THE little sharp vexations, and the briars that catch
and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper who has never failed
you yet?
Tell Him about the heartache, and tell Him the long-
ings too;

Tell him the baffled purpose,
Where we scarce know what to do—
Then leaving all our weakness
With Christ divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

OH, little heart of mine!
Can pain and sorrow make thee moan,
When *all* this Christ is *all* for thee,
A Saviour all thine own?

For Christian Workers.

Work For All.

HE drops of rain and the rays of light
Are small themselves, but when all unite
They water the world, and they make it
bright.

Then do not say, "Of what use am I?"
We may each do good if we will but try:
We may soothe some grief or some want supply.

We can give to the poor a helping hand;
We can cheer the sick as we by them stand;
We can send God's word to the heathen land.

We can speak to others in tones of love:
We can dwell in peace like the gentle dove;
We can point the weary to rest above.

Oh! how sweet to think that in life's young days
We may live to show forth our Saviour's praise,
And may guide some feet into wisdom's ways.

Christ First.

HE taught me that He did not want to
take His work from me, but that He wanted
me; that even His work should not have
His place—the *first* place in my heart; that
to do His will was a higher work than soul-
winning.

Ready.

OH, to do nothing, nothing,
Save at the Master's will,
But swift as a bird from the mountain
The bidden post to fill:
And then at the Master's bidding,
Ready to rest unseen,
As a sword lieth hid in the scabbard,
Tempered, and bright, and keen—
Ready to leap when He needeth,
True 'mid an enemy's land,
Honoured to hang at His girdle,
Or gleam in the Master's hand.

Rest.

MY God, my Father, let me rest
In the warm sunglow of Thy face,
Until Thy love in me expressed
Draws others to the throne of grace.
O Jesus, Master, let me hold
Such secret fellowship with Thee,
That others, careless once and cold,
Won to my Lord and theirs may be!

Gleanings in Many Fields.

THE Israelites might have lived as well on
stale manna as we on past experience.

AND so whatever His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

THERE'S a saying old and musty, 'tis old but ever new,
Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or
bind so fast as love can do with a single
thread.

CHRIST suffers us to sink may be, but not
to drown.

IN God's will is our peace.

HE that hath so many causes of joy is
very much in love with sorrow and peevish-
ness if he loses all these pleasures and
chooses to sit down on his own little handful
of thorns.

THE strokes of His hand are love, as well
as the kisses of His mouth.

SWEET is the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands
And know no will but His.

IF we do not go to Gilgal, if we do not go
back to the utter annihilation of self in God's
presence, we cannot come out in power.

IF a servant's intercourse with God does
not surmount his testimony to men, he will
break down and fail; he *must* renew his
strength.

IF God has chosen our way, depend upon
it that it is the best that could be chosen.
It may be rough, but it is right; it may be
tedious, but it is safe.

HE who is too busy to find time for prayer
is busier than God asks him to be, and the
fruit of such labour is a poison unto death.

SCATTERED SEED.

John Moulton's Conversion;

OR,

THE ATHEIST'S TORN BIBLE.

JOHAN Moulton was the proprietor of a "general" store in a small village in New London County, Connecticut.

He was considered to be an honest man, especially when he was obliged to be, but he was an avowed atheist, and regarded himself as amenable to none other than human laws. He despised the counsels and commands of God, and ridiculed the Christian religion and its professors as well.

He would secretly open his store on Sunday for the benefit of a godless, reckless set among the villagers, who met therein behind the closed shutters to *drink, smoke, and play cards*. Consequently, it was not surprising, when his father died and left him, among other things, a handsome family Bible, that he should at once declare his intention of using its sacred leaves as wrapping paper.

"In the first place," said he, "father made a fool of himself in buying that old Bible, and in the second place, in giving it to me. He gave ten dollars for it. It has never been read—none of any consequence—and it isn't of any account now surely in a literary or religious way. I couldn't sell it in the lump for more than a dollar if I should try, but it will bring me in much more than that if I retail it out by the ounce and pound. Its thick, heavy paper is just the thing to weigh up for small and costly parcels."

"I don't believe I should dare to use the old family Bible in that way, John," said his wife. "It seems, somehow, as if it would be wicked. Besides, it would make talk among the go-to-meeting folks, and some of them are your customers, you know."

"Let the soft-headed hypocrites mind their own business," snapped out John Moulton. "Mine is the only store in these parts, and they've got to trade with me"; and this open reviler of God's Word stripped off the handsome, substantial cover from the old family keepsake, and, putting the mass of heavy leaves under his arm, strode across the street to the store.

It did indeed "make talk" in every house in town, when small parcels from John Moulton's store were brought home wrapped with the awful utterances of Jehovah and the inspired word of Moses and the prophets.

John Moulton, however, was studiously left alone, so far as any controversy with words was concerned, until one evening a God-fearing old farmer from the outskirts of the town, and belonging to another parish, ran into the store to get an ounce of nutmegs.

