

# SCATTERED SEED

AND

Good News for the Young.



LONDON :

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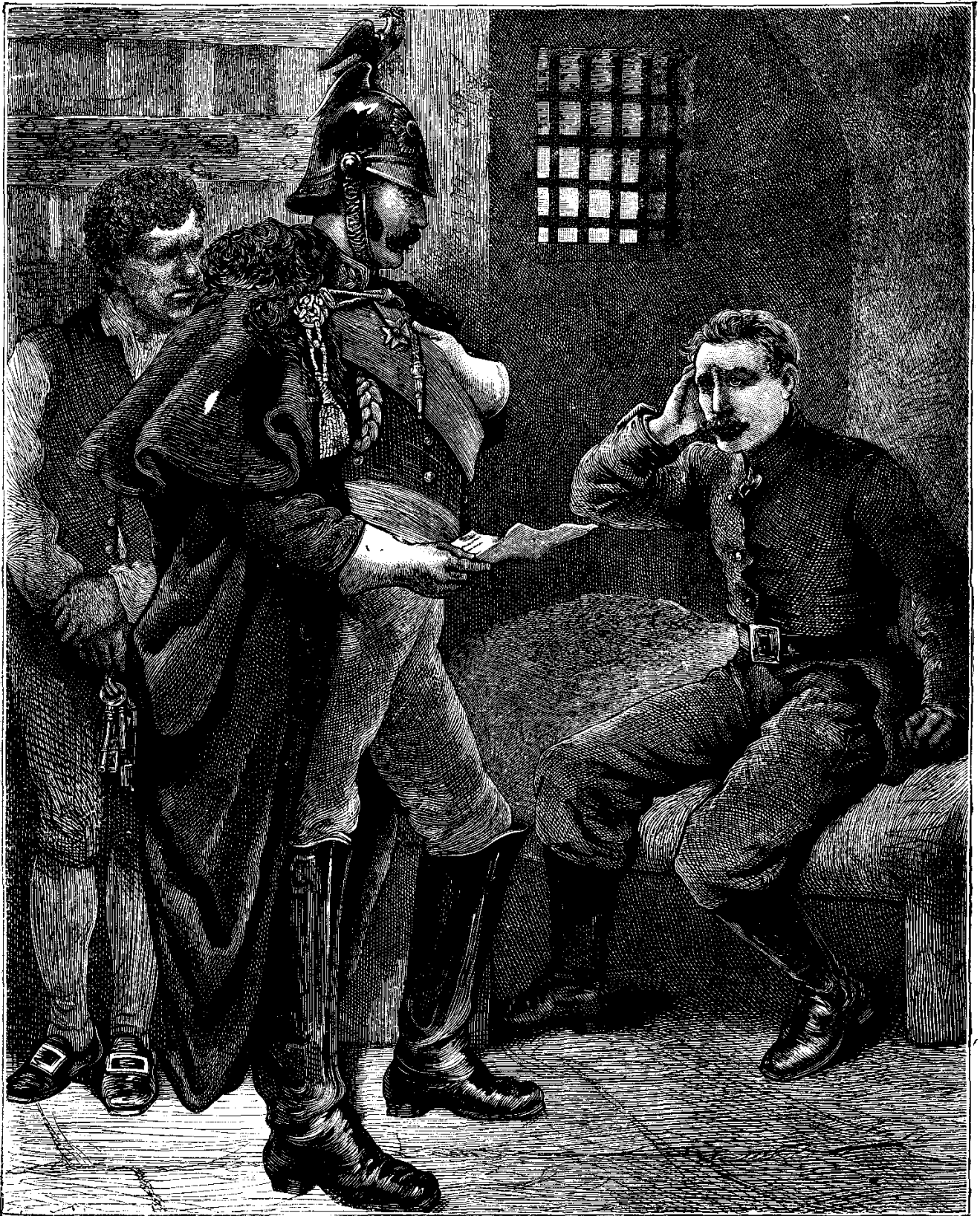
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DELIVERED FROM DEATH.—*See page 170.*

# SCATTERED SEED.

## THE RECEIPT.



AM B——d lived on a “scrub” farm on the banks of the Mary, in Queensland, Australia.

He had led a wild life, as so many, in the early days of the colony, had ; working hard and drinking hard ; clearing, farming, butchering, and doing other things by turns. Had made money, and spent it as easily as he had made it. Drink, that moral and social blight, had been his curse, and the publican’s hut had seen many a cheque “knocked down” by Sam B. He had had hair-breadth escapes riding home through the bush ; even good horses cannot guarantee drunken riders from injury by falls, collision with trees, &c. His boy had feared the reckless riding of the one whom he should have been led to respect in everything, and had hidden himself anywhere rather than be mounted before his father in these bouts. Again and again had that father been thrown, and dragged by the stirrup by his frightened beast, at the imminent risk of his life. On one occasion he awoke in the morning lying head downwards on the side of a waterhole, within a foot of the water, where he had been thrown the night before.

But all this had told on his health, and in later years he had been more steady ; had bought a farm, and worked upon the kindly soil, which had repaid his efforts, and he was tolerably comfortable ; but, in this world, as well as in the next, “What a man soweth that shall he also reap ;” his health failed him, and he lay upon his bed from which he never got up.

Whilst preaching in the neighbourhood, I had been told of him by some neighbours interested in his spiritual welfare, and pulled up the river to his landing-place, and found him slowly dying. Conscience had begun to make itself heard, and his past life, with its iniquities, was all before him, but darkness covered him as to how all was to be blotted

out, and dread as to how he should stand in the presence of Him before whom he expected shortly to be summoned. All this he did not attempt to conceal.

Presentations of the Gospel in ways that reach some failed in this case, he being quite unable to read, and his darkness remained unbroken. Thinking over his case before the Lord, and what he had himself told me, I said, one day, “Sam, you know what debt is ?”

“Yes,” said he.

“And what a receipt is ?”

“Yes, I’ve had plenty of them in my time.”

“Well, now, if you were in debt, and could not possibly pay, and a friend came forward and paid the debt, handing you a receipt, would you fear the creditor ?”

“No, of course not, the receipt would settle it anywhere.”

“Your sins, then, may be compared to a debt. You have incurred by them the displeasure of God, who demands satisfaction, and it must be rendered to Him, or you cannot escape hell.”

“Ah, but can a receipt be had for *that* debt ?”

“Yes,” I said, referring to the parable of the two debtors (Luke vii. 41, 42.), “but the debt must be owned, and the fact acknowledged that you have *nothing* to pay ; give up all attempts at compounding with your Creditor, your debt is ten thousand talents, and your assets *nothing*, then there is free forgiveness.”

“But the receipt, what’s that ?”

“Well, ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ He undertook to pay the penalty ; He endured the wrath ; He died the death, and He sustained the judgment you deserved. His blood, His death, was what paid the debt, but God raised Him from the dead, declaring to all that He, the Creditor, was satisfied with the work of His Son, and He took Him, as a man, up to heaven,



and gave Him a place at His right hand. This is really the receipt, Jesus risen, ascended, and seated at God's right hand. But the Holy Spirit has come down, and declared God's satisfaction in the work of Christ, and caused it to be written in this Book (the New Testament), so that this may answer to a written receipt, which any poor sinner, who owns to God his condition and helplessness, may hold in his hand, and have the blessed sense of security which it alone can give; and it cannot lie, nor can it change."

This he seized upon with the avidity of a soul who needed it, as a drowning man clutches the life buoy thrown to him, and he was at peace.

Thinking over it afterwards, my fears were aroused lest he had too easily entered into peace, so on the next visit I thought I would test him. He was reminded of his sins and past life, of the inflexible holiness of God, whose purity could not be sullied by sin, of the impossibility of a sinner in his sins ever finding a standing-place before this holy God, and of the hell that awaits all such.

Quiet attention and recognition of the truth of the statements made gradually gave way to a nervous excitement as he saw his reality was questioned, and, raising himself up on his left elbow, with his right forefinger he touched several times the New Testament which lay unopened upon my knee, and said, "Well, I can't read, but, if you read in that book, you'll find that Jesus Christ died for sinners," and fell back again upon his bed.

Happy Sam, he had got the receipt, and he clutched it steadily to the end, which was not long now.

His farm and its prosperity were left. He had worked hard for it of late years, but now he had become entitled to blessings of another character, that he had not wrought for, and, shortly, he was divested of that which made care for the one necessary, and entered more fully into the other, though he awaits yet the full enjoyment of those spiritual blessings that were made his, feeble believer as he was, in common with all who rest on Christ for salvation.

His funeral in the bush cemetery was romantic. The horses of the cavalcade that followed the body, composed of the farmers and settlers for miles up and down the river, were "hung" on the post and rail fence of the cemetery, or to the gum trees that grew within and without, and the men stood around as we committed his body to the grave; stalwart and strong they were, though with traces of hardship and endurance that mark ordinarily the conquerors of the soil in new countries, and with marks also of that sympathy that knits men's hearts together who have shared common dangers and won common victories. Some that stood around that grave had found the peace S. B. had so recently found; others knew it not. Some have passed off this scene, while others still remain. The day will declare how many really trusted Christ for salvation.

And you, my reader, have you made the receipt your own? This is faith's work.

The value is in the blood.

G. J. S.

### SALVATION.

*Salvation!* God conceived it, Christ wrought it, grace proclaims it, and when we, through faith in Christ, receive it into our hearts, it becomes "Our Salvation." Do not reject this free salvation on the plea that you are "unworthy." *That is true*, but it is also blessedly true that your being unworthy makes you the fit subject for grace.

The salvation of God was designed from all eternity. It was no afterthought, God knew what we should be, and, in love, provided the remedy. When did He love Saul of Tarsus? After he had been made an Apostle, a chosen vessel? No, but when he was a persecutor and injurious.

It is good to take our place on the moral dunghill, owning that we are only a filthy mass of moral putrefaction.

This was the lesson taught by our Saviour to the woman of Canaan. It was when she took the place of a dog that she became the fit subject for the display of God's compassion, power and grace.

W. T. T.

## SCATTERED SEED.

3

## NOTES OF A GOSPEL ADDRESS.



HERE are four little sentences I want to bring before you. The first is in John vi. 20 :

## IT IS I.

I desire to introduce you to my blessed Friend and Saviour, the Son of God. These verses in John vi. are a picture of souls who are trying to get peace by their efforts. Like the disciples, they are toiling in rowing. They want to find a haven of rest for conscience, but find all their efforts fail. What a moment when the Lord comes on the scene, and you see that the work is done by Him! I speak to the weary ones who are toiling in rowing, you who long for the blessing. Who is this wondrous Person? He is the Son of God and Son of man. A friend might pay a fine for you, or offer himself to be put in prison for you, or even give his life for you; but who could bear the wrath of God for you? Only One, and that One the Son of God. He came down to this world to reveal the heart of God, and He says, "It is I; be not afraid."

Now you will not trust Him by *trying* to do so. People say they are trying to believe. You will never believe by *trying*.

A friend comes to my house, but a stranger to my little girl; and she runs away frightened. I go to her, and say, "Come, I want you to know my friend." She would like to obey me, but I see she is very nervous, so I tell her all I know about my friend, his loving-kindness for such as she; of the way he had, on more than one occasion, risked his life for the safety of others.

Well, my account of him interests her, and she soon ventures a little nearer; the look in his kind eye, and the tone of his voice, give her further confidence, and presently she is sitting on his knee, quite at home with him.

Now I have not been preaching *faith* to her, but a *trustworthy person*. And so I tell you of my blessed Lord and Master, showing acts of kindness all His life, and then going to

the cross for you. He is to be trusted, He has not changed.

If the Lord touched your shoulder, trembling believer, and said, "I am the One who died for you, who gave you anxieties that you might feel your need of Me, who saved a dying thief. Can you not trust Me?" Could you not say, "Lord, I do believe on Thee. I cannot trust myself, or men, or things around, but as I look into Thy blessed face I *can* trust Thee"?

## "IT IS FINISHED."

(John xix. 30.) God not only brings the person of His Son before you, but also His work on the cross.

It is sometimes said, "Christ did the work, but was it for me?"

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." (1 Peter ii. 24.) Now, to whom is this epistle written? We find it in verse 7, "Unto you therefore which *believe*." If you therefore believe on the Son of God, God tells you that Christ bore your sins in His own body on the tree. If He bore your sins, then remember that He is now in heaven without them. Judgment has fallen on Christ, and every believer is free from condemnation.

If Christ had only taken half your judgment there would still be half left for you, but we read, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, *It is finished*: and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost."

While visiting from house to house in a small village, at one cottage I received no answer to repeated knocks. I was turning away when a woman came after me, saying she must apologize for not answering before, but her little girls were kneeling down. I was surprised at this, it being the middle of the day, but she explained that their father was a pedlar, and they were praying that he might come home early that evening to take them to the preaching. I asked them if they were saved. S——, the elder one, said she was not; she believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, but still she could not

say she was saved. I said to her, "In olden times, if a person were condemned to death, a cup of poison was handed to him, and, at a signal from an officer, he had to drink the contents. Now, S——, suppose you had committed some crime, and, just as the cup was being handed to you, I came in and said to the judge, 'I will drink that cup for her.' Consent is given, and I take it, empty it, and, handing it back, say, 'It is finished.' Would there then be any for you?"

"No," she said.

"And suppose I died, and could come to life again, would you thank me for drinking it, or would you go on asking me to save you from it?"

"I think I should thank you," she said.

I then turned to this scripture in John xix. 30, and finding she had a real anxiety to be saved from her sins, I laid the gospel of salvation before her, which she seemed eagerly to receive.

Feeling satisfied that the work was real in her, I said, "Shall we kneel down now and thank Him?"

We knelt down, and S—— herself, to my surprise, began thanking God for saving her.

Yes; the work is finished, done by Jesus to the glory of God, and the One who did it is at the right hand of God. Can *you* thank Him for His salvation?

#### "IT IS WRITTEN."

(Matthew iv. 3, 4.) There is no blessing from the Word unless you connect it with God. The Bible is not a mere history, but the Word of God. Some may say, "I do believe. I am not trusting any one but the Lord Jesus, and yet I am not certain."

How do you expect to feel certain?

Someone said once, "I thought I should feel a kind of heavenly sunshine within."

Ah! that is trusting to something out of your own heart, like the spider, which spins a thread out of its own body, and then hangs upon it. An archangel has not told me I am saved, but the Lord has. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me,

*hath* everlasting life." True happiness is mine? I am happy because I am saved, not saved because I am happy. Faith first, then comfort. "It is written." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Dost thou believe on the Son of God? If not, one word on,

#### "IT IS DONE."

(Rev. xxi. 5, 6.) This is after the judgment is past, after the opening of the books, after sinners are put in the lake of fire, and Satan has his place there, and the jaws of hell are closed. After all is past, there is a new heaven, the Church is seen in all her beauty, she has been there a thousand years, but she is as new as ever.

There will come a moment when you will have to leave this world; and though it will not be a very important day for the world at large, it will be a dreadfully important day for you. But there is something worse than going into your coffin, and that is coming out of it. "All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth." It won't do then to say, "I pray thee have me excused." No, you will have to come out of your Christless grave. The world is so hardened now, that men will joke about hell. It has been said to me, "There will be plenty of company there, at any rate." There may be company, but there will be no society. If your associates are there you will not see them, it will be "outer darkness." If you could see them you could not reach them, for you would be bound hand and foot. Be assured that such is the end of all that obey not the gospel of God.

Friend, we are travelling to eternity. The Saviour still calls. Will you not hearken to His gracious pleadings, and come? How worthy of your heart's confidence He surely is!

THE Cross of Christ is the solid ground of the forgiveness of sins. Justice *has* owned it;—every troubled conscience *may* rest in it.

*"IT IS FINISHED."*

**I** ANG over each word, for they were uttered by the blessed lips, and were poured out from the soul of the "Purger of Sins." They are worthy surely of the most profound musings.

"IT IS FINISHED."

"IT,"—what? The atoning work, the propitiatory sacrifice, the perfect work of the Son of God. *That* by which God saves from wrath,—the work for sin, for ruin, for guilt. *That* which has glorified God. *That* which cleanses from sin, which makes nigh to God, which has made peace, which gives a divine title to heaven, which perfects the conscience, which reconciles to God, which has met every phase of sin and guilt, which has given a divine and an adequate answer to the righteous claims of the throne of God, which has greatly glorified God by the complete settlement of the question of sin.

"IT IS FINISHED."

"IS,"—not "will be," not "may be," not "may possibly take place," not "in the future," not "in the present"; it's a *past* work; it was *done* nearly two thousand years ago; *doing* then, and done now. Accomplished by Christ, accepted by God, witnessed to by the Holy Ghost, it leaves no room, gives no place for any *present work* to be wrought, or aught in the future. It "is" done once, and for ever. The efficacy of that past work is *eternal*. He *hath* offered Himself *once* for all.

"IT IS FINISHED."

"FINISHED,"—complete, accomplished, perfected, done; nothing to add, nothing to make up, nothing to realize; no tears to shed; no feelings, experiences, or realizations needful; nothing that a sinner can do, think, or feel, can add virtue to that blessed *finished* work. The precious blood *has* been shed; Christ has died; sins have been purged. The work is a finished one. God is pleased with it, for He has taken the Finisher of it, in glory and righteousness, to heaven.

Now all is settled between God and the man who trusts in Him. The cross has met every claim. Sin, the root, and sins, the fruit, have been judged and condemned. Justice is satisfied; divine righteousness vindicated; glory established. "Finished"—yes, "finished"—was, and is to every poor sinner, the blessed word.

"IT IS FINISHED."

Blessed saying! the dying utterance of Christ on the Cross.

Dear reader, there is peace for thee in these words. Those three words contain fulness of redemption, fulness of blessing to be enjoyed *now*, and glory to be revealed. They express the completeness of the work which forms the basis on which God can have to say to poor sinners.

Is my reader a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? Then "It is finished" are words which contain the truth of what has made heaven, with its delights, its songs, its joys, its glories, sure to him. Ah, you need eternity to fully understand their deep, precious, and divine meaning. It will be as you gaze upon the Lamb slain that *this* divine saying,

"IT IS FINISHED."

will unlock its treasures, and unfold its depths to your wondering soul.

THE grand result of the work of Christ, in the past, is to give us a divinely perfect standing before God. He has introduced us into the Divine presence, in all His own perfect acceptability, in the full credit and virtue of His Name, of His Person, and of His Work; so that, as the apostle John declares, "As He is, so are we in this world." Such is the settled standing of the very feeblest lamb in all the blood-bought flock of Christ. Nor could it possibly be otherwise. It must either be this, or eternal perdition. There is not the breadth of a hair between this standing of absolute perfectness before God, and a condition of guilt and ruin. We are either in our sins, or in a risen Christ. There is no middle ground. We are either covered with guilt, or complete in Christ.

C. H. M.

“*AFTER MANY DAYS.*”



CHRISTIAN woman was obliged to give up her country cottage, and find a home in East London. Her heart was saddened as she passed through the crowded, narrow streets, seeking a quiet lodging.

She prayed her Father in heaven to guide and direct her in all her ways, and enable her to serve the Lord Christ, for she longed that her light might shine for Him. A small house in a quiet back street arrested her attention, and she determined to make her home there.

The first Sunday evening, as she was getting ready for the evening meeting, she heard romping and laughing; and looking out, she saw that a group of rough lads, finding her street a retired one, had fixed upon it as their playground.

She slipped out, and was soon mingling with a band of eager men and women, who were listening intently to the solemn words of the preacher; but, for the first time since her conversion, she could not enjoy either hymns or sermon.

“What is wrong?” she asked herself. Was the fault in herself? or is her prayer for guidance to some service for Christ being answered, and her feet led into some untried path?

Down on her knees went Mrs. Burt on reaching home, and a clear voice seemed to say, “Next Sunday help those lads; fear not, I will be with thee.”

Through that week the same message rang on, and she felt she must not despise it. Yet how could she, a nervous, frightened woman, accost such wild boys. Still the voice whispered, “Fear not, I will be with thee.”

The week was over, and on Sunday evening Mrs. Burt sat in her cosy room. The fire blazed cheerily; two candles and a few hymn-books were on the table, and half-a-dozen chairs ready for her guests. Directly she heard the loud, boisterous approach of the lads, she walked out and said:—

“Boys, I want to give you a happy evening; will you come and spend an hour with me?”

They turned, amazed at her words; and

the leader of the noisy group said, with a coarse laugh, “Come along, lads, let’s see what the old body’s got for the likes of us.”

Trembling, she ushered them in—their muddy boots spoiling her spotless floor; but at that moment all fear completely vanished. She started a simple hymn, and while two or three helped her, the others tried hard to sing out of tune. Then, opening her Bible, she gently said, “Lads, will you all be *very* still, just while I pray to *my* God to become *your* God?” and fell on her knees, beseeching a blessing on her new work. Suddenly she heard a scuffle, and the candles were put out; but she continued, “And, oh Lord, Thou seest us just as well in this darkness as if the room were light; look into each boy’s dark heart, and make way for Thy blessed light.”

She rose, relighted the candles, and read a few verses about the life of Him who died on Calvary for sinners, and then her little meeting ended. And as the lads passed out, they all, with one exception, shook Mrs. Burt’s offered hand, and promised, not only to go again, but bring some comrades.

For six months these quietly happy Sunday services were kept up, and more than one of the boys seemed softened and anxious. Then Mrs. Burt had to leave London.

Six years passed away, and one evening, as she was walking down the main street of a country village, a tall, strong man accosted her.

“Are you Mrs. Burt? Used you ever to be kind to some bad boys on Sundays?”

“Yes,” said she; “but I fail to recognize you.”

“I’m the big lad who led the boys into mischief; the one who blew out your candles the first meeting; don’t you remember? I shall never forget your prayer whilst memory lasts; from the moment you said, ‘Thou canst see in this darkness,’ my conscience was at work; and, though I never let you know, I really became a changed boy. To you, under God, I owe my present joy and happy life. I am a city missionary, and love to spend my days telling the good tidings of the Saviour’s love.”

T. P. L.

## SCATTERED SEED.

7

*WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR YOUR MASTER?*

CHRIST had passed through the awful hour of agony and death. He had come back from the grave a victorious conqueror, and proclaimed to His sorrowing disciples, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth," but immediately added, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Thus to work for God is not optional, but imperative. Not a mere matter of choice, but has all the authority of the command of Christ.

To preach is a necessity laid upon some, as Paul said, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," but to work for Christ is the privilege of every saved soul. There is a sphere for all and a work for each. There is none to whom something has not been entrusted. He gave to every man his work. None can look up to the Master and say, "I have not the privilege of doing something for Thee."

You may not have five talents, you may not have two, but what about the one? and for the employment of that one you are responsible. God has beautifully arranged and adapted spheres of labour, so as to meet all the diversity of capacity and talent among His people. Remember there is not a single inch of ground in God's vineyard for an idler; not a niche in the great moral hive for a drone. To each He has given power and opportunity to do something. It may be only the silent, unobtrusive labour connected with the family circle, or in speaking of Christ to a few children gathered in your home or your class, visiting the abodes of poverty, the bedside of the sick and dying, in scattering a few leaflets or tracts, or the unseen labour of an Epaphras pleading for the salvation of some precious soul.

"Son, go work to-day in My vineyard." If you are a son of God, by faith in Christ Jesus, then "Go work to-day," is Christ's word to you. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

What are you doing then for Christ? What are you doing for the salvation of souls? for the help of the feeble among the lambs and sheep of Christ's flock? Are your hands, your feet, your brain, busy for the interests of Christ?

Do you know what it is to pray? to walk until weary? to preach until your energies are spent? to give what cost you something? Where do you serve? What is your employment? Are you labourers in God's vineyard, not merely unlookers? Workers, not simply critical scrutinizers of other men's work, not fault-finders with other men's methods, and ways, and doings? We must not be narrow in our notions, nor cramped in our sympathies in relation to other workers and work, but each one doing all the good he can, to every person he can, in every way he can. "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"; and do not cease to work because you cannot fill the highest posts. If you cannot be a master builder, do not refuse to be a labourer.

So many want to be first and foremost, when they are only fit to follow in the rear, hence they refuse to be anything at all. If they cannot sing from the highest trees, they will not sing from the bushes. If they cannot trill like the nightingale, they will not chirp like the sparrow. Such persons, instead of being a help are a hindrance, instead of speaking well of Christ, are always thinking of their own dignity and importance.

Remember the words to the servants at the marriage feast of Galilee, "Whatsoever *He saith unto you, do.*" This will necessitate the study of His Word for guidance in your service, and prayer and dependence such as that expressed in Paul's words, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

Alas! How many, in the energy of love to Christ, commence with works of devotedness to His Person, and gracious care for those in need, but the freshness of their affection wanes, and a spiritual apathy sets in, and the worker becomes a spiritual invalid.

The danger of this was evident before the apostle's mind, when he wrote to Titus, "These things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God, might be careful to maintain good works." (Titus iii. 8.) Titus was not only to affirm, but *constantly to affirm*, the deep necessity of being careful to maintain, not merely to commence, or plan, but "maintain" good works.

To any who are forgetting these words of the apostle, we would give the prescription which an eminent physician gave to a lady patient who detailed to him along list of imaginary ills. He asked as to her symptoms and manner of life, and discovered she had both wealth and leisure, so after patiently listening to the story of her complaints, he asked for a sheet of paper, wrote down a prescription, and in the gravest manner handed it to the patient, and left. Imagine her surprise when she read, "Do something for somebody."

Time rolled on, and a poor woman waited upon the doctor with a sprained wrist.

"You see, sir," she said, "I was going out after dark, and tumbled over a basket that had been carelessly left in the way, after the nice, soft flannel had been taken out of it, sent by Mrs. W——, and she told me to come and see you, for your medicine had cured her."

"It's a powerful remedy," said the doctor, and more than once in after years he wrote the prescription, "Do something for somebody."

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

SALVATION is a golden chain, which stretches from everlasting to everlasting; and every link of that chain is Christ.

THE basis on which the Holy Ghost carries on the *subjective* work in the believer, is the *objective truth* of his eternal completeness in Christ.

### "THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD."

*Extract from a Letter.*

ABOUT the beginning of the year I gave a copy of the "Good News Almanac" to a woman in W——. From my previous knowledge of her I was aware that she was unsaved.

Just lately she was taken very ill, and during her illness I went to see her. Upon reaching the attic where she lay, right before her eyes, fastened to the poles of the bedstead, was the copy of "Good News Almanac." You will remember it had an open book in the centre, and on one side were written these words from 1 John i. 7: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." As I entered, the dear soul looked at me and said, with her finger pointing to the Almanac, "The blood, the blood."

She did not live long after, but went shortly to be with Christ, which is far better. Just before she passed away she charged her only daughter "never to destroy that Almanac."

I do believe God used that word of His on that almanac to her salvation. J. B.

### BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 13.

- 1.—Shew from a direct quotation in the New Testament that Moses was a type of Christ.
- 2.—Point out other respects in which he was both (a) personally and (b) officially a type of Christ.
- 3.—Both Moses and Christ are mentioned together in contrast. Explain and give reference.
- 4.—(a) Give the names of Aaron's children, (b) mentioning anything striking respecting the fate of any of them.
- 5.—(a) Give after allusions to their fate, (b) stating what lessons you believe to be deducible therefrom.
- 6.—(a) Name the three sons of Levi, and (b) state briefly the respective work which each family—their descendants—were called upon to do in relation to the tabernacle.
- 7.—Who was "chief over the chief of the Levites"?
- 8.—"I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel." (a) By whom was this said? (b) Of whom?
- 9.—Shew that, in the descendants of at least one of the parties, this was fulfilled.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,  
Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.



# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



MACKIE RESCUING JEMMY.

*HOW JEMMY WAS SAVED.*

JEMMY was the grandson of a poor Scotch shepherd, named Robin. The old man was nearly eighty years of age; his wife, and sons, and daughters, were all dead, and he had no one to comfort him in his declining days save little Jemmy, who, during the day, tended the flock, and, when the evening was come, would read aloud of that Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep.

Robin had a dog named Watch, which had always been of great service among the sheep, and this faithful creature accompanied Jemmy every morning. Together they looked after the sheep, and very often Jemmy would play with his much-loved mate.

One day, Jemmy had left the flock, and on his return, found that four of the sheep were missing.

Hastening home he told his grandfather, who said, "The sheep are probably gone to the right side of the mountain to reach the other pastures; go and look for them there, my child, and make haste, for it will snow soon; then bring home your flock quickly."

Away the boy hastened. The snow began to fall, slowly at first, and then more and more quickly, until almost everything was hidden from view.

At home, old Robin had begun to repent his having sent the boy alone, for he well knew that if Jemmy were to lose himself on the mountain in the snow, he would probably be frozen to death ere the morning. For a long while the old man sat near the window, listening anxiously for the expected footfall. Seven o'clock having struck, and the darkness deepening, the old man fell on his knees, and prayed God to restore his poor child.

He was about to start to call upon a neighbour, named Mackie, to ask him to go and search for Jemmy, when he heard a scratching at the door. It was Watch. Poor dog, when Robin opened the door, he ran away a little distance and then came back. He wanted to lead the way to where his young master was.

Robin now hastened without delay to his

neighbour Mackie, who, on hearing what was the matter, started off at once to find the missing boy.

"Go on before, Watch," he said to the faithful dog, "I will follow you," and on very fast they went, though not so fast as the animal would have liked. Watch was always in front. Suddenly he stopped, and Mackie heard him whining loudly and bitterly. Pressing on, Mackie saw the dog scraping furiously in the snow. A moment after he heard a feeble voice saying, "Help me, save me," and saw little Jemmy's head above the snow.

With some difficulty Mackie took him out, and carried him rejoicing towards his home. There he was received with glad heart by the kindly neighbour's wife, and at once put to bed, his benumbed limbs well rubbed, and some hot porridge given him. Old Robin, whose heart was lifted up in thanksgivings to God that his boy was found, and his prayer answered, watching all the time near his bed.

The next morning Jemmy was much recovered, and, whilst Watch lay at his feet, by the breakfast table, the story was told of all that had befallen them.

Jemmy had sought along the mountain-side, whilst the snow fell ever thicker and faster, until, tired and weary, and then stumbling, he had fallen into the hole where he had been found. Watch, at first, tried to drag him out, but, this failing, ran off to the cottage, and scratched for help. When left alone Jemmy had cried to God to take him out of that dreadful place.

Thus two prayers were answered. The old man praying in his cottage, and the sheep-boy in that mountain snow-drift—both cried to God in their trouble, and were heard.

How it reminds us of that passage in Psalm cvii. 12, 13, "They fell down, and there was none to help. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses."

There is no sorrow, no trial, no difficulty in which the believer cannot look up to God, and count upon His loving kindness and tender care.

## THE NEXT TRAIN.



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able to  
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to and  
fro. The

train was just about to leave, when a man and woman hurried to the platform, the man leading a great dog, the woman carrying a large bundle. The man had time to jump into the guard's van with his dog, and the woman was about to step into a third class carriage, when the train moved, and she was left behind. As the guard's van passed the spot where she was standing, she called to her companion, "I'll come on by the next train."

The incident made me think of a time now fast approaching, when those who are "too late" will have no hope of "coming on by the next train." Perhaps to-night the signal may be given, the Lord Himself may come into the air, and all who are ready will go to meet Him. What of those who are left behind? There is no hope for them, no other chance if they have rejected Christ now, no "next train" to take them to glory.

"Ah!" you may say, "I shall be like the man who just caught the train; I will come to Christ on my death-bed; there is no hurry now." Well, there are some people who like to run to the station, and jump into the train just as it starts; they know the hour of its departure, and reckon accordingly, and catch

their train as certainly as those who have been waiting a quarter of an hour. But suppose you did *not* know when the train would start; you were told it might go at any time in the quarter of an hour. If your journey was one of importance, would you wait till the last minute, and run the chance of catching it then? Most likely you would be too late. No, you would be early at the station, so that whenever the train might come up you would be *ready*.

The Lord *may* come at *any* time. His coming is more certain than death. Are you *ready* for Him? "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." How those who are ready and waiting for Him long for that moment. Do you long for it? Are your sins washed away in His precious blood?

Dear reader, do not put it off any longer. We read in Heb. x. 37, "For yet a *little* while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." That was written 1800 years ago; the "little while" is nearly over, but still the door of mercy *is open*, and you may *now* enter in. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That loving invitation will not long be given; *now* it is addressed to you. Will you accept it?

L. A. M. B.

## THE FIRESIDE TALK.



LITTLE girl of eight years, and her brother some twelve months younger, sat one cold winter evening, cosily nestled on the hearth-rug at their mother's feet, watching the bright sparks from the fire, as they played hide-and-seek in the twilight.

When lights were brought, both children exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, dear, will you read to us?" Assent was given, and they sat eagerly listening to the story of Jesus and His love; of the intense agony He suffered in the garden, when great drops of blood fell from His brow; how patiently He endured the rude treatment of cruel soldiers, and after all actually let them put Him to death—and all for love of us.

As the mother read, her voice faltered, for it was but a few weeks before that she had learned how much, how very much, her dear Saviour had borne for her.

"Mamma," said the boy, tenderly caressing her, "Why are you crying? Are you sorry the Lord Jesus let them do it?"

"No, darling," said she, "for unless He had, we must each have been punished for our own sins; but I was thinking how very ungrateful I have been in living so long without even thanking Him."

All this time little Mary sat quiet and unheeded, but suddenly the stillness was broken by convulsive sobs. "Oh, mamma," cried she, burying her face in her hands, "if I ask the Lord Jesus now, to take me as I am, will He do it?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, "I know He will; He never rejects any one who comes to Him. He says in His word, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"Do let us ask Him," said the child; and sinking on their knees, little Mary told the Lord Jesus that she wanted to be His little lamb. She thanked Him for being punished instead of her, and asked Him to hold her very tightly because she was so small.

Now, little reader, have you accepted the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? Have you ever thanked Him for being punished? If not, oh, do so now. Put down this paper, and ask Him to take you *now*, just as you are now; not waiting until you have tried to make yourself better, but just as you are, and He will receive you, and hold you as He has held little Mary these three years; for He will not let any one pluck His little lambs out of His hand. (John x. 28.) So if you are His, you will be quite safe, and so happy.

"Papa," said little Mary, a few weeks after the eventful evening just recorded, "I do not want to go to the pantomime again; may I have the money instead to send to some poor little orphan girls?"

And thus, dear little reader, will it be with you. You will no longer wish to enter

into those scenes which are displeasing to the Lord Jesus, and in which you would not like Him to find you when He comes.

Let me plead with you once again to accept Him now as your Saviour. Do not reject His offer of pardon and peace; do not treat Him so ungratefully, and then, when He comes, you, too, will be ready.

G. A. L.

### THE THREE CIRCLES.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY E. C.

Read Luke xvii. 11-19.

L.



IN order to make this scripture very clear and simple, I will divide it into three parts—three circles.

You know that there is a circle round this earth, an imaginary line called the Equator. It goes right round the world, and we are all included in it. So we are all included in the first circle I am going to speak of.

You see this hoop (holding up a large wooden hoop). I shall call this

#### THE CIRCLE OF NEED,

and we are all in it. What is need? Want. We all have needs, we all want something or other every day of our lives. There are needs of body and needs of soul.

When you come in from school at one o'clock, what do you want? Your dinner.

If you are ill, you say, "Send for the doctor." You want some one to make you better.

What did you want when you came out of school to-day, and found it was raining? You wanted an umbrella.

Those are all needs of body; but there are deeper needs than these: needs of soul. We find instances of each in God's Word.

The centurion's servant, who was sick, had a need of body. The jailor at Philippi, who called out, "What must I do to be saved?" had a need of soul.

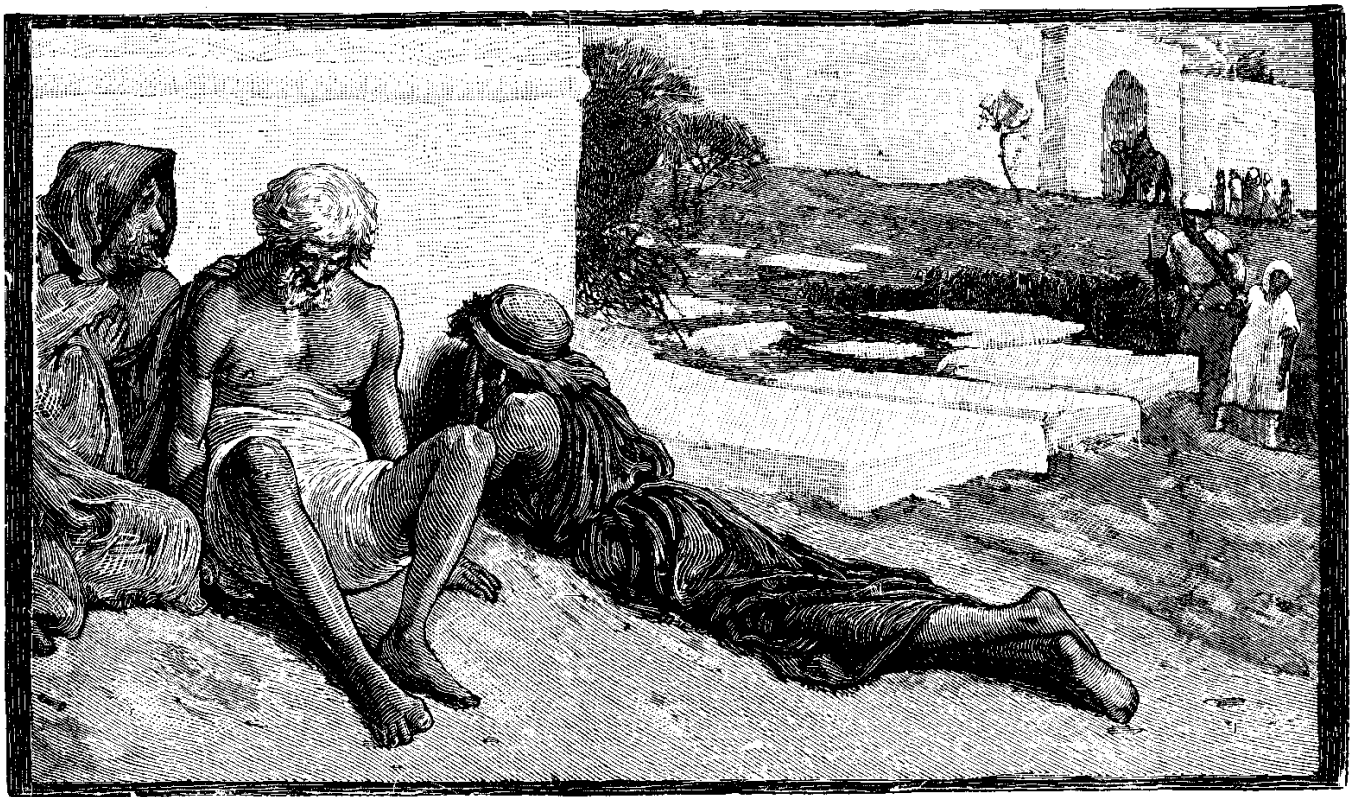
Did you notice those little words in verse 11 as we read it? "He passed through *the midst* of Samaria and Galilee." Jesus is always in the midst of the circle of need. It was He

who healed the servant; it was He who saved the jailor.

These ten lepers had need.

Leprosy is a dreadful disease, which necessitates those who have it being kept apart from everyone else. If they go into the streets, they are obliged to cover their faces and cry, "Unclean, unclean," so that no one may come near them. There is an island in the West Indies where only lepers live. A little while ago, a devoted man determined to go there, so as to be able to

his footing, and fell over the edge of a precipice. The sudden jerk pulled the second man over too, but the third one had time to plant his Alpenstock firmly in the ground, and standing still, kept his companions from falling into the depths beneath. Those men had need. Do you think they laughed and joked, and told stories to amuse each other as they hung there? No. They were face to face with death, and they were alive to the danger of their condition. You are in need, just as



THE LEPERS' QUARTER.

preach to these poor people. He knew if he went he would never come back. Already I hear he has leprosy, but if he is preaching Christ to the lepers, he will in no wise lose his reward.

Now I will tell you about three men who had need. They were going up the Alps together, and in order to provide for their safety, a long rope was tied round their waists, leaving a piece about ten feet long between each man. As they were proceeding on their difficult upward journey, the first man missed

real, just as terrible; but because you cannot see it, or cannot feel it, you do not believe it. You are in danger of spending eternity in the depths of hell, and you need a Saviour.

Now here is a smaller hoop. This I shall call

#### THE CIRCLE OF BLESSING;

and the way out of the circle of need into the circle of blessing is *faith*. Faith in the Word of the Lord Jesus made the lepers whole (v. 19) and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will save you. Perhaps

you say, "What is faith?" Well, it is very simple. I have a key in my hand, but you cannot see it: my fingers are shut tightly over it. Do you believe it?

Yes.

Why? Is it because I say so?

Yes.

Then you believe what I say?

Yes. Now I will open my hand, and show you the key. There it is. Now you can see it, but you believed it was there before you saw it, because I said so. That is faith. Now, will you believe *my* word and not *God's* Word? He says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"; and, "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life." Do you believe what He says?

Perhaps you do not know whether you are saved or not. Shall I tell you a way by which you may know? If you are saved yourself, you will want others to be saved too.

There were two boys in America who loved the Lord Jesus, and knew He was their Saviour.

One day, as they were coming home from school, they were having a game, and making a great noise (as boys do), when a man came to the door of the house they were passing, and asked them to be quiet, as a woman within was dying. They left off playing directly, and walked on a little way, when one of them said, "I wonder if she is saved? She's dying, and perhaps she doesn't know that Jesus died to save her. Let's go and tell her, shall we?" So they turned back. But when they reached the door their courage failed, and they didn't like to knock, so they turned away, and were going home. Only a few steps were taken, and again they stopped. "We *must* tell her," said one of the brothers. "Supposing she should die unsaved. Let us go to the back door."

Round to the back door they went, and through the window of one of the rooms they saw the poor woman lying in bed. One of the boys then crept quietly close to the window, and through a crack in it, whispered loudly, "Believe on the Lord

Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," and then they ran away. The sufferer heard the voice. At that very moment she was in distress about her sins. She received the words as a message from God, believed them, and was saved.

Now look at this silver ring. It is a *very* small circle; is it not? It is to illustrate

### THE CIRCLE OF WORSHIP—

the smallest circle of all: only one leper was found in it.

All ten got out of the circle of need into the circle of blessing; but only one fell down on his face *at the feet* of Jesus, giving Him thanks—only one became a worshipper.

What a wonderful thing it is to come to the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ, to find in Him a Saviour and a Friend. Jesus can do *everything* for you. Come to Him now, just as you are, and where you are. Come *with* all your needs, come by faith right out of the circle of need into the circle of blessing; but do not be content to remain there. Never rest until you are in the smallest but most blessed circle—the circle of worship—at *His feet*. Remember He has said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

### THANKS AND PRAISES.

*Extracts from Letters from young Friends.*

"I NEVER can thank Him enough for all His love and kindness to me." N. L.

"I CANNOT help thinking how kind it was of Jesus to die on the cross to save a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner like me." L. S.

"I CANNOT seem to praise and thank Him enough for having loved me so much as to die such a cruel and shameful death." E. P.

"I AM very happy. . . and try to live for and please Him. The thought of His love in dying for me seems to put strength in me, and make me more willing to deny myself, and take up my cross and follow Him patiently in all things." M. D.

"I AM sure I could not tell you how precious He has been to me, and still is—how wonderful to *know* our sins are forgiven. A lifetime does not seem long enough to thank Him for all He has done for us." F. C.



## GLAD TIDINGS FOR ALL.

GOD,

**T**HE Holy, Holy One, all-powerful, all-seeing, who made us for His glory, and against whom we have sinned, yet gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, not willing that any should perish, but willing that all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth,

COMMENDETH,

calls our attention to, directs us to think upon,  
HIS LOVE—

a love entirely of its own kind, the like of which was never before shown—Love flowing from what He is in Himself, toward objects utterly unworthy of it, even

TOWARD US,

in all our wretchedness and misery, whilst at a distance from Him, in Nature's darkness, our heart hardened, and our mind filled with hard thoughts and evil wishes,

IN THAT WHILE,

at the very time of our enmity against Him, while

WE WERE YET SINNERS,

careless and godless, unconverted, unconcerned, warned but heedless, besought but regardless, before there was a ray of love in our hearts to Him, nay, whilst we were yet enemies, He, loving us with such an unbounded love, showed it out in this, that

CHRIST,

His only begotten, His well-beloved Son, in whom all His delight was found,

DIED FOR US;

taking the wages we had so well earned in the workshop of sin—"death," in order that He might bestow upon us the gift of God, which is "*eternal life*." Upon the Cross of Calvary, enduring all its grief and shame, suffering for sins, forsaken of God, and brought into the dust of death, in order to deliver us from the wrath to come, and loose us from our sins; thus carrying out His Father's will as to our salvation, and then, after He had risen from the dead, and ascended into heaven, sending the Holy Spirit to shed this love abroad in our hearts.

## "MY LETTER."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

**T** shall be the *first* month of the year unto you," were the words of the Lord to His people Israel.

They were to make a fresh start, a new beginning altogether; all the past had been, as it were, lost; they must commence again, for the Lord was about to bring them from the land of bondage and slavery, to the land He had chosen for them.

The passover was to be killed; a lamb, without blemish and without spot, must be slain; its blood sprinkled to shelter the first-born from the coming judgment, and then the land of Egypt was to be left, and a journey taken through the Red Sea, across the trackless desert, and into the promised land.

This was to be a new start indeed, and so the beginning of their year was altered.

Have you had a new beginning yet? Have you been born again? Are you sheltered by the precious blood of Christ from the coming judgment? Are you delivered from the bondage of Satan and sin, and set free now to serve the living God? Are you one of the people of God, loved, cared for, and watched over by Him, "kept as the apple of His eye"?

I do not ask, "Have you turned over a new leaf?"

Merely turning over the page of life will never fit for the presence of God, will never remove the smears and stains of sin. You *must* be born again. It must be a new start altogether; a new volume of your life entirely.

And will it be a happy year which begins with conversion and forgiveness? It will, indeed, for you will find peace and joy in believing, and then, in company with the Lord Jesus, who never leaves nor forsakes, you will prove His constant, unchanging grace, and His power to save you unto the uttermost, all the way from beginning to end of the journey of faith, ever leading you on to that place which His own hands have prepared for His loved ones.

May God grant we may all meet there.

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.





## Messages to the Little Ones.

### A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

VERY one knows what it is, at this season, to hear friends wishing one another, "A Happy New Year"; and how pleased people are if some kind friend sends them a nice "New Year's gift."

Now I want to show you how you can in reality spend a "Happy New Year," and also to tell you of One who offers a gift, to

commence your new year with, which is of more value than words can describe.

Let us look at Romans vi. 23: "The wages of sin is death; but the *gift* of God is *eternal life*, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

This, dear young reader, is the gift God offers. Is it yours? He offers it without money and without price.

You have perhaps received birthday and other nice presents, but this one great gift has been rejected. Must I say, "rejected"? or did you not know it was a gift, a gift from God?

You would not think of refusing a valuable present from one of your friends. Do not refuse God's gift. Take it now while you may, because *now* is the day of salvation, to-morrow may be *too late*.

You wish to spend a happy year? Then begin by accepting God's gift, and, whether you live through the year or be called away, yours will be a happy life without an end,—eternal happiness. Remember, the gift is "*Eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" He became the substitute, took the

sinner's place, bore the judgment, and suffered for sins; and now, if you take your true place as a lost, ruined sinner before God, perfectly helpless, and unable to save yourself, and believe on the Son of God, He will bestow upon you, as a *GIFT*, *eternal life*.

Those who work for a master expect wages, and if you go your own way, and *try* to save yourself apart from Christ, instead of *trusting* in Him alone, you are only serving Satan, and will receive the wages—death, instead of the gift—eternal life.

Which will you have, the wages or the gift? Read Romans iv. 4, 5; and Ephesians ii. 8, and see what God's Word says.

The Wages—Death.

The Gift—Eternal Life. H. S. H.

HAVE my little friends who love the Lord Jesus ever seen the following lines? They are well worth learning by heart, for God has made us for His glory, and we should seek, in everything we do, to please Him:—

Two little eyes to look to God,	Pro. xx. 12.
Two little ears to hear His word,	Isa. l. 4.
Two little feet to walk in His ways,	Prov. iv. 26.
Two hands to work for Him all my days,	Eph. iv. 28.
One little tongue to speak His truth,	Prov. xii. 19.
One little heart for Him now in my youth,	Prov. xxiii. 26.

Take them, Lord Jesus, and let them be, 2 Cor. viii. 9.  
Always obedient and true to Thee. John viii. 29.

Search out, in your own Bible, the passages mentioned.

### QUESTIONS FOR READERS UNDER 12.

From the Gospel of Matthew give answers to the following:—

- 1.—What object are we to seek before all others?
- 2.—Give references to all the beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects, mentioned by our Lord in this gospel.

Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,  
Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# SCATTERED SEED.

"*THIS YEAR THOU SHALT DIE.*"

**R**EADER, I have something very serious to say to you. Five years ago, as I was kneeling in prayer before commencing to preach, a single line of a verse in the Old Testament was pressed upon my soul. It was a little word addressed to Hananiah, "*This year thou shalt die.*"

It was in the month of November then, and there was a man in the company that night, I do not know whether he was converted or not, but many days before the close of the year he was lying under the sod.

It is possible one such is reading this, one who will die before this year is out, perhaps one who is determined not to be converted, determined to reject warnings from God as long as possible; but what if this little sentence should be true of you, "*This year thou shalt die?*"

When the Lord was here He uttered another sentence, "*Ye shall die in your sins.*" "*If ye believe not that I am, ye shall die in your sins*"; and dying in your sins you will be in the realities of eternity before 1888. God may be giving you His farewell address, His closing warning.

There was once a man who lost his pathway in a vast forest. Night came on. He thought of what other travellers in a similar predicament had done. The first thing was to get a fire, but how could he do this? He collected leaves and twigs, but he had only three matches. The first blew out, the second was a bad one, the third, oh! with what anxiety he tried this one, sheltering it from the wind. If he should miss this time he would have to spend all night in the darkness. He struck it, it ignited, and the twigs caught fire.

If you knew that this was your last match, so to speak, you would not miss this opportunity. You may be in hell before another morning. If, when the great white throne

was set, and the books were opened, God said there should be one chance more, one more preaching of full, free salvation, of forgiveness of sins, how those standing there would listen; how earnestly, if I were addressing them, would I preach that last preaching for a long eternity.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand," that is—it is palpable that they are really sinners; the words they say, and the way they live, show that they are unsaved. Their sins will meet them at the great white throne. It may be that more than one reader has a secret which has been covered up for years. "Be sure your sin will find you out." You have to do with One who knows what is in you. We judge by actions, the Lord does not. How solemn, all our sins are known to God. God requires the past. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Perhaps God is speaking to you now; don't shut out the Word. Beware, if God applies it, do you take it; it may be your last chance, therefore hear for your life, for your soul, for eternity. Don't think I am saying hard things to you. You say, "I shan't have a thief's hell, or a drunkard's hell." No, no, I am not charging you with that. "I shan't have a liar's hell," you say.

Shall I tell you, soberly and solemnly, what kind of a hell you will have? It will be a Christ-rejecter's hell, the hell of a man who despised the grace of God. Bound in hell, where the worm dieth not, where conscience never dies, and yet you heard the story of God's grace. God knew you, and the One who knew you gave His Son to win you, and you wouldn't be won. This year you may die, see to it in time. If you knew it, would you give your best days to the world, and only the dregs to God? Oh! don't treat God like that. God yearns over you, that is why the gospel is preached; but there will come an end to the long-suffering of God, it may

end to-day. You may pass unsaved into eternity to-day. Whom will you blame? You cannot blame God, you may blame me, and say, "Ah! if he had been more in earnest we might have thought it was an earnest matter." But God is earnest, His Son is earnest, the Holy Ghost is earnest; you may have hitherto resisted, but He will not always strive. You tell me I am not preaching the Gospel, that is true, but you need to be awakened to a sense of your condition, it would then be easy to preach the Gospel to you if you once felt your need.

### "TAKE IT IN THE DARK."

**M**ORE than eighty years old, with wrinkled brow and whitened hair, she was still without peace—tossed with doubts, and her simple cottage life often darkened by fears, as thoughts of death and eternity ever and again pressed themselves upon her.

Friends had asked me to call, so one afternoon last winter I looked in upon her. The message of God's love, and Christ's death and resurrection, was again given—the matchless story told once more. But still she looked within; still she waited to see or feel some change.

So I sought to show my aged friend that feeling followed faith, and did not go before it.

Suddenly, while I was yet speaking, a bright gleam of sunshine passed over that clouded face. "Then, sir," she slowly said, "you mean I'm to take it in the dark?"

"Yes! that is just it," was my reply, "you cannot *see* it; the blessed ones are those who have not seen, and yet have believed. But, just simply believing what God says about the death of His Son, take it; yes, as you say, 'take it in the dark.'"

Anxious reader, wait no longer for happier feelings. Tarry no more for brighter experiences. But give glory to God, like Abram of old, by believing what God says *because He says it*, and thus "take it in the dark." The message is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved. (Acts xvi. 31.) *All* that believe ARE justified." (Acts xiii. 39.)

### BLESSED COMPANY.



**W**HILST visiting one of the almshouses in Halifax, Yorkshire, lately, I had a conversation with a dear aged Christian man. Speaking of the love of the Father to him as His child, his face lit up with joy, and he raised himself up in bed, and began to speak in rapturous terms of the Father's love.

"Some people tell me," he said, "that I talk too much, being weak, but I tell them they be all dumb dogs. Enjoy the Father's love and not speak about it? Why, I can't help it. They don't know the Father's love, that's it."

"The doctor came in to see me one day, and he said to me, 'You are very much alone.' 'Alone, doctor,' I said, 'why there be four of us, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and poor me. Isn't it grand?'"

The dear old man's eyes filled with tears as he thus spoke to me; and he struck his hand on his breast, realizing deep down in his heart the preciousness of the Father's love.

"If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." (John xiv. 23.)

Fellow-believer, "The Father Himself *loveth you*." (John xvi. 27.) Whatever trials or difficulties you may have to pass through, this will be a stay to your heart: The blessed Lord came to reveal the Father; and now Christ is risen, it is the joy of each believer to say, "*My Father*." It delights His heart to have His children resting in His perfect changeless love.

The Father's heart, the Father's love are yours *now*, and the Father's house awaits you. The blessed Lord is coming to take us there. What untold glory is in store for us.

J. M. B.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS: IF IT WERE NOT SO, I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU. I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU. AND IF I GO AND PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU, I WILL COME AGAIN, AND RECEIVE YOU UNTO MYSELF."

John xiv. 2, 3.

OLD STAMFORD'S DEBT.  
A WORD TO THE ANXIOUS.

"**I**T stands in my book against you, and you may tell me as often as you like you *feel* sure you are not in my debt, but I have 'black and white' to prove it, and you have no receipt to show it is paid."

The speaker was a baker, and he was addressing an old man, named Stamford, who kept a small shop in the East End of London.

Stamford had been in the habit of taking bread each week from this baker to retail to his customers; and, one week, there was no receipt in the book to show that this was paid for, and the baker angrily demanded the money.

Poor old Stamford could not be convinced he was in debt for this amount; so the matter was carried to the County Court, and, as no proof could be shown that he had paid the money, judgment was given against him, and he was ordered to pay the sum demanded, and the costs, amounting in all to about six pounds.

The poor old man could scarcely manage to exist on the small profits his shop produced, and his daughter, who kept his house, was almost constantly an invalid, so this fresh trouble pressed upon his spirits like a black thundercloud, and crushed him down to the earth. He was so ill from anxiety and worry, that he could not crawl down the stairs, as usual, to his little parlour at the back of the shop. Where to look he did not know. He had no friend who could pay the debt for him, and he knew of none who loved him sufficiently well to do so. One thought kept haunting him night and day; one vision was ever before him, waking and sleeping—**THAT DEBT**. He pictured the day when the bailiff would take possession, and he be a homeless wanderer in a cold, dreary world.

It was during the gloom of a November in London, with its dark days and thick smoky fogs, that the old man lay on his bed

purposing, planning, contriving, how he could get out of his difficulty. His weary brain and aching heart always came back to the same conclusion, *hopelessly in debt, and nothing to pay with*, and no one he knew who would, or could, meet his need.

Reader, have you seen yourself a sinner, hopelessly involved, with "nothing to pay"? Have you heard God, in His Word, declare you are "lost," a "debtor," "without strength"? Have you discovered that your state and character are recorded in black and white in the imperishable records of the Word of God? and are you anxiously saying, "Where can I get this load of guilt removed? Who can show me any good? Where can I find one who loves me well enough to pay the mighty debt of accumulated sins of omission and commission?"

Our old friend did not believe he was in debt until the judgment was recorded, and the verdict given against him.

Have you discovered that judgment has been recorded against you, and the verdict pronounced, "The soul that sinneth it shall die"? and gazed upon these words which tell of something after death—"the Judgment," and learned that judgment means eternal separation from home, and light, and life, and joy, and peace, in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, and are unable to rest night and day, because of the dark, doleful, dreaded future? If so, listen as I tell you how God, in His goodness, undertook for old Stamford.

Just as the old man was in the deepest distress, and the day that he feared was drawing near, the writer of this paper called to see him, and heard the story of his suffering, his debt, and inability to pay. He left the little shop, and went to some friends whom he knew, and told the woeful story. One of them immediately said, "I shall be delighted to pay the debt. I have never seen the old man, but what you tell me of his need is enough. Here is the money; go and pay the debt, but do not tell him who paid it."

It was then suggested that the money

should be paid directly into the Court, without telling the old man anything about it, so that the first bearer of the good news would be the postman, who brought the letter containing the Court's discharge.

Early the following morning the money was paid, the Court satisfied, and old Stamford declared free. What was now needed that he should be delivered from all his perplexities, and freed from his anxieties? You will say, "The knowledge of the fact that his debt is paid."

Hours rolled away, and his misery continued, *for though he was a free man he did not know it.*

Even so, years have rolled away since the work of Christ was finished, and the "debt our sins augmented" was paid in "blood;" since the Friend of sinners, pitying us in our deep, deep need, met all the claims of justice. Long, long before we knew anything about it, He, "who was delivered for our offences," "was raised again for our justification." The work which saves us eternally from all the consequences of our sins is a work done by another, altogether outside of ourselves. Just as Stamford's debt was paid by one who was both able and willing to do it, and did do it, before the old man knew anything about it, so Christ's work was completed before we knew anything about it. The friend who paid Stamford's debt had never seen the one whom he had befriended; they were strangers to each other. It was his need alone which drew out his benefactor's love, and caused him to befriend him.

Could the old man have worked, or "done" anything to pay his debt, he would not have needed a friend.

So with you, anxious soul, it is your need, your helplessness, your utter inability to help yourself, which renders you a fit subject for the grace of God, and the work of Christ. What will make you happy, set your soul at liberty, and speak peace to your conscience? Faith in the fact, stated in three words, "IT IS FINISHED," the debt is paid.

Let us follow the postman as he goes rat-

tat at the door, and hands in a blue envelope with an official-looking seal.

The daughter takes it with trembling hand, and, as the old man listens, he says to himself, "Ah! it has come at last, here is the letter to tell us the execution is to be put into effect." With sorrowful heart she breaks the seal, and reads of a "complete discharge."

Surely now she will be filled with joy, and hasten up the rickety stairs to her sorrowing father, and tell him the good news, that the "debt is paid."

Not so, however. As she reads she says, "There is some mistake here, this cannot be meant for us—it cannot be true!" and she hurried upstairs, calling out, "Father, just look at this letter. It says the debt is paid, but that cannot be true."

With beating heart, and shaking hand, the letter is eagerly scanned, and, as he lays it down upon the bed, he says, "Yes, there is some mistake somewhere, this cannot be for us, we don't know a person in the world who would pay the debt."

And so they were more perplexed than ever. The same Court that declared they were *in debt* had now declared their *discharge* from the debt; the same authority that *condemned* had now *justified* them; the power that had pronounced them *guilty* now declared that they were *free*; but this did not make them happy. Why? *Because they did not believe it.* They said, it was "too good to be true," and thus their perplexity only increased.

Anxious soul, Jesus, who was nailed to the Cross, delivered for our offences, is now raised again for our justification. He who was crucified between two thieves, made "a curse," "made sin," is now in the best place in heaven, exalted to the highest seat, because of the perfect and complete way He has paid "the debt," and glorified God about the question of sin. And that Word, which announces that the unbeliever is "condemned already," also declares that "through this Man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all

that believe are justified from all things (Acts xiii. 38), and tells you in plain, unmistakable terms, that Christ Jesus "gave Himself a ransom for all," "died for sinners," "died the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

Reader, do you believe it? Do you accredit what God's Word says?

If you look at yourself, you may well say, "It is too good to be true," but it is not too good for God, it is just like Him, for He "*so loved the world* that He gave His ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The father and daughter did not believe what was written, and so remained perplexed, troubled, anxious. In order to solve their doubts, they sent for a neighbour, and asked him to read the letter, and tell them what he thought about it.

"Why," said he, "it's plain enough, there it is in black and white, the Court has discharged you, and you may be sure *somebody* has paid the debt for you."

"Then you really think it is true?"

"True, why there it is as plain as plain can be, *the Court says so*, and that ought to be quite enough for anybody."

The load went, the anxiety departed, and the effect was so powerful, when he believed what the letter stated, that he got up from his bed, the news doing what the doctor's medicine had failed to do, enabling him to go downstairs for the first time for several weeks. Joy and thanksgiving filled his soul, and his one desire now was to know *the one who had paid the debt*.

Doubting soul, learn a lesson from our friend. Believe what God says, *because God says it*; rest in what Christ has done, believe the Witness of the Holy Ghost, who attests, with unmistakable truth, the precious record that, "their sins and iniquities will I remember no more," and then joy, and rest, and peace shall fill your heart; and whilst the old man never knew who paid his debt, only the fact that it was paid, I am privileged to tell you that it is no less a person than Jesus,

the Christ who is over all, God blessed for ever, who, out of love and pity, became a man, and gave Himself a ransom for all, and is now as man exalted to the right hand of God, a Prince and a Saviour.

Our old friend's debt was paid before he knew it.

Anxious soul, your debt was paid before you knew it.

Though the debt was paid, he did not get the joy of it until he believed it. Neither will you until you believe what God's Word says Christ has done.

It was not his feelings about it that paid the debt, but it was the kindness and love of another who did it; and only when he believed what had been done for him did he get the joy of it.

So Christ has done all, and He only desires the thanks of a grateful heart. H. N.

#### A CONTRAST.



BRIGHT, witty, and accomplished, was M. V., the youngest daughter of rich parents. She was courted and caressed by the circle of fashionable society in which she moved. But she lived for this world, with its vanities and pleasures. Her parents entertained the deepest affection for her, for she was the only daughter at home. Until the age of twenty-three she had enjoyed very good health, but one day, whilst descending from a carriage, she stumbled, and bruised her knee.

Some parties were to be held in the neighbourhood, not long after this apparently trivial accident happened, and to them M. had made up her mind to go. She went, and danced until late into the night.

A few short months after, it became apparent to her fond parents that her strength was failing. Skilful physicians were called in, but they gave it as their opinion that consumption had set in, and that her days on earth were numbered. Then, if never before, it must have dawned on the soul of poor M. V. how unsatisfying, in the face of death and eternity, the pleasures and vanities of this world are. Alas, she was surrounded

by those who, like herself, loved the world and its passing joys.

Shortly afterwards the solemn fact was announced that M. V. was dead, and that she had died in the greatest agony.

Reader, if you are living for this world, pause and consider. If God should call you away as He did poor M. V., would He find you ready? Remember, He says, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2.); and "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Prov. xxvii. 1.)

In a town a few miles distant from the one in which M. V. lived, we knew another young lady, called L. N.

Consumption, that insidious disease, had also begun to make rapid progress on a frame never very robust. Her alarmed mother took her to a very clever doctor. After making a thorough examination of the case, he very gravely said, "My dear young lady, I am very sorry for you; you are in a serious state of health; I am afraid there is no hope of your recovery." To his intense surprise, she replied, with a smile, "Do not be sorry for me; I am soon going to be with Jesus, which is far better than living down here." Not long afterwards, we heard that dear L. N. had gone to be for ever with the Lord.

Reader, why should there be such a striking contrast between these two young girls? They were about the same age, they moved in a similar station of life, they died of the same disease, yet they were so unlike. Not that L. N. led a very religious life, and did a great many good works in order to reach heaven. No! She took God at His word. She believed His verdict, that the world and its so-called pleasures last but "for a season," and accepted for time and eternity the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.

God grant that you may do the same!

"For the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." (1 John ii. 17.)

### *CAN I THANK GOD FOR THIS DREADFUL PAIN?*



FRIEND was suffering from an incurable disease. Hearing of her acute sufferings, I prayed again and again that the Lord would give me a message of comfort for her. Her cry of pain reached my ears as I waited to be ushered into her room. When conversing with her, I asked, "Can you trust in the Lord Jesus?" With deep feeling, she replied, "*He is my all in all*," adding, "If I had my Saviour to seek now, I should have been lost, for my pain absorbs every feeling of my body and mind. I enjoy so much the texts you sent me. I can read them in the night. The one I like the best is, 'Hope till the end.' Oh, why has God allowed this: I have been to every physician in London I could hear of. No one can do me any good."

She told me a visitor had called, and read the visitation of the sick, which spoke of bearing pain with thanksgiving. "I told him I really could not do that." She then turned to me with such an earnest look, "Can you see any way that I can thank God for this dreadful pain?" In reply, I knelt at her bedside, and cried to the Lord most earnestly, that He would show us something to thank Him for, even in this deep affliction. She then enquired about my brothers. This made me think of an only brother of hers, and on asking about him, she said, "Poor fellow! he came the other day, and sat and cried like a child to see my sufferings."

I said, "If this should prove the means of bringing your brother to the Lord Jesus, would you mind bearing it? could you not then thank Him for it?"

"Oh, yes, I would bear twice as much."

She lived four months, and God in His mercy took away her great pain the last fortnight.

On parting for the last time, I said, "I will give you my favourite text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"



Her longing to depart and be with Christ was soon gratified, and shortly after her body was committed to the ground, there was joy in heaven over that prodigal brother, for he also had learned the value of the "precious blood" which "cleanseth us from all sin;" and one link in drawing him to the Saviour was formed in the hour of sorrow and suffering in that sister's home. E. B.

### LIFE AND PEACE.



IFE is the result of connection with Christ's *Person*. Peace is the result of believing in His finished work. Many souls who believe on the name of the Son of God, and believing, have life, are troubled.

If you place a hundred-weight upon the bosom of a dead man he does not feel it; place another, and another, and another, he is wholly unconscious. Why? Because there is no *life*.

Suppose for a moment the entrance in of life, and what will be the result? A most distressing sensation occasioned by the terrible weight upon the bosom. What then will be needful in order to the full enjoyment of the life which had been imparted? Clearly, the removal of the burden.

It is somewhat thus with the sinner who receives life by believing on the Person of the Son of God. So long as he was in a state of spiritual death he had no spiritual sensations; he was unconscious of any weight pressing upon him. But the entrance in of spiritual life has imparted spiritual sensibilities, and he now feels a burden pressing upon his heart and conscience, which he knows not exactly how to get rid of.

And what is needed? A simple view of the finished atonement of Christ, whereby *all* his sins were plunged into the waters of eternal oblivion, and he himself introduced into the full favour of God. It is this, and this alone, that can remove the heavy burden off the heart, and impart that profound mental repose which nothing can ever disturb.

C.H.M.

### Grains from the Seed Basket.

SELECTED BY R. D. E.

THE bud, or blossom, or fruit most fragrant to the heart of Christ is often the one which nobody but Himself knew what it cost me, and which had scarcely been noticed by anyone.

ONE is often trying to do some great thing, instead of the *greatest* of things, which is always at hand, namely, to *live here* as Christ did.

THE Christian who lives Christ most in his daily life and ways is always the most fit and prepared for special service.

A Christian's life should be the expression of Christ—his life, ways, everything that Christ expressed.

Reader, are *you* with the world that turned Christ out, or with Christ whom the world turned out?

Do not let us rest merely in the consciousness of being saved, let us live in those things into which we have been brought.

THE real secret of the little power of walk in Christians is in that, either they know not the Word of God, or that it is rusted over in their minds with unbelief and worldliness.

THE measure and standard by which I am to walk is God Himself. How can I take in such a word as that? The answer is, Christ was God manifest as a man, and He is my pattern. Walk in *light*, walk in *love*, that was as Christ walked here below.

THE two great activities of a saint are *faith* and *love*, both occupied outside myself: faith to count on One who loves me, and love to think of those and serve those whom He loves.

It is a great point to be consciously before God to enjoy His love, knowing that He has nothing against us, and so our hearts, in entire confidence, able to think of Him and His favour, not of ourselves.

WHEN I come to the extreme of my own littleness I come to the extreme of God's greatness.

## NIGHT AND MORNING.



YOUNG man started on a journey from his father's house, leaving his fond mother.

He travelled on his lonely way till sunset; then he took some stones for his pillow, and lay down to sleep. What a *night* he had! As he slept, he saw a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it; and the Lord God stood above it, and spoke words of comfort and blessing.

In the *morning* he awoke, and said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not; . . . this is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven."

\* \* \* \* \*

What a *night* that was for Pharaoh and his mighty men, when they followed the children of Israel right into the midst of the Red Sea, between those walls of water. And in the *morning* watch, the Lord looked through the pillar of fire and cloud, which He had put between His people and the Egyptians; and the Lord took off their chariot wheels, so that they drove them heavily; and "when the *morning* appeared, the waters returned and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh": not one escaped.

This was the end of proud Pharaoh, who had said, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go."

The people of God arrived safely on the other shore, and sang the song of redemption. Reader, which company would you like to have been with on that eventful night? Stay and think. Whose company do you keep now? Can you sing the song of redemption? Do you know what it is to be *redeemed* by the *precious* blood of Christ? If so, then you are safe from the wrath to come,—safe from the night of sorrow that must come upon this world.

"Though the world's destruction lowers,  
We are safe, in Christ confiding,  
Everlasting life is ours."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two brothers were sleeping together, and before closing their eyes in sleep, one said to the other, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in *His* likeness."

They were then in good health. Toward morning, one brother awoke to find the other breathing in a strange manner. He ran at once for his father and mother, but before they could do anything for him, he was gone, having exchanged the *night* for the *morning*, the darkness for the light, the scene of death and sorrow for the presence of Christ in the paradise of God.

Friend, to-night, as you lay your head on your pillow, ask yourself this question: "If Christ comes to-night, shall I be among that company who will awake in His likeness, to begin the *morning* of that eternal day which will never close in darkness, for there is no *night* there?"

## BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 14.

- 1.—Two brothers are described as "the sons of the uncle of Aaron." Give (a) their names, (b) the act they were called upon by God to perform.
- 2.—It is stated of Moses that on a certain occasion "he was angry with" two men many years his juniors. Give names and reference.
- 3.—Show from the gospels and one of the epistles that there is a sense in which it is possible to be angry without sinning.
- 4.—Give the names of Job's three so-called friends.
- 5.—Mention some of the designations which Job applies to them.
- 6.—How many speeches did each make?
- 7.—State broadly what you conceive to be the mistake each made in addressing Job.
- 8.—Show that, although it is not stated when Elihu joined the company, he must have been present through the greater part, if not the whole, of the controversy between Job and his friends.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,  
Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



REGGIE'S DISOBEDIENCE.

*REGGIE'S DISOBEDIENCE.*

**T** was dull ! Poor Reggie was lonely and sad indeed, for mother was ill, and, being the only child, he had no other home companions ; for his father was dead.

What tried him most was this : He had promised not to sail his boat upon the pond while his mother was ill, and if there was one thing above all others he enjoyed, it was that. And of course he was a big boy now, and able to take care of himself ; and it was strange that she should be so anxious about him, and want him to use the water-tank in the yard instead.

As he looked at his vessel, so prim and neat, lying in dry dock, the temptation seemed too strong for him, and reaching the boat, he hastened away.

It was self he sought to please, and not the Lord who says, "Children obey your parents in *all* things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."

Do not imagine he fell into the water and was drowned, for you would be wrong, for no such mishap occurred. His disobedience continued several days.

One morning, however, as he was about to start, the servants told him that his loved mother was much worse, and perhaps might live only a few more days.

Then came the remembrance of his promise, and he said to himself, "What if mother should die before I have confessed, and she has forgiven, my sin ?"

He begged at once to see her, but the doctors had ordered "perfect quiet." He must not go into the room.

With a heavy load at his heart he wandered about the garden. Then a bright idea seemed to flash upon his mind, for hastening indoors, he seized his slate, and began writing. The words he pencilled were :

"Reggie has been very disobedient, and sailed his boat on the pond. Please do forgive him, and say you do by rubbing this off the slate. I am so very sorry I did it."

Then on tip-toe he crept upstairs to the door of his mother's room, and sat there

waiting for the nurse to come out.

"Do give this to mamma," he whispered, holding out the slate, when at last she came to the door.

"I think she is too ill to read it," was the nurse's answer, "but wait a few minutes."

After what seemed almost an hour to the boy, the door was again noiselessly opened, and the nurse handed the slate to Reggie, saying, "Your mamma has read it."

Eagerly he examined it, and found there was not a mark left on either side—all gone, all rubbed out. Yes, he knew by that she really had forgiven her naughty boy ; and now, with a lightened heart, he could quietly get to his lessons, and play again ; and, I need scarcely add, he never visited the pond again during the many weeks that his mother lay slowly recovering upon that sick bed.

I do not know whether Reggie ever owned his sins against God. But let me ask, Have you ?

Directly David owned his sin, saying, "I have sinned against the Lord," the answer came through Nathan, the prophet, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin."

When Peter found out by the draught of fishes that it was the Lord of creation who stood in his fishing boat, he fell at Jesus' feet, saying, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord" ; and immediately came the tender words, "Fear not."

It is this confession He looks for,—real acknowledgment of guilt before Him—and then blessing and salvation follow.

Yes, the Lord is indeed good, and

READY TO FORGIVE,

and plenteous in mercy unto *all* them that call upon Him.

As soon as Reggie heard of his mother's condition, and his sin came to his remembrance, he took the first opportunity of seeking her forgiveness.

Be like him in this, young reader ; go even now, and own your sin and need to God, and you will find pardon and peace, and a place among the little children, of whom we read in 1 John ii. 12, whose sins ARE forgiven for Christ's name sake.

*THE GIFT ACCEPTED.*

LADY sat one bright summer's morning on the sands of a fashionable watering-place. Her attention was suddenly arrested by the

appearance of a little sunny-faced, blue-eyed girl, of about six years, standing before her.

"Please, ma'am," said she, pleadingly, "may your little girl come with me to the service?"

"Service, my dear? Oh, yes, if she likes!" was the reply. At the same time the lady thought, that five minutes of that sort of thing would quite satisfy the children.

Accordingly off they ran, hand-in-hand, and the worldly young mother watched them enter into the midst of a large group of people a few yards distant.

After some time she grew uneasy, and hastened in search of the children, wondering that they had not returned.

She found them safely seated amongst some two or three hundred others, eagerly drinking in the words of the speaker.

He was telling them of the love of the Lord Jesus; how He left His bright home, and lived down here amongst men, suffering

hunger and weariness—aye, and more than that—bitter persecution from and rejection by those whom, in His love and pity, He came to save.

"Was not that very ungrateful of them?"



the gentleman asked; "and yet, dear children," he continued, "that is just how many of you are acting, who are refusing to accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour.

God is offering you a gift now. He will not force it upon you. The gift of God is eternal life. Oh, it is a gift worth accepting—who will take it this morning?"

The lady stood spell-bound. This was

something quite new to her. She was conscious of her lost condition; she knew that if the Lord Jesus came she was not ready to meet Him, for she had not been born again. (John iii. 1-21.)

Often had she wondered what conversion was, and now she saw it was just accepting God's gift which He offered her, just taking Him at His word, and so laying hold of Christ by faith.

She hastened home, and kneeling down before God, told Him that she would accept His gift of eternal life through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Will you, too, accept God's free gift? He is offering it now; will you not take it? He is graciously waiting to bestow it on "who-soever will." Let Him not say of you, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."

G. A. L.

### ELSIE'S FAITH.

**H**AVE you heard of a little girl who was asked, "What is it to have faith?" and who answered, "It is to take God at His word, and ask no questions." She was right too in her simple reply. One who has faith believes what God says because He says it. Just as the youngest of you believe your mother's word because she has never deceived you. If she were to say to you, "I will take you to see grandpapa this afternoon," would you not run off, and perhaps tell everyone in the house that you were to go out with mamma, and call upon grandpa that afternoon? Why would you do this? Because you believed what your mother had said. So the young Christian can say, God has spoken, and I believe Him.

There were two little girls whom I knew, one named Katie, the other Elsie. Katie was about five, and Elsie about two and a half years old. They often showed their love in their own child-like way. Peeping at times through the half-opened door, and then quietly coming into the room where I was reading or writing, and at last sidling right

up to me, waiting for the nod or smile or word which they sought.

One day, just as I was going out, I held out a penny, and said, "Here is a penny for you, Katie, if you will take it." Katie was standing near the fire-place, and looked very wistfully at the coin, but did not move. So I repeated the words, but she did not come. Though she seemed to wish to have it, she did not, I suppose, believe I would give it to her. Turning to little fair-haired Elsie, I said, "Here, Elsie, is a penny for you, if you will take it." Without waiting a moment, the little one ran forward and, of course, soon held it in her tiny hand. She believed me, and received the little gift. Katie did not believe me.

Are there not many boys and girls, who read *Good News*, like Katie. In this way I mean: They want very much to have their sins put away, and to be made clean in God's sight, and fit to be with the Lord Jesus in His glory; and when they hear that God is ready to pardon—that Jesus came down to save sinners, and died upon the cross for them, and now as it were holds out salvation to all who know their need, yet they do not believe Him. Something keeps them back. They think they are too bad, or that it is not for them. Others are like Elsie, they see the Lord is willing and waiting to give just what they need, and so just as they are they come by faith to Him, and receive the forgiveness and blessing which He delights to bestow.

Which are you like, Katie or Elsie?

### "SERVICE."

*Extracts from Letters from young Friends.*

"I HAVE sent some books to my sisters and brother, for I do so want them to believe in Jesus—most of all my brother and sister in America, for I may never see them again on earth, and I want to see them in heaven." L.S.

"Do you think you could send her a book? because, if the Lord were to come before she receives Jesus as her Saviour, it would be so solemn. I often speak to her about it, but she takes no notice."

M. D.



## GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

29

## A GOSPEL MESSAGE FOR YOU.

## CHRIST,

The chosen one of God, His beloved, His anointed Son, sent from the Father to be the Saviour of the world,

## HATH

once suffered. Yes, it is passed; the work is finished—all fully completed—done, well done—

## ONCE

by one offering, once offered. It was to this one sacrifice the many sacrifices of old all pointed. They were repeated because the blood of bulls and goats could not take away sins. (Heb. x. 4.) But when He, the Lord of Glory, came, and

## SUFFERED

upon the cross, the whole question was settled. God was glorified about sin, and the way opened for the sinner to draw nigh. "Suffered!" Who can tell the depth of anguish, the awful character of that agony which He endured, when forsaken of God

## FOR SINS

not His own; for He was spotless, and without blemish. For the sins of others He suffered there, as believers can say, "He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." (Is. liii. 5.) He was

## THE JUST,

righteous, and holy One in all His path; ever bringing honour to Him by whom He was sent, and yet taking the sinner's place. In wondrous love becoming the substitute

## FOR THE UNJUST,

bearing the judgment they deserved; enduring the wrath of God; draining the last dark drop of woe for the believer,

## THAT HE MIGHT

## BRING US TO GOD,

as those fitted to be His companions in glory, freed from their sins by His sacrifice, and able to rejoice in God Himself, who gave His Son to do this wondrous work, and to praise Him for His matchless immeasurable grace.

## THE FOOLISH GUINEA HEN.

**O**NE day, just as dinner hour had come, my brother and I were standing outside a flour-mill, when our eyes lit on a well-known visitor, a Guinea-hen, which was in the habit of entering the mill, and eating the scattered grain which lay on the ground.

The first thing we set about doing was to drive it from the mill, but in doing so the foolish bird went the wrong way—"the wrong way," how many go that road—and instead of crossing the flowing river over a bridge, by which it could easily have reached the other side in safety, it tried to fly across, but failing, fell in.

The question now was, how was it to be got out? My brother quickly fetched a drag and lifted the drowning bird out of the water. Instead, however, of allowing itself to be pulled to shore it flew into the water again.

My brother, finding this plan fail, left the bird for a few minutes swimming in the river. At the end of that time the hen, having found itself unable to reach the other side, kept perfectly still, and was soon, by means of the drag, drawn out.

While looking on, I thought, how similar this bird's behaviour was to that of many in this world, who go on, day after day, seeking to save themselves, and refusing to accept God's offer of salvation, by believing on His Son.

How have you treated this offer of salvation? Have you already received it, or are you still rejecting it? Remember, it is those who have *no strength*, who are lost in their sins, and give up trying to save themselves, whom God saves.

If you receive this wondrous salvation you will never regret it, but, on the contrary, will rejoice in that Saviour and Friend you have found, and be able to sing with certainty:

"I want no other argument,  
I need no other plea,  
It is enough that Jesus died,  
And rose again for me."

M. H.



## LEFT BEHIND.

**W**ELL do I remember how terrified I used to be at the mention of the Lord's Coming, for I *knew* I was unsaved, and that, if Christ came, I should be *left behind*.

One night, after having gone to bed as usual, I awoke, and saw a bright light shining in. I started up in terror, for I thought it was the glory of heaven shining down, and that the Lord Jesus had come and taken all His loved ones home.

I ran to my window, and, to my relief, saw that it was the moon that was lighting up my room.

As soon as morning came, I had forgotten all about it. I went to school, and never thought of Jesus the whole day. But how I dreaded the coming of the darkness. Night after night I covered my head so that I might not see the moonlight if I should awake, thinking thus to keep away the fear of the Coming of the Lord. But God in grace would not let me alone.

One night I was awakened by the sound of a horn, and started up to see my room full of light again.

Those words of 1 Thess. iv. 16, rang in my ear, "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the *trump* of God . . . ."

I felt so sure, this time, that Christ had come, that I did not even look to see if the light was caused by the moon, for I had heard the "trump of God," as I thought.

Presently, determining to make sure, I crept to my father's door, and listened. *Not a sound!*

Never shall I forget the agony and despair of that moment. Slowly I went back to my room, the perspiration pouring down my body; and I began to think what I should do, and where I should go, and to wonder whom, of those I knew well, I should find gone.

But after all I might be mistaken, perhaps my father and mother were not gone, so again I crept down and listened outside their

door. Still not a sound! Turning the handle, I peered in, and I saw they were still there. Oh, what a relief to my mind! There was yet another chance.

I did not forget it this time when day dawned; and could not rest again until I told God I was a sinner, unable to help myself, and had believed on the Lord Jesus, to the saving of my soul.

If Christ came I should not now be *left behind*, but be for ever *with* Him, and like Him.

Would *you* be left behind?

A. J. H. B.

## A BROKEN SILENCE.

**I** TOOK into my hand," relates a missionary, "some portions of the New Testament, translated into the Bengalee language, and, accompanied by a fellow-worker, went into a village.

"We proceeded to the centre of it, and, calling attention to the Word of God in our hands, were soon surrounded by Brahmins and Hindoos.

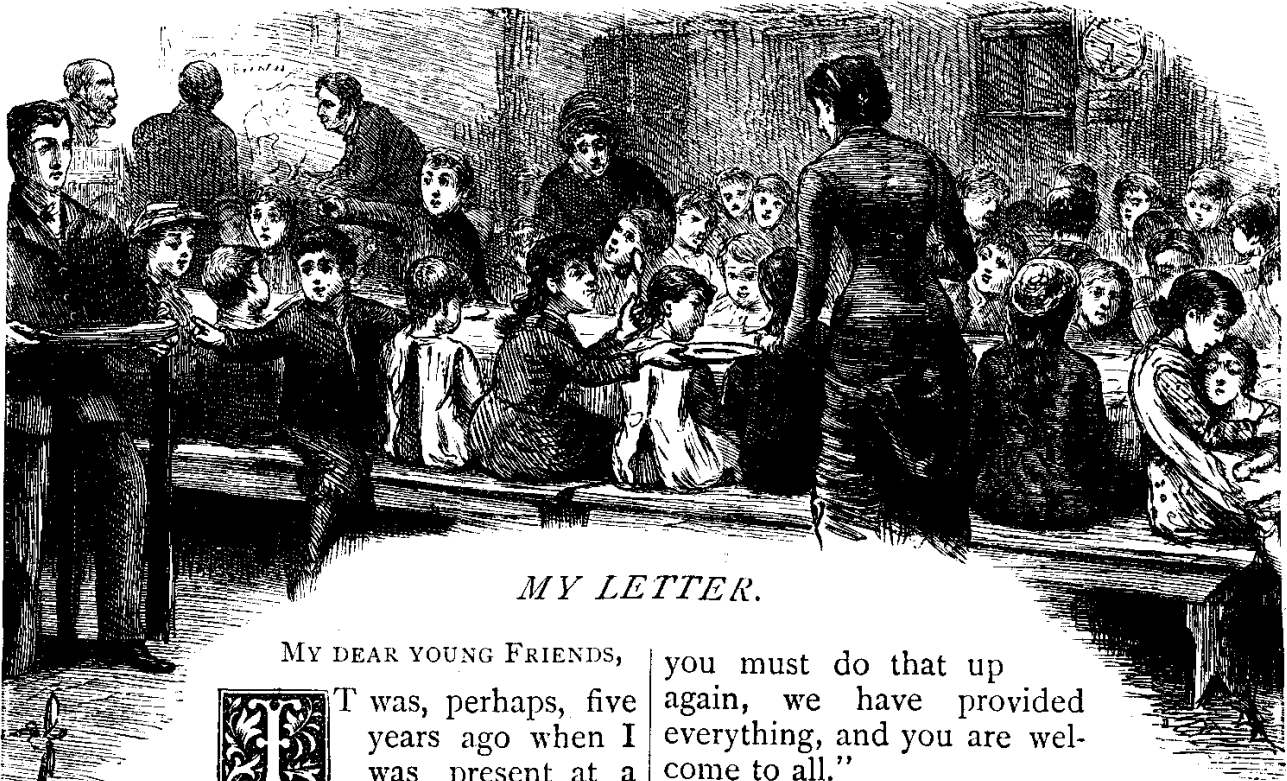
"Our attention was arrested by a man of very singular appearance. His head and neck were encircled by the backbones of snakes; his clothing was dirty and disordered; his hair clotted and uncombed, and his whole appearance strange and revolting.

"We addressed him at the close, and said, 'Do you understand what you have heard of the Word of God?'

"He ran to a distance, brought a pen and ink, and wrote upon a plantain leaf, 'I have made a vow never to speak again. I can hear what you say, and I will answer you in writing.'

"We reasoned with him in the way proposed, and gave him a part of the Word of God.

"Frequently our communications with him were renewed, until at last, one day, he tore off the snake bones, and said, 'I will be dumb no longer. The Bible is the Book of God; that Book I will read, and read it too to those around me.'"



### MY LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,



T was, perhaps, five years ago when I was present at a tea given to some Sunday-school children in a small Lincolnshire town.

All seemed thoroughly to have enjoyed the plentiful supply of good things which had been provided for them, and a look of satisfaction rested on each face.

The time for the address, which was to follow the tea, was drawing on. The teachers and friends who had waited on the children were just finishing their meal when an old woman, with wrinkled face, entered the room, and, with trembling, tottering steps, came towards the tea table.

She was one of several poor women who had been invited to come and have "a cup of tea with the children."

As she drew near we saw under her arm a parcel, neatly done up in newspaper. When duly seated and supplied with all the table could afford (and there was enough and to spare for many yet), she began slowly to open the parcel she had brought. Several thick crusts and pieces of bread and butter were disclosed to view.

One of the friends immediately said, "Oh!

you must do that up again, we have provided everything, and you are welcome to all."

At first the poor old lady demurred, but, seeing they really meant it, packed up all she had brought in the newspaper, and proceeded to partake of the abundance provided by the love of others.

She had thought she would bring something of her own, but, of course, by so doing cast a slight upon the friends who had bidden her.

How many are doing this with regard to salvation! Our gracious God has, at great cost, made a great supper of salvation, and bidden to it a great company. In grace, wondrous grace, He gave His Son to die, in order that the table might be spread. The Lord Jesus came to do His Father's will, and laid down His life, suffering the just for the unjust. In John xix. 28 we read what Jesus knew, that *all* things were now accomplished; and in the thirtieth verse what He said, "IT IS FINISHED." Now He is risen and seated at the right hand of God, and the message goes forth, "Come, for *all* things are *now* ready." Everything provided to meet the sinner's need, and the sinner invited to come just as he is. How

is the invitation received? Many make light of it, politely decline, saying, "I pray thee have me excused." But how many even of those anxious and troubled and longing for rest are there who do not believe that *all* things are ready! They think they have some part in it to accomplish—something to bring to God. Ah! they know not that He is a giving God, delighting in bestowing even the very best to the very worst. Thus they go on until they see their true condition, that all they have is defiled and marred by sin, and then it is that, at last, discovering that all their righteousnesses are as filthy rags, they come empty-handed to that feast of love, to find their need supplied through His work, their heart satisfied in the fulness of His love.

That you all may come to this gospel feast is the earnest desire of

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.

"DANGER AHEAD!"



HERE are few of my young readers who do not know what it is to slide and skate on the frozen ponds in winter time.

Let us see what lesson we may learn from a slide. May God in His infinite grace bless it to each.

We will imagine ourselves to be on the bank of a large pond frozen over with ice, where all seem to enjoy the running and sliding.

Now we watch, for a few minutes, the boys sliding on one long slide. Look, there goes a good slider; he takes a short run and away he goes. How smoothly and rapidly he glides along, and, without the slightest further exertion on his part, can go right down towards the end of the slide. Suddenly he hears a crash, and sees that the ice has broken, and those who were in front of him are now struggling in the water. How can he stop himself? is his one thought.

By *falling down immediately* just where he is. This is the only way he can possibly save himself from sliding right into the midst of those struggling ones in the water.

That slide is like the broad road (Matt. vii. 13) which leads to *destruction*, down which many, old and young, are sliding with fearful rapidity.

Heedless of those in front, they seem to close their eyes as they rush on, minute by minute drawing nearer the end, which is *eternal death*.