After the storekeeper had placed a leaf from the old Bible in the scales, and, having weighed out the nutmegs, was proceeding to do them up, the farmer called out in an abrupt manner characteristic of him—

"No, no, Mr. Moulton; no, no! Don't use that to wrap up anything *I* buy here. That won't do for *my* nutmegs."

"I have nothing else handy," replied the storekeeper with a contemptuous laugh and a coarse jest.

"Hand them right over here, then; I'll put them loose into my coat pocket"; and suiting the action to the word, with a grieved, sorrowful look toward the storekeeper and the torn Bible lying on the counter, he turned towards the door.

He had proceeded but a few steps, when John Moulton, standing with the rejected leaf still in his hand, and exchanging sly glances with a few of his cronies who were in the store at the time, called after him—

"A good many of your brethren and sisters in this vicinity, sir, have had parcels

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done up in that kind of paper, and you are the first person who has ever objected to it.”

And folding the leaf into a small compass, he put it carefully into his waistcoat pocket.

After every customer and hanger-on had left the little store for the night, and John Moulton had finished posting his books, and was arranging his memoranda, he found that folded leaf among other papers; and smoothing it out very carefully upon his desk, he read it over slowly and attentively.

The leaf spread out before him happened to be the last chapter of the book of Daniel. The hardened infidel read it over more than once, but he did not understand it. His life-long wilful ignorance of God's Word made this portion of it all the more wonderful, profound, and puzzling to him.

The last verse in particular impressed him—

“But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days” (Dan. xii. 13).

He read these words over and over until he seemed to feel them like coals burning into his heart. He sat at his desk with bowed head, pondering upon them, until his wife became alarmed, and crossed the street to the store to see what had detained him. He heard her tap gently at the locked door, and, opening it, drew her in.

Pointing to that last verse, the letters of which now seemed to him to stand up from the crumpled page, he asked her, with trembling voice and blanched face—

“WHAT SHALL MY LOT BE

at the end of the days?”

“Alas! my husband, that you should ask me such a question, and that I should be utterly unable to help you!” she replied, bending in turn over the leaf. “This verse has marginal references, I see, to Isaiah and to the Psalms and to Revelation. Let us look them up,” and she turned to the coverless, mutilated old Bible. He knew nothing, and she very little of the order of the books, but, after considerable search, they found that the two first-named books were missing.

Presently they came to the Revelation, and eagerly read the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter—

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”

“I have done no works that I could wish to follow me,” said the husband. “That is one great proof to me that it is wrong to lead such a life as we do. I believe the scales are dropping from my eyes. If what little we have now read in the Bible be true, and we should die as we are, should we not be among those mentioned here in the second verse on this page, ‘some to shame and everlasting contempt’?”

“I do not know,” said the wife again, and weeping now. “But I do believe this is God's Holy Word, and that, even in what there is left of it, we can find out how to live so that we may know how to die.”

“We will indeed seek for it, then,” said John Moulton; “and we will never stop studying the Bible until we have found out the true way to live and die.” And carefully placing the remnant of the soiled, mutilated book in a basket in which were a few little articles for their own household use, he carried it back across the street to their dwelling.