Are *you* one of these heedless ones? Oh! if you are fall down at once at the feet of that One who died, whose precious blood was shed that all who come to Him may have *full forgiveness* and a *free pardon*. Fall right down at His feet, just *where* you are, and *as* you are; take your true place as a lost and ruined sinner, and your course down that fearful slide will be arrested, and you will be saved.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the *end* thereof are the ways of DEATH." (Proverbs xiv. 12., xvi. 25.) Think of the end of the way which *seemeth* right.

"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." (Prov. xxii. 3.)

If once you glide on to the end of that awful slide, the broad road, you can *never* get back, no, NEVER. Luke xvi. 19-31.

H. S. H.

#### QUESTIONS FOR READERS UNDER 12.

*The Acts.*

- 1.—Whom does God command to repent?
- 2.—To whom does God promise remission of sins?
- 3.—God has appointed a day. What day?
- 4.—God has ordained a man. What man?
- 5.—How many are justified?
- 6.—The apostle Paul was sent by whom? To whom? For what purpose?
- 7.—What words of Paul, in a time of extreme peril, testify of his trust in God?

Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# SCATTERED SEED.

## A MIDDY'S CONVERSION.

**T**HREE months ago I was on my way to hell, but now, thank God, through His grace, I am on my way to heaven. I was a lost sheep, but the Good Shepherd has found me. Jesus has saved my soul. Oh! you don't know how very wicked I was, the bad language I used, the Sundays I spent in singing foolish songs. My companions were not those who delighted in the songs of Jesus. I used to do such wicked things, and when you spoke to me seriously, I used to feel what a hypocrite I was. It was almost more than I could bear when you looked at me with your earnest, truthful eyes, and said, 'You'll be sure to keep straight, D——, if you have the fear of God before your eyes, and avoid evil companions.'

"You want to know how it is I am so changed. I will tell you. One night I went to hear an address specially to sailors. The dear old man who addressed us, with tears in his eyes, besought us to come to Jesus now.

"The text that seemed to settle me was, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' (Acts xvi. 31.)

"After speaking for some time, he said, 'Will any who decide for Christ come up to me?'

"I made up my mind that I would decide for Christ that very moment. I stood up, and as I did so, young S——, who sat beside me, pulled me down again, and whispered, 'Don't you go and make a great fool of yourself, D——, you'll have all hands laughing at you.' I again stood up, and wrenched my coat from his grasp. Just as I passed the last line of seats, little W—— said, 'Wait a minute, D——, and I'll come too'; but some of the chaps laughed at him, and he sat down.

"After leaving the meeting I went down to the ship, and told them I was saved, that I was now going to live a different life. I asked

them to join me in reading God's Word, but they all refused. I knelt down that night for the first time at sea, and asked God to help me, and so He has. I have been laughed at, but I never regret that I made a stand for Christ that night. He was not ashamed to bear for me the taunts and scorn of the wicked men by whom He was crucified and slain.

"Now there are three others who enter into these things with me in the half deck. I go ashore every night I can get away, to be at the meetings of the Lord's people.

"On Tuesdays and Saturdays I attend a meeting, to which men of every rank and nationality throng, and I am not a bit ashamed to stand up and tell them what Jesus my Saviour has done for my soul.

"I want you to pray for me, M——, that God may give me strength for *everything*. Pray also for poor C——. I am afraid he never thinks about his soul. Tell him to come to Jesus *now*, and accept Him as his Saviour.

"Some of the hands who laughed at me at first, are now asking me for Bibles. I got a supply last night when I was at the Colonel's.

"Do not be anxious about me, I am in God's hands, He will take care of me. I know that my sins are all forgiven; I know I am saved."

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. x. 10.)  
D.

I LEARN that in the Cross of Christ, God has been glorified about my sins; yea, that the whole question of sin was fully gone into, and perfectly settled, between God and Christ, amid the deep and awful solitudes of Calvary. There my load is taken off, my weight removed; my guilt cancelled. I can breathe freely, I have perfect peace: there is literally nothing against me; I am as free as the blood of Christ can make me.

## THE POWER OF GRACE.

**S**OME strangers had lately come to preach the Gospel in the village of —, and a carter, named M—, was asked to go and hear.

"What do they *give away*?" was his rejoinder.

After some weeks, however, M— was persuaded to go and hear the preacher.

Soon after this, M— was seized by a wasting disease, and had to take to his bed. One of the preachers visited him, and finding he was already very weak, read John x., speaking of the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep. M— now confessed faith in the Lord Jesus, and a knowledge of salvation through Him.

The next time the visitor called, M— was so far gone, that he could only with difficulty articulate, but he drew down the ear of his friend towards his mouth, and in broken sentences said, "I often used to think about God, and sometimes I have gone up into the loft and tried to pray to Him, but I never knew anything about the Lord Jesus Christ until you came and told me; and now, *if I had a thousand pounds I'd give it to you.*"

Does the reader understand what made this poor man, previously on the look out to *get*, now desiring to *give*? He had become possessed of a treasure of such value, that he felt grateful to those used of God as a channel to bring it to him: and thus God works.

Many have been brought into a condition in which they would gladly have given a thousand pounds for salvation, but this was not M—'s case. They think of making a bargain, but eternal life is God's gift, and He makes no compact with any man as to what return He is to receive. Nevertheless, the recipient feels, not only that it is his duty not to "live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men," but that his chief joy is to live "to the will of God." (1 Peter iv. 2.)

Many people refuse the Gospel as presented in God's Word, and are pained when it is fully preached, because they fear grace will produce looseness of walk. This apprehen-

sion is very natural, as Romans vi. 1 and 15 show; but it arises from a want of understanding the ways of God; for the grace which saves also teaches "that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Titus ii. 11, 12.)

G. E. P.

## DEEP DOWN IN HIS HEART.

**F**OR some time D— had been the subject of serious impressions—impressions which caused him to tremble much as thoughts of death and judgment passed before his troubled heart.

He knew quite well God had loved the world, and had given His only begotten Son, that sinners might be saved through Him; and also, that Jesus ever manifested perfect goodness, love, and grace, when here below; but pride of heart and self-will kept him from deciding for the Lord. Oh, how often he slighted God's love.

As time went on, he became the more unhappy, because the Lord was showing him his sinfulness. Astonished (although only a boy) to find in himself such evil; alarmed at himself for living a life that was setting at nought all God's counsel; distressed that he was not loving the Lord for all He had done on the cross for sinners; weeping because he was an enemy of the cross of Christ.

Again and again he was aroused to a sense of his condition before the Lord. At one time turning over a new leaf, and at another resolving to do better. But all these turnings and windings only made him worse, and only added more to his unhappiness.

Up to this time his will had not been broken in the least, but now, despairing of getting peace of conscience in the present state, he began to stop trying to do anything except desiring to be prayed for; and while expressing this desire, he found himself

stripped of all his strength, pride of heart, and self-will. The Lord was making him to feel the load of his sins, under which he now bowed, and sighed to be delivered; a deliverance which soon came, but not until he had learned he was a lost sinner, and could not save himself.

Thus burdened and distressed under the convicting power of the Spirit of God, he felt incapable of uttering a word.

Suddenly, at this moment, a very peculiar, indescribable feeling of utter weakness filled his soul, and rested upon him, and all the weight of his sins seemed to press upon him. Then he heard a voice very distinctly saying, "*Thy sins are forgiven.*" He knew the ONE that spake. It was the voice of Jesus, speaking deep down in his heart. No one present heard the words but himself, although they were deeply affected, and rejoiced to see another confessing the Lord Jesus as the Saviour.

But, oh, what relief! The moment these sweet words of grace fell upon his ear, immediately his sins were all gone. The Spirit of God used the words for his deliverance, words which the Lord said to the woman that was a sinner, in Luke vii.

My dear, unsaved reader, renounce your own will, and come to Jesus. He said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." But if you set at nought all His counsel, then, "He will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." The Lord Jesus delights to save; He is the living Saviour, now at the right hand of God.

As we think of His path when down here, we remember His love, how He left the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness, and went after the lost one; and do you know where that was to? It was to the CROSS, to find the lost sheep. Blessed be His name, no one could ever have been saved, unless He had died, but He has gone through death, and is risen from the dead, and delights to carry the sheep, which He has found, to heaven, where He is.

Do you know this? It is true. Do not slight His love. D.D.

"LOOK UNTO ME,  
AND BE YE SAVED,  
ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH."

— ISA. xlv. 22. —

This verse contains the greatest possible blessing God could give; that is,

SALVATION:

to the greatest possible number of people—

ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH:

on the easiest possible terms,

BY SIMPLY LOOKING:

and is based upon the best possible authority;

BECAUSE GOD SAYS SO.

*A WORD TO THE ANXIOUS.*



HERE are many living, even in these days of Gospel enlightenment, who would reply in answer to the question, Are you saved? "Well, I do my best, live a good life, try to do my duty, and go pretty regularly to a place of worship; but I cannot say for certain I'm saved; in fact I think it would be presumptuous in me to say such a thing."

My readers, to such an one I would give a few texts from the Word of God, proving that such an idea is totally opposed to the Scriptures, for in them we are told, "He that believeth on the Son hath *everlasting* life." Turn to John i. 12, iii. 16, 17, 18 and 36; John v. 24; Rom. iii. 20; Rom. v.; Rom. vi. 23; Eph. ii. 8; 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6; 1 Pet. ii. 24; 1 John ii. 2, &c.

If then (as God's Word states) Christ has so completely done the work, paid redemption's price, what is there left for you to do? Can your good works be of any avail? None whatever, so just

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

"It is finished, yes, indeed;  
Finished every jot,  
Sinner, this is *all* you need,  
Tell me, is it not?"

A. B.

*"I CAN'T GO AWAY WITHOUT HIM."*

**M**ONTH after month a youth passed the door of a hall where the Word of God was preached, but without the smallest desire to enter, until, one evening, in order to escape from a companion, he turned in. As he entered, he heard some one remark, "There goes a drunken little fellow." Poor lad, the charge was but too true. He had learned to drink at home, and he could not remember ever seeing his mother sober.

The preacher announced as his subject, "Be sure your sin will find you out." The attention of his listener was at once arrested, and he drank in with eagerness the solemn words he heard; as he afterwards said, the whole of the address seemed spoken to him.

After the preaching was over he still lingered, until some one addressed him with the words, "Do you want to know Christ as your Saviour?" In earnest tones he replied, "I can't go away without Him."

What a pleasant task it was to direct this conscience-stricken youth to the Saviour of sinners, and show him that, if his sins were all known, and he had found them out, God knew them long before, and had laid all upon Christ, so that trusting in Him, believers could say, "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree." He drank in the welcome news, and there and then believed to the saving of his soul. No sooner was he saved than all his efforts were directed to the salvation of his mother; and those who knew her had every reason to believe that she too rested her soul upon Christ, and found in Him her all-satisfying portion.

Reader, remember these two faithful sayings; the first for the unsaved:

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

The other to those who are saved:

"This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm *constantly*, that they which *have believed* in God might be *careful to maintain good works*." (Titus iii. 8.)

**Grains from the Seed Basket.**

SELECTED BY R. D. E.

Why are we told to cast all our care upon God? Is it because He is *able* to bear it? Because He is *willing* to bear it? No, something far sweeter. It is because He *loves us*, He "Careth for you."

All our way is known to the Lord, every turn in the path is noticed by Him.

YESTERDAY'S trial He knew.

TO-DAY'S difficulty is under His eye.

TO-MORROW'S care is seen by Him.

Yet He says, "*Let not your heart be troubled.*"

THE Christian cannot feed upon feelings and experiences connected with Christ, for they, inasmuch as they are fluctuating, cannot afford spiritual nourishment. It was Christ yesterday, and it must be Christ to-day and for ever. Christian reader, see carefully to it, that you are not only saved by Christ, but also living on Him. Make Him the daily portion of your soul.

By the sacrifice of Christ the believer is transferred from a position of guilt and condemnation, into a position of justification and perfect favour. He is translated from a condition in which he had not a single trace of righteousness, into a condition in which he has not a single trace of guilt.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ, having glorified God about our sins, and borne His judgment upon our entire condition as sinners, has conducted us, in living association with Himself, into a place, not only of forgiveness, acceptance, and peace, but of complete deliverance from the dominion of sin—a place of assured victory over everything that could possibly be against us, whether indwelling sin, the fear of Satan, the law, or this present evil world.

IF Christ did not bear *all* my sins, nothing is done. If He did, I am clear for ever.



JESUS says : " Follow thou Me." " I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

Without the Way you cannot go ;  
Without the Truth you cannot know ;  
Without the Life you cannot live.

Christ is the Way unchangeable ; the Truth infallible ; the Life eternal.

### ESCAPE WHILE YOU MAY.

**H**AVE you ever watched a fowler, with his nets, endeavouring to catch the little birds that fill the air with their sweet songs ? How carefully he selects a piece of ground bright with flowers, and with plenty of grass in which to hide his nets, which are laid flat down in the grass, in such a way that only a very observant eye would notice them. Then scattering over the hidden nets such food as he knows birds delight to get hold of, he retires to a short distance, and hides himself where he can watch the nets, and yet not be seen or suspected to be there by the birds he wishes to catch. The moment he sees the little things feeding unsuspectingly upon the sprinkled seed, he pulls a long string connected with the nets, and in an instant, before they have time to fly away, the birds are caught. There is no possible way of escape for them, for the net closes them in on every side, and the fowler soon reaches them, and shuts them up in cages—they are prisoners, perhaps never to be free again.

The word of God speaks in several places of a fowler, and who can this be a figure of but the devil ? His net is the world, and he cunningly tries to beguile you into it by those false pleasures which seem so delightful. Oh ! dear young reader, beware ! The fowler is on the watch, and just at that moment when you seem to be most enjoying yourself with his pleasures, death may close you in, and you be *doomed for ever*. If once the net closes over you, escape will be impossible. Flee from those false pleasures, which can never satisfy, to the One who alone *can* satisfy, put your trust in Him, and then you will be able to say with the Psalmist, " Our

soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers." (Psalm cxxiv. 7.) There is only one way of escape, and that is by taking shelter in Christ, who died for *sinners*, and rose again.

God says, as if to warn you from the snare, " Turn ye, turn ye . . . for why will ye die ?" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11.) Oh ! give heed to His Word, ere the net for ever closes over you, for " Surely in vain the net is spread in the *sight* of any bird." (Prov. i. 17.) You may think there is not any danger, because you cannot see it ; but take warning from those who *have* escaped, and shun the net. Escape while you may. (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Fly to Jesus, trust in Him, and no net can close over you, for He says of those who put their trust in Him, that none shall pluck them out of His hand. (John x. 28, 29.)

H. S. H.

### HOW CHRIST FOUND MAN.

Mark V.

**T**HERE is a notable contrast in the condition or state of man as God made him, and that in which *Christ* found him. Between these two points four thousand years had rolled their course. Not that it required four thousand years to develop this contrast, but God gave that time that all might see what man's condition was. God made man upright, and put him in the Garden of Eden, where he was surrounded with everything to make him happy ; and, above all, where he had the presence of God Himself : God came down in the cool of the day to talk with Adam. He enjoyed the privilege of communing with his Creator. What a place of blessing !

Now, when the Lord Jesus came down into this scene, how did He find man ? In the poor wretched creature mentioned in this chapter, we see a figure of man's condition in God's sight. You may say it was an extreme case, yet it was a sample of what man is.

When the Lord was come into the country of the Gadarenes, " there met Him out of the tombs a man with an unclean

spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains."

That's how He found him. He dwelt among the tombs—that is the place of death, and separation from God—and more, he loved it. When Jesus came to him, he cried out, "What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Son of the most high God? I adjure Thee by God, that Thou torment me not."

You see the contrast. In the beginning, man was in the place of creature blessing, and had communion with God. When Christ came he was in the place of death, and departure from God; and more than that, he was possessed with the devil.

Here is the solemn fact, that the devil has got possession of the heart of man, and, alas! such is his departure, that he loves to have it so.

We find in this poor demoniac many traits which are characteristically true of man generally.

"And no man could bind him, no, not with chains: because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him." (*vv.* 3, 4.) You see there had been attempts to improve man, but what was the result? No man could bind him. What does that mean? It means that his condition was beyond the power of man, beyond the reach of his own arm to help. There is not a man who can relieve it. Philanthropy has ameliorated his condition socially, but what I speak of now is man's state before God.

Man's state *to-day* is still set forth in that man who had his dwelling among the tombs. After all has been done he is still there. No amount of education will improve him; no amount of binding will do him good; the chains had been plucked asunder, and the fetters broken in pieces. This binding is typical of the law. Was a man ever able to keep that? Not one! Instead, its very restraints only roused the opposition of the man to break the barriers.

That chain of ten links could not keep the man. Why not? • Because there is a principle in him which is only maddened and urged on by these restraints. Tell a child not to do a certain thing; you will find it all the more eager to do it. Every mother knows that. You find it in a child, let alone a man.

The devil, we know, was in this man, he would not be bound with these chains. That is the secret of that intense longing in the heart for its own will, for that which is forbidden. It indicates a power that is beyond you. The devil has got hold of man. You don't believe it, but it is true. It is, perhaps, in some very insidious way. He has been at it for 6,000 years now, and he knows how to work to urge on the man with that longing desire, which, though he knows the thing is wrong, makes him say, "I must have it! Let me have my fling *now*, and then I will turn." No, you cannot turn; it is impossible. Mark that, I wish to press it upon you. I want to show that if help is to come to you it must come from God. It is to be found nowhere else, but it is found there.

Thank God, the Gospel is not a negative thing; it not only shows that you need help, but where you can obtain it. In this terrible condition of things, Jesus, the blessed Christ of God, comes into the scene to deliver poor man.

But notice another thing about this man: "And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones." (*v.* 5.) He was in the place of death, and he was using the power God gave him against himself. What a mad man! you say.

In another Gospel we are told he wore no clothes. That is, he had no righteousness, of which clothes are a figure. He had no righteousness, and he was using his strength against himself.

Surely, you say, I am not like that! Yes, if you are following your own will, though as to circumstances there may be a difference. You have in this man a representation of

yourself; you may not believe it, but that is true of you. Does not everyone know a drunkard is using his power against himself? But, though it may not be in so gross a form, if you are unconverted, you are just the same. Take the scientific man using his intelligence in order that he may do away with God's blessed Book; picking it to pieces, saying, This is not of God, and that is not of God. What is that but using the power God gave him against himself? not his physical, but his mental powers, and like this man, crying out his own shame, for a miserable creature he is. The poor drunkard is but a drunken sinner, while the mere scientist is a scientific *sinner*; and the religionist a religious *sinner*!

Does not man want a deliverer? Was there no one who could do anything for him? No, none, at least no *mere* man. There was One who could come and bless him, who was there to do so, but it was in spite of himself.

And so it is with each one of us; we would never have come to Christ of ourselves. People talk of volunteers. I remember after I was converted some one putting his hand on my shoulder, and saying, "This is a pressed man!" I looked up to see what he meant, and I caught his eye. I understood then. I said, "Yes, it was all of God." We cannot take the credit to ourselves! we owe all to God, who came in and put us in this position of blessing.

The man "cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of the most high God? I adjure Thee by God, that Thou torment me not." (v. 7.) The *man* said this, but who was it leading him to do so? It was the devil; he was afraid of the torment. It was not one devil, there was a whole legion in this man, and they were afraid of the torment.

What an awful thought that a legion of devils may possess a man!

Scripture says, "The devils believe, and tremble." That is because they know there is no mercy for them. They believe the torment is coming upon them, and not only

do they believe it is coming, but that Jesus is the One to inflict it upon them. The devil knows he has found his Master, he learned this lesson in the wilderness. In one Gospel it is said, "Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?" He believes the time is fixed, but he does not know when it is; but *they believe that*, and they tremble.

The devil gives the Lord His title: "Jesus, Son of the most high God." For a man to recognize this heartily and truly is to be converted. You remember when the Lord asked Peter, "Whom say ye that I am?" He answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus answered, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven."

But what use did the man make of this knowledge? He tells the Lord to go away: "I beseech Thee, that Thou torment me not." Have you ever besought the Lord to go away? Most of us have many a time. Christ has come in with power to deliver from the devil, but man does not want it. But Jesus said, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit." The blessed Lord Jesus had come into the scene, the devil had learned he had found his Master, he must go.

Turn back to chapter iv. 36, where you will find in what way the Lord had come into this place. He had come to the country of the Gadarenes across the sea of Galilee. And as He came, what had He done? He had calmed the winds and the waves. There was a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, but He had said, "Peace, be still," and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

We get here a blessed figure of what the Lord has done for us. Ere He could save us, He must cross the sea of death. The whole thing is typical. Here was a man in the power of the devil; Jesus says, "I will go and save him," but before He could do that, He must go through the sea of death to calm its waters. Long before it had

been said in Scripture, "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?"

Now the answer came. Yes, even the prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered. How was that to be? Jesus would take the prey from the mighty; but to do so He must crush the power of the mighty one, and that was done at the cross, which gives a righteous basis for the exercise of His power, in delivering the captive.

But He anticipates the cross, and comes in blessed grace, into the circumstances which made miracles necessary. He wept at the grave of Lazarus, and groaned as He opened the eyes of the blind man, but He came to deliver man from the circumstances. In all their afflictions He was afflicted, till we are told of Him, that His visage was so marred, more than any man's; and His form more than the sons of men. That was more than mere sympathy. He entered into the awful condition of things into which man had brought himself; but He must deliver by other means than in the type.

How did He calm the waters of Galilee? It was with a word of power: "He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, 'Peace, be still.' And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." Was it in the same way He calmed the river of death? No! it needed that He should go beneath its waters. If He would save others *He must go beneath those waves and billows of death.*

I often think in connection with this of what a Covenanter wrote on the wall of his cell, the morning of his execution.

"My last sun has risen,  
It is far on its way;  
My soul quits her prison  
Ere the close of the day  
Farewell hours of sorrow,  
I shall know you no more,  
Ere day-dawn to-morrow  
Our union is o'er.

"A bright ray is glowing  
O'er the river of death;  
I fear not its flowing,  
With that light for my path;

Blest beam of His tracing,  
O'er the gloom of that river,  
Who its horrors embracing,  
Has calmed it for ever."

That is how Jesus calmed the river of death. He bore the stroke of Divine vengeance; He opened His bosom to receive it. He was made sin, and upon His devoted head was poured out the judgment due to man as a sinner.

Thus has death been deprived of its horrors, so that death becomes the servant of the Christian. The sting was planted in Him, and now there is none for us.

He has been here and borne this, whether you believe it or not. The work has been done, and nothing in heaven or earth can alter the value of it. The only thing unbelief will do, will be to keep you from the blessing of it. If you accept it you will be delivered.

Having thus sought to show you "how Christ found man," we hope in our next issue to tell you "how Christ left him."

G. J. S.

#### BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 15.

- 1.—An expression used by Eliphaz is directly quoted in the New Testament, prefixed by "It is written." Give it and references.
- 2.—Describe Job's social position (*a*) before, (*b*) during, and (*c*) after his affliction.
- 3.—When did he say, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes"?
- 4.—Contrast this with words previously used by him.
- 5.—Give the first and last references to Joshua in the Old Testament.
- 6.—Besides the first reference to him, state (*a*) where else he is mentioned in the book of Exodus, and (*b*) what he is called.
- 7.—By what other name is he known in both the Old and New Testaments? Give references to these additional names.
- 8.—There are also three other persons mentioned in the Old Testament, who bore the name of Joshua. Mention at least two of them.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,  
Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



"OVER THE COUNTER."

## OVER THE COUNTER.



NOT many years since, there lived a good, earnest, Christian man, who was "imprudent" enough to speak to a young customer about the good Saviour. From the pulpit such things are expected: it is the minister's business. Over the desk upon Lord's-day afternoon, such things are looked for from the superintendent of the Sunday-school. In the class, of course, teachers will talk about Jesus, and heaven, and such things. But over the counter from a shop-keeper, who would be so out of order as to think of such conduct?

Well, one leisure hour this good friend thought of it, and acted upon his thoughts; and so much good came of it, that we cannot help wishing others would show the same "improper" zeal.

"What is your name?" said he, by way of introduction to his young pupil, who had come in to lay out the large sum of one penny.

"Johnny," was the reply.

"Do you go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Do you know any texts or hymns you could say to me?"

The little fellow was puzzled and shy, and could not think of any thing satisfactory to his questioner.

"Would you like to learn a little hymn, Johnny?"

"Please, sir."

"Then I will teach you;" and, for the time being, sugar and tea were forgotten, as the good man leaned over the counter, and taught the boy the verse,—

"Lord, teach a little child to pray,  
Thy grace betimes impart;  
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my infant heart."

Line by line the little fellow learned his verse, and went his way. The next time he entered the shop, his good teacher was ready for him.

"Will you learn the next verse?"

"Please, teacher." So again the counter

became a pulpit, the shop-keeper a preacher, and his young customer a congregation.

"A sinful creature I was born,  
And from my birth have strayed;  
I must be wretched and forlorn,  
Without Thy mercy's aid."

The few lines were hymn, text, and sermon combined, and the meeting over, the congregation of one returned home.

A third visit mastered the third verse, and the young sinner heard the Gospel:—

"But Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain,  
Can fit my soul with Him to live,  
And in His kingdom reign."

Here was splendid material for the shop-keeping preacher,

"CHRIST CAN ALL MY SINS FORGIVE."

Johnny's sins, which, though only a child's sins, needed forgiveness. "And wash away their stain." Good news that for black hearts! Then followed a word about being made fit to enter heaven. Dirty boys cannot mingle with clean white-frocked children, nor can sin-stained souls enjoy the company of the white-robed ones in glory. The stains must be washed away by the Saviour, whose blood cleanseth "from all sin."

Thus verse by verse the whole hymn was learned, a hymn which the teacher believed to be true of the Saviour, and true for boys and girls of the present century:—

"To Him let little children come,  
For He has said they may;  
His bosom then shall be their home,  
Their tears He'll wipe away."

"For all who early seek His face,  
Shall surely taste His love;  
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,  
To dwell with Him above."

The result of it was great indeed.

The little hymn was that boy's first serious impression. He grew up a Christian lad, became a useful teacher; and conducted for several years a large Young Men's Bible Class, in which youthful hearts were won to Christ. Many of these are now, in their turn, working, teaching, and preaching for the one Lord. What a harvest from the handful of seed sown over the shop counter! —*Extracted.*



*MY LETTER.*

MY DEAR

YOUNG FRIENDS,

It was shortly after ten o'clock in the morning that a fire broke out on the premises of some Manchester merchants, and spread with most alarming rapidity, baffling all the efforts made by the workpeople to extinguish it.

The fire brigade was quickly upon the scene, and everything possible was done to stay the spread of the flames, but, for a long time, without any apparent effect.

A young man employed on the premises had gone back, for some reason, into the burning building, and found, when endeavouring again to get out, that his escape had been cut off by the flames.

Soon afterwards he was seen by the crowd on the sill of a fifth story window, and heard calling loudly for help.

Sheets were at once held out to receive him, but he would not jump. A ladder was then tried, but found too short. All hope for him seemed gone.

The flames were bursting from windows near him, and, at times, he was hidden by the dense smoke.

It was then that a brave fireman seized a life-line, and, passing through an adjoining warehouse, made his way to the parapet of the burning building.

He at once lowered the line to the window, and felt that it was grasped by the young man. Then, making the rope fast around a chimney-stack, with the aid of an assistant, the fireman lowered him to within reach of the fire-escape, which just then arrived, and, amid the cheers of the crowd, the young man was received in a fainting condition, and soon, in safety, reached the ground. The fireman and his helper make good their escape by the way they had come.

This brave act illustrates the Gospel in a very simple way.

Our position, as sinners, was one of awful danger. The judgment, so well deserved by us, was fast approaching, and all way of escape



THE RESCUE.

| cut off; for how could we undo the misdeeds



or redeem the years spent in self-seeking and Christ-rejecting. The help of friends unavailing, the ladder of the law too short to reach us in our perilous position, then, when without strength, and without hope, help came from the place least expected, from above, from that holy, sin-hating God, against whom we had always turned our backs, thinking only hard and sinful thoughts of Him.

But He loved us when we loved Him not, and sent His Son, the well-beloved, to visit us in all our sin, and save us.

His work upon Calvary's cross is the alone means of escape from that fast-approaching judgment. His precious blood the sinner's only plea.

Grasping this life-line with the hand of simple faith, the believer is placed in safety, where condemnation never can reach him.

That finished work avails for *all who believe*. The most forlorn and hopeless here find certain rescue. The chief of sinners has been saved, so the vilest and worst may come, and, owning their need, and relying alone upon the merits and worth of the precious blood of Christ, find refuge and shelter.

This is the *only* way. None other name under heaven is given among men whereby we *must be saved*.

Remember, the Judge standeth before the door, ready to enter, but the way of escape is still open to a place of safety "in Christ," where the judgment cannot reach.

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.

### "THE LORD'S COMING."

*Extracts from Letters from young Friends.*

"How bright to think we shall soon go to be with *Him*, to see His face, and be changed into His likeness." N. L.

"I am so happy because I know that I shall be with Him and like Him for ever and ever."

L. S.

"What a glorious day that will be when the Lord comes to take us 'home,' there we shall never part again, but always be with the One who died for us."

F. C.

### HEADINGS OF AN ADDRESS.



ARE there any English boys or girls here? If so, put up your hands. (Immediately a forest of hands arose.)

Now, I want to know if there are any Scotch boys or girls here. (After a pause, a few hands went up.)

Is there an Irish lad or lass? (Two or three hands were raised.)

Now, we have here three classes:—English, Scotch, and Irish. Why are some called English?

Because they belong to England.

Quite right. Why are some called Scotch?

Because they belong to Scotland.

And Irish?

Because they belong to Ireland.

Certainly. Now I am going to ask a different, and a much more important question, and I hope you will give me a true answer. Is there a Christian child here?

What! no hands up? You hesitate? You were very proud of being English boys; up went your hands in a moment; proud of it, I say. And is there no boy or girl proud to confess that they are Christians?

Why are Christians so called? Because they belong to Christ.

Quite right: just as the Scotch are so called because they belong to Scotland.

Well now, once more, Is there a Christian boy or girl here?

Oh! I see several hands now. Yes, dear children, never be ashamed of owning the greatest honour God could put upon us. If you are a Christian, you *belong to Christ*.

Now, as there are three classes of children by birth, and you know what they are—English, Scotch, and Irish—so I believe there are three groups of children here, in three different conditions of soul, and I want to say a word to each.

The three classes are, 1 Christians; 2 those who wish to be Christians; and, 3 those that are indifferent, and have never thought about it at all.

And first, a word to the Christians. Have

you thought of what you are called to? Proud of being English, indeed! Think of that verse in 1 Peter v. 10: "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto *His eternal glory*." Called to His eternal glory! If you were to become a most distinguished Englishman, would your glory last for ever?

No.

How long does the glory a Christian is called to last?

For ever.

Yes, it is eternal, and what is more, it is God's glory; and along with that, I want you to remember another text; it is the last clause of Romans xiii. 11—"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Put them together. Called to God's eternal glory; and each tick of the clock, each breath you breathe, each beat of your heart, bringing you nearer that glory.

Next, a word to those who have never seriously thought about these things. Children, do you know the danger you are in: a danger as eternal in its consequences, as the blessing we have been speaking of?

Coming down the H—— Road the other day, in a tram-car, we were suddenly stopped, and a noise of voices was heard. Looking up from the book I was reading, I saw the road was blocked. What by, do you think? By the materials of four or five houses that had just fallen into the road, and not only fallen into the road, but fallen upon, amongst others, three little children, one of whom was just sent on an errand by his mother. Ah! little thought that young boy, as he trotted along the pavement, that he was doing so for the last time, that he would look on the scene around him no more. Unwarned, in a moment, the breath was crushed out of his body, and he was dead.

Did death take him to glory? I do not know; but if it had been *you*, would it have taken *you* there? Ah! thoughtless, heedless, Christless children, I warn, I entreat, I implore you, in my Master's name, to turn to God—"for why will ye die?"

And now a few words to those who *wish* to be Christians, but do not know how to set about

it. Look at that text in Peter again: "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory *by Christ Jesus*." That is the way. "I am the door," said Jesus, and a door is a way from one place into another. Christ Jesus is the door out of the place where you are exposed to the coming judgment, into the place of God's eternal glory. It stands wide open to-night, thank God, and it cost the Lord Jesus Christ all His suffering and death to open it. Enter in then, through the open door, in simple faith, and you will then be, what you wish to be, a Christian. And remember, that just as an English boy is so called because he belongs to England, so a Christian is such because he *belongs to Christ*.

E. C.

L.

### THE TWO TABLES; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.



WHEN I was only a very little girl I had a remarkable dream, which I cannot but think had a special message for me.

I thought that I was in a very large room, beautifully furnished with all that wealth could procure. Down the centre was a long table spread with beautiful silver plates and shining crystal, and the choicest of fruits and wines. Presently people began to throng in at the doors, and the room was soon crowded with hundreds of visitors, who took their places at the large table. I sat down with them, although not feeling at ease, for I could not join in their laugh and merriment, for it seemed to me all forced, and the flickering gaslight, casting a glare on the whole, made the people seem strangely unreal. Then, looking carefully at them, I perceived something that struck me with horror and amazement, for I saw that each had on the forehead the word "Death" written in large black letters. I sought to rise, but found, to my dismay, that I had no power to do so. Turning my head, I saw a smaller table, which I had not before noticed, and there, at the head of the table, was one I knew to be the Lord Jesus Himself. There

were others with Him, but, oh ! such a few compared with the many at the large table. All there looked intensely happy, and the word "Life" was printed in red letters on their foreheads.

With overpowering wish to join those few happy ones, I once more tried to rise, and again failed. Pushing my plate from me, I burst into a passionate fit of weeping. The people around asked me why I wept, but, when I told them, they only laughed the louder, and offered me wine and fruit "to make me forget," as they said. Dashing them from me, I cried, "How can I eat or be merry when I know that the word 'Death' is on my forehead. I hate to hear you laughing." Then, covering my face with my hands, I wept more bitterly still.

A slight movement made me turn my head, and I saw that the Lord, and the few who were with Him, were preparing to leave.

Once more I tried to join that company, but it was without avail, and a feeling of utter despair crept over me. Regardless now of anything else except my great wish to get away from that dreadful place, I cried aloud, "O, Lord, do come and help me !"

Instantly turning, He beckoned with His hand, and said, "Come to Me, my child."

To my delight I now felt that I could move, and, springing up, I ran rejoicing to His side. Then, as He went out at the door, I followed, wondering whither He was going.

Presently we came into the open air, and, to my amazement, He began to ascend into the heavens, taking His few followers with Him. He looked down at me, and said, "Follow Me."

This I tried to do, but had only gone a very little way when I was drawn to the ground, and, with a loud cry, awoke.

Perhaps some may smile, and say, "Oh ! that was only a dream," but, believe me, it has proved more than that for me, for I think that this dream made me think seriously about my soul's need for the first time.

It may be that some will read this who have not yet believed on the Lord Jesus, and passed from DEATH unto LIFE. Do

not put it off any longer. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." Come to Him, trusting fully to Him, and you will find in Him the very One you need.

R. G.

### TAKE THE TARPAULIN OFF.



GENTLEMAN whom I know was once travelling through the country in the east of England. One day he came to a village, and was surprised to see a sign-post carefully covered over with a tarpaulin, so that no names could be read.

He inquired the reason, and, at length, found out that the village boys had defaced the writing so often that the parish authorities had had it freshly painted, and then covered neatly with tarpaulin.

What was the use of the sign-post ?

Alas ! how many Christians there are who do not confess Christ. They cover themselves over, as it were ; they are afraid of showing to whom they belong.

Dear reader, if you are one of these, I would advise you to "Take the tarpaulin off."

"Oh, but," you say, "I cannot speak or teach !"

Perhaps not, but all can be sign-posts.

We have been washed in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, and saved through His bearing in death the judgment due to our sins, and now before us is all the brilliant glory of being with, and like, Him for ever and ever.

What sort of people ought we to be ?

Ought there to be no difference between us and the world ?

Yes, indeed, there should be. Christ Himself should shine out from us in all our actions, that others may take knowledge of us, that we have been with Him, and, thus arrested, learn what is the right road to everlasting glory, and, in their turn, seek to live for Him.

Again I say, dear Christian, "Take the tarpaulin off."

A. J. H. B.

*THE TWO SILVER CROWNS.*

**T**HE sun shone brightly on a group seated outside a cottage door.

The central figure was Anne, a widow bearing evident marks of recent suffering. Beside her were her two children. Poor Anne was industrious and honest, and had worked hard to maintain her

other half she gave to a pleasant-looking girl of eleven, who saw the tears that fell, and, putting her arms lovingly around her mother's neck, said, "Why are you crying so, mother? I cannot eat the bread when I see you so sad."

"My poor child," she replied, "my heart feels very troubled, for what shall I give you to-morrow?"

"Oh, dear mother," said the little one, "God will take care of that!"

The mother sighed.

"Don't you trust in Him now? You always used to!"

"Oh yes, my child, but my cares are so oppressive, that even the thought of God will not make them lighter. Poor children! when you wake to-morrow, and are hungry, I shall have nothing to give you!"

"But, dear mother, cannot God send us some bread before to-morrow? Our school-master told us only to-day of His kindness, and of the many different ways in which He helps us. He also told us we should never despair, because that was sin; and then he opened his Bible at the place where it is related how the Jews murmured against God in the desert, fearing they would starve, and not willing to believe that God would make bread for them. And God was angry at them. Dear mother, shall I read you the story once more? Perhaps it will make you happier when you hear it!"

The mother stroked the fair hair of her little girl, nodding assent, though her heart was still heavy, and

her eyes were filled with tears. Mary ran into the house to get her Bible, found the place at once, and sat down to read.

"Oh, God does no longer work miracles!" said the widow.

"But why not, mother? Is He not just as mighty now as He used to be?"

Mary sat down at her mother's feet, and began to read. Widow Anne folded her hands. Tear upon tear rolled down her



MARY.

children; but sickness had overtaken her, and her scanty savings were gone before she was sufficiently recovered to work again.

The last penny had that day been spent for bread, and she was now about to give her darlings the last piece.

Anne wept bitterly as she cut it in two. One half she gave to little Henry, who was only four years old; and, notwithstanding his mother's grief, he took it joyfully. The

cheeks, while listening to words which told of the wonderful help which the Lord sent to His murmuring people; and gradually her sorrow grew less bitter, and she felt as if a weight had been taken from her heart. Yes, she was God's child, and He could help even her as well as those poor Israelites. The thought filled her soul, and with a brighter face she listened. Even little Henry had come quite quietly and nestled down beside her. It was indeed a sweet picture to see that mother with her children seeking the Lord.

A young man, who was just emerging from the wood, stood still with speechless delight. He gazed for a moment at the group, and then took a black book and pencil out of his pocket, and began to sketch. Not one of the small family had noticed him. Mary's eyes were resting on the Bible, the mother was occupied with her own heart, and the little boy followed his sister's eyes, that shone brighter and brighter the longer she read. Still and motionless they sat there; and the painter, for such the stranger was, could work on without disturbance until Mary had come to the end of the chapter; then, looking at her mother, she said, "Cannot God still send us bread, honey, and quails?"

"Yes, my child," she replied, and drew her to her bosom; "with God all things are possible." Her heart was again trusting in the Lord, and gratefully she kissed her little girl.

But these caresses did not suit the painter. He had just been sketching the figure of the reading child, and was interrupted in his work. Hastily he ran to her, took hold of her arm, and said, "Oh, please, please, just remain quiet for another moment!" The mother, as well as the children, were startled, and looked at him. They did not understand what he wanted. But he, seeing their astonishment, and taking a new crown piece out of his purse, said, "I am a painter, and should very much like to have your picture in my book, just as you were sitting before. I have begun it already, and give you the crown piece, and shall add a second

one if you remain quiet for an hour; then I shall have finished my sketch. Will you do it to please me?"

The poor family stared at him, not knowing what to reply. Then the mother pressed her hands against her heart, and hot tears, but this time tears of joy, filled her eyes. Had not God sent them bread as it were from heaven? And on Mary's beaming face the same thought might have been read. "Mother, mother," she whispered, "is not God good?" And then she allowed the painter to place her again on the old trunk at her mother's feet, where she again took the Bible and put it on her lap. But as he said, "Read as you did before, it will be best so," she opened it at Psalm cxviii., and read, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: because His mercy endureth for ever." And the painter could now complete his picture. Before the hour had passed he showed it to them, and at the same time put down the second crown piece.

They would now have enough bread for more than two weeks, and by that time she would be strong again, and able to work. Oh, how she prayed to God, and how she thanked Him!

Thus God's care for the widow and the fatherless was shown; thus her faith was strengthened, and their needs supplied.

Let your trust, Christian reader, be simple, as was Mary's, for

"ISRAEL'S GOD IS OURS,"  
and it is written, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee."

#### QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.

John i.

- 1.—Write every verse in John i. which contains a name or title of the Lord Jesus Christ.
- 2.—Say how many there are.
- 3.—By whom each one is given to Him.
- 4.—Where was the Lord manifested? Who did He come to? Who received Him?

Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# SCATTERED SEED.

## "I HARDENED MY HEART."



— was born in an English village. Her parents were poor, but respectable ; and with them her early years were spent without reproach. This was merely incidental, so to speak, for it appears, from her account of herself, that she was at that time totally destitute of principle.

Such persons, alas ! fall an easy prey to the wiles of Satan, for the human heart is a fertile soil that cannot long lie fallow ; if the good seed and its blessed fruit be not there, the enemy will sow his tares.

In an evil hour E—— listened to the voice of the tempter, and made her first step in that path whose end is destruction. Could anyone then have told her what the end would be, could she have had a glimpse into the dark future, and seen the horrors that were to mark her career, doubtless she would have shrunk in dismay from the prospect. The passionate exclamation of Hazael is the language of many a heart new in the ways of sin : "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

E—— disappeared from her native village. Years rolled on ; its quiet inhabitants had forgotten the little laughing maiden who used to peep in at them through the cottage window, her face as bright as the blooming roses that clustered round it. Her parents were dead and gone, and many changes had taken place, when suddenly a stranger appeared in the village.

This stranger was a woman of an aspect singularly repulsive. Her meagre, shrivelled form was bowed and bent together, and upon her face, which seemed furrowed with evil passions rather than with time, there scowled an expression the most malignant. Her features were in perpetual motion, sometimes kindled with anger, at others distorted with ghastly fear, while she muttered incessantly to herself, or, rather, to something invisible with which she seemed to hold converse. She spoke to no

one, and, indeed, received no encouragement to do so : for all were as anxious to shun her as she was to keep aloof from them. The children of the village ran to hide themselves when she appeared, and the charitable, while they administered occasionally to her wants, shrunk instinctively from the strange, fearful-looking being, upon whom no kindness seemed to make any impression.

Oh, sin ! how deeply dyed, how terrible are thy traces ! Who would have recognized, in this blighted, witch-like creature, whom something, as deadly as the curse of Cain, seemed to have cut off, and severed from her fellow-beings, the once gay and thoughtless E—— ? And yet it was she.

At the house of Mr. H—— this wretched woman received a daily dole, and from a member of his family I learned respecting her the particulars here related. She ate little, and would often leave, wholly untasted, the food placed for her use. One day Mrs. H——, whose delicate health precluded her from sharing as much as she wished in her husband's daily duties, took out with her own hands the basin of gruel that had been prepared for E——. She was sitting at the foot of the steps, crouched down as usual, her yellow, skinny lips moving rapidly in angry mutterings.

"Here, my poor woman," said Mrs. H—— in a soothing tone, "I have brought you something very nice ; do try and take it, you have eaten nothing these two days."

The woman looked up, glanced fearfully round and over her shoulder ; then, fixing her hollow eyes on Mrs. H——, she said, in a hissing whisper, "Maybe they won't let me eat anything now, neither. They watch every bit I put into my mouth : aye, so they do ! They never let me rest, morning, noon, or night, though they know I'll be theirs before long, body and soul," she said, with a shudder.

"Whom do you mean ?" asked the lady ;

"and why should you be afraid of anyone? Do you not know that God takes care of all who put their trust in Him?"

"God!" exclaimed the woman with a fierce and angry scowl. "Hark ye, lady"; and she drew closer and lowered her voice; "'tis the devil, 'tis Satan takes care of me; and well he may, after being his servant, and doing his work, and selling myself, body and soul, to him, as I have done these forty years: well he may claim me and take care of me now!"

"Oh! do not say so, unhappy woman," exclaimed Mrs. H——, greatly agitated, "whatever you have done, there is pardon, there is, indeed, pardon for the worst of sinners through the blood of Christ."

"Don't talk to me of pardon, don't talk to me of a Saviour!" she fiercely interrupted. "What is His blood to me? Do you think, lady," she added, while a bitter smile gleamed across her haggard features, "do you think I was not once as young and tender-hearted as you are now? Do you think I had no father or mother, or minister, to instruct me as well as yourself, that 'while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' I can quote the Bible too. Ha! do you think I sinned without warning, and despised and disobeyed, and hated God and man, without knowing what would be the end of it all? No, no, I knew it well! I hardened my heart, so I did, until now it is like this stone I am sitting on. Do you think 'twill soften after forty years? or that Satan is such a fool as to be cheated out of his prize now, and loosen his grip until he has got it safe into hell? Look here, 'tis begun already. I tell you there is a burning, and a gnawing, and a torment here, that never ceases. My bed and my path are beset with wicked spirits; I see them, I hear them, wherever I move; day or night, it is all alike—and they watch me, and they mock me, and they glare upon me, until I am afraid to look up. Have not I served them these forty years, and done their deeds of darkness? Did not I strive against the Spirit of God, and listen to them, while they put their foul things into my heart, and goaded me on till——"

The wretched woman was proceeding in this strain, her countenance and manner giving frightful effect to the words she uttered, when Mr. H—— appeared. He saw at a glance what was going on, and hurrying his wife, who was pale as death, and trembling from head to foot, into the house, closed the door.

"Let me entreat you," he said, when Mrs. H—— had a little recovered her composure, "never to hold any communication with that unhappy creature. Stronger nerves than yours might well be shaken with what sometimes falls from her lips."

"You have spoken to her, then?"

"That I have, almost daily since she came to the village, and many an anxious and prayerful hour she has cost me. This is one of the most fearful cases I have ever met with; I was going to say hopeless, but there is no restricting the mercy of God, even at the eleventh hour. There is evidently some dreadful load of undiscovered guilt upon her soul, at which she hints darkly, but shows not the slightest symptoms of repentance. Oh," added he, with a heavy sigh, "if people could but see with their own eyes the end of the wicked, the warnings and exhortations of God's Word would not be slighted as they so often are! This miserable creature, what an awful reverse does she exhibit of the truth, that the end of the righteous is peace!"

A room had been taken for E—— in a poor cottage, the owners of which were tempted by the pecuniary reward to admit one against whose baleful presence every house in the village shut its doors. At night they were constantly disturbed by her restless paces about her chamber, and had often to rise and open the street door to let her out, as she declared the house was too hot for her to stay in, and that she should be suffocated in her room. Mr. H—— proposed to her to have a companion, thinking that being alone so much aggravated the horrors of her mind; but she said she had company enough—more than she wished for.

"At night they come worse than in the day," she added; "they put me in mind of



everything I have done; and keep whispering about my ears until I am afraid to look up, for the fear of seeing blood on the floor, or the dead bodies—though I have buried them myself. There's blood on my hands, and everything I eat tastes and smells of it!"

One evening, the girl at whose cottage E—— lodged, was shewn into Mr. H——'s room. She was out of breath with haste and agitation, and looked the picture of terror and dismay. Leaning her back against the wall, she said, in a scarcely articulate voice:

"Oh, sir, E—— is dying!—and such a dreadful scene is going on in our house! I have run up here to see if you can do anything for her, for she will listen to nobody. She says her hour is come, and that her master, the devil, is come to carry her to hell. Oh, sir, it is dreadful to hear her shrieks, and to see her eyes glaring out of her head, and her teeth chattering, and the perspiration running down her ghastly face, that is quivering all over. She cries out that she can't die, and that she won't die, and shrieks aloud to the people to stand close round the bed, and keep them off that are waiting to take her away. Oh, the agony and despair that are on her face! And then she says, she could never endure to burn for ever and ever, and hides her head under the clothes, and her whole frame is shaken, so that the bed quakes and trembles under her. Indeed, sir, her language is so dreadful, so blasphemous, 'tis enough to raise the very roof of the house. Nobody can stay near her; they have all left the place, one by one, and even Susan, the sick nurse, who has attended all the death-beds in the village these thirty years, says she can stand it no longer. Do, sir, come down, and see what can be done!"

When Mr. H—— reached the cottage, he found it deserted. The terrified villagers had fled from the dreadful scene, and left the dying woman to all the horrors of her situation.

The night spent by Mr. H——, under such awful circumstances, may be imagined. No offer of pardon, no ray of hope could

reach the wretched sinner before him; all was agony and remorse for the past, dread and despair for the future. In her frenzied ravings she disclosed some of the dark crimes of which her life had been a tissue, and passed away—unrepentant and unforgiven.

This is no fiction. True, it is an extreme, and, God in His mercy grant, unfrequent case. But is it not an awful lesson to all, to watch against the insidious whisperings of our malignant foe—the devil, and listen to the warnings and entreaties of those who seek to win us for Christ now? Take heed, reader, lest the words of E—— be true of you: "Do you think I sinned without warning, and despised and disobeyed, and hated God and man, without knowing what would be the end of it? No, no, I knew it well! and I hardened my heart, until now it is like this stone I am sitting on." C.

#### *"MY DOOM IS FIXED."*

**I**N the prime of life—dying! As fine looking a man as you would meet in a thousand—dying! My soul longed to bring the water of life to him; and I quoted scripture after scripture for nearly an hour, and besought him to receive the gracious words of the Gospel, containing God's message of salvation.

Despair, gloomy despair, seemed to have settled upon his soul; and he said, in reply to my earnest entreaties to him to believe God's word, "Mr. T——, it is of no use to talk to me, or try to do anything. There is but one passage in the Bible that I can call to mind, and that passage haunts me: 'He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' I can think of nothing else; it is exactly my case; I am the man described there; my doom is fixed."

I left him, and called again the next day. When I entered his room, he said to two persons who were present, "Go out, I want to talk to Mr. T——." After they had gone out of the room, he said, "I have no hope, my doom is fixed; but for the warning of others,

I want to tell you something that occurred a few months ago. I was then in health, and doing a good business. A man called upon me, and spoke of Christ. I replied, I would *not* have Jesus Christ. Now, sir, that is the way I treated Christ *when I thought I did not need Him*; and now, when I'm dying, and can do no better for this life, it's presumption to offer myself to Him."

In vain I urged the all-sufficiency of the grace of God to meet every need. Nothing seemed to move him from the belief that he had "hardened his heart," and had refused the Saviour, and was doomed to die without remedy.

A few hours rolled away, and he felt the cold, icy grasp of death. In terrified tones he besought the attendants to help him out of the place.

They besought him to be quiet, telling him he was *too ill to be moved*. "Oh! do help me up," he implored, "I cannot lie here!" Upon their again refusing, he burst out in piteous cries until life's tide ebbed out, and his voice was hushed in death, and his soul ushered into eternity! eternity! a rejecter of the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

This man had a very near relative, a Christian, who was always beseeching him to go and hear the gospel preached, but he thought more of getting on in the world than anything else, and constantly refused.

Friend, are you thinking of getting on in the world? If so, let me ask you to think how you will get on when you come to leave this world? Will your death-bed be surrounded with sorrowing relatives, gazing upon a man who had the salvation of God presented to him time after time, and refused? Let this death-bed speak to you of the solemnity of deferring the salvation of your soul. "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts," lest you also be suddenly cut off without remedy.

W. T.

"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE,  
IF WE NEGLECT SO GREAT  
SALVATION?" (Heb. ii. 3.)

### WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?



CARELESS and godless young man entered a building where a servant of Christ was solemnly warning his hearers of the realities of the unseen world.

He urged them to face the question as to their future, to decide there and then whether it should be an eternity in the lake of fire, where their worm dieth not, or an eternity with Christ in the glory of God. He pressed upon his hearers the fact that God, who cannot lie, had spoken of these two places, and only these two places, and in one or the other they must live for ever. He concluded by saying that he would leave the solemn question in these words:—

"Eternity! Where? Oh! Eternity, where? With redeemed ones in glory? Or fiends in despair? With *one* or the *other*—Eternity! Where?"

The meeting broke up, the congregation dispersed, and this young man went home, and retired early to his room, but not to rest. Whichever way he looked two words stood out in terrible distinctness. ETERNITY! WHERE? ETERNITY! WHERE?

The letters seemed to stand out in bold relief, larger than any type he ever remembered seeing. All the horrors of an eternity with fiends in despair seized his soul. It was no unseen world now. He seemed to gaze into the awful blackness of darkness, where the despairing cries of the lost ring in the air the heart-rending dirge of "Salvation never, damnation ever."

He paced the room, thoroughly aroused as to his lost state, fell on his knees, got up again, paced the room, tried to think of some scripture to comfort him, but could not recollect one. In vain he racked his brain. What should he do? He thought of God, thought of the mercy in the heart of God, cast himself upon His bosom, and at His feet, as a lost, helpless sinner, and found the Father's arms round his neck, and felt the love of the One who receives sinners; and when asked the next day, "Eternity where?" he replied, "With Christ in glory. That question was settled last night." C.

## HOW CHRIST LEFT MAN.

Read Mark V.



WE have already looked at the difference between the state in which God made man and that in which Christ found him. Now I wish you to notice another contrast, the difference between the condition in which Christ found man and that in which He left him. We shall see presently what became of the devils, but now let us look at this contrast.

The people of the town heard of the miracle, and came to see what had been done. How did they find the man? Sitting! This was a change; the man was at rest. Had he been at rest before? No! Always, night and day, he was in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones. The poor creature could find no rest. And, my reader, can you find it here? This is a scene of death and of unrest. The Devil leads man on in an ideal state of things. "Man walketh in a vain show." He is looking for rest, but there is none here, nothing to satisfy him. Each must find it so, even the youngest. Look at the poor orphans we meet, and the worse than orphans—*left* by father and mother, with everything against them, where will such find rest?

The only *real* thing is the unrest of sin, and the sorrow of it; but when Christ comes in there is a change. Now there is rest. Where does the man find it? Sitting at the feet of Jesus. Rest is to be found there, and there alone. It is offered to every weary soul. Look at the change in this man, once so restless, now sitting at the feet of Jesus. That is all, but it is enough.

Let me ask, Have you been found there, dear reader? Have you said, like a poor woman I have heard of, "I'll throw myself at the feet of Jesus, and, if I perish, I'll perish there"? That was a happy woman, for no one ever perished there; it is there we find rest, there we sit down.

The next thing is righteousness. He is *clothed*. That is a figure of righteousness. He had no righteousness before; he was a shame to himself and his neighbours, but

now he is clothed. What a difference! The man who had no righteousness now has that which sets forth God's righteousness. The man who was in the Devil's power, when Christ came, can come and sit in the presence of the God whom his own lips had recognized, and be at home there. Mark it, *in the presence of God*, for righteousness gives boldness; "love," as has been said, "gives confidence, righteousness gives boldness."

Next, he was in his right mind.

Would you be offended if I were to ask, Are you in your right mind? If a man is not saved Scripture does not own him as in his right mind. To reject Christ as your Saviour, is that to be in a right mind? To turn from Him because of some poor, paltry thing in this scene! To be counting something here of more value than the rich treasure of His love! They little know what they are losing, the men or women who reject that mighty Treasure, the richest that can be given to man. God gave the Son of His bosom, laid all the wealth of His love at our feet. What folly to be leaving this for the treasures of this world, for that which is always ebbing, but never flowing.

These three things this man obtained—rest, righteousness, and a right mind, and these are what the Lord Jesus presents to you.

Now look for a moment at what became of the legion of devils. It is an awfully solemn warning to us. They besought that they might enter into the swine, and Jesus gave them leave. What then became of them? The whole herd ran down a steep place, and perished in the sea; they were choked in the waters. In another gospel the word for *sea* is *abyss*: they perished there.

We have in these a picture of those who refuse this salvation which is offered in Christ, for whom there is nothing remaining but the lake of fire, torment for ever with the Devil and his angels. Judgment is expedited, and expedited by themselves. How awful to think of a soul that has trifled, so to speak, with the mercy of the Lord Jesus. It has been brought before him, he has had to

consider it, but Satan has brought forward some other thing, and he has rejected Christ, and, from that moment, has gone headlong to destruction. Many a soul will have to say, "A moment came when God was offering me salvation, but the Devil presented something else, some bauble, and I went after that; I rejected Christ, and I never had another opportunity."

Now, those who came out to see what was done, what did they think? Those that fed the swine fled, and told it in the city and in the country, and they went out to see what it was that was done. And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devils and had the legion, sitting and clothed, and in his right mind (*v. 15*). Were they glad? Not they. They would rather have the swine. They had no right to them. Swine were unclean animals, forbidden to the Israelites. They ought to have turned from such illegal traffic, but it was a lucrative traffic, and they did not wish to lose it. The devils were gone, and the man was in his right mind, but that was nothing to them. They say, in effect, "We would rather have the swine, even if the devils are with them, than have you," and they besought Jesus to depart out of their coasts, they tell Him to go away.

Many a man, for the sake of illegal gain, has done this. Have *you* ever done so? Well, even if you have done this, God is giving you another offer of mercy *now*. All who have come to Christ have rest, are clothed, and in their right mind. But possibly someone may say, "You are telling me of Christ's power exercised on our behalf. How does it work *in* me?" In the end of the chapter we get this side of it.

Now, souls may avail themselves of the mercy that is in their midst. Jesus crosses the sea again, and many gather to Him. "And, behold, there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and when he saw Him, he fell at His feet, and besought Him greatly, saying, 'My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray Thee, come and lay Thy hands on her, that she

may be healed; and she shall live.'"

 (*vv. 22, 23.*)

This child is typical of the state of Israel at that time—at the point of death. Christ goes with the ruler to raise her, as assuredly He will dead Israel, but while on the way there He comes across "A certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians." (*vv. 25, 26.*)

Mark that. She had *suffered* many things, they had put her to torture, but none of them had done her any good. Here we have the other side, not Christ going to seek the man, but the woman coming to Him. *No doubt the Lord had wrought in her heart, attracting her to Himself.* Would God that your heart might now be touched and led to Him! It might be for a selfish reason, but, whatever it may be, come to Him, He will receive you. She came in the press behind, and touched His garment. She knew there was enough in Him, though she only touched with her finger. Jesus immediately asks, "Who touched Me?" Peter knew nothing of this, he says to the Lord, You ask who is touching You; why, everyone is touching You!

I think this is very solemn. You may be so close to Him that you may be touching Him, yet, if it is not the touch of faith, no virtue will be in it for you; but if you come tremblingly and humbly to Him, what then? There need be only the single touch of the finger of faith and you are healed. We have in this a beautiful type of the way salvation flows from Christ for faith. Reader, will you not have it? Christ had cast out the devils; He had come to give rest, righteousness, and a right mind. He comes to give help and healing—when life's blood is ebbing. He does it, not in secret, but He rejoices to give it freely; but you must come before Him and confess all. He is not angry with the woman coming in this way. No, He encourages her, and says, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague. (*v. 34.*) Christ delights to give, and, more than that, Christ gets His joy. Do not be denying it to Him.

When Christ left the country of the Gadarenes, the man who had been delivered besought that he might go also. "Lord," he said, "I want to be with you." Is not that a sign of life? The heart goes up with a bound to Him, and only wants to be with Him. And if death lies between he would rather go. The Lord says, "Not now, first go home and tell what great things *the Lord* has done for thee." And we learn, "immediately he went declaring what great things *Jesus* had done for him." The man had owned Him as God before, now he does it again.

"He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,  
At Calvary's cross true God."

Every step of the way, from the manger at Bethlehem till Calvary's cross, there was not a moment when He was not God.

He wants us to know and own that, not only for ourselves, but in the presence of others, and He sends the man to his immediate friends. I know that is a difficult place. You can go more easily to any rather than your own friends, your brothers, sisters, your father, your uncles, but the Lord sends him to the most difficult place first.

Now, dear reader, have you this of which we have been speaking? This deliverance from the Devil, this rest, this righteousness, this right mind? It is only to be had through the power, and at the feet, of Jesus. You will never find here what will satisfy, never get what you desire. You remember, perhaps, how you looked forward to the day when your hopes would be realized, when the aspirations of your heart would be fulfilled. Were they so? No. But here you may find more, rest, righteousness, a right mind, every desire of the new nature fulfilled. You get all in Christ. He crossed the sea of death in order that you might have all this, this deliverance, this life, this rest. But let me remind you, beloved, God is now a giver; see that *you* are a receiver. There is no time to lose, day by day your life's blood is ebbing, soon all will be over. Let me entreat you to *receive* salvation *now*.

G. J. S.

## Grains from the Seed Basket.

SELECTED.

THE beauty of the Gospel is that it puts God as God, and myself just as I am, blessedly together, and appropriates all that He is to me, and identifies all that I am with Him, according to the worth of the Person and the work of the Lord Jesus Christ by the Spirit of God and of Christ.

As Christ is righteousness for me before God, so is He the example and standard of righteousness before men; as Christ is for me before God, so ought I to be for Christ before men. This is the way for the Christian to judge of right or wrong.

THE Gospel is not what *man* is, or what God requires from man, but *what God is*, after He has thoroughly revealed what man is.

THE way to magnify the believer's *security* is to see it in the midst of perils and alarms. The very depths of the waters around showed the strength and sufficiency of the ark to Noah; the ruthlessness of the sword in passing through Egypt glorified the blood that was sheltering the first-born of Israel; and the solemn terrors of the coming day of the Lord will but enhance the safety and joy of the ransomed, whether with Jesus in the heavens or as the saved remnant in their "chambers" in the land.

THE Cross of Christ is the solid ground of the forgiveness of sins. Justice *has* owned it;—the troubled conscience *may* rest in it;—Satan *must* acknowledge it.

A SOUL in true moral vigour and spiritual perception must feel the company of an unbeliever, or of the world, most irksome, and it must be braced up to testimony all the time, guarding itself against any relaxation which would rob it of its high standing.

## GRACE.

"THE GRACE OF GOD THAT BRINGETH SALVATION TO ALL MEN HATH APPEARED." (Titus ii. 11.)

**G**RACE in this distinctive way did not come till *Christ* came. The *law* was *given* (John i. 17), but grace, when it came in, was not *given*, but came subsisting in the Blessed Person who was there; not simply a message of grace from God, but all His words, all His actions were grace, so that the vilest could come to Him, if they had confidence to do so.

The poor woman who was a sinner came to Simon's house. *He* scarcely thought the Lord a prophet, but *she* came and bathed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

He came to win the confidence of these poor creatures; God Himself, and perfect grace manifested in Him.

Some people say, "I am not afraid of the Saviour, but I am afraid to meet God."

The reason is that they have never beheld the Divine glory of that Blessed Person who *was God*, the image of the invisible God.

How do I know what God is like?

By looking at Jesus in all His actions, all His ways.

In the United States I was asked to visit a woman whose husband had lately been converted. She had seen the change in him, but was herself afraid of God. She said she was afraid of meeting God, she did not know what He was like. I read with her Luke vii. We went over every detail of that beautiful picture, and at last I said, "*That* is God." With tears running down her cheeks she said, "If that is God I cannot help trusting Him."

The Lord came to win the confidence of sinners. God is often presented as at an awful distance, and His Son as coming to reconcile Him to us; but it is an immense thing when we come to see that the invisible God is there! The One we shall know in eternity is the One we have known in time. "He that hath seen *Me* hath seen the Father."

H.

## PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

"**H**ITHERTO hath the Lord helped us."

This is the language of the believer as he looks back.

"A very present help in time of trouble" is his stay for to-day; and, as he thinks of the future, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" assures him that all will be provided for to the end of the journey.

Thus what God has been, is, and will be, become the comfort and support of the heart.

Loved as Christ is loved; "The Eternal God" for his refuge; the "Everlasting arms" underneath; the shelter of "His wings" above; "covered all day long," like Benjamin; pillowed on "His breast," like John; "kept as the apple of His eye," like Israel; surely each believer's experience should be that of Naphtali, "Satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord." S. S.

## BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 16.

- 1.—Show from the Book of Joshua itself that the whole of it was not written by Joshua.
- 2.—Give all the intimations, prior to the death of Moses, of the fact that Joshua was to be his successor.
- 3.—In the first recorded communication of God to Joshua, after the death of Moses, there are (a) the statement of a fact, (b) a command, (c) promises, (d) encouragements, and (e) exhortations. Point these out.
- 4.—What was the first command of Joshua after assuming the leadership of the children of Israel.
- 5.—Show from the mouths of independent witnesses that the fame of God's dealings with Israel had preceded the arrival in Canaan of Joshua.
- 6.—Briefly describe the passage across the Jordan.
- 7.—Compare and contrast it with that through the Red Sea.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse.

25, Paternoster Square,

London. E.C.



# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



GOING GARDENING.



## GARDENING.



ANY of you know what it is to sow seeds in your gardens, to put some little brown, dry seeds into the ground, and cover them with the mould. In a week or so you go to see if they are coming up; if the seed was good, you see some tiny green leaves, which increase in size day by day. Other leaves and stalks appear, followed in time by flower-buds. You watch these open, and, if you do not gather them, in time the flowers drop off, leaving a seed-vessel behind. When that ripens you can gather it, and find seeds just like those you sowed.

But if, instead of sowing the seeds on nice earth in your garden, you let some drop on the hard path, you know those seeds would never grow; very likely some little bird would eat them. Or, if your garden is very stony, and has only a little earth, though the seeds might grow for a short time, directly there were two or three hot days the little plants would wither and die.

Again, supposing you did not weed your garden before sowing the seeds, but allowed brambles to grow in it, and you let some of the seeds fall amongst the brambles, though the seeds might come up and grow for a little time, the brambles would soon choke them.

If you want to have flowers and seeds, or fruit, the ground must be properly prepared.

Now, Matt. xiii. 3-23 speaks of seed sowing. The seed is God's Word, and the garden is your heart or mine. Whenever you read God's Word, either alone, or with your parents and teachers, whenever you hear the Gospel preached, seed has been sown in your heart.

Satan is always watching to take away the Word, by filling your mind with something else, just as the birds watch to pick up a grain of corn, or a pea, that has been dropped on the path or road. He does not care what you are thinking about so long as you are not listening to God's voice in His Word.

If Satan succeeds in making you forget

God's Word the seed has been sown by the wayside.

Perhaps another time you *do* listen, and you enjoy hearing of the love of Jesus, and, for a few days, feel very happy. Then a companion asks you to do something which you know would displease God. At first you refuse. Then your companion laughs at you, and asks if you are turning religious. As you do not like to be laughed at, you join in doing what you know to be wrong.

The Word has been sown on stony ground in your heart; it has no depth of earth. You have never known yourself a lost sinner, and you bring forth no fruit, for, when tempted or persecuted, you go back where you were before the seed was sown.

But, perhaps it is, you are so busy at school with your lessons, and are having such good games of play on half-holidays, that you have no time to think of your soul, and soon forget all about the love of the Lord Jesus. You forget your need of a Saviour, and think only of pleasing yourself. You bear no fruit.

Surely a child *can* bear fruit, and every child, in whose heart the Word of God is sown on good ground, *does* bear fruit, for the Holy Spirit dwells in that child's heart.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." (Prov. xx. 11.)

Every healthy plant bears, first flowers, then seeds or fruit. Does not every grain of wheat that grows and flourishes bear a number of grains of wheat? Would a farmer be satisfied with a sickly field of wheat, in which the plants turned yellow, and never bore any ears of corn? Surely he would not.

Even so God looks for fruit when He sows seed.

The ground of our hearts needs to be broken up before the seed can grow there. We must know ourselves to be sinners, before we shall really receive Christ as our Saviour. Now, remember, each time you read or hear God's Word, that God Himself is sowing seed in your hearts, and what He looks for is fruit. May He find it in many a young heart.

*WHITE, WHITER, WHITEST.*

**T**HE snow had fallen thick and fast; day after day the crystal flakes had filled the air; and then the fierce and bitter wind had roared, forming, far and wide, amid the snow, mimic mounts and vales, so often seen by those who dwell in the country. Now all was clear and still, and the moon, at her full, was shining brightly upon the cold, sparkling winter mantle.

We walked amid the hills and valleys of the Southern Downs, delighting in the quiet of that winter's eve, thinking, and speaking too, of Him whose hand had formed it all for His own glory.

Ere long we had reached a well-known cutting in the chalk of a hillside. Its steep, white walls had often dazzled our eyes in the bright light of day. Now we saw that the snow, in great drifts, was piled against the chalky sides, and, where it did appear above the snow, the colour of the chalk seemed to have changed, for, in that silvery light, against the snow it bore but a yellow hue.

It was the contrast which caused the apparent change. The chalk was as white as ever, but not so white as the pure, new-fallen snow.

We thought of those who, washed from their sins in the precious blood of Him who

made that snow, and who died for sinners on that cross of shame, are even whiter than the purest snow, the whitest thing in the universe of God.

The chalk was white, the snow was whiter, but a child of God is whitest of all. Yes, washed in that precious blood, and made whiter than the snow.

\* \* \* \* \*




A dark winter's night, a lonely road upon the cliffs above the dashing sea, the breaking of its rolling waves against the beach, and the murmuring wind, the only sounds disturbing the stillness. Scarcely could I track the course of the road, for black clouds completely clothed the sky, bathing all in deep darkness. The snow, however, had fallen fast, and covered all, and, in that snow, I traced the steps of one who had trodden the road before me. Mile after mile I followed

them; at times but one or two more were visible; at others, as the clouds shifted in their passage onward, many opened to my sight, and on and on I followed till the marks were lost mid the busy streets of the town to which I journeyed.

Those footprints in the snow comforted and cheered me as I pressed forward on that solitary path. Thus the steps of the Lord Jesus cheer the onward, homeward path of

the pilgrim Christian. He has not to find a way for himself, the Lord has marked the path in which he is to tread. *He* has left an example that we should follow His steps, and those footprints mark the whole journey through, and lead to that bright home where the Saviour is awaiting His own loved ones.

### THE TEXT ON THE WALL.

"HAT is not a nice text," said a little friend of mine, pointing to some words on the wall of the hospital ward. The text that did not please him was: "I am Thine, save me."

"Why is it not nice?" I asked.

"Because," he answered, "if any one can say, 'I am Thine,' he does not need to say 'save me,' for he *is* saved already."


Little Justus had perhaps never read Psalm cxix., or if he had read it, he had not understood its meaning; but what he *could* understand were the Lord's own words in John x. 27-29: "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; 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." My little friend believed these words, and could say, "Lord, I am Thine, Thou *hast* saved me." He knew that what the Lord said *must* be true.

He is quite well again now, and when I last saw him, he told me that he was still happy because the Lord Jesus *is* his Saviour; and I believe he is trying to live down here for the One who died for him.

Dear young friends, can you say, "Lord, I am Thine"? Or are you still unsaved? If so, go to the Lord Jesus *now*, ere it is too late, and ask Him to *save* you. I know He will, for He has said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

L. A. M. B.

"BAA! BAA!!"

" WAS like a lost sheep over the hedge, and all I could do was to cry, Baa! Baa!!"

Such was the comparison used by a north country-woman, in telling of the time when she learned her need as a sinner, perishing in her sins—her deep, deep need of a Saviour.

Her cry was heard. *Such* cries are always heard. Directly a sinner owns thus the lost condition in which he is, the Saviour is nigh to answer.

It was when Isaiah cried, "Woe is me! for I am undone," that the messenger of salvation flew to his succour.

The promise is, *Whosoever shall* call on the name of the Lord *shall* be saved. (Rom. x. 13.)

Notice those two "SHALLS." One is the sinner's *shall*, the other the Saviour's *shall*.

Mark the freeness of the promise. How wide, how inclusive. *Whosoever! whosoever!! shall* call. It takes in any one, every one, who, feeling his deep misery and need, turns from himself to his Lord. How simple too. The sinner is not told to work, to weep, it is not, *Whosoever shall* work, *whosoever shall* weep—but, *Whosoever shall* call on the name of the Lord. Ah! be careful here. The call must be to the right person. No salvation is found in any other name but that of Jesus Christ the Lord. Not on the name of a saint or an angel must the repentant sinner call; it must be to the Lord Himself.

Now mark the Saviour's *shall*. It is not, *may* be saved, but, *shall* be saved. Yes, blessed word, the resting-place of faith. He says it: I believe it. *Whosoever shall* call on the name of the Lord *shall* be saved.

How well I remember the time when, in my own room, I owned I was lost. "Lord save me, I cannot save myself," was my heart's prayer; and the answer came.

Reader, now is the time to call. Let the cry of distress be heard, and salvation *shall* be yours.

*THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.*

“**D**EAR MADAM,  
 “This comes from the once  
 little Tommy King, the orphan

“When you receive my letter, I shall be  
 in the happy land, “Far, far away,” of which  
 we used to sing when I attended your Bible  
 Class.



“You will  
 be glad to  
 hear that I  
 am a sinner  
 saved by  
 God's grace.

“The texts  
 of Scripture,  
 learned when  
 in your class,  
 have been  
 blessed of  
 God by His  
 Spirit to me.  
 One text, ‘I  
 am the way,  
 and the truth,  
 and the life,’  
 is especially  
 precious; and  
 I am so hap-  
 py; often  
 thinking of  
 those happy  
 times when  
 you read the  
 Word of God  
 to us, and we  
 sang togeth-  
 er, ‘In heaven  
 we'll part no  
 more.’

“I write  
 this to cheer  
 you, and to  
 beg of you  
 not to give  
 up your Bible  
 Class, but to  
 go on telling

boy, who used to be in your Bible Class  
 when you lived at B——.

“I am a dying soldier now, in a hospital  
 in India.

poor little orphan boys of the Good Shep-  
 herd, who came to seek and to save that  
 which was lost.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Such was the message received by a Christian lady who, many years before, had held meetings in her dining-room, on a Lord's-day afternoon, for the boys of the village.

All Christians have some work to do for the Lord Jesus. It may be but a little; but let us do that little. A simple word spoken to some companion, school-mate, or friend; a little book or leaflet put into the hand of a passer-by, may be seed sown in good ground, which, sooner or later, will bring forth fruit to the Saviour's glory.

"My Word. . . shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." (Isa. lv.)

*"THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE."*

**T** was a happy time for Walter, that dull November afternoon, when his doctor said to him, "Walter, what should you say if I were to tell you God is going to take you home soon?"

Brightly, with a smile, he answered, "I shall say, 'Thank God'; not," he went on to say, "that I have had a bit too much pain; not a bit, not a bit." (He had had years of suffering, and very many months of confinement to bed.) "I was a regular heathen before I was ill; was I not, mother?" turning his face to where she stood by his bedside; "but I have often thanked God for making me ill, and sending a Christian doctor; and I am quite prepared to go. I long to see Jesus, and be with Him."

Soon after, Walter said: "Call all in the house to hear the good news. I wish to tell them this is the happiest day of my life: I am soon going home."

He told them this, and then arranged how the news was to be broken to his father, who was away at the time.

Walter lived some days after this, suffering very great pain, but always bright and looking forward. Amidst his last hours of great suffering, he was able, as he said, to "trust Him to the end."

Walter was eighteen years old when he died. He had not been brought up, as some of my readers have been, amidst Christian surroundings, but the Good Shepherd found him where he was, and put him on His shoulders, and carried him all the way home.

Do you know the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep? and, if told you were soon to be with Him for ever, could you say, "This is the happiest day of my life"?

E. C.

L.

*PRAISE THE LORD, ALL YE CHILDREN*

Psalm cxlviii. 12.

PRECIOUS, peerless name of Jesus,

Sweetest sound on human tongue,

Who can utter half the praises,

Which to His dear name belong?

Who has ever found His equal?

Surest Guide, unfailing Friend;

Of His love, so strong, so tender,

Who has ever reached the end?

Little ones proclaimed His praises

While His dwelling was with men;

Childish voices filled the Temple

With their loud hosannas then.

And how graciously He listened

To their simple, joyous strain,

Quieting those who, in their malice,

Would have hushed the sweet refrain.

Oh! how Jesus loved the children,

Loved to call them to His side:

Tired and weary though He might be,

Never once were they denied!

And His love to little children

Is for evermore the same;

Nought of changefulness He knoweth,

He who bears that great, sweet name.

Little children, seek to know *Him*,

Who has giv'n His life for you:

Then in His unending praises

You will soon be joining too.

For the eyes that see His beauty,

And the hearts that know His love,

Cause the *lips*, with truth and gladness,

Ceaselessly in praise to move.

## HEBREWS I. 3.

**T**HERE are three points in this precious verse to which I would call especial attention :—1. The Person who sat down. 2. When He sat down. 3. Where He sat down.

WHEN HE,  
the Son of God, the Heir of all things, the Almighty Creator of the worlds, the One in whom all the glory of God shone forth, the One who perfectly manifested God here, and who upholds all things by the word of His power, who had come into the world to save sinners—to seek and to save that which was lost, to pay the awful debt which we could never pay.

HAD BY HIMSELF PURGED  
OUR SINS.

His love would not let Him rest until the work was done. He knew whither the path He must tread would lead before He trod it, and that He must be alone when doing that work. None could assist Him there. The work *for* sinners could not be effected *by* sinners; the work needed was done by Him alone, on that cross of Calvary, with darkness around; but, beyond all, the judgment of God upon Him, and He forsaken there, that He might purge our sins. He yields to God His spirit. And now that the work is finished, our sins gone, and gone for ever, death cannot hold the Holy One. Its bands are burst, the Lord has risen, and has now

## SAT DOWN.

Blessed object for the eye of faith—a seated Saviour, telling that the work is finished, all is done. Once He was on the cross to do the work; but no longer is He there, for the work is done, and God has been glorified; and having thus carried out all His purposes, He has sat down

## ON THE RIGHT HAND,

in the place of power, acceptance, and favour—not of earth's mightiest potentates—but

OF THE MAJESTY  
ON HIGH.

## MY LETTER.

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,  
Let me tell you how God, in His grace, used a fish-bone to arouse a young girl to a sense of her soul's need. She had often attended preachings where the gospel story, in its own simplicity, was told out; and so Annie, as I will call her, was no stranger to the good news. The Bible, too, was well used in the home to which she had come, and yet she was still without Christ. Not without morality, not without religion, indeed, but without Christ as her own personal Saviour.

God, in His grace, by a very simple accident, brought Annie to see her true state of need. She was partaking of some herrings at her dinner, and, through lack of sufficient care, allowed a bone, unseen, to pass with the fish into her mouth, and thence into the throat, where it became fixed. All the afternoon she bore the pain without mentioning the matter to her mistress; but at last, her throat becoming more painful and sore, she called upon a doctor, who speedily dislodged the bone, telling Annie that her throat was ulcerated, and in a very inflamed condition.

That night she could not sleep. Thoughts of death and judgment presented themselves again and again. The Spirit of God was at work, showing her the need of her soul; and at length, rising from her bed, she cast herself upon her knees, and cried to the Lord for mercy and salvation. She owned her sins—how her past life had been spent for self, how she had left God out of her thoughts, and slighted His loving calls; and then, as the glad gospel she had heard passed before her, the work, the finished work of the Lord Jesus for the sinner, was shown to her newly opened eyes, and the value of that precious blood which cleanseth from *all sin*.

In simple faith she rested there. She believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved; and was, when I last heard, seeking to shine for Christ, and waiting for His coming again.

Your loving Friend,  
THE EDITOR.

**Messages to the Little Ones.****HOME.**

**W**HAT a beautiful word this is ! What depths of meaning there are in it ! A short time ago, I was reading about some of the poor, homeless children of London. The writer told how he went, one night, to see them for himself, and how he found them lying asleep in great numbers on the *roofs of outhouses*, &c., with no covering whatever, except their few rags. Poor children ! how we can pity them. No home ! what a sad, sad thing.

How thankful we ought to feel for home, and home comforts. You, I suppose, have a nice home, and kind, loving friends round you there ; but let me ask, Have you another home in view ? In the world you have your home for but a little while ; what about the future, the long, long ETERNITY ? Have you an eternal home ? How many there are who have heard of the eternal home, and have entirely neglected to ask whether that home is theirs.

Perhaps you pity the poor London street Arabs, yet many of *them* with no home down here, will have a glorious home above, with Jesus, throughout eternity, because they have believed on His Name. But you, if you remain unsaved, though you have a nice home now, will be *homeless* then. Earnestly I would entreat you not to be satisfied until you can say, "God is *my* Father, Jesus is *my* Saviour, Heaven is *my* home."

Jesus to-day says, "Come unto Me"; by-and-by it may be those awful words, "Depart from Me." Now is the day of salvation. The One who gave His own life, that *all* who simply trust in Him might share His glorious, beautiful home, is *soon* coming again ; indeed, He may be here even while you read this paper, for He says, "Behold, I come quickly." For whom is He coming ? For His own blood-washed ones ; those who have put their trust in Him. He is coming to call them *home*. Those who love Him will hear that home-call—His own well-known voice.

Dear young reader, if He should descend

with that shout, and the voice of the archangel, would *you* hear it ?

"We know there's a bright and a glorious home,  
Away in the heavens high,  
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell,  
Will *you* be there and I ?

"If you trust the loving Saviour *now*,  
Who for sinners once did die,  
When He gathers His own in that bright home,  
Then you'll be there and I."

H. S. H.

**"COME UNTO ME."**

**S**UFFER little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven," were the words of a loving Saviour to His disciples, who would have hindered the little children being brought to Him for blessing.

Jesus delighted to have them near Him, and would not have them turned away. It is the same now as then, the Lord Jesus still desires the little ones to come unto Him. Surely you will not reject His call, and refuse to come to One who loves you. "Now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation," now, before you get hardened, and hear the Gospel of Christ as an oft-repeated tale. Come unto Him, believing. You need not fear a refusal, for Jesus Himself says in John vi. 37, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

F. H. F.

**QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.**

Acts xvi.

- 1.—In your own words tell the story of Paul and Silas in the prison.
- 2.—Why were they put in prison ?
- 3.—What happened, while they were there, to cause joy in heaven ? How do you know ?
- 4.—Write all the Bible says about the imprisonment—in the Bible words.

Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,

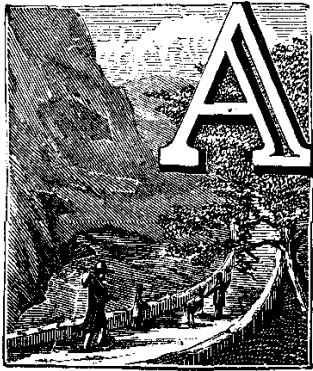
25, Paternoster Square,

London. E.C.



# SCATTERED SEED.

## A COMFORTING MESSAGE.



**A**MONG the terrible instances of the sufferings and cruelties during the Indian Mutiny, one affords a striking example of how God cares for His people, and sends them words of comfort and of

cheer in their darkest hour, and in the most unlooked-for way.

A little band had escaped from the great massacre at Seetapore, and, after many wanderings, they found refuge in a desolate-looking old fort, defended by belts of jungle.

Their sojourn in this inhospitable abode was but brief, for they were soon sent forth into the more inhospitable jungle. There they had scanty food, and little, or no, shelter, for, if they had sought the shades of the forest, the tigers would have been upon them, and, at night, they were compelled to burn fires in an open space to keep the beasts of prey at a distance from them. And thus miserably passed the time from week to week, and from month to month, till all spirit and all hope died within them. They saw each other drooping day by day, or, as time went on, prostrated by jungle fever.

But the measure of their humiliation was not yet full.

They were dragged out of the jungle, and ordered to prepare for a journey, and, huddled together on two common country carts, they set forth. In the villages through which they passed they were made a show to be gazed at, and to be mocked, by the people. Their food, scanty and nauseous, was thrown to them as if they had been dogs; water was given to them grudgingly, or not at all, and, in the agonies of their thirst, they shrieked again and again for water. But comfort came to them in their tribulation from the Word of

God. They had not a Bible among them, but one of the ladies had some native medicines brought to her, wrapped up in a piece of printed paper, which proved to be part of a leaf of the Book of Isaiah, and the message, which came to them through Mohammedan hands, was this:—

“They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away. I, even I, am He that comforteth you; who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor? The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that . . . .”

The paper was torn off before the verse was finished.

The words of love, so strangely and mysteriously sent to them, comforted and strengthened them in the midst of their sorrow, for they were thus reminded afresh of the watchful care of Him who never slumbers or sleeps, who never removes His eyes from the righteous; and those who survived to tell the story are fresh witnesses to the power of the Word of God to comfort and cheer hearts bowed down by the deepest sorrow.  
E. B. C.

## MOMENTOUS CHANGES WROUGHT IN A MOMENT.



**H**AVE you ever thought of the wonderful and momentous changes that have been effected, by the will of God, in a moment of time?

Let us take a few striking instances.

The world was without form, and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep when God said, “Let there be light, and there was light.” (Gen. i. 3.)

What an instantaneous revolution, darkness—light; the darkness past, and the light shining, a picture of that verse in the New Testament, where it says, "The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." (1 John ii. 8.)

Now let us look at Adam. One moment as inanimate clay in the hands of the potter, the next, God breathed into him, and he became a living soul. One moment without life, dead, the next a living soul.

Surely this too has its parallel in the New Testament in the New Creation. One moment unregenerate, dead in trespasses and sins, without God, the next created anew by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever, and "passed from death unto life."

Do you ask, "What is being born again?"

This is how a poor woman explained it.

A servant of God was reading John iii. to her and another woman, when she turned round to her companion, and said, "Dunnot ye see, *believing in Jesus is being born again?*"

Again, what a momentous change was that for Enoch. We read Enoch "was not, for God took him." No one saw him go, but God quietly took him out of this scene. So will it be with every child of God when Jesus comes, we shall all be "changed in a *moment*, in the twinkling of an eye." Oh! what a happy change, to step in one moment from earth into heaven.

Are you amongst the ungodly? What a solemn moment will that be for the unconverted, "when once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, 'Lord, Lord, open unto us'; and He shall answer and say unto you, 'I know you not whence ye are.'" (Luke xiii. 25.) Can you picture that scene of woe and anguish? Ah, no! but, thank God, the door *now* open stands, "oh, enter while there's room."

Are you ready? If not, how awful to you will be that moment of which Enoch prophesied, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten

thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him." (Jude 14, 15.)

And now, lastly, did you ever consider how long it took to teach all the nations their different languages?

Look with me for a moment. Do you see a vast building, towering high in lofty eminence, crowds of workmen thronging busily about it, for it is not complete, when, lo, all is confusion. One moment there is one universal language, the next there are numbers, an unseen messenger from God in a moment has upset all their plans. And why? Because the whole of the then world were seeking to do without God, and to get for themselves a name, and what is the end? Confusion then, and now, and ever will be. Is there a parallel to this in the New Testament? I believe there is. In Acts ii. we find the apostles met together with one mind, and in one place, when *suddenly*, one might say in a moment, "there came a sound from heaven," &c., "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Here God, in grace, gives a gift of language to His servants, to enable them the better to tell the glad tidings of His grace to all the world. At the tower of Babel God confounded men's speech on account of their wickedness; in Acts ii. the people were confounded because of the grace of God. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." (Rom. v. 20.)

Seeing, then, how wondrous are the ways of God, and how much may be accomplished in a moment of time, let any unconverted beware how they despise the present moment of God's grace, and let us, who are children of God, see to it that we redeem the time, for the apostle Paul compares our whole life to a moment. (See 1 Cor. iv. 17.) For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

C. E. W.

*WHICH MEMORIAL?*

**T**WO Christians met in a crowded city, and stood talking a few moments under the shadow of the statue of one of England's great statesmen.

"Can you tell us the way to C——?" asked a man and his wife passing by, and naming a place at a short distance away.

The needed directions being given one of the Christians offered the strangers a little book, saying, as he did so, "This will tell you of a Man who is far more exalted than the one whose memorial is erected here."

"Ah, sir," said the woman, "I know that Man. You mean the Lord Jesus Christ."

Simple, blessed testimony!

My reader, do you know that Man whom God has highly exalted, and "given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow—things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Have you ever known Him as your Saviour, your Friend? Do you know what it is to turn to Him, to talk with Him, to hear His voice?

If you have indeed tasted His love, and know Him, let me add a few words about another memorial which our Lord spoke of to one of His own. You will probably remember the touching story of the woman who brought the alabaster box of ointment to anoint His feet, and His loving commendation of her, "She hath done what she could," and "Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

Do you covet this memorial, dear reader? It will last longer than the statue of the great man under which our friends were standing. Earth's glories fade away, and are lost for ever, but not so the approval of the Lord Jesus Christ.

May it be yours to do what you can for Him, and to merit the priceless memorial of His approval.

Y. L.

*DAVID, A FIGURE OF JESUS.*

**W**E will look at the history of David in 1 Sam. xvii., and see how he went down to meet and overcome, single-handed and alone, in the valley of Elah, the great giant, Goliath of Gath, of whom all Israel were afraid, and from whom they fled.

We watch the despised shepherd lad overcoming and slaying this giant, and working a great salvation for Israel.

He is a figure of Jesus, the despised Son of God, going down into death and judgment on the cross, and, during those three hours of darkness, overcoming and completely vanquishing our great enemy, Satan, by dying the death we deserved. For Hebrews ii. 14, 15 tells us Satan had the power of death. And, as sinners who had sinned against God, Satan could have claimed us all, and dragged us all down to eternal misery along with himself; since "death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.) But Jesus, the Son of God, went down into death for us, and, rising again the third day, thus wrought a complete deliverance from the power of the enemy, who cannot claim one of those who trust in the Lord Jesus, and no believer need be distressed by the fear of death. For, when the Lord died for us, He took away the sting of death, sin, for all believers, by His atoning work, and so death is no longer an enemy that we need fear to meet. Yes, the Son of God went down into death to save us, and the third day rose again triumphantly, having obtained eternal redemption for us.

He is pictured by the son of Jesse going down into the valley of Elah, and coming up again with the head of Goliath in his hand, having gained a complete victory for all Israel. Now, if you look at the first few verses of 1 Sam. xviii. you will see a further picture of how hearts are won to Christ.

When Jonathan sees David, the son of Jesse, standing with the head of Goliath in his hand, and hears him speaking to his father, Saul, he finds his soul knit to David, and he loves him as his own soul, and so real is his

affection that he gives to David all he most prized, his sword, his bow, and his girdle.

Ought it not to be so with us when we see what Jesus, the Son of God, has done, who is now the risen, victorious One, and who has been into death for us? Surely our hearts should be drawn out to Him in true affection, and loving Him because we see His love to us. Shall we not give Him what is most precious to Him? And that is the praise and adoration and thanksgiving of our hearts, and the service of our hands.