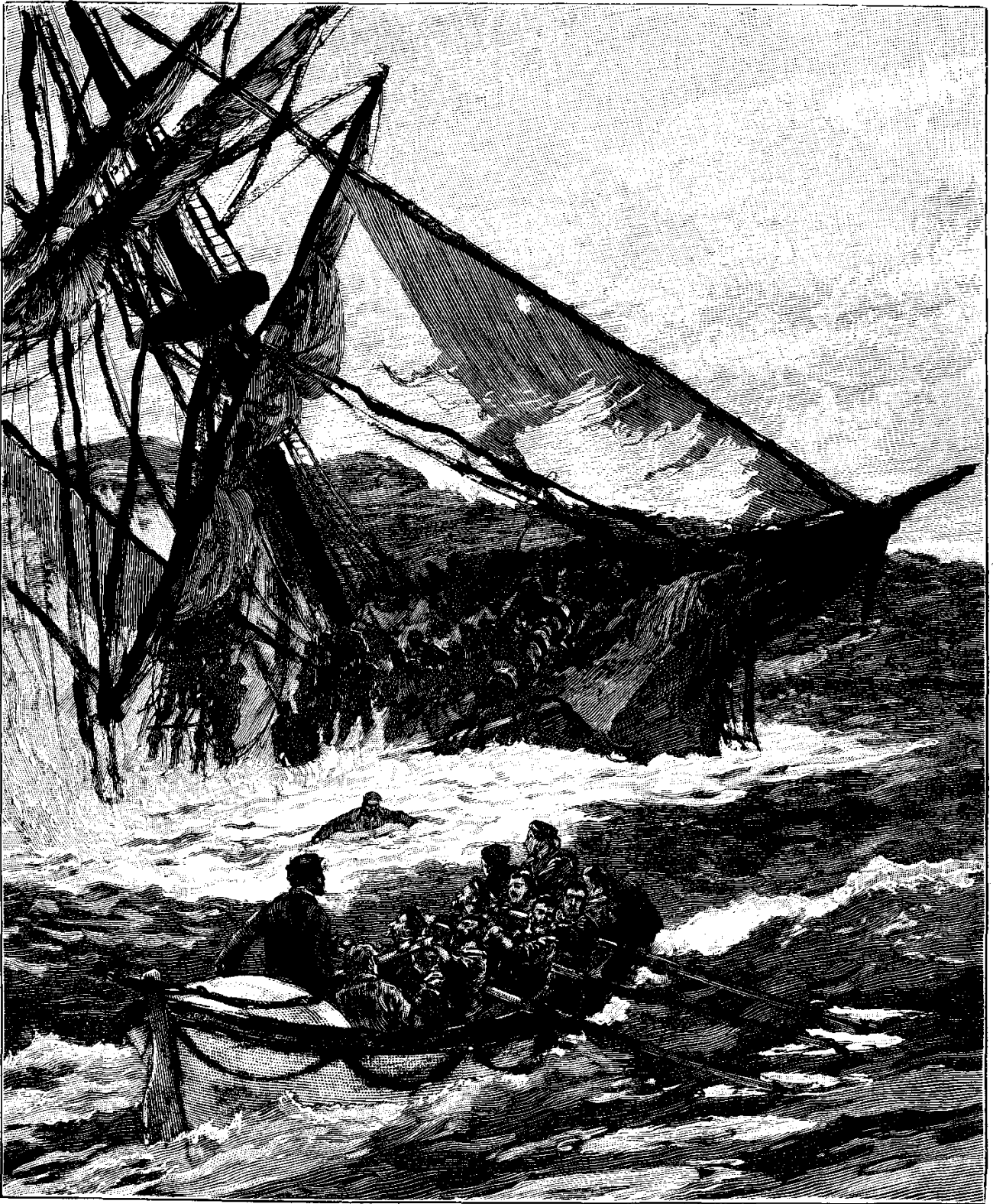
He was as good as his word. The precious Bible was studied; first, the old, torn one, and then a new and perfect copy, until the way of life and salvation was found; and his wife was only too glad to join him in the now sweet exercise of prayer, that unspeakable privilege of mortals, which the Bible so plainly points out and enjoins, and in walking in the heavenly way.

And so that old family Bible finally accomplished its mission, and all there was left of it, up to the time of that providential protest of the stranger customer, lies to this day under a new and handsomer copy on John Moulton's parlour table.—*Extracted.*

2 Cor. vi. 2.

BE wise to-day: to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set.

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ON THE ROCKS.

Is it You?

LET us suppose a case. A fine ship is sailing from New York to a German port; she is nearing the Scilly Islands, and thus far her passage has been favourable, and the passengers, captain, and crew are full of mirth and gladness as they celebrate the birthday of the honoured man after whom the ship is named. But, alas! in their season of dissipation they are heedless of where they are steering. The night comes on, and as they near that rock-bound group of islands the warning light from the Bishop Lighthouse sheds its kindly rays across the waves, seeming to say, "Steer clear of me; there's danger ahead!" The ship comes nearer, and the light shines brighter, showing up the rocks themselves, saying, as it were, in anxious tones, "Keep off! Keep off!!" But on she sails until, in spite of the warning light, she comes upon those rocks with a crash, and many find on that night a watery grave. Upon whom would rest the blame of this? Upon the captain and the crew—all would be wrecked through *their* indifference.

My reader, does this describe you? if so, go not thus madly to the bitter end! Wake up, I beseech you. "Heave-to" your ship, and ask yourself, "Where am I bound?" Oh, stop, lest your indifference drift you through the straits of death into the lake of fire!

A. F. M.

Somebody's Father.

WHEN writing about the battle of Gettysburg a soldier related the following incident as one of the most touching that he witnessed. Just after the battle, on the outskirts of the field, he and his companions discovered a soldier dead, seated on the ground with his back to a tree.

His glazed eyes were riveted on some object tightly clasped in his hands. As they

drew near they saw it was a picture of two small children, and the strong men were broken down at the sight of that poor father who had dragged himself to that secluded spot and sat down to die, fixing his dying eyes on the faces of his little pets far away.

There were six men in the party, and they stood there with great lumps in their throats and tears on their smoke-stained cheeks.

Scarcely a word was spoken. They dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest, with the picture of his children clasped over his heart. And over his grave, on the tree against which he was sitting, they inscribed the words: "Somebody's Father. July 3rd, 1863." What a touching epitaph! It was the *father's* heart, the *father's* love that was thus immortalised.

* * * * *

Go now, dear friend, in thought to that other tree that stood on the hill called Calvary. Stand close beside it and see what is written *there*. Not the words dictated in bitterness by mocking Pilate, but the crimson letters which the eye of faith discovers.

"In this was manifested the *love of God* toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him" (1 John iv. 9).