Once we made much of ourselves, and liked others to make much of us too. Do we now see nothing in ourselves, and everything in Jesus, the Son of God, the true David, who wrought such a great victory on the cross for us? Then look at chapter xxii., and you will see that, though David did so much for all Israel, yet King Saul and his servants envied, hated, and rejected him, and David had to flee away for his life to the cave of Adullam; and there attracted a company of all that were distressed, in debt, and discontented, who gathered themselves unto David, and he became a captain over them.

So now any who are in distress about their sins, in debt to God, and unable to pay, and disappointed with themselves, and with this poor world, may find a Centre in Jesus, the Son of God. For though He is despised and rejected of men, He is the Centre of attraction in heaven; and, as He said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me," He is also the Centre of attraction for many on earth. There are those whose hearts are drawn to Jesus by His love to them, who are driven by their sins and sorrows to Him who alone could meet their need; and they gather round Him, owning no name but His; and He becomes their Captain. That is, they take the One who delivered them as their Lord, as well as their Saviour, and they submit to be ruled, and guided, and governed by His Word, like the four hundred in the cave of Adullam submitted to be ruled, and guided, and governed by David, sharing his rejection and his sorrows, and suffering with him, and for him, till, as these four hundred were rewarded

in the day when David came to the throne as king, they are rewarded at the coming of Christ, when He will reign as the true David. Those who follow Him now will be rewarded according to their faithfulness to Him here, and will reign with Him when He comes in glory.

But where was Jonathan? He loved David, spoke up for David, had interviews with David, but he did not follow David when David was the rejected one, and he dies on the battle-field at Gilboa.

Let us learn from him, not only to love the Lord Jesus, and speak up for Him, and have interviews with Him, blessed as all that is, but let us follow Him, and gather round Him, and take the One who has saved us as our Captain Lord, by submitting to Him, and being in everything governed and guided by His written Word. Then we shall not only be in glory by-and-by, but enjoy His company now, and have a bright crown to lay at His feet, besides being to His praise and glory, who loved us and gave Himself for us.

J. D.

### "I AM COMING."



ONE of the wards of the London Hospital lay a young girl, named Ellen C——. Her wasted form and hurried breathing revealed to us that the One whom she loved was about to take her to His home above.

Towards midnight Ellen looked up, and her peaceful countenance brightened as she exclaimed three times, "*I am coming.*"

Like Stephen of old she "saw Jesus," and a few hours after she quietly fell asleep, at the age of seventeen.

Dear reader, what is your hope? Remember, death may find you while you are young. Would it find you willing, like dear Ellen, to depart and be with Christ, which is far better? If not, I beseech you, give your heart to the Lord ere it be too late, for His Word tells us "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Rest in His finished work on Calvary's cross. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." M.

## SCATTERED SEED.

## "IN A MONTH'S TIME."

**P**ERHAPS some of my readers may not have heard of a young lady who was a striking example of the way in which Satan deceives the human heart.

This young lady's life was one of devotion to the world and its amusements; balls and the like were her favourite attractions, and she was being carried headlong into destruction by the giddy whirl of this world's pleasures. She had, however, some Christian friends, and these induced her to accompany them, one Sunday evening, to a Gospel preaching.

After the meeting someone spoke to her at the door, and questioned her as to her soul's salvation, but failed to get any satisfactory reply.

The next Sunday her friends again persuaded her to go, though much against her will.

Blinded by Satan the poor young lady saw not her need of a Saviour. A ball had been arranged for the following month, and this was the one thing present in her thoughts.

As before, she was addressed at the close of the preaching, and on their pleading with her, she replied, "I'll tell you what, I can't come to Jesus now, *I'll come in a month's time.*"

Alas! could anything be worse than this procrastination? Think of putting off salvation for a month, when life is so uncertain that you may never see another day. The opportunity rejected seldom, or never, returns, and, sad to say, it proved so in the case of this poor rejecter, as we shall see.

Having dressed for the ball which had so much occupied her attention, she was passing near a lamp, when the flame caught her light clothing, setting it ablaze, and before assistance could arrive this poor young lady was burnt to death.

"In a month's time." Ah! little did that dear lost one think, when she made that promise, that she would never live to fulfil it. Her intentions no doubt were real, but,

when her own appointed time came, it found her — where? In eternity, in torment. Taken from this earth without a moment's warning, what time had she for repentance?

And now, dear reader, I do plead with you before God, Will you any longer reject the blessed Saviour, who stands so patiently waiting with open arms to receive you? Will you still refuse His salvation? He loves you, and has proved His love in giving Himself to die for you. He has borne all God's judgment, which you justly deserved, and now all you have to do is simply to trust in Him, acknowledge your lost and ruined condition, and own Him as your Saviour, and then your salvation will be complete. God gives you now one more opportunity of taking salvation. Do not put it off; you may never have another.

Just one word more. Jesus says, "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.)

Will you take Him at His word, and own Him as your Saviour? G. R. C.

## ENOCH.

**T**HERE are many things that the Lord's children cannot be—strong, eloquent, perhaps not even busy for the Lord, but there is one thing we can all enjoy if we will, *viz.*, Enoch's life. The name means dedication, or initiation. What was he dedicated to, and initiated into? To walk with God, and into the fellowship of God.

Have we not, in the first white-heat of love to Christ, yearned for the burning zeal and faithfulness of Paul, the whole-hearted fervour of Peter, or the strength unto death of Stephen? Have we not groaned for the strength of Samson, and the patient love of John?

Yes, if we have anything of the servant spirit, we have. And we were dumb when we would have had the tongue of angels, nerveless when we needed hands of brass, and could only cry, "Ah, Lord . . . I am a child,"

as Jeremiah. Why? Is there not a secret which made Paul strong, and Stephen brave? We have it in Enoch. He walked with God.

Have we walked with the Lord even one year? Have we ever grown tired of that wondrous companionship? Three hundred years Enoch walked with Him, and we read of no failure or faltering, no weakness or weariness. Oh! how much is locked up in those "three hundred years," known only to God and Enoch (Ps. xxv. 14), years full, no doubt, of sorrow, joy, troubles from within and without, sin around, and fallen humanity on every hand, but surely each bitter sting, each weary weight, or passing shadow, was told out to the God who walked with him.

David knew something of the Enoch life when he wrote, "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord." (Ps. xxv. 15.)

Mary knew it, for she sat at Jesus' feet. And Enoch's companionship pleased God (Heb. xi. 5) more than Peter's zealous love, for he denied "the Man." More than Thomas' adoring cry, for he would not believe unless he saw. More than John's affection, for even he failed one hour when the Lord's soul was sorrowful unto death. And why? Was Enoch more than Elijah, who was not better than his fathers? (1 Kings xix. 4.) Greater than Moses, who cried, "I am not able to bear all this people alone"? (Num. xi. 14.)

No, it was faith surely. (Heb. xi. 5.) And are we so dear to God that He loves to have us hourly at His side, with all our weakness and waywardness, with even our thoughts grieving His wondrous heart. Yes, "it pleased God."

Oh! how we fail in trusting the heart that has never deceived us, blamed or turned away, for He pitieth His children, and His great eternal patience has taken us, and all we are, and "acteth for them that wait for Him." (Isa. lxiv. 4, old rendering, R.V.)

May we not write "Enoch" as the secret of all power, service, joy, communion?

Caleb was whole-hearted, and he got Hebron as his portion (Josh. xiv. 13; Num. xiv. 30), yet his name means a dog, and if

we cry out in our weakness and nothingness, we are not worse than Caleb, and may write Enoch (dedication) after "dog," as the Syrophœnician woman did with, "Truth, Lord, yet"; and "Great is thy faith," fell from His gracious lips, and she went home fed with "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Joshua knew it, for his faith cried of the giants, "They are bread for us . . . the Lord is with us" (Num. xiv. 9), and God says to him, "I will be with thee." (Josh. i. 5.)

Oh! to be Enochs in this dark age, when all hell's force is arrayed against God's Anointed, and men's hearts fail with looking inward and outward, instead of to Jesus, and, by-and-by, the long-waiting, forbearing heart of Christ will gather His own to Himself, and so shall "we be for ever with the Lord."

A. S.

### ONE DIED FOR ALL.

**F**OR the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all then were all dead: And that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." (2 Cor. v. 14, 15.)

Sinner, you need not perish, Jesus died to save such as you. The work of salvation is finished. Only believe it, only trust it, only rest on it. Think of the infinitude of the love that wrought it, that impelled that blessed One to go to the cross, there to do a Saviour's part, there to drain the cup of wrath, there to be taunted, scorned, reproached by man, there to be forsaken by God. Oh! wondrous thought, the Son of God to die that, believing in His name, we might live.

Sinner, God has but one Saviour to offer thee, and with that One you get all He has in His treasure store. 'Tis Jesus, accept Him, and be saved; enriched with all that God has treasured up in Him. (Eph. i. 3.)

R. G.

## Grains from the Seed Basket.

SELECTED.

NOT only the work but the way it was done showed the Father. The Father in His love gave the best Gift He had—His Son. And the Son would not give anything else, so in love He gave Himself unto death. See how the two gifts coincide in the cross. The Father gave His Son and the Son gave Himself.

DECLENSION of soul will begin in a way almost imperceptible. The turning back may be very small. Lot's wife only *looked* back; the Israelites did not go back to Egypt, they only *remembered* the leeks and onions.

WE are to be *waiting* for God's Son from heaven, and not only waiting, but *watching*, and not only watching, but *working*.

"Surely I come quickly."

THERE is a Man, a glorified Man, sitting now on the throne of God in heaven—that Man is Jehovah's Fellow. To Him God the Holy Spirit has borne testimony in the Scriptures; to Him He calls the sinner's attention; to Him He guides the eye of faith of each believer, and there He will fix it, for He, the only begotten Son of the Father, is the sole One on whom, and in whose life and work as Saviour, God, even the Father, can rest in complacency. In Him, and through His death, resurrection, and ascension, the sinner can now, through faith, find rest with God in His glory, and receive the free gift of the Holy Spirit.

### ETERNITY.

**T**WO summers ago I was spending a few weeks at Tunbridge Wells.

One Sunday evening I was walking out, when a lad asked me to tell him the time.

I did so, and then put this question to him, "What about *eternity*? are you prepared for *that*?"

His only answer was, "I have never thought anything about it."

Reader, have you?

What folly, what madness, to go on in this world, where death is raging on every hand, without thought as to the future. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this* the judgment."

If you, my dear reader, are unsaved, let me earnestly ask you to stop and think of your awful position. You are on the broad road that leads to destruction, and, if you die in your sins, the lake of fire will be your portion for ever. May God, in His mercy, press home on your conscience the solemn realities of eternity, and may you be led to see your lost condition, and flee for refuge to that living, blessed Saviour, at God's right hand, the One who died on the cross to put away the sins of all those who trust in Him. "He that believeth on the Son *hath everlasting life*: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the *wrath* of God *abideth* on Him." (John iii. 36.) J. M. B.

ETERNITY, Eternity,

How long art thou, Eternity?

Count the gold and silver blossoms

Spring has scattered o'er the lea,

Count the softly sounding ripples,

Sparkling in the summer sea.

Count the lightly flickering shadows

In the autumn forest glade,

Count pale Nature's scattered teardrops,

Icy gems by winter made.

Count the tiny blades that glitter

Early in the morning dew,

Count the desert sand that stretches

Under noontide's vault of blue.

Count the notes that wood-birds warble

In the evening's fading light,

Count the stars that gleam and twinkle

O'er the firmament of night.

When thy counting all is done,

Scarce eternity's begun.

Reader, pause, where wilt thou be

During thine eternity? H.



*A PILLOW WITHOUT THORNS.*

**ON** seeing that his end was fast approaching I said to him, "Are you sorry that you cast away your lying gods, by which you used to gain so much money?"

He was aroused from his lethargy, and, with tears of pleasure sparkling on his eyes, said, "Oh, no, no! can I be sorry for casting away death for life? Jesus is my rock, the fortification on which my soul takes shelter, . . . . I have been shipwrecked, but a great King from the other side of the skies sent his ambassadors with terms of peace . . . . The blood of Jesus is my foundation, Jesus gives a pillow without thorns."

A little time after I asked him if he were afraid to die.

With almost youthful energy he replied, "No, no! the canoe is on the sea, the sails are spread, she is ready for the gale. I have a good Pilot to guide, and a good haven to seclude me. My outside man and my inside man differ: let the one rot till the trumpet shall sound, but let my soul wing its way to the home of Jesus."

Truly the believer can say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 55.) Christ has died to deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage (Heb. ii. 15), and now, delivered, can look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change their vile body, and fashion it like unto His own glorious body. (Phil. iii. 20, 21.)

*CONTENTED, BUT ALL WRONG.*

**UPON** entering a train at F— station I observed the occupant of the opposite corner of the compartment, looking the picture of contentment as he sat resting on the cushions, with his feet up, puffing clouds of smoke from his pipe, with an air of lazy enjoyment.

The train moved away from the platform, and my happy and contented friend, apparently without a care in the world, suddenly discovered that he was in *the wrong train*.

Take care, my reader; you may be very happy, very comfortable, but yet on the wrong road.

The man's manner soon altered when, after his having told me where he *thought* he was going, I said, "You are in the wrong train!"

The pleasant smile and the look of contentment disappeared in a moment.

Happily for him there was a way of escape.

I told him that if he got out at the junction he could get a train which would take him to the right place.

Friend, have you discovered you are travelling to hell? If so, I rejoice to tell you there is a way of escape. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be saved." But, remember, if you refuse that way there is no other. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." And, oh, what it cost Jesus to provide this way of escape! He, the holy One, God manifest in the flesh, had not only to suffer death at the hands of men, but to endure all the just judgment of a thrice holy God against sin.

May God, in His mercy, open your eyes to see that, in spite of your happiness and contentment, you are going on to the lake of fire; and may you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved, for His name's sake.

A. J. H. B.

**BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No 17.**

- 1.—"On that day the Lord magnified Joshua in the sight of all Israel." What day?
- 2.—Show that this was the fulfilment of a promise previously made.
- 3.—What intimation have we of the season of the year when the Israelites entered Canaan?
- 4.—What was the first feast kept by them on entering the land?
- 5.—Name the first city taken by them, giving after allusions to its capture.
- 6.—What curse was pronounced by Joshua on the man who should rebuild that city? By whom and when was this realized?
- 7.—Give, in the words of a great transgressor, four successive stages in the development of a great sin.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



LEADING THE BLIND.

*SHINING AS LIGHTS.*

**S**URELY every one of the readers of "Good News" knows what a candle is, and that the use of a candle is to give light. Supposing I were to ask a poor child, "Have you ever seen a candle?"

"Yes," he would answer, "many a time."

"And what sort was it?"

"Why, it was only a farthing dip."

"And did it give a very good light?"

"No, not such a very good one, but then mother couldn't afford any better."

"Well," I ask another, "What sort of candles have you seen at your home?"

"Oh," he says, "we have two or three kinds. We have large ones in the drawing-room, then we have smaller ones for the nursery and bedrooms."

Then another child says, "And I have seen blue, and yellow, and red candles, and some little, wee candles for children to use."

There are candles of every size and colour almost, and yet they are all made for one and the same purpose, and that is—"To give light."

Do you know that every converted child ought to be a little candle, giving a bright, clear light to all around?

You would think a man foolish who bought a candle for a halfpenny, and then expected it to give as great a light as a shilling candle; but if you bought a halfpenny candle, and lit it, and put it in a dark corner, it would light up that little corner. So God does not expect children to fill or light up a great space, but if they know Jesus as their Saviour, He expects them to light up a little corner—in the nursery, in the school-room, or wherever they may be. I read of a little girl once saying to her mother, "Mother, I am quite sure Emma is converted, that she loves the Saviour."

"How do you know that?" said her mother.

"Why, mother, because she plays just like a Christian. I am sure she loves Jesus."

Here was a light shining in the play-hour.

And no doubt you all know that even in play you may give up your own likings to please another; or you may be able to read to some sick woman, or help some blind boy across a road; and in many other little ways you may show whom you are seeking to please. But, alas! there are some children who are not candles at all, and have no light. How sad this must be. God speaks of unsaved people as darkness, for if you look in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, you will find these words, "For ye were sometimes *darkness*, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light." How dreadful it must be to be darkness, to have no light in one. Let me urge any who are so to get out of it at once by faith in a living, loving Saviour, and then the same God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness at the creation of the world will shine into your hearts, and give you light; then, as we read in the eleventh chapter of Luke, verse 36, if the whole body shall be full of light, it will be "As when the *bright shining* of a candle doth give thee light."

How nice it would be if the Lord Jesus could say of each one, big or little, as He once said of John Baptist, "He was a burning and a shining light."

C. E. H.

*"PRAY ALOUD."*

**M**OTHER, come here," said little Charlie, "come close, I want you to pray."

"Well, darling, what shall I pray for," answered the mother.

"I am so sleepy," he said, as he wearily moved his little tired head, "I want you to ask Jesus to give me a little sleep; and pray aloud."

The mother knelt, and asked for the sleep her darling craved. Then, as she rose from her knees, the little fellow said, "Perhaps He will now."

Presently his eyes were gently closed in sleep for a while, but, on waking, the first uttered words were, "Mother, I lost myself" (he meant to say he had slept), "that is because you prayed for me."

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

75

## MY LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

**A**N aged woman lay dying. Soon the thread of life would be snapped, and she in eternity.

Whilst visiting her, a Christian read slowly that peace-speaking message from God, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)



The words of that visitor were indeed like cool waters to a thirsty soul, and with eagerness and earnestness she drank them in. She had been troubled about her sins, and could not find rest, but now the Word of God calmed her troubled conscience, quieting every fear.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin." Yes, that was what she needed, something that could cleanse, and cleanse from every stain.

Turning to the Christian beside her, she stretched out her withered hand saying, as

a light for a moment lit up her dimmed eyes, "Put—my—finger—upon—that—word—*all*,—I—can—meet—God—with—that."

You *must* meet God. Whether you wish it or not, sooner or later you will have to meet Him, for it is written, "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom *we have to do*." (Heb. iv. 13.) "As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." (Rom. xiv. 11, 12.)

Now grace reigns through righteousness, and if you in all your need and sin draw near, you will find the God of all grace waiting to receive and cleanse you.

God has been glorified by the death of His Son Jesus, and the message of salvation can, and does, go out fully and freely. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin," and thus fits the believer for the presence of God.

In simple faith place your finger upon that little word *all*, and, resting on the word of the living God, who cannot lie, let His praise and glory be your aim and object until the Lord Jesus comes and takes you to be for ever with Himself.

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.

## A SAVIOUR FOR SINNERS.

**B**— had a son twelve years old, called Arthur. Arthur was ill, and away from home some twenty or thirty miles at the time I speak of.

J. B— was only a farm labourer, and so it was at some considerable cost to himself that he brought his son home, in the

hope that, as there was to be some gospel preaching in the village in which he lived, he might be able to borrow a cart, and in it to bring his son under the sound of the Word of God.

But God's way was not J. B——'s way, for when the day for the preaching had come, Arthur was too ill to leave the house, which was very out of the way. J. B—— did not like to ask the servant of God to go so far, but the circumstances coming to his knowledge, a visit was paid to the lad, and opportunity was found for seeing him alone.

Arthur was a country lad, and unused to expressing his thoughts, so that it was difficult for a stranger to make much headway with him, but God had purposes of blessing for him, and soon his state of soul came out. He was a sinner, and he knew it—a convicted sinner, and he felt his danger. God was holy, he knew this, but one thing he did not know, though light as to this was about to break into his soul, and convey peace and joy by its reception.

"Arthur, do you believe that Christ died for bad people?"

"No," a *decided* no! was the answer.

"You think He died for good people?"

"Yes," was the emphatic reply.

How common is Arthur's thought to-day? How many a dear, trembling, sin-laden soul is kept from the Saviour by this device of Satan? Not bad enough to need a Saviour until convicted of sin, and when convicted too bad for the Saviour to save.

Two texts were found in Arthur's Bible, read and re-read, and taught to Arthur until he could repeat them by heart; the place being marked, and the page turned down. They were:—

"Christ died for the ungodly." (Rom. v. 6.) And, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

More was said about the grace and love of Christ in bearing our sins, and the place in which God has put the sin-bearer; and it was shown that if Christ died for *good*

people, none could get the benefit of His work, "for there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not." (Eccl. vii. 20.)

Arthur believed the Word of God, the message of salvation, and then in simple faith took firm hold of that last verse of the 3rd of John, "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life." And ere the servant of God left, both knelt on the brick floor of the cottage and thanked God for sending His Son to die for bad people.

Two days later Arthur was seen again, and there seemed good cause to think the work was of God.

Some short time after, two of those who take the place of God's servants upon earth, hearing of what had been done, visited Arthur, and told him that all he had heard was wrong, and that none could know they were saved until after the "day of judgment." Arthur, after this, never spoke of eternal things until some two months after he was first visited. He was then evidently dying, and knew it, so, calling his parents, and brothers, and sisters, round him, he told them he was going to be with Jesus, that he knew he was going to heaven, that all his sins were forgiven him for Jesus' sake, and exhorted them all to come to him there. Then he sent for the labourers in the farm-yard, and bare witness of the love of God to him, and the desire he had that they too should share it. An old saint of God writes, "Such a scene of triumph and blessing 'he had never seen before.'"

Arthur passed away that same evening to be for ever with the Saviour who died for sinners.

Reader, *you* are a sinner; Christ died for sinners, and you are invited to believe on Him. God says, "Be it known unto you. . . that through THIS MAN is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) Confess His name as Saviour, and learn to live for Him who is your Lord.

E. C.  
L.

### THE PATCH-WORK QUILT, AND SOME OF THE WORK IT DID.

**T**HIS was made of squares of printed and white calico intermingled, and on every white square was written a verse from the Bible, or a couplet from one of our best hymns. On the central square, in letters so large as to catch the careless eye, was that "faithful saying," in which is all our hope and strength—"CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS." And below it, the prayer of all prayers the sinner needs to pray: "GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME." The head border, which would be nearest the sick man's eye, and oftenest read, had the sweetest texts of promise, and love, and comfort. Amongst them could be read, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." "Come unto Me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." Would



that all our hospital and workhouse beds had such quilts as this. Who knows how much good they might do! Poor sufferers would read nothing else.

It was not long before a man, sick with pneumonia, was brought into the ward, and the new quilt was put on his bed. He noticed nothing at first, he was too ill; but when he grew better, he was often occupied with the texts.

"Handy to have them here!" he said, pointing to them as a visitor stood near him.

"You know how to value them, then?"

"I do," he answered, with heartiness.

"Do you know that verse, 'A lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path'?"

"Well, that's what the Bible is, and I've found it out down here."

After he had left, many were seen studying the quilt—almost all who lay beneath it. One poor fellow, who had tossed in pain and feverishness for several days, caught sight of the words, "And I will give you rest."

"Rest! Where can I get it?" he asked. "Tell me how to get rest!"

"Did you never hear of the way?—never hear of Jesus?"

"Tell me again—and as you would a child."



I told him, as I would a child, the story of the cross.

"Is that verse here?"

I showed it to him on the quilt.

"I'll keep it before me. Oh, for rest! A little rest!" he groaned again.

Not long—and he found it: found peace in believing, and left his hospital-bed happier than he had ever been before.

Another pointed out a verse to a sufferer. It was, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

"I am no more worthy," he whispered.

Putting his finger on the next white block, the visitor read aloud, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

A few days after, when he had grown much stronger, he held up the text which had been shown him; "I was a great way off," he said, "but He has met me, and had compassion on me. The Saviour's love fills me with peace."

Remarkably enough, this prodigal was the son of the friend who had sent the quilt for use in the hospital. Joy indeed it was to that mother, to hear how her lost boy was found. And this is, perhaps, only a small part of the work which that quilt has done, and still is doing. Who can say to how many aching, troubled hearts its words have carried peace and joy? Already the donor has reaped a reward for her labour; and how many there may be meet her by-and-by, who received blessing, and perhaps salvation, through those words of life printed on the squares of that calico sheet.

Many are the ways in which young Christians can serve their Lord and Master. Our time of labour is short. Soon, very soon the One for Whom we wait will return, and take His people to be with Himself for ever; ending thus the present time of their service. Let us not miss the opportunity given us, but be always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.

### NOW OR NEVER.



**A**DARING man, who was accustomed to get his living by collecting birds' eggs in a very mountainous district, one day discovered a large nest on a rocky ledge, some distance down a steep and dangerous cliff.

He fixed his stake in the ground at the top, and succeeded in letting himself down opposite the ledge, but, in order to reach it, and gain a footing, he had to swing himself right under the overhanging cliff, and give a spring.

He managed to gain the ledge safely, but in his eagerness forgot for a moment the rope, which slipped out of his grasp, and swung right out of reach.

In another instant he saw his danger, and realized that unless he at once caught the rope, as it swung towards him, he would be lost, because each time the rope came, its approach would be less near than before. He gave one good spring, caught the rope as it swung towards him, and was *saved*.

Is not this a word for you, my reader? The Gospel is like the rope, and, whether you know it or not, you are in quite as dangerous a position as that man was. Every time you hear the preaching of the glad tidings of the death and resurrection of Christ, or attend Sunday-school, the Gospel rope is swung within your reach again, and it is for you to take hold of it at once, to avail yourself of the escape from the awful wrath and judgment, to come while you may.

Every swing of the rope was further from the man, and, unless he had promptly availed himself of the **NOW**, it might have been **NEVER**.

Dear reader, the rope is swung towards you again, salvation is offered you once more. Jesus says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," and *if you come He will not turn you away*. Do not delay, but come at once. He is waiting to receive. Now is the day of salvation.

H. S. H.



*THE CHILD'S NEED MET.*

**I**N the house of a medical man, residing in a village near London, a little child, between five and seven years of age, his eldest daughter, was lying apparently very near death. For many weeks her delicate frame had been racked by nervous fever; and her unceasing restlessness, and inability to take food, or to get sleep, had worn her to almost a skeleton, whilst the mother, who had hitherto nursed her devotedly, was ill in an adjoining room. Before she left her suffering child, however, she had taken a solemn leave of her. The child was almost too ill that night to realize what it meant, but as time went on the fact became more apparent to her that she was indeed on the very threshold of eternity, and a great fear took possession of her mind, the fear caused by a guilty conscience. She, who had always been considered a remarkably truthful child, had said something not quite true about a pinafore, and she dared not meet God with this *unconfessed* and *unforgiven* sin on her soul.

In vain her aunt, who was as a second mother to her, and the nurse to whom she now told all about it, assured her that it was a trifling matter, and that she had always been a good and obedient child. No peace or rest did these assurances give her.

At last, in compliance with her piteous cry, "Take me to mamma," the apparently dying child was carried into her mother's room, and laid on the bed beside her; and ill and weak as that mother was, she was made the happy instrument of showing her darling child that it was just for such as herself, for those who were groaning under the burden of sin, that Jesus died. She talked and prayed with the little one, commended her to the pardoning love of God, once again kissed her, and bade her farewell.

From that day a new era dawned in the life of that little girl. She realized, as she had never done before, that Christ had borne away her sins, and died, the just for the unjust, that He might bring her to God, and that by the shedding of His blood on the

Cross, God was now just, and the Justifier of him that believeth on Jesus.

Very gradually her health began to improve, and when it was once more restored to her—though never again so fully as before—she longed to go abroad to tell the heathen of the love of Jesus, and what He had done for her. But God had other work for His child, and though He only called her to witness for Him in the quiet routine of domestic life, He yet tested her faith by allowing such trials to beset her path, from early womanhood to advanced middle life, as only His sustaining grace could have enabled her to pass through.

And now, in looking back on more than fifty years since that eventful illness, she can praise the Lord, that He conferred on her the "gift of suffering," which has enabled her, in a way she could never otherwise have done, to comfort and encourage others with the comfort wherewith she herself has been comforted of God.

*Messages to the Little Ones.**LITTLE NELL.*

**O**NE Lord's day afternoon, when our class was assembling for the Bible reading, or "weekly talk about Jesus," as one of the girls called it, a new scholar was brought in;—a fair child of eleven, with rosy cheeks, and a happy smile. She soon made friends with all, and was known only as "Little Nell."

After seeing her for some weeks, her teacher kept her behind the other children one day, and found that the child she had learned to love was unsaved.

"How can a little girl understand enough, teacher? There's plenty of time yet. I *can't* trust Jesus Christ until I get older." And the bright look always vanished when spoken to earnestly about her danger.

Four months later "little Nell's" mother lay dying, and with her last breath begged her child to open her heart's door, and let the Saviour in, but "little Nell" still held out, and would not heed His voice.

Two years slipped away. "Little Nell,"

growing a tall lassie, was in service in London.

One day her teacher had a letter from her, in which she said, "I am not well, and always feel so very tired, and besides that I am unhappy. I *do* want to belong to Christ. If only my *name* was in the Bible I should be quite *sure* Jesus loved *me*, and died for *me*, but I can't believe I may come. Do pray for 'little Nell.'"

One morning a short note came from Nell, asking her teacher to call on her at once.

Down by a canal, with chilly, damp air filling a tiny room, sat "little Nell," little no longer. Though her cheeks were rosy, and her eyes bright, the bloom was not that of health; no, one glance was enough to show that her days on earth were numbered.

"Teacher, doctor says I'm very ill, and that I must go to the hospital, but I am not a bit afraid to go there, for I have opened my heart to Jesus, and let Him in."

"Did you find your name in the Bible then, after all?"

"Yes, teacher," said Nell, and a happy light shone in her eyes, "it *is* there. I knew my sins were great, and I so longed to be at rest and peace, and then one night that text came to me with new meaning, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' I *believed it*; and say it over and over when Satan tells me I am a sinner."

In a ward of the V— Hospital were four beds. In one of these lay "little Nell."

"Just fourteen, teacher, dear. I'm young to go, am I not? But I'm *so* ready. Just read about the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and ask Jesus Christ to look after me very carefully; and then I want to go to sleep. Isn't He kind to let me know so well that He loves me? Good-bye; nurse says I may be home by morning."

"Little Nell" was right. Before sunrise her weary body was at rest, and her spirit had fled to Him who gave it.

Children, do not wait till you are better, or older, or wiser, but let Christ, who so willingly offered Himself a sacrifice for sinners, have your love, your life, your all, while you are young.

T. E. L.

### ALL HAVE SINNED!



I WANT to tell you of a little incident which occurred in my Sunday-school class, some two or three years ago.

I had in the class a bright little Irish lad, and, one afternoon, I was telling my boys there was not a man, however good and holy, who had not sinned.

When I had finished saying that "*all* had sinned," the little Irish lad muttered to himself, "*Except the Pope.*"

But I caught what he said, and turning round to him, said, "*Do you believe the Bible, Mick?*"

He answered, "*Yes, sir, every word of it.*"

Then turning in my Bible to the 3rd chapter of the epistle to the Romans, and the 23rd verse, I told him to read the first four words, which say, "*For all have sinned.*"

He did so, upon which I said, "*Then all have sinned, Mick.*"

Again he muttered, "*Except the Pope.*"

I again pressed him as to whether he *thoroughly* believed every word of the Bible, and then made him read Rom. iii. 23 again.

He looked up with an intelligent smile, saying, "*Then the Pope has sinned.*"

God had shown this little Irish boy, through His own Word, that *all* had sinned, even the Pope, but also, what was more important to himself, that *he* had sinned.

*All* my little readers, whether they feel it, or know it, or not, "have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

### QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.

- 1.—What does God say *in* His own Word of His own Word?
- 2.—Who is called the Word?
- 3.—Where?
- 4.—Write the passage.
- 5.—Write every verse which speaks of the "WORD" in the 119th Psalm.

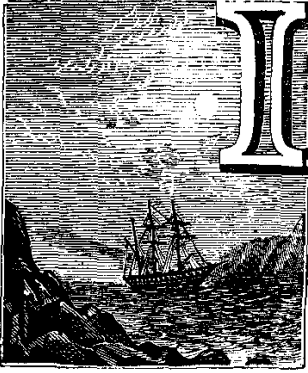
Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# SCATTERED SEED.

## ONE OF CHRIST'S FOLLOWERS.



**I**N my morning's reading were these words, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me."

What words they are—how few can read them without a pang of self-reproach!

But I will not record the reflections that occupied my mind as I stopped to ponder over them, but will tell you of one who did leave all to follow Christ, who took up his cross, and proved by his conduct that he loved his Saviour better than father, mother, or friends.

David Margoschi was a Polish Jew. His countenance is before me now, pale and intelligent-looking, full of peace, notwithstanding an habitual touch of sadness, which showed there was some secret sorrow, some cross to be borne with patient submission. His thoughtful blue eyes seemed hardly to belong to a foreign land, but there was the peculiar expression about the mouth not to be mistaken by the observers of physiognomy, who can distinguish in a moment, by their form and movement, lips used to give utterance to a foreign tongue.

Margoschi was a trader in jewellery and other wares; his family was wealthy, and he himself, in his frequent visits to England, was acquiring means, which he looked forward to spending among his friends in his own dear country, Poland.

During one of his journeys through our land of light and liberty he found the true

source of blessing was Christ Jesus, and so completely did He captivate the heart of Margoschi, that he resolved to give up every thing to follow Christ.

The price was high—home, country, friends, domestic happiness, earthly prospects, all were to be given up. But he had deliberately counted the cost, and was resolved to leave all and follow Christ.

He spoke in animated language of the peace and happiness he had enjoyed since he had found the way of salvation, but, when he mentioned the friends whom he was never to see any more, his voice shook, his lips quivered, and the colour forsook his face.

"Yes," he said, "I was very dear to my family once, but now I am dead to them, worse than dead, disgraced. In my country, when they hear of a Jew becoming a Christian, his family and relations gather together and perform the same rites as for the dead. A large wax taper is lighted, and kept constantly burning for ten days. The company sit on the ground, without shoes, uttering lamentations, and cutting their garments. The females of the house wear a black mantle for a year; and the name of the disgraced person is never afterwards mentioned. If by accident it escape any of the family, all who happen to be within hearing are bound to pronounce a solemn curse. This is the way with mine now in the place where I expected to end my days, where I used to always find a welcome after my long journeys in distant lands."

He turned away as he spoke, to hide the rising tear which betrayed too well the depth and acuteness of his feelings.

"You have no idea," continued Margoschi, "of the horror with which Christianity is regarded among my Jewish countrymen. They know nothing of the teaching of the New Testament, as practised in these countries. They judge of it only by seeing the idolatrous rites of popery, the image-

worship and mummery of every kind that goes on around them. In their opinion heathenism is far preferable."

David Margoschi had preserved many relics of his connection with Judaism. He showed us the piece of cloth, about a quarter of a yard square, edged with a broad blue fringe, one of which he had constantly worn, night and day, from his earliest childhood until he became a Christian.

This is worn on the breast, under the other clothes, and is intended to represent the fringes in the borders of the Israelites' garments, which the Lord directed them to wear.

The original design of these, however, seems to be lost sight of by the modern descendants of Abraham in Poland, "for," said David, "in my country every Jew wears this as a talisman. He thinks no devil or wicked spirit can come near him when he has it on, thus substituting a superstition for the Divine purpose, "That ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them; and that ye seek not after your own heart and your own eyes." The mode in which the phylacteries (which he also showed us) are worn, seems equally little calculated to effect their original object of recalling the precepts of the law, for these, which are beautifully written on strips of parchment, are folded and enclosed in a little box about an inch square, carefully sewed up on all sides.

David Margoschi's Hebrew prayer-book was in my possession for some time. A translation was interleaved, and it had a curious effect on an unlearned person like myself. Page one began at the end of the volume, and two hundred at the commencement. The blank leaves were full of the owner's writing. There were Hebrew and German hymns, and many fragments of poetry, and expressions breathing the most ardent love to his country and friends, which afforded a touching testimony to the painful effort it must have cost the poor fellow to give them up. His love to the Saviour Whom he had found must have been indeed great to bear him through

such a struggle, and enable him to come off victorious.

It made a deep impression upon me at the time, and the verse in the Bible which gave rise to this morning's meditations never fails to recall his case to my mind. He was truly a striking example of the power of the Holy Spirit in subduing natural affections, or, rather, in shedding abroad the love of God so powerfully in the heart as to overcome the strongest instincts of nature.

History, as well as Scripture, affords us many instances of this.

It is recorded of a poor weaver of Shore-ditch, in the reign of Queen Mary, named Thomas Tomkins, that his persevering denial of the real presence in the Sacrament, so incensed Bishop Bonner as to cause him to hold the man's hand in the flames until it was consumed. Tomkins afterwards told a friend, that while his hand was being burnt his mind was so wonderfully sustained that he felt no pain, not even when the veins and sinews began to shrink; nor when the blood gushed out upon one Harpsfield, who stood by, did he wince or stir from his firm position.

But what is bodily torture compared to the agony of having, for Christ's sake, to break through those fond and tender ties that have wound themselves into our inmost hearts, growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength, from earliest childhood?

This is a cross that many, many Christians have to bear. Their foes are of their own household. Those who are near and dear to them regard their change of heart and life with consternation, and with surprise and dismay see them turning into a new path. Alone in his family, the follower of Christ has often to tread that path, and struggle with the bitter feeling that he is wounding those over whom his heart yearns with the fondest affection, frustrating, perhaps, the cherished hopes and schemes of worldly advancement, which have cost affectionate parents years of toil.

C.

*SERVICE.*

THRICE happy he who serveth  
 The Lord with heart and soul !  
 Whose purpose never swerveth,  
 Who loves the Lord's control.  
 With single eye, unfearing,—  
 With simple, child-like faith—  
 The Master's accents hearing,  
 He doth "whate'er He saith."

*THE ACCEPTED INVITATION.*

**A** SERVANT of the Lord was preaching the gospel in a small village one Christmas evening, having for his subject Luke xiv. 15, &c. In order to make it clear and simple, he alluded to the many feasts that had taken place that day, not one of which could be compared with the rich provision God had made for the salvation of poor, lost sinners. "And yet," said he, "you will not accept His invitation. The table is spread, the seats are ready, but they remain empty ; even though the love of God is compelling men, they do not care to come."

A labouring man, who had been listening to what was said, here suddenly interrupted, and startled the preacher by standing up and exclaiming aloud, "Lord, I'll take one on 'em."

On being spoken to, after the meeting, he confessed Christ, and left the room a saved soul.

When he reached home that night he awoke his children, and brought them downstairs. He told them that God had saved him, and that now he was going to ask Him to save them too.

This prayer was answered. Since that memorable evening his wife and children have all accepted God's invitation.

Some of them are already with the Lord ; the others, whilst waiting for God's Son from heaven, are rejoicing in the knowledge of being guests at the supper which God's grace has provided.

E. C. T.

*"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT."*

**A** SHORT time since I heard of one of the Lord's people visiting a dear, aged Christian who had been confined to her room for many years.

"I went, thinking to minister to her," he said, "but before I had been in her company long I found that I was being ministered to by her."

Upon inquiring how long she had been ill, her visitor received the following reply :

"It is now fifty years since I crossed the threshold of this room. When I was but sixteen years old, I had an illness from which I never recovered. For over forty years I have been confined to my bed, but I can say, 'It is all well.' I would not have *one* circumstance altered, I would have nothing changed if I could. The Lord has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and it is."

Her means were very scanty, and she was wholly dependent upon a kind neighbour, who came in occasionally during the day to attend to her.

At times she was so weak that she could not turn herself in bed, and there she would lie, hour after hour, alone with the Lord, enjoying sweet communion with Himself.

Like the poor woman in the garret, she could say—

"I have Christ,  
 What want I more ?"

He is indeed sufficient to meet and satisfy every need—every longing of our souls. To those who have not yet found in Him a Saviour, He says, "Come unto Me." He is ready and willing to save them. And to those of us who, through His grace, have believed and have come to Him, He is everything. He "of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption : that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (1 Cor. i. 30, 31.)

"Jesus, Thou art enough  
 The mind and heart to fill."

E. C. T.

*Notes of an Address.*

**I** WANT to shew you that One has been here Who knew all about man, and all about God. There is nothing to come out but what He knows.

In Acts xiii. man's badness is brought out. You get there two fulfillings of Scripture. Man fulfilled it in condemning Christ, God in sending Him; as if God had said, I knew what you would do, I will write it down by My prophets, even to piercing His hands, and casting lots upon His vesture; I know the very worst about you, but in spite of your badness, I will shew you My goodness. It is the goodness of God that melts the heart.

The Lord not only knew what was in man, but He knew what was in God. (John iii. 16.) "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." You get a wonderful contrast to this in the Old Testament, shewing the difference between man and God.

In the Old Testament, God said, I want you to give me something. (Lev. xxvii. 32.) "And concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord. He shall not search it whether it be good or bad, neither shall He change it." Why does God add that? Because He knew their hearts. He had given them a good land that they had not to pay a penny rent for, a year's holiday every seven years, and an extra year every fiftieth year; and now He says, I want you to give me the tenth. But perhaps a man would go through his oxen, the tenth might be a very good one, and he might say, I will change it for that little, mean, scraggy thing, and give that to the Lord.

Again in Deut. xv. 19., "All the firstling males that come of thy herd and of thy flock, thou shalt sanctify unto the Lord thy God: thou shalt do no work with the firstling of thy bullock, nor shear the firstling of

thy sheep." Why was this? The man might say, If I have to give God the firstling I will work it well first, and if I cannot work a sheep I will shear it, at any rate. I will give God as little as possible. How different God was. God had one Son, but He gave that only begotten Son. That is what God is; and He gave that Son in the full knowledge of what we were.

"And couldst Thou be delighted  
With creatures such as we,  
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted  
And nailed Thee to a tree?  
Unfathomable wonder,  
And mystery divine;  
The voice that speaks in thunder,  
Says, Sinner, I am thine."

The Lord says—I came down from heaven on your account, and laid Myself down upon the altar. The Son of man must be lifted up if you are not to be sent to hell. John iii. 16 is like a rainbow, only a rainbow begins with earth, goes up to heaven, and back to earth again; and this is just the other way, it begins with the heart of God, puts away the sinner's sin, and takes him back to God. It begins with the heart of God, comes down to the wretched haunts of men, and then goes back to His own glory. God's Gospel does not stop short of that. He knew the world as no one else can know it, and yet He gave His Son. That is the kind of Friend you reject, that is the Saviour you are setting your heart against.

Not only does the Lord know what God is. (John vii. 29.) "I know Him: for I am from Him, and He hath sent me." He was with the Father before the world was, and He came to express God's feelings to the world. Did He do it? Turn to John iv. He was weary with His journey. He had come all the way from Judæa, and He waits on the well to meet a poor wretched woman. She was surprised at His having anything to say to her. At last the Lord puts His finger on her conscience. A little thing sometimes opens out the heart.

With the widow at Zarephath, when her son was dead, her sin came to her remem-

brance. Poverty had not done it, not even when death stared her in the face. Have you ever been brought to desperate straits, but nothing has reached you? God took away her son; then she says, "O thou man of God, art thou come unto me to call my sin to my remembrance, and to slay my son? We are not told what the sin was. It would be a solemn thing if God had to take your child or your husband! God means to have you. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." It is a blessed truth; but do not you resist Him. He has a mighty hand, and a loving heart; yield to Him.

The Lord bids this poor woman call her husband. She says, I have not got one. She tells the truth in a way—tells the truth to cover the truth. How can she call her husband if she has not one. The Lord comes nearer. "Thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband." I know all about you; your very answer is intended to cover your crime; you are acting a lie in telling the truth.

This woman soon became at home in His company. She says to the men, "Come, see a man," &c.; not, Go—not, He knows all about me, I have had enough of Him, I will keep away from Him; but, He knows all my worst actions. "Come, see a man that told me all that ever I did." The gospel lets us know that God knows all about us, in order that we may know all about Him. He cannot trust us, but we can trust Him. I like to connect the last two verses of Luke xiv. with Luke xv.: "Salt is good: but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill; but men cast it out." Many apply this to Christians.

"The salt may lose its seasoning power,  
And never find it more."

Do not apply this to Christians. "It can never get it again; it cannot be restored. There is nothing to be expected from it; it is useless." That is what man is. Nothing good can come out if there is no good

within. Then the publicans and sinners drew near to him. God expects nothing *from* you, but there is no kindness but what God give can you. "Have faith in God." God does not expect from man, but man may expect from God. God is not now demanding, but seeking to give.

In John iv. we see that the Lord knows our badness; in John v. He knows our weakness, and that is a great comfort.

Chapter v. 6.—"When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case." What was he doing? Trying the means of grace. He had been trying all these years, and had failed. Why? It is a picture of law. The worse the man is, the less likely he is to get the blessing; but the worst man has the best title to the grace of God. A young man who has only crushed his finger comes; he waits until he sees the water move, and then bounds in before this poor man has had time to leave his couch. He gets the blessing, but that shuts every one else out. It is not so with the gospel. What have you been doing? Have you been trying to lead a good life, but have never felt that you are good enough, worthy to say you are saved? You are constantly breaking down, and so you will be to the end. What Another has done, saves; the work was done by Christ. I will give you the gospel in a small compass:—

Jesus did it. God says it. I believe it.

Did Jesus do it well? Certainly.

Did God say the truth? Certainly.

Now reverse it. I believe it (because I feel it?) No, no, I believe it because God says it. Jesus did it on the cross; God says it in His Word; I believe it in my poor, aching heart. Not you doing anything—you are too weak and wicked—but the Lord saying, I am come to show you My goodness, to do the work for you. He bore our curse, our sins on the tree. "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." There is the gospel again in twice-three words, "He was wounded—we are



healed." There is the story, praise His name! It is what He is, and what He has done. "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

Now, one thing more the Lord knows. (John vi. 64.) "But there are some of you that believe not," in spite of it all. Perhaps you are reading your last message of grace. "For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray Him." He knew it, He knew *your* heart, He knew *God's* heart, and yet is it possible that my reader is one of those of whom the Lord said, I knew he would not be saved, I knew he would remain an unbeliever. May He give you to ask, "Is it I?"

You may have lived a respectable life, and yet have refused Him. The One who will judge you is the very One who died for sinners on the tree. Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. (John iii. 15.) May that be your happy portion throughout eternity.

#### THE OLD MAN'S PLACE OF REST.

**I**N the waiting room of — Station, were a young man and an old man.

"How old are you?" asked the younger.

The venerable old man leaned on the top of his staff as he replied, "I am eighty-two."

"Great changes have taken place since you were a boy?"

"Oh, yes!"

I said, "Friend, many a one has passed out of time into eternity since then. Your turn must soon come; and how is it with you, should you be called to-night into eternity?"

"It is all right," he replied.

"There are many to-day that say it is all right, but they have no foundation. What are you resting on, my friend?"

The dear old man raised up his head as he said, "I am just resting on the finished work of Jesus."

"Yes," replied I, "it is a finished work; nothing for you to do. You are just waiting for the Lord to come and take you home, according to His own Word to His disciples when He was here (John xiv. 3), 'I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.'"

Now, my dear friend, whoever you are, of whatever age you may be, I ask you, Is the finished work of Christ what you rest on? Nothing short of His work will avail you. May the dear old man's foundation be yours, even the finished work of Jesus.

D. K.

#### Grains from the Seed Basket.

SELECTED.

ALL believers are in the same *condition* before God of sanctification; but their practical measure may vary to any conceivable degree. The condition arises out of our *being brought* nigh to God by the blood of the cross; the practical measure will depend upon our *keeping* nigh by the power of the Spirit.

"Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." "He (the Holy Ghost) shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." The blood of Jesus opens the door; the Holy Ghost conducts us through the house. The blood of Jesus opens the casket; the Holy Ghost unfolds the precious contents. The blood of Jesus makes the casket ours; the Holy Ghost enables us to appreciate its rare and costly gems.

THE glory of the face of Jesus, a Man on high, is the proof that all the sins of those who behold it are blotted out; for He who is there bore them all before He ascended, and He needed to put them all away in order to enter into that glory. We contemplate that glory by the Spirit, who has been given us in virtue of Christ's having ascended into it. We gaze upon it with joy, we love to behold it; each ray that we see is the proof that in the eyes of God our sins are no more.

## 2 COR. VIII. 9.

MAY it ever be our joy to feed upon the precious grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which we have been made rich for time and for eternity. He emptied Himself of all that love could give, that we might be filled. He stripped Himself that we might be clothed. He died that we might live. He, in the greatness of His grace, travelled down from the heights of divine wealth into the depth of human poverty, in order that we might be raised from the dunghill of nature's ruin, to take our place amid the princes of His people for ever. Oh! that the sense of this grace, wrought in our hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost, may constrain us to a more unreserved surrender of ourselves to Him, to whom we owe our present and everlasting felicity, our riches, our life, our all.

## THE COMING JUDGMENT.



WITH what awful distinctness the Spirit of God has, in Gen. xviii., xix., chronicled the destruction of Sodom. Slowly but surely, step by step, the judgment approached, until it burst in irresistible fury upon the sinful city.

In v. 16, the angels of judgment rise up from Abraham's tent, and look toward Sodom. The guilty people are marked out for judgment, but they are unconscious of that terrible gaze.

In v. 22, the angels go toward Sodom. The judgment draws near; the feet of the destroyers slowly yet surely approach the city gate, but the doomed inhabitants are altogether ignorant of their fate.

At even the angels enter the city. Sodom's day of grace is over; the ministers of God's vengeance are in their very midst, but no alarm or anxious thought disturbs their delusive peace.

To Lot the angels declare their awful mission: "*We will destroy this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Lord; and the Lord hath sent us to destroy it.*" (Chapter xix. v. 13)

Early on a fair sunny morning God's judgment came. The sun had risen in all its accustomed splendour; the busy hum of human life was heard, mingled with the careless laugh and the merry jest. Sin stalked through the city, hideous, uncovered, and unrebuked.

The angels take lingering Lot by the hand, and lead him and his outside the city. But every warning word and sign is lost upon the blinded Sodomites; no foreboding of evil has seized upon them; they listen contentedly to Satan's lying tale of peace and safety.

"*Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and He overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grow upon the ground.*" (vv. 24, 25.)

Men cannot sin against God with impunity. He lingers long in patient grace ere He judges; but when the judgment comes, who can stand?

Once again is this earth to be the scene and witness of God's judgment of sinners, but this time it will be, not a city, but a world of sinners, and the judgment is not only threatened, but the day of its coming is fixed.

God "*hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained.*" (Acts xvii. 31.)

There, in the Eternal Word of the Eternal God, is inscribed the awful fact that this world is marked out for judgment. Time is swiftly carrying it onward towards the moment when the storm will burst. There will be no change in the appointment of God, no alteration of the day of Assize.

THE JUDGMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

THE DAY IS FIXED.

THE JUDGE IS APPOINTED.

Yet people abound who laugh to scorn the thought of judgment presently checking the sinful progress of this world. Imitators are they of the sons of Lot, who regarded

their father as one that mocked when he warned them of the coming destruction. But the destruction came, and not one escaped the fiery storm. NOT ONE! Neither the *ignorance* of the mass, nor the *unbelief* of the few, saved them, they *all* perished, *and that for ever*. Jude tells us they are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.

SET FORTH FOR AN EXAMPLE.

For whom? For *you*, my reader. The living God has recorded in His Word the awful fate of Sodom as a warning for *you*, in order that *you* may escape the judgment of eternal fire.

Will you heed the warning? Do you desire a shelter, a place of safety? JESUS is the only shelter, the only Saviour from the coming wrath. He died to save you from the judgment, the torment of the burning lake.

As you love your soul, Christless reader, we urge you to flee this instant to Him. Storm clouds, black with wrath, are already visible to Faith's eye above the world's horizon. The appointed day draws nigh, the Judge standeth before the door. (James v. 9.) The devil's lullaby of peace will soon be drowned in the death shriek of a lost world. Swiftly is the day of grace drawing to a close, its *eve* is here, and the darkening shadows bid thee seek instant shelter ere the *night* is here.

Even as Lot was conducted out of Sodom by the angels to a place of safety, before the storm burst, so will the Lord descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, catch up from the graves, and out of the world, His blood-bought people, and then—THEN will the judgment come, from which no Christ rejecter or neglecter will escape. (1 Thess. iv. ; 2 Thess. i.)

The world regards the prophecy of the coming judgment as an idle tale, a dream of fools. Reader, as sure as thou art living at this moment, so surely will God's threatened judgment come, and if thou art

not safe in Christ, that judgment will sweep thee into an eternal hell.

Christless reader, in love for your perishing soul we take you, as it were, by the arm, and shout in your ear that you are sleeping on the brink of a lost eternity.

Awake! awake! that storm of wrath which God has threatened is about to burst, and you are not ready for it, you are not under shelter. Christ is the only Shelter, and you are yet a stranger to Him.

Wilt thou be saved? Oh, pity thyself, dear soul, thy sins are written in God's book, and His judgment against sin is advancing swiftly, it is even now at the very door. Escape for thy life! Flee, flee this instant to that Saviour Who, in wondrous grace, still stands with open arms to receive and save all who flee to Him. He encourages thee to come. To such as thou art, those words of love were said, "Come unto *Me*," and, "Him that cometh to *Me* I will in no wise cast out."

W. H. S.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 18.

- 1.—State, in the exact words of Scripture, the secret of the failure of the elders of Israel in their treatment of the Gibeonites.
- 2.—Show, from after allusions to these people, that a league formally ratified ought not to be broken.
- 3.—State what was said of Caleb (*a*) during the lifetime of Moses, and (*b*) after his death.
- 4.—Give, in a very few words, (Caleb's own) the secret of his success.
- 5.—Mention the names of his father, daughter, and son-in-law. What valiant deed is recorded of the latter?
- 6.—Give the age of Joshua at his death; also name his place of burial.
- 7.—In his farewell address to Israel Joshua states historical facts. Mention them.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.



AT THE GROCER'S.

*MY LETTER.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

**I**N a little grocer's shop, at which a gentleman, whom I knew, sometimes called to purchase fruit, was a piece of card that attracted his attention, as doubtless the attention of many.

It was tacked up immediately behind the counter, where all could see it, and printed in bold characters upon it were the two simple words,

**"NO TRUST."**

The shopkeeper had found that he must not give credit. No doubt he had proved that his customers were not all honest people, and that it was needful to do a "ready-money" business.

Those words often come before my mind now: "No trust!" No trust in man. And yet how many, who could not trust their neighbours, trust themselves; but God, who knows the hearts of *all*, has written, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man." (Jer. xvii. 5). And again, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." (Prov. xxviii. 26.)

Alas! there are numbers of people, young and old, who have plenty of trust in themselves. They are trusting in their works or prayers, their morality and uprightness, and have not learned that "the heart of man,"—their heart, my heart and your heart, young reader,—*"is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;"* and known only to the Lord. (Jer. xvii. 9.)

Yes! I fear many of my young readers have trust in self; in their promises of turning over a new leaf by-and-by; and trust too in the whispered words of the soul-deceiver, soul-destroyer, the Devil, who says, "There's plenty of time yet."

How many there are who have NO TRUST in God. He has, in His love, given His own dear Son to die for sinners, and yet they do not trust Him. He has raised from the dead the Lord Jesus, and glorified Him; and now sends out His servants to tell of the value of the precious blood shed upon

Calvary, that whosoever will may come; but how few there are who seem to avail themselves of the proffered forgiveness and salvation.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord. His Word can never, never fail, and the one who has confidence in the Lord is kept in perfect peace: he is able to say—

"All the work has been done, I believe on God's Son, I am saved through the blood of the crucified One."

Such a one not only knows that his sins are forgiven, and that he is saved, but he knows too that he has a home and an inheritance in the glory of God, *with Him* whose precious blood has purged and purchased Him. (Acts xxvi. 18.)

May you be found among these blessed ones.

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.

*THE SPOONFUL OF SNOW.*

**A** CHRISTIAN mother lay dying.

The snow had fallen fast and thick, and lay in little drifts against the window-panes; and, as she lay, she turned her feeble gaze upon the glistening sight.

Her husband was watching by her bedside, tending with careful diligence his much-loved wife.

"Will you open that window, and get a spoonful of that newly-fallen snow?" she quietly asked.

He complied with her wish, but without knowing the object of it.

Looking upon the snow, the mother requested that her three children might be gathered around her.

This being done, she asked the eldest if she knew anything whiter than snow.

"No, nothing *whiter* than snow," said the child, with some surprise.

"Then let me tell you, dear, that your own mother has been made even whiter than snow, through the precious blood of Jesus."

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." (Ps. li. 7.)

## AN AGED CHRISTIAN'S MESSAGE.



Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

In writing to you once more at this season, I know of nothing better to relate than an incident of which I lately heard. It can scarcely be forgotten, and I think you will say that it is worth remembering as long as you live:—

An old woman, residing in a certain district of Lancashire, during the fearful distress there, of which all the country heard, found her little means getting less and less, until the pressure grew too great for her to bear. In her sore poverty she resolved to pack up the few things she had left, and go to Preston, where she had a married daughter, with whom she might live. She went to take leave of the minister whose preaching she attended, and he tried to persuade her to remain in hope of better times, adding that perhaps her daughter might be worse off than herself. As, however, she was determined to go, the minister kindly gave her the amount of her fare to Preston, and half-a-crown besides. With many thanks she said "Good-bye," and soon after departed on her journey.

When she reached Preston Station, a crowd of boys surrounded her, begging to carry her box, which she refused, as all the money now left in her purse was a half-a-crown and three pennies. One poor lad

besought her piteously to let him take it for her, adding, "I will carry it to any part of the town for two-pence; *do* let me, for it is the only way I can get a bit of bread, and we're *starving* at home."



Poor as the old woman was this appeal was enough. The lad at once shouldered her box, and followed her to a humble part of the town, where she knocked at the door of one of the houses, and, after waiting a while without an answer, she found it was locked.

Supposing her daughter might be out on some errand, she desired the boy to put down the box, and, after paying him for his services, seated herself on it by the door to await her daughter's return.

The latter, when she came, finding her mother had come to settle with her, burst into a lamentation, "O! why have you come, for we are starving? I have been out trying to get a morsel for the children, and I cannot. What can we do?"

Her mother calmed her a little, and begged her to open the door.

"Let us go in, anyhow. I have a half-a-crown in my pocket, and you can take that and buy some-

thing for the children, and that will carry us over to-morrow, at any rate."

They entered, and the old woman drew forth her purse to take out the half-a-crown, when, to her dismay, she found she had paid it to the boy, in the dim light of the evening, in mistake for a penny.



This was too much to bear, and both the women sank down and cried long and bitterly.

The mother, however, was a true Christian, and her faith rose triumphant over all.

"Well," said she, "never mind, we have *two-pence left*, and let us be thankful to God for *that*, and for a roof above our heads. You take it, it will buy bread for you and the children to-night; and I will go to bed, for I shan't want anything; and let us hope that God will provide for to-morrow when it comes."

So that night passed. With the early morn came a tap at the door, which the daughter opened.

A boy stood there, and asked, "Didn't I bring a box here for an old woman last night?"

"Yes, you did."

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs."

"Then tell her to come down, for I want to see her."

Soon she was there.

"Missus, do you know you gave me half-a-crown last night instead of a penny? Because you did, and I have brought it back again. Here it is."

"Yes, my lad, I did, and I am very much obliged to you for bringing it back. But I want to know how you came to do so, for I thought you told me you were starving at home."

"*Yes, we are very badly off*," said the boy, brightening up as he spoke, "but I go to Sunday school, and *I love Jesus, and I couldn't be dishonest*."

What an answer. Would it have been yours, my dear young friend, had you been in the place of this little boy? Is it yours in the temptations of daily life? Do you find your heart saying, "*I love Jesus*, and I could not neglect my lessons, could not loiter away my time, could not disobey my parents, could not keep improper company, could not seek pleasure in the world?"

May the love of Jesus thus fill all our hearts.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the above account being given at a Sunday-school in Australia, money was subscribed to the amount of five pounds, and sent through a proper channel to Preston as a present to the little boy. So he lost nothing even here in the end for his love to Jesus.

Yours affectionately,

W. T.

### THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

**I**T was in the month of July, 1689, that the people of Londonderry, who had been besieged for about three months, looking down the river, saw the white sails of the fleet which had been sent to relieve them; but hope had sunk in their bosoms, for the enemy had built a large boom across the river, that seemed as if it would effectually prevent any attempt at succour. Day after day passed thus, when, one morning, there was a stir in the camp of the besiegers, caused by the news that three ships were coming up the river.

The captain of one of them, in his pity for the people of the city, had volunteered to steer his vessel at the boom in the hope of breaking a passage through. Another captain volunteered to follow; and the third one, a frigate named the *Dartmouth*, was to protect them as much as possible from the fire of the enemy.

The first vessel was steered straight at the boom, which gave way with a crash; whilst the vessel, rebounding, stuck fast in the mud. But the passage was opened, and the second vessel sailed safely through the ruined timbers. As the tide rose, the other vessel floated again, and followed through the breach which she had made; but her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him, and he died in sight of the city which his heroic self-devotion had saved. That night there was plenty in the city which a few hours before was a prey to famine.

"We may well imagine," says the histor-

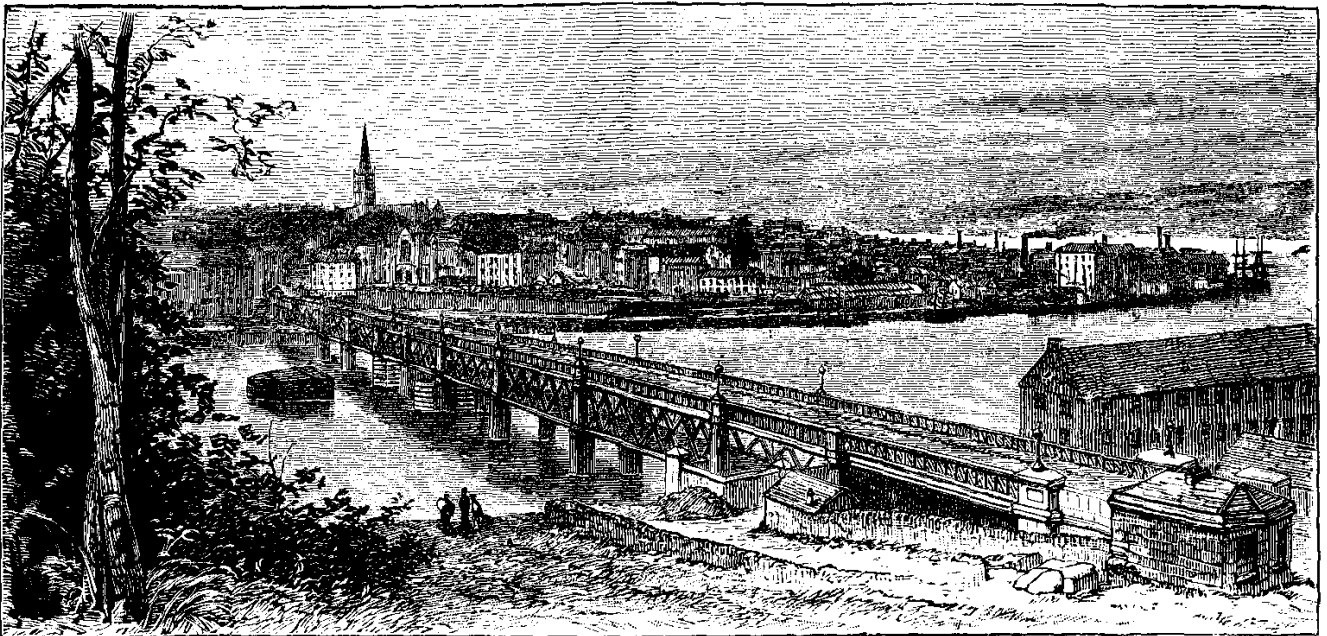


ian, "with what tears grace was said that night." All night long the cannons of the besiegers continued to roar; and all night long the bells of the rescued city made answer with a peal of joyous defiance.

On the morning of the third day, the enemy was seen retreating.

As we think of this brave man, showing the greatest love that man can show; for, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"; do not our thoughts pass on to Him who laid down His life for His enemies? We were captives

knowledge of the forgiveness of your sins, and the plenty of the Father's house; and beyond that, the glorious prospect of being with the One who died, called by God to His kingdom and glory, and to be manifested with Christ when He shall appear. Is this not worthy of your serious consideration, my reader? You would not have words strong enough to condemn him who was not grateful to the one who had delivered them from temporal death; but how about yourself? If you have, up to this time, never heeded His great love, oh, listen to those solemn words:



LONDONDERY.

of Satan, lost and helpless; and in the fulness of His divine compassion, the Son of God came for our deliverance, down to the very place where we were; and now God's great salvation is brought right home to us.

To win salvation was more impossible than for those people in that town to save themselves. The relief must come from outside, and it must be brought to the place they were in. They obtained these things—deliverance from their enemies, and peace, and plenty; and God has these and more for every simple believer on His Son—deliverance from death, peace through the

"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha. (1 Cor. xvi. 22.)

"Worthy of homage and of praise,  
Worthy by all to be adored,  
Exhaustless theme of heavenly lays,  
Thou, Thou art worthy, Jesus, Lord."  
H. H.

"YE KNOW THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, THAT, THOUGH HE WAS RICH, YET FOR YOUR SAKES HE BECAME POOR, THAT YE THROUGH HIS POVERTY MIGHT BE RICH." (2 Cor. viii. 9.)

*"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."*

ALL in the workshop saw the change. Truly B—— was an altered man. Formerly he would be amongst the foremost in the rough coarseness of their words and ways, but now all was changed. He not only joined with them no longer, but rebuked the evil of their speech and conduct, owning, in simple and yet earnest words, that, by grace, he was saved through faith, and pressing, too, upon them, their need of being born again.

Now his fellow-workmen all turned against their former companion, and, agreeing together, sought in every way to provoke him, and thus show that he was not the changed man he said he was.

One evening he was about to leave to attend a prayer-meeting, when he found his hat missing from its usual place. It had been hidden by some of his shop-mates. Without saying a word he quietly went to the meeting without it.

On another occasion they hid his coat, but this did not keep him away, for, seeing he had no time to get to his home first, he went to the meeting coatless.

The severest test was yet to come.

On one of the hot days of summer, a youth put some pitch into B——'s hat. Without noticing it, B—— put it upon his head when he left the shop, and, being rather late, hurriedly ran home to his dinner.

The pitch was melted by the warmth, and, when B—— attempted to take off his hat, he found it adhering closely to his forehead.

In the endeavour to remove it the skin of his forehead was at last torn off with the hat, leaving a most painful wound.

His father was very angry, and said, "I shall call a policeman, and enquire into it."

"Oh! father," was B——'s reply, "and you have been a Christian so many years. I am surprised at you."

His mother cried to see her son suffering so much pain; but he quietly answered her by quoting the words, "When He was reviled,

reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not." (1 Pet. ii. 23.)

On returning to his work, his shop-mates said, "Who did it, B——?"

"God knows," he answered, "and I know what I shall do to the culprit."

After some time the youth who had done it went to him, saying, "What will you do to the guilty one? Oh! B——, I am sorry I did it, but don't tell the master, for I am an orphan, and should be discharged, and then what should I be at?"

In a few minutes B—— said, "Now I will tell you what I shall do, my lad."

"Oh! what?" was the eager inquiry.

"I shall forgive you," was the answer.

Thus he sought to follow in the steps his Saviour and Lord had trod, remembering that He, even when taunted, jeered, mocked, scourged, and crucified, had prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," and who has directed us how to act towards those who illtreat us, saying, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." (Matt. v. 44.)

It is as we look up to the Lord Jesus, where He now is, that we are conformed to His image; as we read of Stephen, who, whilst his body was being battered with the stones of those who hated him for "Christ's sake," looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and, thus occupied, reflected the spirit of his Lord and Master, for whom he was now suffering, saying, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

To you young Christians I would say, Look off unto Jesus, and, as your eye, in faith, is taken up with His beauties and glories, you will, by the Holy Spirit, be enabled to act like Him, who would have us walk here even as He walked.

—  
"FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER, IF ANY MAN HAVE A QUARREL AGAINST ANY: EVEN AS CHRIST FORGAVE YOU, SO ALSO DO YE." (Col. iii. 13.)

## "GOD IS LIGHT."

**T**HERE are, in the first epistle of John, two short texts, one of which is placed at the head of this column, and the other by its side on the next.

Both tell us of that which God is in Himself. The one searches us through and through, for we all know that light discloses everything as it really is.

If you take a lamp or candle into a deserted room, the windows of which have been long closed against the light, in a moment the condition of every thing is seen.

The dust and dirt, the creeping beetles and clinging spiders, all are shown, because the light has entered. All were there, of course, before, but were not seen until the rays from lamp or candle disclosed them.

So it is with the human heart. Long closed against the light, its evil never thought of by us, its deceitfulness unknown, perhaps, to the dearest of our friends, but all is known to God. He is light. He searches the heart, He knows it all. Nothing is, or can be, hidden from Him. All things are naked and laid open to the eyes of Him with whom *we have to do*.

In Isaiah vi. we find the seraphim veil their faces as they cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts"; and the prophet, in the presence of that holy One, says, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

In Him there is no darkness at all. He is light. How many there are who seek to hide from Him, but He is the One with whom all, sooner or later, *have to do*.

Have you had to do with Him yet, young reader? Have you owned your misery and need as before Him yet?

Remember this, you must meet Him, and you know not when the thread of life may snap. Prepare to meet thy God.

## "GOD IS LOVE."

**T**WICE over these blessed words are given us in the first epistle of John. Words of comfort they have indeed been to many an aching, sin-burdened heart.

How many, fearing the just judgment of God against their sins, have been drawn from their hiding-places by the message, "God is love;" for, finding there was goodness and grace in the One they so feared, they have trusted themselves in His presence.

Yes, this is what God IS. What He IS now, as you read, LIGHT and LOVE. *Hating* the sin, yet *loving* the sinner.

And this LOVE has been shown to us, in that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him, and that He might die for our sins upon the cross of Calvary.

Can you say, "I have known and believed that love"?

Perhaps you have heard of it, but have you ever really believed that God loves you, and so loves you that He sent His only Son?

You have, I dare say, basked in the sunshine of an early day in spring, thoroughly enjoying the light and warmth.

Thus, it seems to me, does the believer delight to rest in the knowledge of the love of God.

The wintry days of conviction of sin, and fear of judgment, all past, and, thanks be to God, past for ever; and now the love of God shining into the soul, cheering and gladdening it, and casting out all fear.

Let me tell you a simple way of remembering where to find these three blessed words, "God is love."

They are in the 1st Epistle of John:

Twice one are 2. . . They are given twice over.

Twice two are 4. . . In the 4th chapter.

Twice four are 8. . . In the 8th verse.

Twice eight are 16. . In the 16th verse, also.

Turn to your Bibles, and see if this is correct.

## MY BIRTHDAY.

FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

**I**T was the birthday of a little boy I know. He was awake very early in the morning, and came running into my room before I was up, to show me the presents he had already received, and to see if I had anything for him. It was a very happy day for him. By-and-by he asked me if I ever had a birthday.

"Yes," I said, "I have two birthdays."

As he could not understand this at all, I told him that I had one birthday just as he had; and that there was the day when I first believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and became one of God's children; and that was like another birthday, because God says of those who believe in the Lord Jesus, that they are "born again." The Lord told Nicodemus, when he came to Him in the night, that he "must be born again."

God gives quite a new, wonderful kind of life, called eternal life, to all who believe on His Son. Then they have a new birthday. I hope little Charlie will have a new birthday soon, and that you, dear little reader, will have one too.

Now, shall I tell you something about God's wonderful birthday presents?

I dare say if I could come and ask you, each one, what you had given you last birthday, you would be able to tell me, though, perhaps, many of the presents are lost or broken by this time.

Things get spoilt so quickly, and the things you value most are the things which get broken soonest. How nice then to know of something that we can never lose, and never spoil! And these are the birthday presents God gives.

The first is Eternal Life. The very moment any one believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, God gives it.

The second thing is a New Nature. I wonder if you have found out that you have a very naughty heart. It is that which makes you like to do naughty things; and it does not love God at all, and does not wish to please

Him; so, when you are born again, God gives you a new nature that can love Him, and if you have that, you will want to do what God would have you, instead of pleasing yourself.

Then there is a third gift, Living Water, which means the Holy Spirit of God, who comes and dwells in the body of each one of God's people, to guide, and comfort, and cheer them day by day, and to teach them more about the Lord Jesus Christ, the Living Bread, which came down from heaven, so that you may know Him as a real Friend, caring for you and strengthening you here.

I might tell you of a white robe, a crown, a harp, and a wondrous, glorious home, for these are all among the birthday gifts; but I am afraid you would get tired.

If you do believe on the Lord Jesus, you may know that these things are really yours. \* \*

## SALVATION.

BELIEVERS can say:

The Lord *has saved* us.

The Lord *is saving* us.

The Lord *will save* us.

He has saved us from the judgment we deserved, and from the world and the power of sin and Satan. (Eph. ii. 5, and 2 Tim. i. 9.)

He is saving us through all the trials and difficulties of the homeward path. (Heb. vii. 25; Ps. cxix. 94.)

He *will* save us, for He will come and take us from this world to His own home, and, giving us bodies of glory like His own, finish the wondrous work He has begun. (Rom. xiii. 11; Heb. ix. 28.)

## QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.

- 1.—What do you understand is meant by God's testimonies?
- 2.—What is said about His testimonies in Psalm cxix.? Write every verse in which the word is found in that Psalm.
- 3.—Mention some things that those who keep His testimonies have.

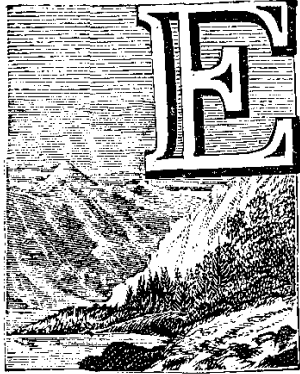
Replies to be addressed to—

E. P. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# SCATTERED SEED.

## HOW A RESTLESS GIRL GOT REST.



**E**LLEN M—— was the daughter of persons residing at Cheltenham. Her health being delicate, she was kept at home until she was twenty years of age. Her young companions were all as gay, as unthinking, as dead to the things that belonged to their everlasting peace, as herself.

Thus she continued without God in the world. But thoughts of a future state began, in a way unaccountable to herself, to intrude into her mind. She tried to put them away, but in vain. They continued to harass her, and occasionally gave her so much uneasiness that she sought refuge from them by joining her companions in amusements from which her delicate health generally obliged her to refrain. Her spirits became forced and unnatural; she disliked being alone for a moment, and, in order to drown thought, became an insatiable frequenter of every sort of merry-making.

But all without avail; she could not stifle the voice that was pleading with her.

By degrees the impressions she had received became so strong that she could resist them no longer, and the terrors of an awakened conscience were aggravated by the conviction that her term in this world could not be very long.

The seeds of consumption were, she knew, in her constitution; and Ellen's life had already been prolonged beyond that of many of her family, who had been carried off by the same complaint.

It was no wonder that she shrank with horror from the prospect of death. She

knew not the Saviour who had taken away the sting of death, who had robbed the grave of its victory; and, feeling strongly as she did the burden of sin, death in her eyes was the dreaded messenger who was to drag her away to a Judge, and hurry her away into endless punishment.

Ellen M—— had no friend to whom she could pour out her sorrows. The language of the psalmist might have been hers: "Mine iniquities have taken hold on me, so that I am not able to look up: they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me." She literally dared not "look up"—a sense of sin made her believe that the prayers of one so unworthy would be displeasing to God, and therefore she left off the outward appearance of religion which she had been taught to put on from her childhood, and nothing could induce her to venture into a public preaching place.

Her friends attributed this strange conduct to capriciousness arising from delicate health; and her neglect of her work, her altered and emaciated appearance, and depressed spirits, were all put down to the account of bodily suffering. She was ashamed to confess what was preying on her mind.

Poor Ellen at last gave herself up to despair. She avoided every one, and passed her whole time in tears. The fever of her mind was so great that she could not bear to remain within doors, and as soon as it was light in the morning, regardless of the weather, she quitted the house, to which she never returned until night forced her to do so.

Her parents were worldly people, completely immersed in business. Gain was the object of their life, and too often, alas! this sordid pursuit blunts and hardens the feelings, and freezes up even the sweet current of natural affection.

After wondering at their daughter's state of mind, and using some efforts to persuade her to live like other people, they came to

the conclusion that she was deranged ; and without taking any further trouble to enquire into her sufferings, they returned to their busy occupations, leaving her to wander about where she pleased, dejected and alone.

One morning she had left her home more oppressed than usual with the "sore burden too heavy for her to bear." The sky was overcast, and the rain fell in torrents, and for a long time she roamed about the fields, until at last their loneliness and gloom became so intolerable that she returned into the town. Here, while she continued restlessly pacing the streets, her haggard appearance, and forlorn, dripping figure attracted the attention of a gentleman. He went up kindly, and urged her to take shelter from the inclement weather, so unfit for a young and delicate female to be exposed to.

Nervous and frightened at being addressed by a stranger, she rushed away, and without noticing where she was going, hurried into the doorway of a large building which was used for the preaching of the Gospel.

Her feelings as she stood in the porch (for she dare not venture farther into the place), were painfully distressing. She felt herself an outcast, cut off by sin from all fellowship with those among whom she had intruded, and from all communion with God whom they were addressing. Her tears flowed fast and bitterly, the hymn ceased, and she was about to leave the place, when the preacher rivetted her to the spot by giving out as his text those words from St. John's Gospel: "*Woman, why weepest thou?*"

They appeared as though addressed to herself individually. She crept closer to the preacher, and, oh! how eagerly did her weary spirit drink in the message that followed, in which the burdened sinner was led to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. The Holy Spirit opened her heart to receive the preacher's message ; and while she listened, she found that rest which Jesus has promised to give to the weary and heavy laden who come unto Him.

Who is there that can read this narrative, and refuse to give glory to God for the mercy


it records? Who can fail to admire and adore the controlling providence that formed the links of the chain that led this poor sinner to the Saviour.

How true it is! The Father still draws perishing souls to the Saviour.

Mr. —, who related the foregoing narrative, became first acquainted with her in —, where she had been removed for change of air, a district of the town which he visited three days a week in the course of his labours of love. He said that in all his experience he had never met with a more happy believer; and so deeply interesting were his visits, that he often passed two or three hours by the bedside of the once restless, but now restful, girl, who had found in the living Saviour, Jesus, that rest of conscience and rest of heart which may at once become your portion, dear reader, if you will accept the invitation He gives.

"*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST.*" (Matt. xi. 28.) C.

### "I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED."

N the autumn of last year I was asked to visit a woman in hospital, who was suffering from heart disease and other complaints. She had been sent there by friends some miles away, and the request to visit her was a written one, with this information, "She has been a 'Bible-woman,' and I believe, fully knows the Gospel."

Thinking of her as a child of God, and lonely, I was soon by her side. The opportunity for an interview was not favourable. She was able to be up, and others were sitting close to us. I sought to speak of Christ to her, but conversation about her bodily sufferings, and her past work as a Bible-woman, occupied the time of my visit. She intimated that she could not speak freely to me before those around her, so I left, promising to see her again soon.

On my next visit we were alone at one

end of a long dormitory, at the other end there being two or three helpless sufferers sitting up for awhile beside the fire. My friend told me she was better, and had been able to walk out a little. She again spoke of her former occupation, and how she had visited people in all sorts of sicknesses—infection never hindering her—how she had seen to their temporal wants being supplied, and had read the Bible to them. It seemed to give her much pleasure to call up these memories. It was evident she had been in earnest in her work, and certainly had been a comfort to the bodies of those poor sufferers, and I doubt not that the God of all grace had used His Word in blessing to some poor weary souls to whom she had read it. But the question in my mind was, “What about her own soul?”

Suddenly my friend was called out of the room, and she begged me to wait a few minutes for her return, so I walked to the other end of the long dormitory, and sat down beside the little company of sufferers around the fire. I began at once to speak to them of the need of salvation, and how the Word of God declares we are by nature lost sinners, and altogether helpless to do one thing towards saving ourselves, because we are “without strength” and “ungodly,” as is written in Romans v. 6. But what a message of saving grace that same verse proclaims. “When we were yet without strength, in due time *Christ died* for the ungodly.” And since all are by nature “lost” (Luke xix. 10), and “all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,” (Rom. iii. 23) none can be saved but in God’s way.

I was just speaking of the forgiveness of sins as a present thing—a real thing, and only through the blood of Christ—when my friend, the Bible-woman, joined our little circle; so, appealing to her, I said, “You know what it is, don’t you, to have your sins forgiven?”

“No, indeed,” she replied, “I should not like to say mine were.”

I quoted the Word of the living God, as

that which is heard and believed to the saving of the soul, “Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.” (Rom. iv. 7.) “In whom (Christ) we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.” (Eph. i. 7.) “Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.” (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

I spoke of the solemnity of not believing what God had said as to His one and only way of putting away sin, through the Saviour of His own providing, but my friend had too long travelled along the self-occupied and unbelieving lines of doubts and fears to at once receive any thing that did not coincide with them. She had allowed herself to be governed by the experiences of her own heart, and to make this her standard of judging divine things, instead of refusing all that is of and in man, to believe the Word of God. She said it seemed like presumption to say that you know your sins are forgiven.

I referred to the readiness with which we receive and believe that which is told us by any one like ourselves, and then remarked what presumption it is for a poor lost sinner not to receive and believe with the same simplicity the Word of the living God, who cannot lie! Words, too, of such grace and such mercy, telling of present pardon and present peace, through the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. (Col. i. 20, 21.) Words that tell out the love of God to poor ruined man. (Rom. v. 8; 1 John iv. 10; John iii. 16.)

At this moment our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the matron and two respectable men, who had just brought a new patient—an orphan girl far gone in consumption—and they had come to look at the bed close to where we were sitting, which she was to occupy. I felt it was time to leave, and giving to each of those to whom I had been speaking a gospel book, especially selecting for the Bible-



woman one named, "Full Assurance of Faith," I left the dormitory.

My friend, however, followed me to the adjoining room. There I saw the new patient. The matron said, "Do speak a word to her." After enquiring about her poor body, I asked, "Do you know the Lord?"

She looked at me hesitatingly, when one of her friends who had brought her replied, "Yes, I think she does, but she complains she does not love Him enough."

"Ah!" I said, "it is a blessed thing for us that our salvation does not depend upon our love to Christ, but on the way He has proved His love, in laying down His life for us."

Here the Bible-woman interposed, "I think you have found some one now who will agree with you."

This caused me to explain to my new acquaintance, who was evidently a Christian, that our friend thought doubts and fears the right state of soul.

"Ah!" he replied heartily, "Satan keeps a Doubting Castle, and likes to get as many into it as he can, but let the children of Zion be glad in their King."

Oh, the contrast, dear reader, between miserable doubts and fears, and rejoicing in the One who has completely answered to God for us, and fully met for us all the claims of His righteousness and holiness. Oh the magnitude of the deliverance! And even this is not all. There is the new place, the being brought to God, made nigh by the blood of Christ, and knowing what it is to have life in Him as risen from the dead, and at God's right hand.

It was several weeks before I was again able to see the Bible-woman. She had been much worse. The complication of diseases from which she suffered had made considerable progress. I found her in bed. She gave me a hearty welcome, and I was delighted to hear her say, "The doubts and fears are all gone, I no longer see them to be essential. I know Whom I have believed." She went on to say, "I have heard of

triumphant death-beds, but there may not be much testimony when I depart, but I know I shall go to be with Him."

Each time I visited her her faith remained unshaken, but the poor earthly tabernacle was rapidly crumbling to pieces. Her legs were swollen to an immense size through dropsy, and her nights were very sleepless. It was then she knew the sweetness of His company Whom she had believed. Precious and comforting were the scriptures ministered to her soul in those long nights.

I had not seen her for two or three weeks when a request came that I would go to her. I went the same day, and I saw at once that the end was approaching. One of her legs had burst, and was already badly mortified. The restlessness of death was upon her, and in no posture did she seem easy. I waited whilst an attempt was made to put her comfortable, and then I bent over her and said, "What last message would you like me to send to the friends who asked me at the first to visit you?"

"Tell them," she replied, "I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED." In a little more than twenty-four hours she was with the Lord.

Dear reader, let me speak a personal word to you. In this day of religious respectability and profession, have you any thing deeper than that which is outward? You may be a member of this or of that denomination, and an active worker within its limits, and all this without possessing Christ. You are manifest to the all-seeing eye of God; there is no evading with Him the question of what is your hope. He has put on record for us, concerning His Son, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." God speaks in His Word with no uncertainty. He says, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The Lord grant you may no longer hesitate, but, through faith in the Lord Jesus, be able to say with confidence, "*I know Whom I have believed.*"

L.

*SOME MESSAGES FROM GOD.*

*"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son."*

*"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven."*

**T**HE epistle to the Hebrews is God's message to a people to whom He had often spoken; it was a closing appeal; and they were warned of the solemn consequences of turning away from Him that spoke from heaven. In the opening verses they are reminded of the times and manners in which He had previously spoken.

Their history is probably very much like yours, my reader. The first time they heard His voice they begged that they might not hear it again. They tried to keep God at a distance; they feared and trembled, but still did not want to hear His voice. Do you remember how you tried to get away from the sound of His voice when He spoke to you the first time?

But if Israel did not want to hear the voice of God, God wanted to bless Israel, and so, we are told, He sent His servants. We will look at a few of their messages.

Isaiah, like a faithful Gospel preacher, told them that from the crown of their head to the sole of their foot they were a mass of moral corruption; but, *"Come now, 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."*

Then further on, with trumpet voice, he announces, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." And as he tenderly invites them, he says, "Hear, and your soul shall live." Alas, they turned away, and their

ears grew heavy, and their heart waxed fat, and they would not listen. So the next servant, Jeremiah, mourns over them as he says: *"Let mine eyes run down with tears night and day, and let them not cease."* He weeps in secret ever their hard and impenitent heart, and bemoans the sin of the daughter of his people.

May be, my reader, eyes are weeping, and hearts are breaking, in secret over you.

It is hard to go down to perdition under a mother's tears, and a sister's breaking heart. You have probably heard many a gospel appeal; many a servant of the Lord, Isaiah like, has told you of your condition, and proclaimed God's salvation; and whilst you have been hardening your heart, and steeling your conscience as you listened, some one has been pouring out the petition of a sorrowing heart at the thought of you.

"But," you say, "why think of me? I am quite as good as others. I mix and mingle with the people of God." Listen to Ezekiel, the next servant, as he comes forth, and announces the fact that God had lingered before withdrawing His glory from the people who would not hear; but it was now standing on the threshold, ready to depart. *"Slay utterly old and young, both maids, and little children, and women: and begin at my sanctuary."* *"Let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity."*

Of what does he speak? What is the burden of his message? *Death!* ah, death! A serious thing for you, my reader, if you have never been heart-broken and conscience-stricken about your sins, much less have sighed and cried for all the abominations done in the city. *Death!* "Fill the courts with the slain: go ye forth."

Suppose the messenger, Death, should visit you to-night, and you should die in your sins, what then? It will be in vain for an Ezekiel to plead for you with an "Ah, Lord God!" The reply may come, *"Mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity, but I will recompense their way upon their head"*; and the messenger may return to his Master, and report the matter, saying, "I

*have done as Thou hast commanded me.*" (Ezekiel ix. 11.)

What then? Is that an end of your history? Ah, if that were all, you might carelessly say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But there is something after death!

Let us see what the next servant has to say to these people. Turn with me to Daniel vii. 9, 10. There we get that which awaits every unsaved, unrepentant soul,—*Judgment*. "*The Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of His head like the pure wool: His throne was like the fiery flame, and His wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him: thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened.*"

Yes, judgment—eternal judgment awaits every rejecter of the grace and love of God. You will notice two companies associated with the throne. One is occupied with the most blessed service that any created being can know—*ministering, serving, waiting* upon the Judge; the other is in the most awful position any human being can be in—*standing before Him*, with the book containing the record of their sins, and of their rejection of His message.

I had a friend who accompanied a judge as he went on circuit. Was my friend afraid when he heard the judge's voice? No. Why? Because he was his servant, ministering to him. Ask the prisoners, as they appeared in the dock, whether they were afraid as they listened to his voice whilst he pronounced their sentences.

Tell me, reader, If you should pass into eternity to-night would you be found, when the judgment is set, *ministering* to the Judge, or *standing before Him*?

Thus servant after servant went forth to these people. One spoke of grace, one of compassion and long-suffering, a third told that the sentence of death had gone forth, and the last described the judgment with its terrors.

How did the people treat God's messen-

gers? They took His servants, and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another. But, oh! what infinite mercy. Again He sent other servants, more than the first. I do not go over the messages of these other servants, though Hosea speaks of goodness in God to those who had thus turned away from Him, and says, "*O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquities*"; and then adds, "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely." Yet Malachi has to end with judgment, and he warns them, "*I will come near to you to judgment.*" "Behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." But, spite of entreaty and warning, the sad record is, "They did unto them likewise."

Four hundred years rolled away, and last of all He sent unto them His Son, saying, "They will reverence My Son."

"*They will REVERENCE My Son.*" All in heaven revered Him, the seraphim veiled their faces as they cried, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts." All in heaven were delighted to do His bidding. It was just as though God had said, Surely these people are not so bad, not so far gone, that they will have no reverence for My Son.

God had opened heaven to announce to them that this was His beloved Son, in whom He had found His delight. In the closing days of their sad history He visited them in the person of His Son, and spoke to them, not now in the thunders of His voice of majesty from the fire and smoke of Sinai, but in the tender, gracious tones of the Son of man, who came into this world to seek, to serve, and to save.

Listen to His voice. "*Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" Surely now they will come. Surely they will hear His voice, the voice of that Man who spake as no other man ever spake.

Come with me to the Mount of Olives.

Look at the Holy One who sits there, gazing with tenderest compassion upon the city spread beneath His eye. How He thinks of the many, many times He—Jehovah, Jesus, Emmanuel—has spoken to them; and as He recalls their indifference, those pathetic utterances of despised affection and unheeded love fell from His lips: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; *how often* would I have gathered your children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Ah, desolate indeed! No Saviour's voice any more, no invitings any longer, for the Son, the Father's last Messenger to them on earth, has been rejected, the most glorious, gracious message reserved for the last, (for God was in Christ "reconciling"), the last message unheeded.

In vain He had cried in that great day of the feast, "*If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.*" In vain He had proclaimed, "*He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life.*" In vain He warned them, "While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light."

Their eyes were blinded, their hearts were hardened, and "*Jesus did hide Himself from them.*" Awful condition, the Saviour hidden and the people blinded. Their death-knell sounded, "If ye believe not that I am He ye shall *die in your sins.*"

It matters little, my reader, as to your surroundings when you die. You may have luxurious surroundings, many sorrowing friends, and every comfort this world can give; or you may be a desolate being in an attic, without a friend. All this will be of very little moment to you the instant after your exit from this world; but *to die in your sins* will make a difference to you throughout eternity.