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that *He loved us*, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (v. 10).

"Behold, what *manner of love* the *Father* hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God" (1 John iii. 1).

The cross has many voices, and it speaks loudly of the Father's heart, showing His love towards those whom He would save, as well as the love of the Lord Jesus in giving Himself.

How wonderful and how happy for any who can say, not "Somebody's Father," but "My Father"! *Adapted.*

NOT TOO YOUNG.

NOT too young to love Him, little hearts beat true;
 Not too young to serve Him as the dewdrops do;
 Not too young to praise Him, singing as we come;
 Not too young to answer when He calls us home.

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A SUMMER'S EVENING.

For the Girls.

Early Impressions.

LITTLE Esther held her young friend's hand very tightly as they stood in the large garden of their uncle's house. It was a warm summer evening, and the windows of the house were open to cool it.

Through those open windows they saw what appeared to be a man getting into a back window and then disappearing. It was but the gardener shutting the greenhouse lights ere he left his work. But uncle and cousins were called to search the house for the supposed thief who could not be found. Uncle laughed at their mistake and explained who it was.

But Esther was only six years old, and when the elder one took her up to bed she trembled very much and did not wish to be left alone. Now the elder girl had something good to tell Esther which she never forgot. And though nearly forty years have passed since that evening, she still remembers what the elder one taught her of trust and confidence in God. It was sweet to be able to speak of God's care, and tell of One who never sleeps. Then, kneeling at the bedside, she asked God to please keep the little girl from being afraid, and to make her His own for ever. Then followed the simple hymn for Esther to repeat and learn:—

“ Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Watch my sleep till morning light.

“ All this day Thy hand hath led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
 Thou hast kept and clothed and fed me,
 Listen to my humble prayer.”

This was a very serious moment to Esther, and she felt very quiet and restful, and so glad to hear that One so good and so holy was looking down even on a little girl like herself. She went to sleep calmed and happy, and from that moment felt she had One she could go to at all times.

Dear elder girls, do you for yourself pour out your heart to God? If you do you will know that sense of peace that He gives. It is not saying a hurried prayer night and morning, but a consciousness that He hears and answers what you say to Him. Then you can pray with your younger brothers and sisters, and be sure that your reality will greatly affect them. A peaceful, child-like spirit belongs to all those who belong to the kingdom of His dear Son. The Lord Jesus has died for them and now lives for them, and would have His loved ones always like little children.

He knows full well that they are in an enemy's country, where sin and evil abound. He has been in it and understands all about the trials of the way. But He leaves them here for a little while to learn something about Himself and His Father. It is just like being at school, where hard words and sometimes unpleasant companions are. But these things, though very trying, need not discourage. They are occasions for us to go to God who loves us, because His Son loves us and can listen to all we have to say. Then when we go to Him about ourselves we find we can also go to Him about others, and it is wonderful how He does help us to go on peacefully and happily. Do not the little ones know if you are happy? And will they not come to you when troubles arise? Perhaps you have proved this for yourselves? Go on in such a path. God smiles upon it; the Lord Jesus supports you in it, and His Holy Spirit leads you to enjoy it. E. E. S.

Shining.

WERE you shining for Jesus, dear one?
 You have given your heart to Him ;
 But is the light strong within it,
 Or is it but pale and dim?
 Can everybody see it—
 That Jesus is all to you?
 That your love to Him is burning
 With radiance warm and true?
 Is the seal upon your forehead,
 So that it must be known
 That you are “ all for Jesus ”—
 That your heart is all His own?

For the Boys.

Walks and Talks about Scotland.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

IN the state prison of the castle the second Marquis of Argyll was imprisoned before his execution.

Like his father, he was a staunch Protestant, and when the "test oath"—which was looked upon as a pledge of loyalty to Charles II., but insisted upon the King being acknowledged as head of the Church—was tendered to him, he declared he took it in so far as it was consistent with the Protestant religion. The Duke of York, afterwards King James, was at this time Administrator of Affairs in Scotland; he was a bigoted Papist, and as the heir to the throne took this qualification as directed against himself. Argyll was charged with high treason and condemned to be beheaded.

He escaped from the castle, however, disguised as the page of his daughter-in-law, Lady Sophia Lindsay, who had obtained permission to visit him while awaiting execution.

Going over to Holland, he remained there until the accession of James, when he joined the Duke of Monmouth in an insurrection. Misfortune dogged his footsteps everywhere, and he was taken captive near Kilpatrick on the Clyde, and was again condemned to die.

His peace of mind surprised everybody, and like his father, he proved himself to be a true Christian, finding much solace and comfort from the Lord his Saviour.