But where will the marvels of grace end? Instead of executing the judgment upon Israel at once, God still lingers in grace; and this epistle to the Hebrews is a message from

the earth-rejected, heaven-received Saviour.

He now speaks from heaven; speaks the closing word of grace; just as, in James, He speaks the word of judgment. James tells us the "Judge is at the door." Hebrews tells us of a "*great Salvation,*" and a great Saviour.

How the Spirit of God delights to extol the Saviour, and to declare His excellencies. Let us gaze for a moment at a few of the glories connected with this wonderful Saviour.

"Heir of all things." How often men forget that every thing in this world belongs to Christ. He is the Creator of the worlds, as well as the Heir. He is the Upholder also. Thus the world began through Christ, is sustained by Christ, and reserved for Christ. The air we breathe, the sun which shines upon us, the earth we tread, owe their existence and continuance to the Word of God. The One who is the brightness of God's glory, and the exact expression of His substance, is the One who was nailed to Calvary's cross!

Why does the Spirit of God make so much of the glories of Christ? I will tell you. It is the glory of His person which gives lustre to His work.

A short time since I passed through a certain town. The bells were ringing, flags were flying, bands were playing, and people on horse and foot were all moving in one direction. Why all this? was a natural enquiry. I learned that a stone was to be laid in a public building. But surely the laying of a stone is no great matter? No! But do you not know who is to lay it? The Prince of Wales is coming to lay it. Ah! I discovered that it was the *person* who made all the difference. Any bricklayer in the town could have laid the stone, and none would have thought it worth their while to turn out to watch him; but here all were on the tiptoe of expectation to see Her Majesty's eldest son.

Just so He who is seated at the right hand of God is the most glorious, wonderful Person that ever visited this world, and the Spirit of God delights to make much of

Him; but there is one glory mentioned in this lovely catalogue in Hebrews i. that is of infinite importance. The glory of being the Purger of our sins exclusively belongs to Christ. It is His alone now, was His on the cross, and will be His throughout eternity. Listen then, my reader, to this fact, stated by the Spirit of God: that the Word who created is the Saviour who died.

Seek not to rob Christ of the unique dignity of being Purger of sins. Tell me, When Christ was in the act of creating the world, did you help Him to give the stars their brilliancy, or to tint the lilies? No, you reply, I could not do that, and if I could, I was not there to do it.

Then why bring any of your help to assist the Purger of your sins? Look at these two words,

BY HIMSELF.

Precious words. Would that they were engraven on the heart, and imbedded in the conscience, of every anxious soul. *By Himself.* How that shuts all others out. How it secures the glory wholly for Christ. My friend, listen! hear! believe! receive the message of the One who speaks from Heaven!

Take care you do not turn away from Him. Take care you do not beg to hear His voice no more. Your prayer may be answered on this earth, but in eternity you will hear that voice again; not speaking from heaven of grace, but banishing you for ever from His presence. H. N.

I REMEMBER a case in Ireland, where a Testament had been torn up, and the leaves thrown to the winds. A poor man found one of the leaves, and picked it up. He could read, and saw, "And Jesus said"; "and Jesus answered and said;" "and Jesus said," and so on. He said to himself, "What! has the blessed Lord said so many things, and I did not know them!" Struck by these simple but solemn words, "And Jesus said," he went off to the neighbouring town and bought a Testament; believed what Jesus said, was converted, and was happy in having a known Saviour.

### Grains from the Seed Basket.

THE Holy God, and the believer cleansed from his sins, are brought together by the death of Christ. What *love* was that which accomplished this!

WE should carry the *love* that has delivered us back into the world from which we have been delivered.

GOD has lit a lantern in the believer's heart. Does the light come out as pure as it went in?

IT is a moment of deepest blessing for a person when he is in himself so broken down, that he turns to One who never breaks down.

NOTHING to the believer is more precious than God's love in Christ, which makes us prefer His will to all Satan can offer.

SALVATION is a blessed word. The possessor of it has his place in the Man that has gone into paradise *above*, not in the man that was turned out of paradise on *earth*.

### BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 19.

- 1.—Name four miracles mentioned in connection with the history of Joshua.
- 2.—In the first five chapters of Judges there are recorded three principal oppressions under which the Israelites suffered: Give, in tabulated form, (a) the name and nationality of the oppressor, (b) the length of period of each oppression, (c) the name of the deliverer.
- 3.—Give the leading particulars of the history of at least one of the deliverers.
- 4.—Give an outline of Deborah's song.
- 5.—Briefly describe Gideon's (a) call, and (b) victory.
- 6.—Shew how he illustrated the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."
- 7.—State what you know of Oreb, Zeeb, Zebah, and Zalmunna.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



WAITING.

## MY LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

**S**HE stood in the summer evening at the garden gate of her roadside cottage, waiting with her child, looking down the quiet road with gladdened heart, for her husband was just returning with an elder child. I know not whither they had been, whether their journey had been short or long, their absence from home only for a few hours, or whether it had been for days or weeks. But there she stood, waiting to welcome them home.

As we drove past from a village preaching, and looked on the simple scene, my thoughts went to 1 Thess. i., where we read of a company waiting—with longing expectation—for a much-loved Person; One who had won their hearts by a deed of matchless love, and who had gone away, promising quickly to return. Waiting they were for the Son of God from heaven, even Jesus, who had delivered them from the wrath to come.

They had been idolators, dying in their sins, passing on to judgment; but the Lord's messenger, with the Lord's message, had visited their city, telling of the grace of God to sinners, of the sufferings and death of Christ, of His glorious resurrection, of His present Lordship, and of His coming again.

This wondrous message had been refused by many, but some had owned their need, and had believed the Gospel, and now knew that their sins were gone, gone for ever; that judgment and wrath had been borne by the Saviour in their stead, and was now past. Rejoicing in the knowledge of this, they were looking with joyous hearts for the return of that Saviour, to take them from this world to His own eternal home.

It is only those who know that their sins are put away by the precious blood of Christ, and who are made fit for the presence of God, meet for His glory, who can really look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. May you be among the number.

Your loving Friend,  
THE EDITOR.

## LOST OR SAVED.



**A** BOY, while bathing in a deep river, suddenly finds himself out of his depth; and, not being able to swim, is borne helplessly down the stream by the strong current, unable to do anything to save himself. He struggles to keep his head above water, but is getting farther and farther from all help.

Suddenly a cry is raised: "The rope! the rope!" And a strong man, standing on the bank, who has seen his position, flings a long rope towards the drowning lad. It is now or never with the boy, it is his last hope; and, as he glides swiftly along, he makes one great effort, grasps the rope, and soon is pulled safely to the bank. A minute before he was *lost*; now he is *saved*—rescued from a watery grave.

Are you, young reader, *lost* or *saved*? Day by day you are floating down the stream of time, each moment bringing you nearer eternity. But, as it were, a rope is thrown towards you; it is the Gospel of God, God's good news, telling 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); and giving the message to the anxious sinner, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be saved." (Acts xvi. 30.) "He that believeth on the Son **HATH** everlasting life" (John iii. 36); and the moment you believe, you can say, The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth *me* from all sin. (1 John i. 7.)

It was now or never with the drowning lad, it may be now or never with you. If the lad had not grasped the rope immediately it was flung towards him, he might have been swept on to certain death.

Oh! dear reader, do not let the Gospel slip out of your reach. You may not see tomorrow, you may not even have another opportunity of receiving it. **NOW** is the accepted time.

H. S. H.



*HIDING.*

“**W**HAT would you do if the Lord Jesus were to come at this moment?” was the question asked of a little girl on the Cotswold Hills.

“I would not run away and hide,” answered the child.

A day is coming when people will cry to the rocks, and call on them to *hide* them from the wrath of the Lamb. They will then know that they are sinners, and have rejected the only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, and they will be filled with terror when they think of His coming in judgment. Only those whose sins are washed away in the precious



Would *you* “run away and hide,” dear young readers? or could you give the answer that a little girl in London gave to the same question:

“I would throw my arms around Him”?

Adam and Eve *hid* themselves among the trees of the garden. Why? Because they knew they were sinners, and feared to meet God.

blood of Christ, and who are made whiter than snow, are ready to welcome the One who has done it all, when He shall come, not in judgment, but to fetch them to Himself.

Dear children, would you welcome Him, or hide from Him, if He were to come to-day?

## THREE CALLS.

NOTES OF ADDRESS. MARK X. 46-52.



IN these verses we are told of three things : the misery of the sinner, the ministry of the servant, and the mercy of the Saviour.

The first object we find brought before us is a poor blind beggar sitting by the roadside.

It is bad to be a beggar, worse still to have no sight ; but when both are combined a man is indeed in a terrible condition. Many a sinner does not know that *he* is in beggary and blindness ; but turn to Revelation iii. 17. There we read : "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing ; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." That is what God thinks of the sinner. He looks down, and says, as it were, He thinks he has need of nothing, but *I* know that he is wretched, and poor, and blind.

You may have morality, respectability, religion—yet if you have not Christ you are poor, poor indeed !

Do you remember the story of that old stone-breaker, who had Christ as his Saviour, and the rich lord of the manor who had not. The stone-breaker did not recognize him as he passed, and the rich man said to him, "You don't know then that all you can see is mine—all these meadows, and fields, and that beautiful house?" He thought he was rich, and did not know that he was really poor, and blind, and naked ! "All you can see is mine," said he.

The old stone-breaker looked up, and said, "I can see heaven, sir."

Who was the richer of those two men, the poor old stone-breaker with Christ, or the rich lord without Him ? You are like one or the other of them. Have *you* ever found out *your* need ? The rich man was in the sight of God really poor and blind.

Bartimæus knew his need—knew he was blind and a beggar, but he had just this one

opportunity of obtaining his sight—one alone, for this was the only time Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, passed through Jericho. He had one chance of getting his sight, and he used it.

How many opportunities have *you* had of obtaining salvation ? How many times have *you* heard of the Lord Jesus ? You may be reading the Gospel message for the last time. Are you ready to go ? We cannot say who will be the next called away. I might be—you might be.

A young friend came to me some time ago, and said, "You remember Emma Green." "Yes." "She is dead—died last Tuesday." Emma was gone : but she was ready to go. The following morning I went to see her mother, and she shewed me a verse which Emma had put up herself over her own bed. It was, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Emma had found out that she was blind, and had given

## THE SINNER'S CALL ;

she had called on the name of the Lord, and was saved. I am waiting to see Emma Green again in the glory. Shall I see you ?

Have you ever given the sinner's call ? Have you been right down before God, owning you are blind and poor ? God give you to see yourself as He sees you.

Let us see how Bartimæus used his one opportunity. He knew who Jesus was. He must have thought : "He can give me sight ; He is the only Man, of all who ever trod this road, who has the power and heart to heal me." He had, I suppose, heard of Jesus, for His fame had gone all over the country. He had heard how the Lord had healed others, and now he says, "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon ME."

Have you heard how the Lord has saved others ? Do not you want to be saved too ?

At the end of a preaching, I asked a young girl why she had come that evening. "Oh," she said, "I came to be converted. My

friends are converted, and I want to be converted too."

Bartimæus heard the crowd coming, and as it was surging along the road with Jesus in the midst, he began to cry out, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." He did not say, "Have mercy on us all"—but, as it were, "Lord, I am a poor blind beggar, have mercy on *me*." Like the publican cried, "Lord, be merciful to *me*, a sinner." And like Peter cried, "Lord, save *me*." Have you ever cried that?

Now what do the people do? "Many charged him that he should hold his peace." They said, "Be quiet, be quiet; don't disturb Him like that!"

I know one who says to anxious souls: "Be quiet"; saying to a lad, "Don't let your mates see you're in earnest;—don't let your school-fellows see that tear trickling down your cheek; be quiet." They said that to Bartimæus. But he was not to be stopped—he cried all the more.

Have you found out that you are blind and poor? If so, do not let pleasure or your friends stop you. Be in earnest, for now is the accepted time.

And now we come to

#### THE SERVANT'S CALL.

The Lord tells some one near to Himself to go and call the blind man. What a mission, to go from the Saviour to the sinner! The servants went with a message of mercy. They come straight from Jesus to the beggar, and say, "Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee." That is

#### THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Have you ever thought of the Lord Jesus Christ calling? "Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called." Think of the blessed Saviour, the loving, gracious Son of God, standing still at the beck of a poor, blind beggar! Yet you do not love Him—have never thanked Him for His love!—Can it be?

Now what does Bartimæus do? He throws away his garment. Nothing shall hinder him from coming to Jesus. Be like

him, dear reader; let nothing hinder your coming to Christ. Come as you are—come *now*.

Sometimes a gentleman comes and takes me by the arm, and says, "I want to introduce you to a friend of mine." That is what I wish to do to you: I want you to know my nearest and dearest Friend, the Lord Jesus, the Son of God.

Jesus asks Bartimæus, "*What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?*" That One who made the sun, and moon, and stars, who gives us power of speech, power of motion, and keeps these hearts of ours beating—the Creator and Sustainer of all things, said to a poor, blind beggar, "*What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?*"

There were some girls in a school at C—; one of them, a young friend of mine, was a Christian. One day the lady principal of the school said to them, "Now girls, tell me what you most wish for. If you could have just one thing, whatever you liked, what would you choose?" The girl at the top of the class thought for a moment or two, and then answered. I do not know what she wished. Perhaps it was a new dress, or something of the kind. Then the second—some new books or songs; then the third and fourth; and then she came to the Christian, and said, "What would *you* like?" She thought for a moment, hardly liking to say—the words seemed as though they would not come out; but at last she said, "I should like to be more like Christ." Is that what you would like, young Christian? It was a beautiful wish. What is your one wish at this time? Is it to receive salvation?—I am sure He will grant it. Is it to become more like Him?—He will give you that too.

At some of the hospitals, on visiting day, there is a large white sheet hung up in the hall, and on it is printed, "Danger List," in red letters, and below are given the names of a number of men and women. They are the names of the people who are dying.

If you are unsaved, you are in danger—you are *still* in your sins. If you were to ask those poor people what they would like,

many would say, "To get up, and be well."

If the Lord Jesus, the One who died on the cross, were to stand here to-night, and ask you what you would like, would you say, "Lord, I want to be saved—to have my sins put away, and to be cleansed and made fit for Thy presence"? He will do it for you. There was one thing Bartimæus wanted, and he asked for it, and received it.

The Lord said, "Go thy way." What was that way—Beating the ground with his stick before him back to his old home? No; "immediately he received his sight," and he went *his* way. There was only one way for him to go—the only one way for Christians—"He followed Jesus in *the* way." He trod the path which Jesus trod; went in the way where Jesus had gone. That is the path for the Christian—right through the valley of death up to the glory. Is it a hard, uphill path? Yes; but we are going to the top.

The Lord is asking you now, "What shall I do unto thee?" Do you say, "Lord, I should like to get my sins forgiven, and be fit for the glory"? Ask Him for this, and He will give it you, this moment. Directly you ask in faith, you will get it.

### "IT IS ALL TRUE."



LITTLE girl was one day sitting on the grass plot in front of her father's cottage. It was a fine summer day, and the birds were singing in the trees, and the bees humming over the flowers. Little Elsie's father was poor, and the frock the child wore was old and worn, but she loved Jesus, and believed He had given Himself for her; and as she sat there in the sunshine she kept saying to herself, "I'm so happy." By-and-by she began to sing, and, as she sang the name of Jesus, tears filled her eyes. Just then she heard a footstep. A gentleman was coming along the road. It was a young nobleman who had been so foolish as to be persuaded that the Bible was not true; and he had given up reading it. And though he lived in a splendid house, and had plenty of money,

and horses, and carriages, and pictures, he was restless and miserable. As he approached he heard the singing of the little maiden, but when he saw her tearful face, he said, "Why are you crying? Are you ill?"

"Not at all, sir!" she replied, "but I am so happy, because I love the Lord Jesus."

"But what do you love Him for? He has been dead a long time, and cannot do you any good now."

"He is not dead, sir," said the little one, "He is in heaven."

"But if He is, what good is that to you? If He cared for you, and could come and help you, He would give you better clothes."

The little girl was rather frightened to hear such bold, bad words, and she said, "I do not care about fine clothes, but I know that the Lord Jesus will come some day and take me to heaven."

"That's all nonsense," said the nobleman; "your foolish grandmother has been teaching you all these falsehoods."

"O! sir," said the dear child, "they are not falsehoods. Indeed, sir, it is all true, and that is why I am so happy."

The count passed on, but the words of the little girl kept coming back to his mind, "It is all true, and that is why I am so happy." For many days he tried to forget them, but could not. Then the thought came, That child believes in God, and is happy. I do not believe in Him, and I am wretched. At length he began to read his Bible again, and before he had read it through, sought and found the Saviour.—*Extracted.*

SIMON the Pharisee knew only *some* of the sins of "the woman in the city, which was a sinner," and condemned her, thinking that, if the Lord Jesus really were a prophet, He would know she was a sinner, and angrily send her away. The Lord Jesus knew *all* her sins. But what did He do? Instead of sending her away in anger, the blessed, peace-giving words fell from His gracious lips: "Thy sins are forgiven; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

## ONE MORE CHANCE.



THE Christian parents of a little girl one evening spoke to her for a long time of the Lord Jesus. They told her of His love in dying for sinners, and His speedy return to take all who believe on Him to be with Him

for ever. They said, too, that *then* the door of mercy would be shut; and earnestly entreated their little daughter to come to the Lord Jesus ere it was too late, that she might be ready to meet Him at whatever hour He might come.

After having gone to bed and slept some time, she awoke, and wondered at the silence of the house. She listened, hoping to hear some familiar voice, but no sound fell upon her ear save the solemn ticking of a great clock on the stairs. She thought of the conversation of the evening before, and of her parents' entreaties and warnings.

"Could it be that the Lord had come? Had her father and mother gone to be with Him, and left her behind?"

The thought filled her with fear, and, running to the door of her mother's room, she called gently:

"Mother, dear!"

There was no answer. Only the clock kept on counting out the seconds as they sped. Again she called, now more loudly:

"Mother, dear!"

Again no answer. She felt almost sure now that she was left behind for judgment,

and that her last chance of salvation had passed away.

Overcome with terror, she shook the handle of the door.

"Who is there?" asked a voice from within.

"Oh, it is I," was the answer, "and I am so glad *you* are there."

She entered the room, and told her mother of her terrible fears. She needed no entreaty now to bring her to the feet of Jesus, so thankful was she that she had *one more chance* of being made fit for His presence.

The Lord has not come yet, but He is *soon* coming. The *last* gospel message will be given, the last invitation to poor sinners will go forth. How terrible for those who refuse it!

Dear children, you have *one more chance*. Accept God's message of love to you *now*, so that you may join those who can say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," in answer to His farewell promise, "Surely I come quickly."

## THE CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS.

"**I** WONDER what time it is," I thought, as I was hurrying along the High Road, near my home; and I glanced up at the large clock over the watchmaker's shop to seek an answer to my question.

The clock was there certainly, but it was of no use in telling me the time, for the hands were gone! There were the figures marked clearly enough, and there *may* have been works inside; the springs *may* have been rightly placed, and the wheels *may* have been going round; but, if so, it was no good to me. But, though it did not tell me the time, it gave me a subject for thought during the remainder of my journey homewards.

There are three kinds of clocks. The right kind must have good mechanism properly working inside, and hands to point the hours outside on the face. Secondly, there are clocks with hands rightly enough, but with no proper machinery within. This is a very bad kind, for they profess to show the time, but

are, in reality, deceiving those who look upon them. Thirdly, there are clocks like the one I saw, with no hands.

Was the machinery good? I cannot tell. Only its owner knew about that; he could see the interior, and knew whether or not the works were sound. To *him* it may have been a very valuable clock, but to others it was *worthless*.

There are three classes among those who are called Christians, which correspond to these three classes of clocks. First, there are *real* Christians, who know that they are washed in the blood of Christ, and can say that God is their Father, and who are seeking (though perhaps in a very small measure), to bear a faithful testimony to the world around, pointing, as the hours and days go by, to the "Lamb of God," and warning others that the time is short, and that "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." It is not that the rightly pointed hands make the machinery good, but because the machinery is good the hands point aright.

It is the work of Christ *for* us, and the work of the Spirit of God *in* us, that make us real Christians; and then our testimony flows from that; though, alas! we often mar that testimony by allowing our old nature to have its way; nevertheless, all that *is* pleasing to God in the life of a Christian flows from the work of God in the heart. May we all learn, day by day, more of what it is to live here as witnesses for that One who was ever the faithful and true Witness for God!

Again, there are those who make a great profession, and *say* they are followers of Christ, but there is no life in their souls; they have never known the grace and love of God, nor the power and efficacy of the work of Christ. They are like clocks with *hands*, but with *no machinery* inside. In a day that is coming, such people will say, "We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets." And the Lord will reply to them in those terrible words, "I never knew you."

Ah, dear reader, see to it that you are not among these; let no supposed good works of

your own, or prayers, or Bible-reading, lead you to think that you are safe. Nothing will do but that true faith in the heart that can enable you to say, "I am a poor lost sinner, but Jesus Christ is *my* Saviour." Of what use are hands to a clock if there is no machinery within?

There is yet a third class of people, who have trusted Christ as their Saviour, and who have tasted the grace and love of God. They have believed in the heart, but have never confessed with their lips; they bear no testimony to those around of what the Lord has done for them. They are like true clocks without hands. These cannot be distinguished from the "false clocks" by any but the Master Himself. He can read the hearts, and knows when there is real faith in Himself; and to Him *they* even are precious.

Are they happy? They cannot be. Salvation is known only by those who have confessed with the mouth the Lord Jesus, and believed in the heart that God hath raised Him from the dead.

Dear young Christians, do not be like handless clocks. Your sins are forgiven. You can look up and say, "I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Then what testimony do you bear to those around? Can they, by looking at your life, say, "What great things *God* has wrought!" Remember, "that with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

L. A. M. B.

#### QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.

- 1.—Write in your own words the story of Daniel in the lion's den, and say *why* he was put there.
- 2.—Afterwards write in the Bible words all you can find in the Bible about it.

Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# SCATTERED SEED.

## ONE OF THE LORD'S "HIDDEN ONES."

**M**ANY years ago I visited an aged woman in the city of Bristol, at the request of her son. He told me that his mother was now very aged and infirm, and at the point of death.

It was the afternoon of the day when I reached her house, which was at some distance from my own. Following my guide, I ascended to the topmost room, and found it meanly furnished, and so far from cleanly as to render it very unpleasant to remain. I saw lying on a bed before me an aged female, with her grey hair matted about her head, her eyes dim with age and disease, and her whole appearance most painful and repulsive.

"Mother," said her son, "I have brought a gentleman to see you."

"Who is it?" she mumbled, "I don't know anybody, and can hardly see at all."

"I thought," said I, turning to the son, "that she would not know me."

At the sound of my voice, she started and aroused herself, saying, "Oh yes, but I do! Ah, you are the gem'man, that I ha' walked so many a weary mile to listen to, and after my walk on my old legs, I had always to stand for want of room; but I didn't mind. Oh, often's the time when I waited to pull you by the sleeve as you passed me, that I might tell you how I loved you for talking so much about my old friends and acquaintances!"

"Your old friends and acquaintances?" I inquired, "whom do you mean? You and your friends are quite strangers to me."

"Why, I mean," said she, "Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and them like. Dear me, didn't you often tell me how that good old man walked with God, when he went out not knowing where he was going to? And how poor old Jacob lost his son—dear

Joseph? They bound him fast in the prison, and the iron entered into his soul; and," continued she, as if talking to herself, "I've got a Joseph. He's far away from me, and I shall see him no more, but I shall leave him this book" (a large folio Bible, which had been purchased in separate parts, and which was lying before her), "I bought it for him a long while ago. I have got no other book, only 'The Holy War,' them be all I ever had; but him (directing her attention to the Bible), I'll give him; he'll find it wetted in many places with his old mother's tears.

"Ah, don't you remember," she continued, "that poor dear creature who went into the house after Him, and stood at His feet, and washed 'em with her tears, and wiped 'em with her hair? I got no hair to wipe 'em, but I could wash 'em with tears too, and they'd not be tears of grief—no, but of love, like hers was, for He said to her—oh, did not His dear lips say to her?—Your many sins be all forgiven you; and has not He forgiven mine, quite as many as hers? and don't I love Him?"

Then the big tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks, and her strong emotions almost choked her utterance, while her hands were clasped together and lifted up, as if she would have embraced something which she alone could see. So graphic were her descriptions, and so animated was her manner, that I stood beside her listening, as it were entranced, and unmindful of all around me that had seemed unsightly and unpleasant.

The son had quitted the chamber, and left us alone; but she, as if heedless of the presence of any one, and occupied with her own musings, went on, and once or twice spoke as if she saw before her the very individuals about whom she was conversing.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "the ill-natured Pharisee—(ah, them be always ill-natured to



poor folks and sinners like me)—huffed her, and said, if the Master knew her, He wouldn't ha' let her come so near Him. Wouldn't He? Ah, *he* didn't know Him, bless His dear lips, and His tender, loving heart! No, says He, she has much forgiven her; and didn't He look into her heart, and tell her to go in peace? Why, they put Him between two thieves! they thought to disgrace Him; but He took one on 'em to heaven with Him! Didn't He make a jewel of him? Ah, and He can make me one of His jewels;


"But la, sir," said she, just then recognizing my presence, "how I ha' been talking, and *you* here, who I've so wanted to hear talk again! Oh, do tell me more about my friends and acquaintances" (meaning the Old Testament saints), "for I think about them all day and night, and I go about with them and hear all their tales, and see how they wept and how they prayed; and I see the angels, too, coming and talking to them, and then I talk to them and they to me. And I thinks it'll not be long before I do talk to them *really*."

So she went on, till, having to attend an evening service, I reluctantly left the room, promising to see her the next day. Some gracious women, friends of mine, repaired early the next morning to her humble abode.

"Ladies," said the person whom they saw, "she scarcely spoke after the gentleman left her, but folded her hands upon her breast, and died in the night."

EXTRACTED.

### "IN THE DEAD-HOUSE."

N enquiry being made, at one of the London Hospitals on Wednesday, the 27th October last, by a servant of the Lord, for a young man, named D——, who had met with an accident two days before, and was taken there, the above reply, "He is in the dead-house," was given, which at first quite startled, as well as surprised, the enquirer, he having, only a few

days before, seen him full of health and vigour.

But so it was; poor D——, a strong, robust, and fine young fellow, had been thus suddenly hurried into eternity.

He was one of those who had again and again been spoken to about his needy condition as a sinner, and the love of God in the gift of His Son to meet that need, to which he had listened, apparently interested, but, like many others, did not confess unto salvation.

We know not whether he had believed to the saving of his soul. The day will declare it. But, oh! beloved reader, seeing what momentous and blessed results flow from receiving, not merely listening to, but receiving into the heart, by faith, the Word of God, which is able to make you "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. iii. 15), and, as we know not what a day may bring forth, let me earnestly entreat you not to put off or neglect that "great salvation" which God now offers to "whosoever will." You may think, as thousands do, (perhaps poor D—— did), there is time enough yet, but let me press upon you that God's Word of Truth says, "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation," and that there is no escape from the coming judgment in any other way but by a simple faith, a heart trust in that loving Saviour, who bore the judgment of a holy God against sin, when on the cross He poured out His soul unto death, that sinners might be delivered from that terrible condition in which all, by nature, are, and which is aptly described by the expression, "In the dead-house." Have you ever thought of it, dear reader, that God describes man in a natural condition as "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1), but in wondrous grace He is offering now "eternal life" to all who, owning their true condition as ungodly ones before Him, rest in simple faith on the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work, His own Word declaring, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." (John vi. 47.) J. D.

*"COVER MY DEFENCELESS  
HEAD."*



NUMBER of tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the Potomac river one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman on board sang "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think—indeed, am quite sure—I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. Your beat led you into the clear light. As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work, for I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words,—

'Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after *that*. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you sing this evening, that you were

the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said, with much emotion, "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. The thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cares for the sparrow, how much more for man created after His own image! and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. *How* the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed to us by the light of eternity! "Jesus, lover of my soul," has been a favourite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident forming the subject of the above sketch is a true one, and was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.

*"THE ROOT OF THE MATTER."*



HE veil is rent, Satan's power is broken, the sting is taken from death, and the victory from the grave. That makes the Gospel of Christ so precious for every soul.

Will you come now? There is an open way. Jesus never said, "Come" until He came first. When He came, and had finished everything, He said, "Come." That is His Word; it is His last invitation. "Let him that is athirst come." Suppose you say, "I trust I have come, I do cast myself on Christ, I believe He is the only Saviour, I believe nothing else can avail for me but the death of Christ, but yet, somehow, I am not free from doubts and anxieties about it."

I was speaking to a woman, one day, who expressed herself much in this way, and I said to her, "What are your doubts about? Have you any doubts about the cross?"

"No."

"You are quite sure that the cross has accomplished everything?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Are you quite sure that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin?"

"Quite sure, but I am not at all sure whether the root of the matter is in me."

"Is that your trouble? Let me assure you it is not in you. It is where it ought to be, for the root of the matter is in Christ. If it were in you, you would not need Him."

"But I have other doubts. I am not sure whether I have the right kind of faith."

"Have you faith at all, that is the point? There is only one kind of faith—not two. If you have faith at all it is the right kind, because faith is faith."

I illustrated it in this way.

"Suppose a person were to come to you from Windsor Castle, and say that Her Majesty died to-night, how would you feel with regard to that?"

"If the person were reliable I should believe it."

"Just so. And would you question your faith? It is not a question of the kind of faith you have, it is a question of the truth of the witness that conveys the testimony to you. If it is a truthful witness that cannot lie, that is what substantiates it. And so with regard to the truth of salvation. There is no contingency, it is the unerring, the unfailing testimony of God's own pledged Word."

Beloved reader, if you are like this person, may the Lord in His grace give you the full comfort of a discharge of every doubt of this kind, that you may see what victory there is in the cross, and what certainty there is in the Word. May you have the benefit of resting on the work of Christ, and on the Word of God.

W. T. T.

### THE NEGRO'S CONVERSION.



POOR black slave, a native of Africa, having made his escape from one of the West Indian plantations, for some time followed a sea-faring life.

He became acquainted with a Christian in France, who, finding he could talk a little English, spoke to him about his soul and about eternity.

He pointed to the Bible, saying, "I cannot tell what that is. I can open it, and see many black things in it, but I cannot tell what they mean. I wish I could."

"If you will come to my school," was the answer, "I will teach you to read and understand what is contained in this book."

"Have no money," he replied.

"I teach a great number of men free, and you shall have the same attention."

He leaped for joy as he heard this, and became a constant attendant at the school, and also at the preachings of the gospel. Before long the Lord opened his eyes to see his need, and then soon he found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

He was an apt and attentive scholar.

One day he seemed quite overcome with the kindness shown him, and stood near his friend, the tears flowing down his black cheeks, as he said—

"Once me poor negro slave, and poor sinner, but Jesus has made me white in His own blood, and He has made me free. Me was stolen by white man from my own country, from my father and mother, and made a slave. Now white man teach me to read and write, and, what is best of all, bring me to Jesus Christ, who said, 'Poor sinner, you lost! Me save you!' And He has saved me; me know Jesus Christ in black man's heart. Me go to my own country, and to my fader and moder, and all de black people, and tell them about Jesus Christ, and what He has done for me, and that He will do the same for them; and me will read my Bible to them."

## DO YOU LOVE THE LORD?

**I**N the course of my business, one morning in May, I was led, as I truly believe, by God, to inspect some goods at one of our largest stations in London. There was no necessity for me personally to trouble myself about these particular wares, and I merely refer to this to show how wonderful are the ways in which God uses His children.

Arriving at the station, I saw one of the officials, whom I was led to ask if he were a follower of our Lord and Saviour, Christ Jesus.

The answer was, "Praise the Lord, yes. He has saved my soul, and I have now the privilege of working for Him seven days in the week, (the Lord had evidently favoured him with good health,) always sowing seed for the Master."

I very soon found him a man filled with gospel truths, and one who travelled to all parts of the country, delivering his Master's message, returning, as he said, from long journeys by night, ready for his daily toil in the morning. On his own station, where he held mission services, he had been much blessed, and the Lord had used him very largely there in winning souls for Christ; so much so that, as I afterwards learned, numbers of the staff are to-day "shining lights."

This brings me to the subject to which I more particularly wish to refer:

A porter, whom my Christian brother deputed to accompany me to the store warehouse, (which, by-the-bye, was a very dark, *cold* store-room, such a one as I shall never forget,) I very soon found was *not* a Christian.

Having asked him the question, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ, friend?" he replied promptly, "Oh yes, sir, I go to church."

I followed by asking him again, "Are you saved from the wrath to come?" (inspecting the goods all the while, and thus giving him time to think).

"Well," he replied, "I heard the Rev.

— preach last Sunday; and my son goes to church regularly."

"Have you *peace*, friend?" I asked, (praying God to give me the right word, and to convert this soul,) "Have you peace with God, through His Son Jesus Christ? Do you feel the need of a Saviour? Have your sins been washed in the blood of the Lamb—Christ Jesus? If not, friend, notwithstanding *your* going to Church regularly, you are going to hell."

The poor fellow looked very uneasy, and said, "I will be honest, sir, and tell you I have never been spoken to so plainly before."

I replied, "Thank God His words are plain. You must excuse me, my friend, but I feel that my Master has brought me here to deliver a message to you, and it is this, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Do you feel you are such a one?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "I know I am."

"Thank God for your honesty," I rejoined. "Then as a sinner I shall address you. God's own Word says, 'The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is *eternal* life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Now, sinner, what does God's Word say to such a one as you? In Acts xvii. 30 God commands you to repent: for without repentance there can be no remission of sins."

"Oh, sir, I have been for many years trying to find Jesus, and to seek forgiveness of my sins; but I know I am lost; I know it, I do. What can I do? What must I do?"

"Stop! God's Word says in reply to your question, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved.' Do you believe that He means you? Let us look at Rom. x. 9, 10, and see what is said there: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe* with thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.'"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Friend, there is no *but* about salvation. Christ's atoning blood was offered on your behalf, and He died that *you* might live.

Christ says, Come. Won't you take Him as your own personal Saviour? Believing is taking God at His word. He *declares* that Christ died for such as *you*. Has He; or, has He not?"

The poor fellow at once gave signs that the Spirit of God was striving with him, and I immediately engaged in silent prayer. Presently he broke out in truly penitent tears of joy, and said,

"I believe it all, sir. I believe it. I do believe. I see now I can do nothing, and that Jesus did it all, and for me. I see it, sir;" and whilst clasping my hands he said, "I do thank *Jesus* for sending you here."

"Then you really accept Christ as your Saviour, friend?"


"Yes, sir, I do! I do."

"Then let us thank God for His mercy and love towards you, nay, and towards all men."

Time having passed away so quickly, I left him with a text or two, viz.: 2 Thess. iii. 3, "But the Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep *you* from evil." 2 Tim. ii. 3, "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ"; and verse 19, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

Dear reader, you may attend church every Sunday, nay, every day, but let me warn you, in the name of my Master, that nothing but the atoning blood of Jesus can wash away your sins. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.) G. C. B.

### "ARE YOU SAVED?"

 H, yes, sir! I have always been good, have never done any body any harm. I was baptized, and have been confirmed, and take the sacrament every Sunday."

"Then you rest upon what you have done for salvation?"

"Well, not exactly: but I do the best I can, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Then, your good conduct, good works, and ordinances are your saviour, and the Lord Jesus Christ is thrown into the scale as a sort of make-weight."

"Believe me, such self-deception is one of the most dreadful you can be in. A blind man on the brink of a precipice, a sleeper in a burning house, a vessel foundering far out at sea, are faint pictures of your awful position; and the Word of God likens you to a house built on the sand (Matt. vii. 26), and to a virgin with a lamp but no oil. (Matt. xxv.) Your works, your sacraments avail you nothing, if you have not learned that you are a poor sinner, and nothing at all, and Jesus Christ is your all in all; for the Word of God says, "All have sinned," and, if all have, *you have*; and all have "come short of the glory of God," and, if all have, *you have*. Of what avail will it be if your ladder of good works is just one round short of heaven?"

"There is *none* righteous, *no*, *not one*. There is *none* that understandeth, there is *none* that seeketh after God. (Rom. iii. 10, 11.) It is thus God describes every one by nature, whether religious or irreligious, and unless you are really born again, you cannot see, or enter, the kingdom of God. (John iii. 3-5.)"

"But I was born again in my baptism. Does it not say, Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God?"

"It does say so, but permit me to point out that in other portions of God's Word, water is the symbol of the Word of God, and when applied by the power of the Holy Ghost is the instrument employed in the new birth. First, as to its cleansing power, see Ps. cxix. The question is asked, 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?' By taking heed thereto according to Thy word,' is the divine reply. And in Eph. v. 26, sanctification and cleansing are spoken of in connection 'with the washing of water by the Word.' Then, as to its being the instrument employed in conversion, it is said in Pet. i.

23, that we are 'Born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.' It is thus we become partakers of the divine or new nature.

"To imagine that baptism can give life is to delude your precious soul; for I challenge you to find me a single scripture in which life is connected with baptism, except this particular passage, which is only so on the face of it; for elsewhere, baptism is the symbol of burial. (See Rom. vi., and Col. iii.)"

Beloved reader, nothing will avail you but Christ, nothing meet your need but His finished work on Calvary's cross. All other ground is sinking sand. As regards your church-going, and taking the sacrament every Sunday, turn with me to Luke xiii. 26, where some are urging the same plea in order to open the closed door. Alas! alas! for all who trust in such broken reeds. "We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets." Listen to the sweeping reply of Him who to-day waits to be your Saviour, but, if you reject Him, will be your Judge: "I tell you, I know you not whence ye are. Depart from me, all workers of iniquity."

Your refuge of lies will then be swept away, your delusive hopes blighted, your false foundation shattered. Oh! then, be wise now, ere it be too late. Cast all such follies to the wind, and turn to Christ, the sole escape from sin. Nothing else will avail, nothing else will shield you in the day of manifestation but being before God, clothed with Christ. Christ, not ordinances, is God's way of salvation; for it is written: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." None other name, dear reader, and you need none, for "Salvation in this name is found."

But do not imagine that it is necessary to wait until the day of judgment to decide whether you are saved or lost. "He that believeth not is condemned already."

There are three things said about wrath in Scripture: It is *revealed* against all unright-

eousness (Rom. i. 18); it *abides* upon the rejecter and unbeliever (John iii. 36), and it is *coming* to meet the sinner in his sins. (1 Thess. i. 10.)

Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ determine whether you are lost or saved. Repent of your sins before God, and mercy awaits you. (Rom. ii. 4.) Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and salvation is yours. (Acts xvi.)

But is it really possible to know it now with certainty? Not only possible, but God has settled the matter beyond a doubt in these words: "HE THAT BELIEVETH ON THE SON HATH EVERLASTING LIFE."

I leave this scripture with you to ponder over carefully, and if you receive it in the obedience of faith, you will no longer question the possibility of knowing you are saved.

H. N.

#### WHITHER DRIFTING?



ARE you a Christian drifting with the tide, and not stemming it, as all Christ's redeemed ones should do; or are you unsaved and drifting down the stream to a lost eternity? I beseech you, pause, think for a moment, ask yourself, Whither am I drifting?

I daresay you have stood upon the sea-shore, and watched some sea-weed, as the tide goes out, being drifted out further and further from the shore, till you lose sight of it. And that is just a picture of a poor lost sinner, drifting on the sea of Time out to the great ocean of Eternity.

Day after day the desolating waves of Time are carrying you farther and farther from the shore; and Death, with his great net, may seize you, and launch you forth on the great sea of Eternity. I ask you again solemnly, Whither are you drifting?

Are you a sinner? If you are, then you need a Saviour. "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," even the very chief. (1 Tim. i. 15.) He died a cruel and shameful death on the cross for you, that you might be saved from your sins, and death, and hell; that you might receive

everlasting life through believing in Him, and trusting His unchangeable Word; and He now bids you come and claim His glorious salvation, which He so freely offers you.

You have nothing to do. It was all done long ago on Calvary's Cross. Christ's work is a finished work (John xix. 30), and trusting in His finished work, you may rest in perfect peace—happy, saved, and free.

Jesus offers every poor, lost, guilty, hopeless sinner, that comes to Him, and trusts Him with the salvation of his precious, never-dying soul, a free pardon for all his sins. The moment you come to Christ, and ask Him to take you, and make you His; the moment you open your heart to Him, and accept Him as your Saviour, that moment you are "born again," that moment you have "passed from death unto life," that moment you are "free from condemnation," and can go on your way, like the Ethiopian eunuch, rejoicing to work and live for Christ.

Is it not a wondrous, glorious Salvation? Come then, dear reader, and make it your own. Come as you are, and where you are. Come *now! now!!*

Would you not like to be saved? to know that you are safe? Every moment you are out of Christ you are in awful danger. One step into the lifeboat, and you are safe. Only one little step. Why not take it now? "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.) "The Lord hath laid on *Him* the iniquity of us all." (Is. liii. 6.)

At the cross there is pardon, peace, and life. Come, poor weary, heavy laden one, come to the loving Saviour, and lay at His feet thy weary burden of sin and guilt.

A. D.

CHRIST, as a *Test*, shows me my guilt. Christ, as a *Victim*, cancels that guilt. Christ, as a *Model*, shines before the vision of my soul, as the standard at which I am to aim continually.

### Grains from the Seed Basket.

It is a much easier thing to scribble truth on paper than to imprint it on the conscience.

A MOTIVE outside that which is present to us is the secret of stability and of true greatness.

PROVIDENCE (thanks be to God) governs circumstances. FAITH governs the heart and the conduct.

EVERY victory you gain is *Christ's* victory. Every defeat you suffer is *your own*.

### CONTRASTS

IN

Luke xiv. 15-24.

The Lord Jesus visits *our* world.

He acquaints Himself with *our* ways.

He finds nothing that satisfies Him.

He is disappointed in *our* world.

Luke xv. 11-32.

We visit *His* world.

We are called to acquaint ourselves with *His*.

Every thing is suited to Him.

We are satisfied in *His* world.

### BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 20.

- 1.—Give (a) the age of Aaron, (b) the place of his death, (c) the names of the persons present at his death.
- 2.—Name at least ten of the Israelitish judges.
- 3.—How long, according to a New Testament statement, did the times of the judges last? Who made the statement? Where is it made? Give reference.
- 4.—State, in a few words, what you know of Barak.
- 5.—Give a brief account of the life of Gideon prior to his remarkable victory over the Midianites.
- 6.—For what is Jotham noted? Also Abimelech?
- 7.—What event is associated with the word "Shibboleth."

Replies should be addressed—

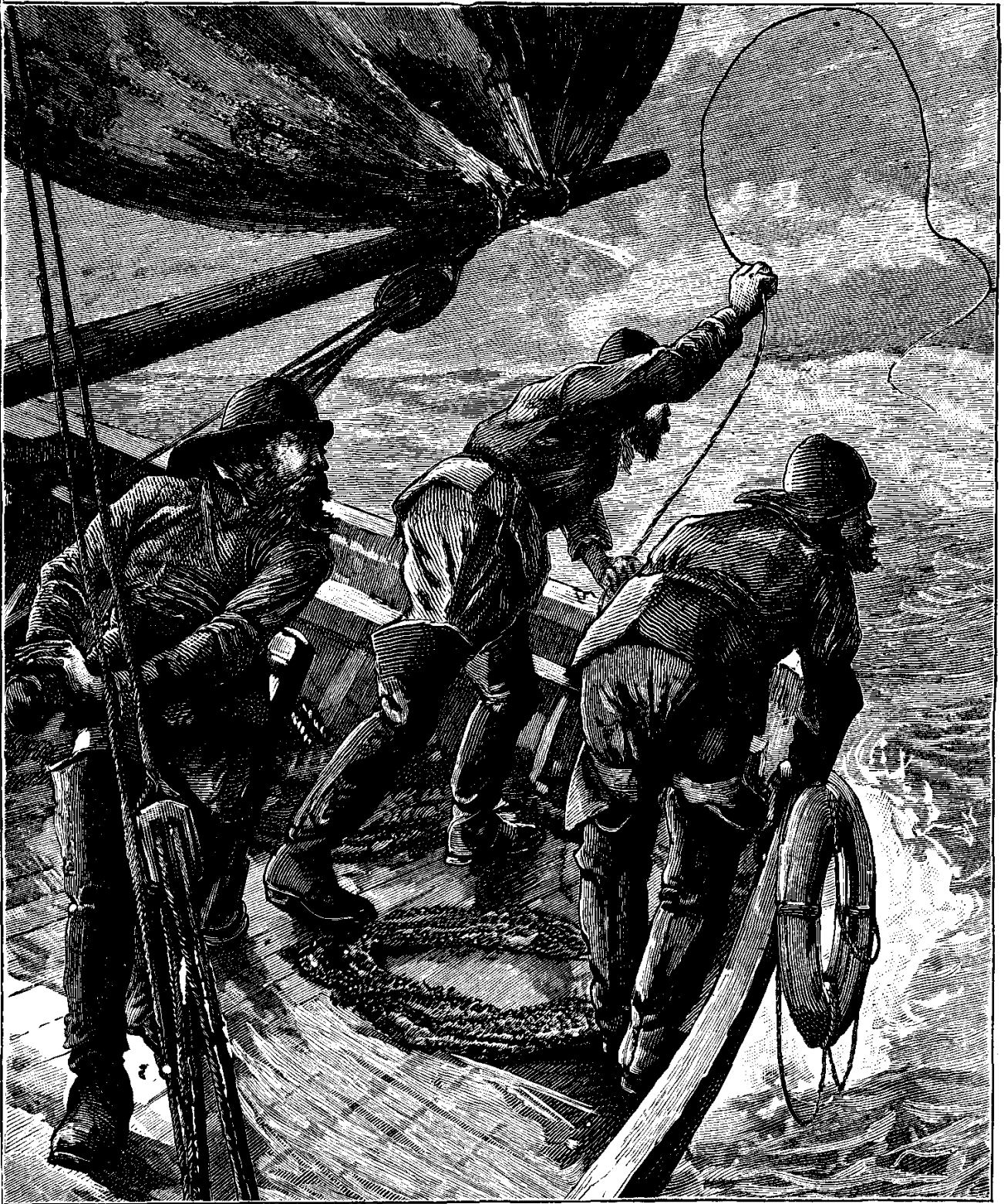
E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse.