On the day of his execution (June 30th, 1685) he dined very cheerfully, and being used to sleep awhile after dinner, he retired to the couch in his cell, and fell into a peaceful slumber. An officer of State called to see him, and was shown into his cell. At the sight of the condemned man sleeping so pleasantly but an hour before his execution

he was greatly perturbed, and said he could not understand how a man could sleep so peacefully when but an hour from eternity. Ah, but Christians have the secret! The sting has been taken out of death for them by the Lord Jesus Christ. He destroyed him who had the power of death that He might deliver those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. And the Christian can say: We know if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Knowing, too, that the shedding of the precious blood of Jesus has atoned for their many sins, they have every right to be happy and peaceful in the presence of death—that which is such a terror to those who do not know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

There is a beautiful painting of Argyll's last sleep in the Houses of Parliament, which you possibly may have seen.

On awaking from that peaceful slumber he was led out to execution.

He mounted the scaffold with great firmness, and on seeing the instrument which was to take off his head—called "the maiden"—he embraced it, saying, "This is the sweetest maiden that I ever kissed; it will finish my misery, and be my inlet to glory." A moment afterwards he was in eternity. Evidently for him it was far better to be with Christ, and he knew it.

Thank God, to everyone is offered salvation and fitness for heaven! This cannot be obtained by works of righteousness which we can accomplish, though it is the free gift of God purchased for men by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ.

May every dear reader of this page be as ready for eternity as was the second Marquis of Argyll!

* * * * *

A very remarkable incident is related as having taken place in the castle in connection with the restoration of Charles II.

Cromwell's soldiers still formed the garrison, and they were ordered by the governor to parade and fire a salute in honour of the

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restoration. All obeyed with the exception of one of Cromwell's veterans; he bluntly refused to obey the order, saying he hoped he might be blown into the air if he fired a cannon that day.

He was compelled, however, to take his stand at one of the guns overlooking the west church and to apply the match; strangely enough, the cannon burst and blew him to atoms. Of course such an occurrence may be accounted for in many ways, and it was but a coincidence that this man should have fired the one cannon that burst that day. But the story shall serve as an illustration to press home a solemn truth.

Fire a salute meant acknowledge the King.

While some did it willingly, this unfortunate soldier was compelled to do it, and he was destroyed in the very act.

God has set His beloved Son upon the throne. The once despised and rejected Jesus—the rightful King—is now set upon the throne in heaven. God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name. That at the name of *Jesus* every knee should bow . . . and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father (Phil. ii. 9-11). This is God's unchanging decree. All must acknowledge Jesus as Lord. We learn from God's Word that those who do this in the day of God's grace will be saved and blessed for ever, for there is no blessing too great for God to give to those who honour His dear Son by bowing the knee to Him. If you have not done this as yet, do it—do it to-day. He is worthy that all should bow to Him and own Him Lord, and they are wise indeed who do it willingly.

But, alas! many refuse to bow to Christ. They love their sins, their self-willed ways, the world—its pleasures and its prizes. They will not turn from these to Jesus, and they manifest the rebellion of their hearts against God by refusing to own His Son as their Lord. They will not have Him to reign over them.

How great is their folly, since God has declared that all must submit to Christ!

Those who refuse while mercy lingers and grace can save will be compelled by the almighty power of God in the Day of Judgment, but bowing in that terrible day will only be followed by banishment from the presence of God and the glory of His power.

Oh, reader, bow to the Saviour to-day! Learn a lesson from the story of the rebellious soldier in Edinburgh Castle: do not refuse to own the rightful Lord and King until you are compelled by the power of God, lest you perish forever in your folly.

J. T. M.

Yet There is Room.

YE dying sons of men,
Immersed in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you;

Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinner, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is His name;
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Compelled by dying love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His loving accents hear;
Let whosoever will, now come,
To-day! to-day! there yet is room.

A Sum for You to Do.

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).

Come to Christ; He will bless you, and you will become a blessing to others. Do not think you are too young or too sinful; but come just now, just as you are.

For the Little Ones.

An Answer to Prayer.



McM——, a little boy about ten years old, was the son of Roman Catholic parents living in a town in the north of Ireland.

His father was a publican, and owned several large public-houses and billiard saloons in the town.

The children seemed carefully brought up, in a religious point of view, and attended chapel regularly, though on Sunday afternoons, when the public-houses were open, G. would be taken to them by his father, with a younger brother, and spend hours in the sickening atmosphere of the billiard-room.

One would be inclined to wonder how a child brought up thus in the midst of sin, and hedged in, so to speak, by the idolatrous rites of the Romish Church, could hear of, and be led to the Saviour. But God works in His own way, as the sequel will show, and the seed sown by one of His servants was to bring forth fruit to His honour and glory. The Good Shepherd was seeking the sheep, and would soon carry it home rejoicing.

G. had a peculiarly sweet expression of countenance, and pleasing manners. A Christian lady, living next door, felt strangely drawn to him, and in some way, unaccountable to herself, was led to pray for him, and to have faith that her prayers would be answered, though she knew the circumstances of his life. She felt that God was above all obstacles. When she met him out of doors she would say a pleasant word to him now and then, so that he soon lost all shyness and began to look upon her as a friend, and would talk to her quite freely of his childish joys and sorrows.

G., with his brothers and sister, usually went to a seaside town about twelve miles distant, during the summer holidays, where some evangelists held services for children

on the beach. G., who was fond of music, was attracted by the singing, and would linger about a little distance off; finally he became bolder and ventured nearer, ending by joining the group of children gathered round the preacher. He became deeply interested, and was soon a regular attendant at the meetings. And as he listened to the "old, old story," his little heart was opened to receive the gospel simply. Without question or doubt, he believed the good news. From that time he seemed quite changed and very happy.

On his return home he saw his Christian friend coming along, and running to meet her, told her with a beaming face of the happy time he had had. G. had a remarkably quick ear for music and a sweet voice, and often his friend could hear him singing with his little sister the gospel hymns he had learnt at the meetings, and loved so well. During all the summer months, and until late into the autumn, some evangelists held open-air meetings every Sunday evening in an open space just opposite to where G. lived. When the service began G. would be seen slipping out of the house, and joining the group, would remain fixed, drinking in eagerly every word the preacher said. His parents do not seem to have interfered with him in this, though he was still taken to chapel every Sunday and often during the week.

The Christian lady grew more and more interested in him, and often prayed earnestly that this tender lamb might be kept from the power of Satan and the world, knowing how much his surroundings were against him. Her prayers were soon to be answered, though in an unexpected way. Shortly after this she missed him, and it was many weeks before she saw him again. When they did meet he seemed very pleased to see her, but oh, how much changed he was! His once round and rosy face was thin and pale, and his eyes were unnaturally bright. In answer to her inquiries, he said he had been very ill, but was better now. He seemed bright and happy. She did not see him for

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some time after this, and fearing he was ill again, called at the door to inquire, when she heard with sorrow that he was not expected to live—a wasting disease was carrying him swiftly to the grave. The few weeks he lingered he was full of joy. All fear of death seemed to go. Once, when more than usually restless and uneasy, his father carried him downstairs and placed him in an armchair with cushions, to try to ease him a little. He looked up gratefully and said, "This is rest, but what must the rest of heaven be! It will be lovely to be there with Jesus." He constantly expressed his longing to go, and seemed scarcely able to wait. Shortly before his death, as his father and mother were standing one on each side of his bed, he said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," with emphasis. "Poor child," said his mother; "his mind is wandering." G. caught the words, and looking up with ever so sweet a smile, said, "No, mother, I am not wandering, but I do love the Lord so, and I am longing to see Him." He had his wish; in a few hours he was with the Saviour he had learnt to love, and who had so loved him. His Christian friend could only praise the Lord for so abundantly answering her prayers. Did the Good Shepherd see that the road was too rough for this tender lamb, and gently carry it home a shorter way? Or did He see that his early and happy death, trusting *only* in the "precious blood," would make an impression, never to be effaced, on the parents, still bound by the chain of Rome? We know not, but this we know, "He doeth all things well." The sacred rites (so called) of the Church were duly performed, and Mass said for his soul, but the happy spirit had fled, and was for ever safe with Him who had loved him and washed him in His own blood.

This true account of a little Roman Catholic boy is written partly with the hope that it may encourage Christian workers, especially those who hold gospel services for children on the beaches of our seaside resorts—for who knows where the seed

thus scattered may take root and bring forth fruit?—and also to give an instance of answer to prayer in a remarkable manner.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Ps. cxxvi. 6).

M. A. F.

All is Done.

WHAT shall we do, that we may work the works of God?" some people asked the Lord Jesus, and His answer was, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." Christ the Son of God was sent by His Father to be the Saviour of the world and to do all the work that was needed. On the cross He cried—

"IT IS FINISHED"

(John xix. 30) because all the work was done. Then when He rose again He said, "Peace be unto you." Peace had been made for them by His work upon the cross.

Gospel Verses to Search for and Learn.

THE TIME.

"To declare, I say, at this time, His righteousness, that He might be just and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

Romans, chap. , v. .

"BEHOLD, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

2 Cor., chap. , v. .

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—Rom., chap. , v. .

"THE time is short."

1 Cor., chap. , v. .


"FELIX trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time: when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Acts, chap. , v. .

Words of Peace.

What is the Gospel?

II.

“H!” say some, “we do not believe in sudden conversion.” Do you not? God does. “The same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls” (Acts ii. 41). Remarkable that—*three thousand sudden conversions* in one day; remarkable also that every case of conversion in the New Testament was sudden.

Let me entreat the reader to take God’s Word, and there read “the gospel of God,” unadulterated by the opinions of man, and he will find that all who as lost sinners received the gospel were at once and eternally saved. God is satisfied, yea, glorified by the death of our Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, and nothing less than the eternal blessing of all who, as lost sinners, trust alone in Christ and His finished work would be an adequate answer on God’s part to all He has found in the Person and work of His own beloved Son. It would be an insult to the work of Christ if the vilest sinner trusting in it were not fully justified. And think you, dear reader, that God could ever slight the work of Jesus? Nay, it is His delight to honour that work which has secured eternal glory to His name. The work of Christ is a foundation which sustains the weight of the glory of God, and maintains His righteousness as a just God and a Saviour. How blessed then to be of that company who have believed “on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification,” and with worshipping hearts can say, “Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ” (Rom. iv. 24, 25; v. 1).

And be it remembered that this stands at

the very threshold of the gospel. “I write unto you, children, because your sins are forgiven you” (1 John ii. 12). Forgiveness is the common possession of every child of God, whether a babe in Christ or one of full age. And not only so, but, “In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise” (Eph. i. 13). The Spirit of God dwells in every believer to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us (John xvi. 14). To enable us to cry, “Abba, Father” (Rom. viii. 15). And “that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God” (1 Cor. ii. 12). May we be more subject to the teaching of the Spirit of God, that He may lead our souls into the enjoyment of the blessings into which the gospel introduces us, and whether it be the truth as to our individual blessing, or the deeper truth as to “the Church which is His body,” we shall ever find that the centre of every circle of blessing is the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ. Led by the Spirit into that scene of light and divine affection, the sphere to which that life which we have as the gift of God belongs, may we know what “fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ,” is (1 John i. 3).

And should the careless glance of a neglecter of this great salvation fall upon this page, let me ask one question in the language of Scripture, “What shall the *end* be of them that obey not the gospel of God?” (1 Pet. iv. 17). Weigh it in God’s presence—what shall *your* end be if you obey not “the gospel of God”? And let God’s Word answer, “When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that *obey not the gospel* of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with *everlasting destruction* from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power” (2 Thess. i. 7-9). Who shall suffer “the vengeance of *eternal fire*” (Jude 7).

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Such is the portion of all who obey not the gospel of God. Men may reason about it, infidels may scoff at it, but "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isaiah i. 20). And it is said they "shall know whose words shall stand, Mine or theirs" (Jer. xlv. 28).

Eternity to praise Him,
And magnify the grace
That shone down from the glory
Revealed in Jesus's face ;
That won us for that glory,
To be His chosen bride,
To find our joys for ever
Close to His pierced side.

Such the eternal portion
Of all who Jesus know ;
For ever in His presence,
And no more out to go.
But, oh ! for those who slighted
The Saviour's love and grace
There is no joy, no respite ;
"Fixed," their eternal place.

That Saviour once rejected
Is seen as Judge at last ;
The wrath of God abideth ;
The mercy now is past ;
Oh, for one drop of water !
They all unanswered cry :
There once had been a river,
But they had passed it by.

The "fire" that never quenches,
The "worm" that never dies,
The "smoke" of endless torment,
That ever will arise !
Ah ! vain is man's endeavour
The solemn truth to quell ;
The lost are rescued *never*
From that eternal hell.

L. H. F. (*Extracted.*)

A Dying Testimony.

AN aged saint drew near her end. The flickering spark of life became gradually dim as the hours rolled by. It was evident that the "silver cord" would soon be loosed, the "golden bowl" broken, and the spirit return unto God who gave it. The doctor, a professing Christian, entered the room. His practised eye discerned the signs of speedy dissolution, and, feeling he

ought not to conceal the truth, he said, "I fear you have not long to live."

A sweet smile lit up her face as she replied, "I am glad to hear you say so, doctor. We shall meet at God's right hand."

"I hope so," was the answer.

"Hope so! *hope* so! Are you no farther than that? Do you not believe the Word of God?" she asked, with a searching glance.

One present, gently raising the weary body, whispered, "You will soon be 'safe in the arms of Jesus'" ; but she, feeling His presence, who sustained her, and the strength of His "everlasting arms," calmly replied, "I am there even now."

An hour or two before her end the doctor, seeing her, said, "You will soon be at rest," when, as if in answer, with feeble but tuneful voice, she sang—

"There is rest for the weary—
There is rest for you."

Through life her desire had been to "go singing," and her wish was granted, for even as she sang of that rest which remains for the people of God her spirit departed to be "present with the Lord," thus entering into rest.

Reader, is your condition that of hoping, feeling, or striving, or is it that of resting on God's Word? Listen to the sevenfold utterance of the Lord Jesus, the "Good Shepherd":—

"My sheep hear My voice.

"I know them.

"They follow Me.

"I give unto them eternal life.

"They shall never perish.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.

"My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand" (John x. 27-29).

H. N.

THE One who loves me
Has an eye for the wandering one,
A hand for the needy one,
A heart for the sorrowing one,
A bosom for the weary one,
And best of all,
Himself for everything.

For Young Believers.

Evil Thoughts, Unbidden and Hated.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

DEAR—, I have your letter, and I am sure that the enemy is very busy, as well as the evil heart within. What you need is thorough deliverance from yourself, that is, the flesh. You speak of evil thoughts, unbidden and hated, springing up in the heart even when you seek to be occupied with the Lord, this too when really thinking of Him. Then you stop to confess them, and the occupation for a moment in confession only provokes another evil thought. And so it is as you say, an unending, all-day work.

My feeling is that you have never yet enjoyed full deliverance from self and flesh. You are what Scripture calls still "in the flesh," though a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe if your soul were free you would find the simple yet profound truth of "reckoning yourself dead" (Rom. vi. 2) would so act that the thought of turning aside to confess what would spring up unsought for in your soul would be found to be really and only *allowing the flesh a triumph* in leading you to be occupied with it.

When there is no *will*, such thoughts will be left, turned aside from, and treated as "not I." Of course, when the soul is not free I could not say you could do so at all, but were freedom enjoyed you would not be the sufferer from such things. What I would simply say to you is, when evil thoughts are present to your soul, unsought for and hated, do not stop or cease from your measure of occupation with the Lord to confess them. If *will* enters they must be confessed, but if not pass them by as you would avoid an evil person who is not your-

self, and who you know is incorrigible, and with whom contact is only misery and defilement. "Avoid such, pass not by them," but leave them there. To *own them at all* is but to give the flesh the place it seeks—a recognition in some way or another. This, even when it is only to abhor its workings, will be a *satisfaction to the flesh*.

Oh that you had grace to leave "the flesh" unrecognised and disowned, and to pass on conscious that it is always there and will be in you to the end. How blessed that we can by grace disown and refuse to hear its suggestions when it works, knowing through mercy that it is no more "I." Your case is one that has been and is common to most of the Lord's people, if not all. I refer to unsolicited, hated, and wandering thoughts. You should simply go on and take no notice of them whatever, as by doing so you only give the flesh the place it seeks. Go on as not hearing the suggestions—be as it were deaf to them. Confess to God if you find *will* at work, but not so as to be occupied with the analysis of the evil: rather look up to Him, the sense of weakness and impotency filling your heart, and in the attitude of dependence of soul, pass on with your eye resting on Him, out of whom strength comes whenever there is conscious weakness.

J. N. D.

HE that follows the Lord fully will find goodness and mercy following him continually.

If God has chosen one way, depend upon it that it is the best that could be chosen. It may be rough, but it is right; it may be tedious, but it is safe.

It is one thing to be a Christian and another thing to be satisfied with Christ; to go to heaven at last is not the same as going there now, because He who died for us and lives there has carried our hearts to His home. This last fills up the blanks within and shuts the door on the world without.

For Christian Workers.

Brethren, Awake!



CHRISTIAN readers, what shall we say to these things? Can we think of such a doom awaiting the world in which we sojourn, and not weep over its guilty, condemned inhabitants? Did Jesus weep over one city and say, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes," and shall not our hearts melt—shall not our tears flow—for a whole world that lieth in wickedness and daily ripens for destruction? And shall we be content, my brethren, with shedding tears? The hour of judgment, near as it may be, has not yet come. The door of mercy still stands open; yea, as yet it opens into the scene of those heavenly delights and bridal glories which Christ and the Church shall share ere He comes forth from the wedding to execute vengeance on His foes. And shall we not use the opportunity to sound forth the gospel of God's grace?

If it be true that judgment is at the door, instead of the gradual peaceful introduction of millennial blessedness, shall we on that account be less urgent in our entreaties, less zealous in our labours, less instant and earnest in our prayers? God forbid!

Knowing the judgments which await the world around us, knowing the grace that has rescued us from those judgments, and that when they are executed we ourselves shall be with Him who executes them, is it possible that we can selfishly enjoy the thought of our own security, and leave the poor world unwarned, the grace of Christ and the Father's love unproclaimed, or poor sinners uninvited, *unurged*, UNENTREATED to flee to the shelter of His open arms? Oh for more earnest love to Christ, and deeper compassion for poor souls!

W. T.

Gleanings in Many Fields.

NOT a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

WHO best can suffer, best can do,
Best reign who first
Well hath obeyed.

COMMIT thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint:
Worlds are to Him no load,
To Him breathe thy complaint.

He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through waste or hostile ground
Can make a way for thee.

SUBMIT yourselves to God, and you shall find {;
God fights the battles of a will resigned.

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my task,
The counsel of my God I'd ask,
Who all things hath and can.
Unless He give both thought and deed
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
And vain the wisest plan.

OUR vessel here is small
To take His goodness in,
But soon our hearts shall know it all
Without a cloud between.

'Tis there in spirit we
Are now with Him we praise,
And we are lost, as there we see
JESUS—on whom we gaze.

BUT all the mystery of pain
Was met by One who died,
And to all harmony and bliss
The door is open wide.
For now He lives, and with Himself
We shall be satisfied.

LET Jesus choose
Each step for thee; He knows which way is best;
And so thou shalt not lose
The joy of those who, trusting Him, are blest.
And know thou this,
That He who leads can clearly show the way;
Just lay thy hand in His,
And gladly go with Him, or with Him stay.

“THE END OF ALL THINGS IS
AT HAND.”

I PETER iv. 7.