25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.



# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



A MAN OVERBOARD.

## MY LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

“**M**AN overboard ! man overboard !” Quickly the life-belt is thrown, and the course of the boat changed, so as to return to the spot where the sailor fell ; and everything is done to save the missing man. Anxiously all on board gaze in the wake of the craft, seeking to catch a glimpse of their comrade. Ever and anon he is lost to view as the billows rise and fall, but the life-belt which he has reached buoys him up, and, as they see this, it inspires them with hope that the boat may reach him in time.

How earnestly the drowning man watches the course of the boat. How eagerly he clutches the floating belt—he knows his danger.

Those on board are in earnest to save their drowning mate ; he is equally in earnest to be saved.

And what gladness fills each and every heart when the poor fellow is safe on board again, and being cared for by those who so longingly had sought and accomplished the rescue.

Once I was like that drowning man, struggling in the sea of sin. Ere long I should have been lost eternally, for all my efforts to effect my own salvation were without avail. At last I gave up in despair, and then saw close to me, even within my reach, the life-belt of salvation—salvation through Christ Jesus, through faith in Him, not through my works. Thankfully I saw that His work was well done, and all done, and that God had accepted it ; for Christ was no longer on the cross, but on the throne, and in simple faith, taking Him at His word, I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved, forgiven, justified, cleansed, and made nigh by His precious blood.

Then it was I learned that His joy in saving me was greater, far greater, even than my joy in being saved ; and now I know that He not only saves but *keeps*, for the Lord

Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep, and sought until He found, is, like Abel, a *Keeper*, not a loser, of the sheep.

May you all know Him as your Saviour, and your Keeper too.

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.

## FOUR LITTLE GIRLS, AND WHAT THEY DID.

**O**NE warm afternoon, a few weeks since, a lady was walking in the quiet country lanes, when she thought she heard the voices of little children. Quickening her steps, she came upon four little girls sitting under a hedge, and what do you think they were doing ?

“Playing school,” I fancy I hear some one say.

“No !”

“Playing shop,” answers another.

“Wrong again.”

“Doing nothing,” says a third.

“No. They were reading their Bibles.”

So the lady went up to them, and kindly said,

“What are you doing, my dears ?”

“Having a reading-meeting, ma’am,” replied one of them.

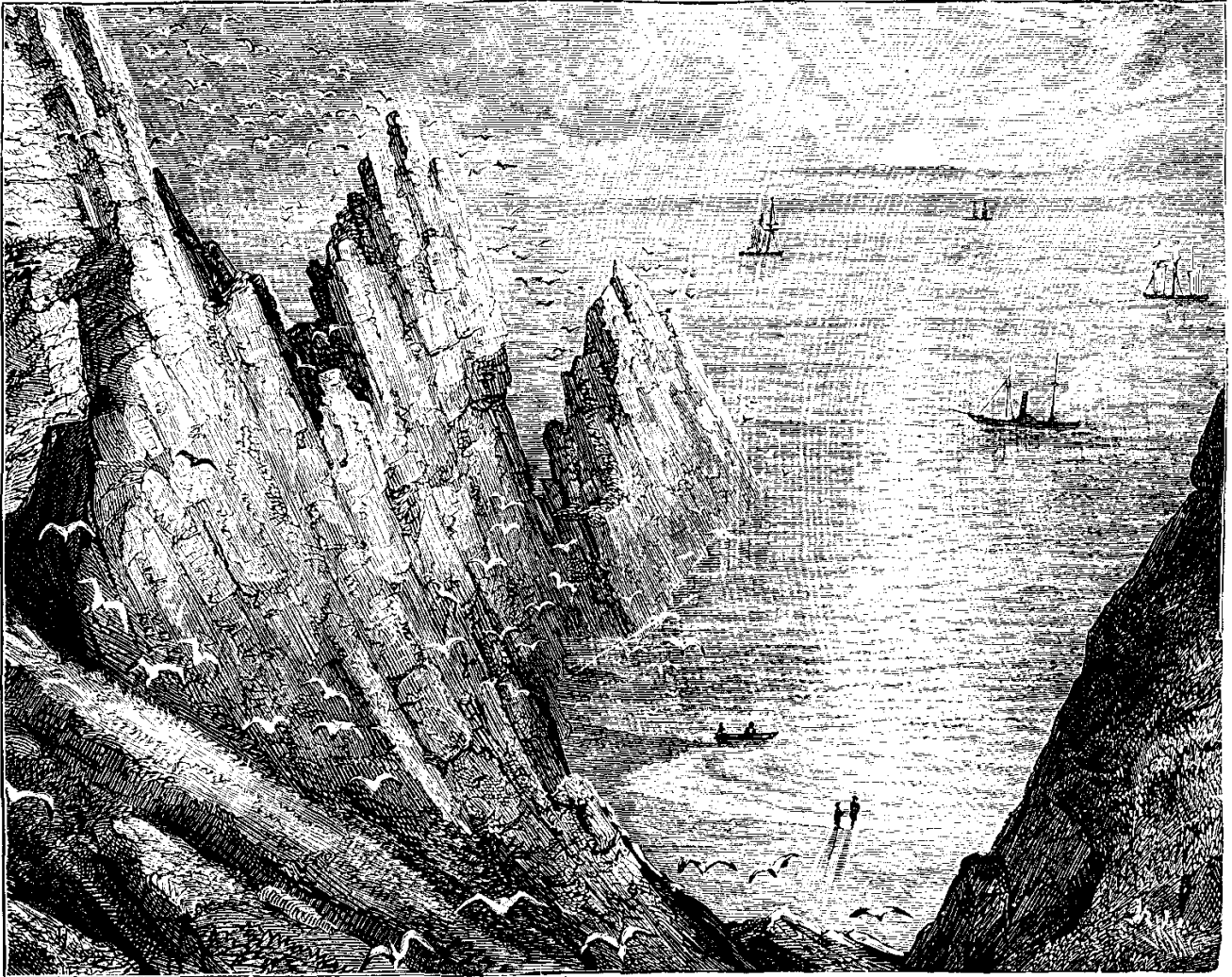
These four little girls loved their Bibles so much that they were not content with just carrying them to school on Sunday afternoons, but they wanted them in the week, when they might have been at play, to hold what they called a reading-meeting. I doubt not they loved the Lord Jesus, and knew Him as their Saviour, else they would not have cared to read about Him.

Oh, I hope you will all be like these four little girls, lovers of your Bibles. But you must come to the Lord Jesus first, for you need to have your sins washed away in His precious blood, and then you will be able to say, like Jeremiah of old, “Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.” (Jeremiah xv. 16.)

*THE WARNING HEEDED.*

**C**APTAIN OLDREY, commanding the *Hyacinth*, sloop of war, was working up for Barbadoes, August 10th, 1831, when the hurricane came on. He had been upon the deck during some of the finest weather ever

afterwards, chancing to cast his eyes upon a barometer suspended near, he observed that the mercury was falling. It was a moment when he would not have thought of consulting the instrument for any purpose; and so strange did he think the circumstance, that he rubbed his eyes, imagining he was deceived. Still the mercury fell. He got off



witnessed in that climate, and had just been admiring the beauty of the evening. The atmosphere of the horizon was perfectly clear, not a cloud obscuring the sky; nor was there the least probability of a change, as far as could be judged from any appearance observable in the heavens or on the ocean.

Going below to his cabin, the captain threw himself upon a sofa. A minute or two

the sofa, and, approaching the instrument, discovered that the quicksilver was falling quite fast. He went on deck; but the weather was as lovely as before. He descended again, and tapped the instrument; still the descent was certain, and continued. A fall so rapid and remarkable, of which he had never seen nor heard the like, convinced him that something unexpected was about to happen.

He called the first lieutenant and master, and stated what he had seen. These officers alleged that there could be no storm likely, the sea and sky were then so clear and beautiful. The captain was not of their opinion; and, as the ordinary falling of the barometer indicated a storm, he resolved to prepare for one, with a speed and energy proportioned to the singular rapidity of the indication. He ordered everything instantly to be made snug, the topmasts to be struck, and all to be got down and secured upon deck. The officers and ship's company were surprised, and still incredulous. One man said to another, "The captain is determined to sweat us."

By an activity urged on by the union of command and entreaty, all was lowered and secured. The officers of the ship, except the captain, were still of their previous opinion, and well they might be. So far, none of the appearances then existed that usually precede storms and hurricanes in that latitude.

The evening had closed in by the time operations on board the ship were nearly completed. Captain Oldrey relaxed nothing in the way of preparation to the last, and saw it finished to his satisfaction.

An hour or two had gone by afterwards, during which his mind had become composed with the reflection that he had prepared for the worst, when he had proof of the value of the instrumental warning. A storm did come on, and reached its fury almost at once, so that a rag of sail could not be kept up. The wind blew with a fury so great that the sea could not rise into waves, but became one vast plain of foam, on which the ship lay driving furiously along.

Fortunately there was ample sea-room, and the good ship rode it out in safety.

Do you know, my reader, of that storm of judgment so soon to break upon this poor world? The Word of God is our sure, unerring barometer, and plainly indicates its approach. Everything around may appear calm and peaceful; but directly we open its pages of truth, we learn how surely the wrath

of God will fall. Had Captain Oldrey refused to act upon the warning given, he and his crew would probably have perished amid the waves; but forewarned, he was forearmed, and his vessel and her freight were safe.

If you refuse to hear the voice of Him who speaks to you—if you neglect the great salvation so freely provided by God our Saviour, you will find no refuge in that coming day. Remember the solemn words of our Lord Jesus, "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man." (Luke xvii. 26.)

How was it then? They did eat, they drank, they married wives, and were given in marriage, *until* the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. So the world goes on now, and so it will go on, until sudden and swift judgment overtakes it.

Believe the warning given, and flee—flee to that Saviour whose arms of love are still open returning sinners to receive. Then blessing, present and eternal, will be yours. No condemnation can reach you then; for you will have a new place, even *in Christ* now, and a portion in glory *with Christ* by-and-by.

### GIFTS.



ISTORY tells us of magnificent presents bestowed by earth's great ones upon those whom they esteemed, or whose goodwill they deemed it well to seek; but the choicest gift that was ever given, the greatest present that was ever made, was the gift, the wondrous gift, given by the great God to guilty rebels, who deserved nought but judgment and banishment from His presence for ever.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. . . . He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John iii. 16, 36.)

Is not Christ the grandest gift that was ever given? Have you received Him?

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

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*THE FIRST MARTYR IN ENGLAND.*

“**P**ERADVENTURE for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” (Rom. v. 7, 8.)

It was about A.D. 300 that England's ground was stained with the blood of her first Christian martyr.

Diocletian, who was then emperor of Rome, and ruler over Britain, had given orders that the Christians should be persecuted; hence, any who confessed to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ laid themselves open to be condemned to death.

To the north-east of London, in the little village of Verulam, now known as St. Alban's city, lived Alban, a Pagan.

Here, one day, came a Christian, named Amphibalus, who, under sentence of death, was fleeing from the Roman persecutors.

Alban received him, and entertained him kindly for several days, during which he heard, for the first time, the glorious truths of the Gospel. Only a short time passed before he, “casting off the darkness of idolatry, became a Christian in all sincerity of heart.”

The report spread that Alban was sheltering a Christian, and, before long, the soldiers came to Verulam to demand that the refugee should be delivered up to them.

But Alban had not so learned Christ. Knowing now that Christ had died to save him from eternal death, he was willing to give up his own life in order to save that of another.

Turning to his guest, he said, “Give me thy robe, and take mine, which will not be recognized. Take also the hallowed scroll on which Life is written, and flee to the dark forest, where thy foes shall seek thee in vain.”

Amphibalus did so, and Alban, putting on the long robe of his friend, went to meet the soldiers. He was seized, and led before

the judge, who soon discovered his scheme to save the one whose life was in danger.

Enraged at being thwarted, he bade Alban offer sacrifice to the heathen gods, and worship an idol near, on pain of death if he refused.

Alban replied, “I cannot worship that which is so worthless; I am a Christian, and will bow the knee to no form of man's creation.”

Terrible punishment was inflicted, but he “bore it all patiently, and even joyfully, for our Lord.”

Early next morning he was led out to die, and crowds gathered round the place chosen for his execution.

Just before the time came for him to suffer, he lifted up his voice to God, and “prayed for himself and his enemies.” Some of the soldiers wept. The one who had been appointed executioner cast aside his sword, and, falling at Alban's feet, confessed himself a Christian, “praying that he might rather suffer with, or for, the martyr whom he was ordered to execute.”

Another quickly took his place, and Alban went home to his Lord.

“Thus was Alban tried,  
England's first martyr, whom no threats could shake:  
Self-offered victim—for his friend he died,  
And for the faith.”

*THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.*

**A**LL of you have, I doubt not, read, or heard, a great deal about the Jubilee Year; and know that it is so named on account of Her Majesty Queen Victoria having reached the fiftieth year of her reign. Many things have been done to celebrate the event.

If you get your Bibles, and find Lev. xxv., and read carefully verses 8 to 13, you will see what God said about the Jubilee, or year of liberty, which was so called on account of the setting free, on a certain day, of all who were in bondage, for it was a special time appointed by God to proclaim liberty

throughout all the land of Israel to all the inhabitants.

At the commencement of the fiftieth year, on the tenth day of the seventh month, in *the day of atonement*, the trumpet was to sound throughout all the land, and proclaim liberty. The poor Israelite who had had to part with his land, or leave his family, could now return free—at liberty. How they would look forward to this time with joy, how gladly would they listen for the sound of the trumpet, for it proclaimed liberty all over the land. But when was the trumpet to proclaim liberty? In the day of atonement, when the sacrifices had been slain, all God's righteousness and holiness had been satisfied, and the people's sins atoned for, "For on that day shall the priest make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord" (Lev. xvi. 30), so that, the work of atonement having been *finished*, liberty could be proclaimed.

Now turn to Luke iv. 18-19. We find the Lord Jesus Christ reading from the Prophet Isaiah, and proclaiming another Jubilee—the acceptable year of the Lord. The Lord Jesus Christ is telling out, not only to Israel, but to all, deliverance and liberty for poor sinners, captives of Satan.

On the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ the Gospel trumpet sounded forth, far and wide, in all its fulness, to captives and slaves of Satan, the blessed news of redeeming love, life, and liberty, the result of a *finished* work, of blood shed on the cross; and ever since then has been preached the acceptable year of the Lord.

Have *you* heard that Gospel trumpet sounding life and liberty through Christ Jesus? You may have listened many times to the gracious message of salvation, but do you know it is being sounded for you? If unsaved you need it, for you are led captive by Satan, a prisoner bound, on the road to destruction. The Lord Jesus Christ came to loose the prisoner, and set the captive free.

Sinner, hear the voice of Jesus, trust in His finished work, and you will be free.

The wonderful love of God to sinners has been flowing from the heart of God for more than 1800 years, and still the message is proclaimed.

God give you to come to the Lord Jesus Christ now in this day of His grace, to find in Him a Saviour and a Friend.

Hark! the Gospel news is sounding—

Christ hath suffered on the tree;

Streams of mercy are abounding,

Grace for all is rich and free.

Now, poor sinner,

Look to Him who died for thee.

D. J.

### "WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE GO TO HEAVEN?"

**R**ETURNING one evening, a short time since, with my sister, by rail, we found ourselves alone in a railway carriage, with a little girl of about nine years of age. She told us her name, where she lived, and that she was the eldest of eight children.

I said, "Do you go to school on Sundays?" and she answered, "Yes!"

Then I said, "Perhaps you can tell me what sort of people go to heaven"; and she gave me the usual answer, "Good."

I replied, "We read in Romans iii. 10, 'There is none righteous, no, not one,' so how can people go to heaven when God says there is none righteous or good?" She shook her head, and did not appear to know, so I told her as simply as I could, that because no one was good enough to go to heaven, Jesus had died, and all who believe on Him are cleansed by His precious blood, and so fitted to go there.

If you were asked this simple question, "Are you fit to go there?" what could you say? God says, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi.)

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



## THE PASSOVER NIGHT.

Exodus xii.



O, my young reader, ponder well this deeply interesting chapter. May the Spirit of God so bless it to your soul that this may be the beginning of months to you. Sure I am it would be even so to many old Christians, did they but understand the full redemption here shadowed forth.

Blind indeed must be those eyes which cannot see that this chapter xii. sets before us the redemption blood of Christ, as saith the apostle, "For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us" (1 Cor. v. 7). Just as the lamb without blemish of the first year was kept up until the fourteenth day of the same month, and then killed by the whole assembly; even so did Jesus, as the Lamb without spot, offer Himself to God. Yes, on the very passover night He gave Himself up for us. He said, "I have heartily desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer" (Luke xxii. 15). Was ever love like this?

The blood was to be sprinkled upon the door-posts of the house. The Lord said to the Children of Israel, "The blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood I will pass over you" (Ex. xii. 13). And God kept His word. Not one person perished that night who believed His words about that blood. God said, "*When I see the blood I will pass over you.*" Think, my young Christian, what God sees in the blood of Christ. It is not what you see. We have as yet very limited views of the value of the atoning death of Jesus. But what does God see? The place of highest glory into which God has raised the once-suffering Jesus is the answer to what God sees in the value of the cross of Christ.

Unmingled grace, flowing throughout eternity, to the millions of the redeemed, proclaims what God sees in the blood of Christ!

What a token of love is the blood of the Lamb! Whilst the death of Jesus shows out the righteousness of God in all its brightness, and surely also His wrath against sin in all its blackness, yet what a token of love to the poor sinner.

I often get comfort in thus thinking of God. His righteousness maintained to the utmost, yet His love shown us in all its fulness. Why were the door-posts of Israel sprinkled with blood? God loved them. Why did He deliver every man, woman, and child who dwelt in those blood-sprinkled houses? He loved them. Now go up to that blood-sprinkled post. What do you read in that blood on the post? "God is love." The blood speaks, and says, "I am the token of God's love to you;" but it also declares that "without shedding of blood is no remission." Draw near the cross. What do you read there? Blessed lessons that shall never be fully learnt when eternal ages have rolled away. Oh! why this Holy One *thus dying*? Why those pierced hands and feet? Why no place to lay that precious head? Those who love Him are fled; those who hate Him are gnashing their teeth around Him. But why this three hours' darkness? Why is He forsaken of God? Wherefore that bitter cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me"? In those hours of darkness, forsaken of God, Jesus did pay the full price of redemption, and bowing His head, cried, "It is finished." Thus died the Lamb of God. Yes, on that cross I read, "God is love." But I also read, "Without shedding of blood is no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.) Then surely our sins cannot be remitted to us on any other ground but through His precious blood. What a token of love to the sinner, therefore, is the cross of Christ. Sure token on which my soul shall rest for ever.

C. S.



## Messages to the Little Ones.

"AND ME, TOO, GRANDMA!"



WHILST visiting the grandmother of a little friend of mine, I was with her delighting in that precious portion of

God's word, "The Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. ii. 20),

when there came from the lips of the dear little girl the words, "And me, too, grandma—me, too!" She had been quietly rocking herself in grandma's arm chair; and we had not noticed her very much, as we were occupied in drinking in the blessed sweetness of that word "*me*," until the grandchild took hold of grandma's sleeve and, with a real hearty tug, broke in with her claim for the blessing.

Yes, indeed, it was for her too, for did not Jesus say, "Suffer *little* children to come unto me"? There are, I fear, many dear little ones who think the blessing of knowing Jesus as a personal Saviour is something to look forward to when they get older. This is a great mistake. When the Lord was speaking to the grown-up people, He told them that unless they became as *little children*, they could not enter into blessing (Matt. xviii. 3); and it never says that little children have to wait until they become grown-up people. So that the little ones have all the advantage, and may come to Jesus while they are *little*, and need not wait until they get older.

Mark well the word "*little*." "Suffer the *little children* to come unto me." Our blessed Lord Jesus puts the word "*little*" in so that all children may come, and come now. The Lord Jesus yearns over their souls.

May you in faith do as our little dot did, say, "And *me* too!" and then you can truly sing our well-known hymn,

"Jesus loves *me*, this I know;"

and be able to sing the "*me's*" from your very heart of hearts. May the dear Saviour give you, as you read Gal. ii. 20, to answer to Him, "And me, too, blessed Lord."

P. O.

## "COULD I KEEP THE GOOD NEWS?"



ANY years since, a New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her, saying, "Why go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now, and it suits your health; besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean; and everybody there will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said in reply, "do you think that I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they may get it too?"

Young Christian, read Mark v. 19.

## QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.

- 1.—Mention every title given to the Lord Jesus Christ in John x.
- 2.—What is said about *Him*, and His *acts*, under each separate name?
- 3.—What happens to those who *know* His voice? *Who* are those who know His voice?
- 4.—What Psalm speaks of the Shepherd? Write two verses.

Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# SCATTERED SEED.

## THE TRAVELLER'S REFUGE.

**I**N the month of February, 1886, the writer, in company with two friends, was in a lonely and distant part of the Highlands at the close of the day, with a long walk of some fifteen miles before them.

We had been travelling—partly by rail, and partly by post-cart—ever since day-break. The long ride in the latter, through bold and beautiful country, and fine bracing air, had been most enjoyable. There was one part in particular, through which we drove, that had attracted our attention: As we descended a steep hill, by a narrow zig-zag path, below us were the deep blue waters of a remarkably fine loch; above were great masses of overhanging rocks, covered here and there with the graceful mountain birch; high hills studded the opposite side, whose rugged slopes ran down to the water's edge; whilst behind these again towered a more distant range of snow-capped mountains, the lofty peaks of which were plainly visible; and the setting sun cast its departing rays on all around with more than ordinary splendour ere it sunk into the far west.

Leaving all this behind, we travelled on till a little road-side inn was reached, whence, having parted with our driver, and partaken of the scanty meal provided by the host, we set out for our destination.

Very different was the country we were now just entering. A low-lying plain of vast extent opened out before us. To the right was a deep and dangerous morass. Huge boulders of rocks, and massive stones, lay scattered about; not a vestige of a house or tree was to be seen; nothing but a dreary and desolate waste of uncultivated land, where no sound was heard save the wild cry of a bird of prey, or perchance the foot-fall of a passing stranger.

After walking a few miles, a large building of some kind came into view. Our curiosity was aroused, and we wondered what had led to the erection, in a spot so solitary, of that which we found, on drawing near, was a good sized, substantial looking house. There was an inscription cut out in stone on one of the walls, and from this we learnt its history. Part of it ran as follows:

"THIS HOUSE ERECTED  
FOR THE REFUGE OF THE  
TRAVELLER  
AT THE ALMOST  
IMPASSABLE WASTE OF THE  
'GUALIN'  
IN THE YEAR 1831."

Built at a time when travelling was attended with difficulties and dangers unknown in the present day, it was a landmark that could be seen for many a mile round. And oft had free shelter been afforded under its hospitable roof to the weary and benighted traveller, whose steps had been guided thither by the kindly light that shone out into the darkness.

Dear reader, is there not in this little picture a simple illustration of the Gospel?

Thou, too, art treading life's rough journey through a morass of sin, in a world doomed to destruction. Cast thine eye around thee, O traveller! The setting sun of Grace is fast sinking below the horizon, and the dark clouds of wrath, long kept back, are gathering. Far have thy footsteps strayed in the paths of sin and pleasure, and, allured by Satan, thou hast passed by, unheeded, Mercy's warning voice; a heavy load of sin, and, perhaps, an aching heart, thou dost carry; weary are thy feet and sad is thy countenance.

The dark night is coming, and thou art far from home, exposed to eternal danger. I

beseech thee not to let the coming storm overtake thee, or thou wilt surely rue it in the flames of an everlasting hell.

Yet Grace lingers. May be the prayers of a godly parent are following thee. Little hast thou thought that the eye of a loving God has watched thee in all thy wanderings.

Hearken! There is a refuge provided in which thou canst find a lasting shelter. "*A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.*" Who is this man? 'Tis Jesus, the Son of God. Yes, the heart of a tender Saviour is yearning to receive thee just as thou art. Canst thou say, "Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a REFUGE from the storm"? If not, flee now for refuge to Him; He will ease thee of thy sore burden, speak peace to thy broken heart, and soothe thy wounded conscience. Hear His own words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Haste thee then to Him. It is not yet too late. The refuge is free to all. Wide open stands the door, and thou art welcome. Oh, enter, enter in. "I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, *he shall be saved.*" (John x. 9.)

"Haste, traveller, haste! the night comes on,  
And many a shining hour is gone;  
The storm is gathering in the west,  
And thou art far from home and rest.  
Haste, traveller, haste!"

W. R. P.

### THE COMING FLOOD.

"**A**S it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all." (Luke xvii.)

In this scripture reference is made to an approaching judgment, the announcement of which is treated in precisely the same manner as the warnings of God were in the days

of Noah. In those days the people who inhabited the earth were so desperately wicked, that God determined to sweep them off the face of it; and the nature of man to-day, civilized and educated though he be, is precisely the same as it was in the days of Noah. Even those people, wicked as they were, had never committed a crime one thousandth part so dark as that of which this world has now been guilty—the murder of the Son of God. Surely if the people of that day were so vile as to merit the awful judgment of the deluge, the punishment of those who are far more guilty will be even more dreadful; and this judgment is alluded to in Luke xvii. 26.

God gave the people of Noah's time 120 years' warning before He sent the flood, and at any time during that long period they might have averted the threatened judgment, by repenting of their sins, and turning to God like the people of Nineveh, or availed themselves of the means of escape provided. *Now* there is no means of *averting* the coming judgment; the only thing for man to do to-day is to accept God's way of escape. It is very simple; quite as easy, in fact, as it was to get into the ark. The only reason why people do not avail themselves of it is that they do not consider it necessary.

In the first place many do not believe that there is any judgment coming. When the people of old were told, 120 years before the fact, that the flood was coming, they disregarded the warning, and went on in their own way, just living to please themselves, and forgetting God and His claims entirely. They had another warning, only seven days before the rain began to fall, but it had no more effect on them than the first. Perhaps they said, "Oh, we've heard all this for 120 years, and we don't see any signs of this long-talked-of flood." So people to-day say, "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were." But "when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them. . . and the

shall not escape." Man's belief or disbelief of God's Word will not alter the fact that what God says will surely come to pass.

Then there are others who imagine that they can easily make a way of escape for themselves, or act as if they imagine so. Just as, no doubt, the people of old thought that, if the flood really did come, they would be able to escape by climbing the mountain; so now, men think that they will be able to escape from the judgment to come by means of their works or their prayers, or by some way other than by faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, the only way that God has provided. There was only one way of escape for the people of Noah's day—the ark. There is only one way of escape for the people of the present day—Christ. You may not like that way, you may prefer your own way, you may prefer to "go about to establish your own righteousness" to submitting yourself to "the righteousness of God." You may prefer to trust your own work rather than the work of Christ. Well, if so, Proverbs xiv. 12 applies to you: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

There were others, perhaps, who meant to get into the ark when the rain began to fall. There are some to-day who quite intend to come to Christ: but remember, it was not those who *meant* to be in the ark, but those who actually were inside when the flood came, that were saved.

Reader, perhaps you think the men of Noah's time remarkably foolish not to have escaped when they were given so long a warning. But *you* have been told over and over again that judgment is coming, and that God has provided a way of escape in the person of His Son. How have *you* treated the message? Have *you* believed God's Word, and fled to the ark for refuge; or, are you content to go on and take your chance? All who were in the ark were as safe as God Himself could make them, but all who were left outside were *hopeless*. Where are you?

L. J. Mc N.

### "I LEFT THE WHOLE MATTER WITH HIM."

**I**N one of the small rooms of a lodging-house I found Mrs. H——, on a cold winter day, with only a few lighted cinders in the grate, and no fender, or anything in the apartment that could be dispensed with.

Her husband and two children shared this wretched room with her, it being the only one they possessed.

She looked sad and worn from poverty and illness.

After inquiring about her health, and finding she was suffering much, I proposed her removal to the hospital. I then asked if she knew herself to be a sinner, and found she was utterly unconcerned as to the question. She quickly turned to her bodily ailments.

I next visited her in the hospital, and her blanched face and pinched features told their own tale of suffering.

I again spoke to her about the "Great Salvation," and inquired if she was anxious now to hear of these things.

The tears that filled her eyes, and the earnest expression of countenance, plainly showed that the Holy Spirit had awakened her to a sense of sin, and of the need of a Saviour. Some particular sin pressed on her conscience, which she seemed not to wish to speak of to me, but expressed a desire to see some other Christian who was a stranger to her.

As her days seemed numbered, I went at once and asked a friend to visit her, which he did early the following morning.

The same afternoon found me beside her bed, but how changed was her face. The worn, anxious look had given place to a bright, warm expression. Her first words were, "Mr. B—— told me Jesus *could* forgive every sin, and therefore He has forgiven mine."

Death was fast approaching her poor fragile body, and she evidently knew this, for she asked to be removed to her wretched home, anxious to die where she could see

her children and friends. Here she lingered on a few weeks, amidst surroundings anything but attractive. She lay on a bed, underneath a borrowed counterpane, having but little food, and, besides all this, subjected to the cruelties of a husband who spent almost all his earnings in drink, nearly every night returning to his home in a state of intoxication. Yet with all this a calmness pervaded her room that told there was with her One whose promise proved true, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

As I knew the temptations to which she was exposed, I was anxious to know if she was really resting on Christ. I therefore asked her if she knew the Lord Jesus had taken away her sins, and whether she had any care on her mind.

Her answer was beautifully simple and touching, "I left the whole matter with Him to settle. I could do no more. From the day I knew Jesus *could* forgive sins, I never thought of mine since."

Her last words to me were, "He is waiting for me. Oh! I wish He would take me now. I am longing to be with Him."

Reader, have you the simple faith in the Lord Jesus which that poor woman manifested? She heard the Lord Jesus could forgive all manner of sin, because He died for sinners; she therefore knew her sins could be no exception, great though she felt them to be; so she left her heavy burden with Him. The result was that peace and joy filled her soul.

The precious blood of the spotless Lamb of God has been shed, God has accepted the sacrifice, and declared to us He has done so by placing Him at His right hand. (Heb. x. 12.) Everything has been done. Christ can now say to each weary, perplexed one, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. (Matt. xi. 28.) Remember, God says, "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." He gives no promise of a death-bed, nor of time to turn to Him, but gives life everlasting *now* to all who believe on the Lord Jesus. (John v. 24; Prov. xxvii. 1.)

### UPON THE WRONG LINE.



RETURNING home from business by rail, one night last winter, I observed, upon entering the carriage, an elderly gentleman comfortably asleep in one corner. He slept on until we reached the station where tickets are taken. The collector had some difficulty in arousing him; but when awake he produced a ticket for a station some miles away upon a different line, and was obliged to leave the carriage at once, to wait some hours for a return train to the junction, before he could proceed homewards.

On witnessing this incident, I thought, How many, alas! are travelling on to eternity spiritually asleep, only to wake up and find themselves cast into outer darkness; unconcerned now as to whither they are going, neglecting God's great salvation, and heedless of His call.

My reader, is it so with you? Upon what are you resting for salvation? Satan has many opiates to soothe the conscience, and lull you to sleep while you are upon the wrong track. Oh, think of that awaking hereafter, if you should die in your sins. For my fellow-passenger there was but some temporary inconvenience and delay as the consequence of his mistake; but if you awake in eternity, having neglected your soul's salvation, there is no hope; it is an irreparable mistake. May you awake now, while it is yet the day of grace, to the deep consciousness of your need of the Saviour, and, in true contrition of soul, turn to God. He has provided a ransom in the person, and through the work, of His beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; and He tells us in His Word that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Also, that to Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.

Behold, *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation. H. H.

*"I DO TRUST HIM."*

**M**Y dear young readers, I wish I could pay each of you a short visit in your various homes, that we might have a little talk together about your precious soul, and the things which are unseen, and eternal. Perhaps you think, because you are young, and, it may be, in the full enjoyment of health and strength, that, therefore, death and judgment must needs be a long way off, but what if it should not be so? And what if God should say of *thee*, "*This night shall thy soul be required*"? For—

"On a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas you stand;  
A moment's time, a little space,  
May launch you in yon blissful place,  
Or shut you up in hell."

No doubt you can think of some of your dear young friends who died when quite young; or, it may be, a little brother or sister has been taken away from your loving circle, much younger than you are now, and has passed away into eternity. And, perhaps, as you looked upon the cold, still body, so soon to be laid in the grave, you have thought, Where is he now? or, Where is she now? And God has come and spoken to your heart about *your own soul*. Oh! my reader, have you heard His voice? or have you closed your ears, and hardened your heart? Which?

Some time ago we were visiting in a village, and called to see Mrs. F——. She was out, and the only person in the house at the time was her youngest daughter, Alice, whom we had not met before. We had a very solemn talk with her about her soul, and about eternity. After some time she wept bitterly, for God had opened her eyes to see that her sins were upon her, and that she was unfit to meet Him. Then we repeated those precious words to her, in John iii. 16, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" but still she wept, and did not speak. Before leaving, we told her about the

jailor at Philippi, who suddenly, at midnight, found out that he was lost, and called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" and how they said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" repeating those words again and again, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

The following week, being in the village Mrs. F—— asked us to go and see a woman who was dying. Alice seemed greatly pleased to come and show us the way. Having paid our visit, we were walking back together, when she looked up earnestly, and asked, "Do you think Mrs. —— is saved?"

I told her that she said she was trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ; and remarked how solemn it was to leave the question of salvation till the very last hour. Then turning to her, I said, "But, Alice, what about your own soul?"

She looked straight up in my face, and her whole countenance beamed as she replied, "I am saved, for I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

"How long have you been saved?" I asked.

She answered, "Since the first day that you and Mr. R—— spoke to me about my soul, and asked me where I was going to spend eternity. That verse settled it—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' And the little book you left helped me too, for there I read over again what you had been telling me."

The last time we met was about seven weeks ago, when she sweetly and simply confessed the Lord Jesus Christ, and the full assurance she enjoyed of being saved.

A few weeks after, one dark, foggy Saturday night in March, Alice was sent on an errand to a neighbour's house. She had been there before, carrying a lantern, but this time begged to be allowed to go without it, as she knew the road quite well, saying she would be back in a few minutes. As she went out of the house, a dear Christian

present made some remarks about trusting in the Lord. With her hand on the handle of the door, Alice turned round, looked brightly up, and said, "I do trust Him." And these sweet words were almost her last on earth, for she went swiftly to the neighbour's house, delivered her message, and was heard running quickly back; but the night was very dark, and she took the wrong path, running under the bridge, instead of over it, and fell right into the river. Her brother, who was walking near the bridge at the time, heard one loud scream, and one splash, and he knew that some one had fallen into the river, but little thought that it was his own dear sister.

Then the people living near came with lights, and tried to find her, but the fog and darkness hindered them, so that, after some hours of fruitless search, they reluctantly returned to their various homes; but not before they knew who the missing one was. When the light broke on the Lord's Day morning, beginning their search again, they soon found the body, and carried it home to the bereaved ones there. But, long before that time, Alice herself was "with Christ," for there, beneath the cold, dark water, her soul had passed away into eternity, and she found herself "absent from the body," and "present with the Lord," where there is fullness of joy, and pleasure for evermore.

Tell me, dear reader, do you think Alice ever regretted that day, when she took God at His word, and accepted His salvation? Never. Do you think she will ever regret it? No, never.

And now, my dear young reader, I turn to you, and ask, "If God were to call you thus suddenly into eternity, where would *you* spend it? Would you find yourself 'with Christ,' or would you lift up your eyes in hell? Would you spend eternity in the Father's house, or in the lake of fire? Would you find yourself with those who will strike the harp, and wear the crown, and sing the song of joy and victory; or, would you pass into the regions of black despair, and there join in the weeping, and wailing, and gnash-

ing of teeth; "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched?" If you have never been anxious about your soul's eternal destiny, may God make you so now; and may God give you to decide for Christ to-day, lest to-morrow find *you* in a lost eternity.

If you are unsaved, go alone into some quiet place, and there, in the presence of God, ask yourself this one question, "*Where shall I spend eternity?*" But if you are really anxious about your soul, and want to be saved, then God sends *you* this message to-day, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou shalt be saved.*" God grant that you may let it into your heart as Alice did; and may *you* decide for Christ *now, this very day*; and may you too be able to say, "I do trust Him."

No doubt many of my young readers have been "born again," and are children of God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And now I should like to turn to you, and ask, "*Have you confessed Christ?*" Do all in your home and at school know that you are saved?" If you have not yet confessed the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, Who died for you, and bore *your sins* in *His own body* on the tree, then go, and do so now, for God links confession with salvation: "If thou shalt *confess with thy mouth* the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe in thine heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved.*" (Rom. x. 9.) And the Lord Himself said, when down here, "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." (Matt. x. 32, 33.)

May nothing hinder you from confessing Christ, so that, if He should call you suddenly away to be with Himself, a sweet fragrance may be left behind, and that your last words may not be those of some silly song, or foolish jest, but a simple, precious word of confidence and comfort to speak to many hearts, such as, "I do trust Him."

C. R.



"THIS IS WHAT I WANT."



CERTAIN man, on the Malabar coast, had long been uneasy about his spiritual state, and had enquired of several devotees and priests how he might make atonement for his sins. He was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunted, through his sandals, and on these spikes to walk a distance of 480 miles. He undertook the journey, and travelled a long way, but could obtain no peace.

One day he halted under a large, shady tree, where the Gospel was sometimes preached. While he was there, a missionary came and preached from the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.) During the preaching, the poor man's attention was drawn, and, rising up, he threw off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud, "This is what I want!" and became thenceforward a lively witness to the healing efficacy of the Saviour's blood.

Are there not thousands throughout the length and breadth of Christendom trying to get peace by walking on iron spikes? May God lead them to rest in the precious blood of Christ.—*Extract.*

ON HIS SHOULDERS.

Ex. xviii. 18; Rom. v. 10; John x.

YES, Lord, Thyself alone, canst lead us on the way,  
The weakest sheep with joy may own  
Thou wilt not wear away.

A Moses, Lord, may fail, under some Jethro's sway,  
And nature's ear take in the tale—  
"Thou'lt surely wear away."

He never shed his blood, and bought the sheep he led,  
It was not thus he went to God,  
To be a living Head!  
Nothing too small or great for Jesus, by the way,  
However lean the flock's estate,  
He will not wear away.

The law is not to mete the discipline He sends,  
The life that saves us, fills the seat  
Where Grace from Glory bends.  
Mount Sinai ne'er revealed the gift of Righteousness,  
And nature's strength may quit the field,  
Yet Grace is ever Grace.

Yes, Lord, Thyself alone, dost lead us on the way;  
Jehovah Jesus on the Throne,  
Shall never wear away.

THE whole deportment of a Christian should declare him a pilgrim and a stranger here. "Onward" and "upward" should be his motto. Oh, for more of the *onward* bent and the *upward* tendency! for more holy fixedness of soul, and profound retirement from this vain world!

STRENGTH is the effect of having to do with God in the spirit of dependence.

THERE is nothing like the Cross. It is both the righteousness of God against sin, and the righteousness of God in forgiving sins. It is the end of the world of judgment, and the beginning of the world of life. It is the work that put away sin, and yet it is the greatest sin that ever was committed.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES,  
JAN.—JULY, 1887.

No. 13.

1. Acts iii. 22 (quoting Deut. xviii. 15, et seq.).
2. (a) Exposed to danger in infancy; though great, identified himself with his poor brethren; rejected by them; married a Gentile bride; was very meek; absence of envy, &c.  
(b) Leader, intercessor, deliverer, mediator, lawgiver.
3. Hebrews iii. 1-6. Moses was a *servant in*, Christ *Son over*, God's house.
4. (a) Nadab, Abihu, Eleazar and Ithamar.  
(b) Nadab and Abihu were both slain for offering strange fire before the Lord. (Lev. x. 1-2).
5. (a) Lev. xvi. 1; Num. iii. 4, xxvi. 61; 1 Chron. xxiv. 2.)  
(b) "God is not to be mocked; He is a jealous God, and shows His intolerance of evil; no human expedients can be allowed in the worship of God."—(A. E. B.)
6. (a) Gershon, Kohath and Merari.  
(b) See Num. iii. 21, et seq.
7. Eleazar (Num. iii. 32).
8. (a) Jacob (Gen. xlix. 7). (b) Simeon and Levi.
9. Levi had no lot or inheritance in Israel, but was dispersed through the various tribes.

No. 14.

1. (a) Mishael and Elzaphan (Lev. x. 4).  
(b) To carry the dead bodies of Nadab and Abihu outside the camp (Lev. x. 4).
2. Eleazar and Ithamar (Lev. x. 16).
3. See Mark iii. 5 and Eph. iv. 26.
4. Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar.

5. "Miserable comforters"—"physicians of no value"; "ye are *the* people" (ironically), "forgers of lies," "mockers."
6. Eliphaz *three*, Bildad *three*, Zophar *two*.
7. "His friends argued that God's dealings with men, being *retributive*, Job's affliction was a sure sign of secret unconfessed sin on his part, for which God was chastening him."—(A. E. B.)
8. "In chapter xxxii. Elihu says he had given ear to their reasons and attended unto them, but had waited until they had finished speaking."—(M.M.) Throughout his addresses he makes frequent allusions to the points raised in the controversy.

## No. 15.

1. "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." (Job. v. 13 and 1 Cor. iii. 19.)
2. (a) "His family consisted of seven sons and three daughters; his substance and his household were very great, and he was accounted the greatest man of the East. He was respected by the young and aged, princes and nobles, blessed by the poor, the fatherless, and the widow.  
(b) "Deprived of his children and substance, smitten with a loathsome disease, forsaken by his acquaintance, disrespected by his servants, and despised by all.  
(c) "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning; He gave him seven sons and three daughters; doubled his former wealth; all his acquaintances gathered round him, each bringing him a piece of money," &c. (A. J.)
3. After God Himself had spoken to him and had presented Himself in His glory and majesty.
4. "I will maintain mine own ways before Him;" "I know that I shall be justified;" "Thou knowest that I am not wicked;" "My righteousness is in it," &c., &c.
5. Exodus xvii. 9; 1 Kings xvi. 34.
6. (a) Ex. xvii. 10, 13, 14; xxiv. 13; xxxii. 17; xxxiii. 11.  
(b) Moses' servant or minister.
7. Oshea (Num. xiii. 8, 16); Jehoshua (Num. xiii. 16); Hoshea (Deut. xxxii. 44); Jesus (Acts vii. 45 and Heb. iv. 8.)
8. See 1 Sam. vi. 14, 18; 2 Kings xxiii. 8; Haggai i. 1, 12, 14, &c.; Zech. iii. 1, 3, etc.; vi. 11.

## No. 16.

1. See Joshua xxiv. 29-31. [7, 14, 23.
2. Num. xxvii. 18, 22, 23; Deut. iii. 21, 28; xxxi. 3,
3. (a) Moses' death.  
(b) "Go over this Jordan," etc.  
(c) & (d) All the land given them; no man able to stand before Joshua; "I will be with thee."  
(e) "Be thou strong and very courageous . . . turn

not . . . to the right hand nor to the left;" the book of the law to be read and meditated upon.

4. Joshua i. 10, 11.

5. See Joshua ii. 9-11 and ix. 9, 10.

6. The Jordan.

(1) The waters of the Jordan were divided whilst the priests stood still.

(2) God used no human instrument.

(3) The waters rose up in a heap on one side, but on the other they were cut off.

(4) Their enemies were in front.

(5) They yet remained to be conquered after their passage. Josh. iii.

7. Red Sea.

(1) The Lord caused the sea to go back all night by a strong wind.

(2) Moses stretched out his rod.

(3) The waters were as a wall on both sides.

(4) Their enemies were behind.

(5) All their enemies were destroyed.

Ex. xiv. 15-31.

(J. H. P.)

## No. 17.

1. Joshua iv. 14.

2. Joshua iii. 7.

3. Joshua iii. 15.

4. The Passover.

5. Jericho, Josh. viii. 2; ix. 3; x. 1, 28, 30; xii. 9; xxiv. 11.

6. Joshua vi. 26; 1 Kings xvi. 34.

7. See Joshua vii. 21.

## No. 18.

1. "Asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord." Josh. ix. 14.

2. See 2 Sam. 21. 1-9.

3. (a) Went up to spy the land; brought back a good report; stilled the murmurings of the Children of Israel.

(b) See Joshua xv. 14, 15.

4. "I wholly followed the Lord."

5. Jephunneh, Achsah, Othniel. Took Kirjath-sepher.

6. 110; Timnath-serah.

7. Call of Abraham, mission of Moses and Aaron to Egypt, Egyptian plagues, passage through the Red Sea, opposition of Balak, capture of Jericho.

## BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 21.

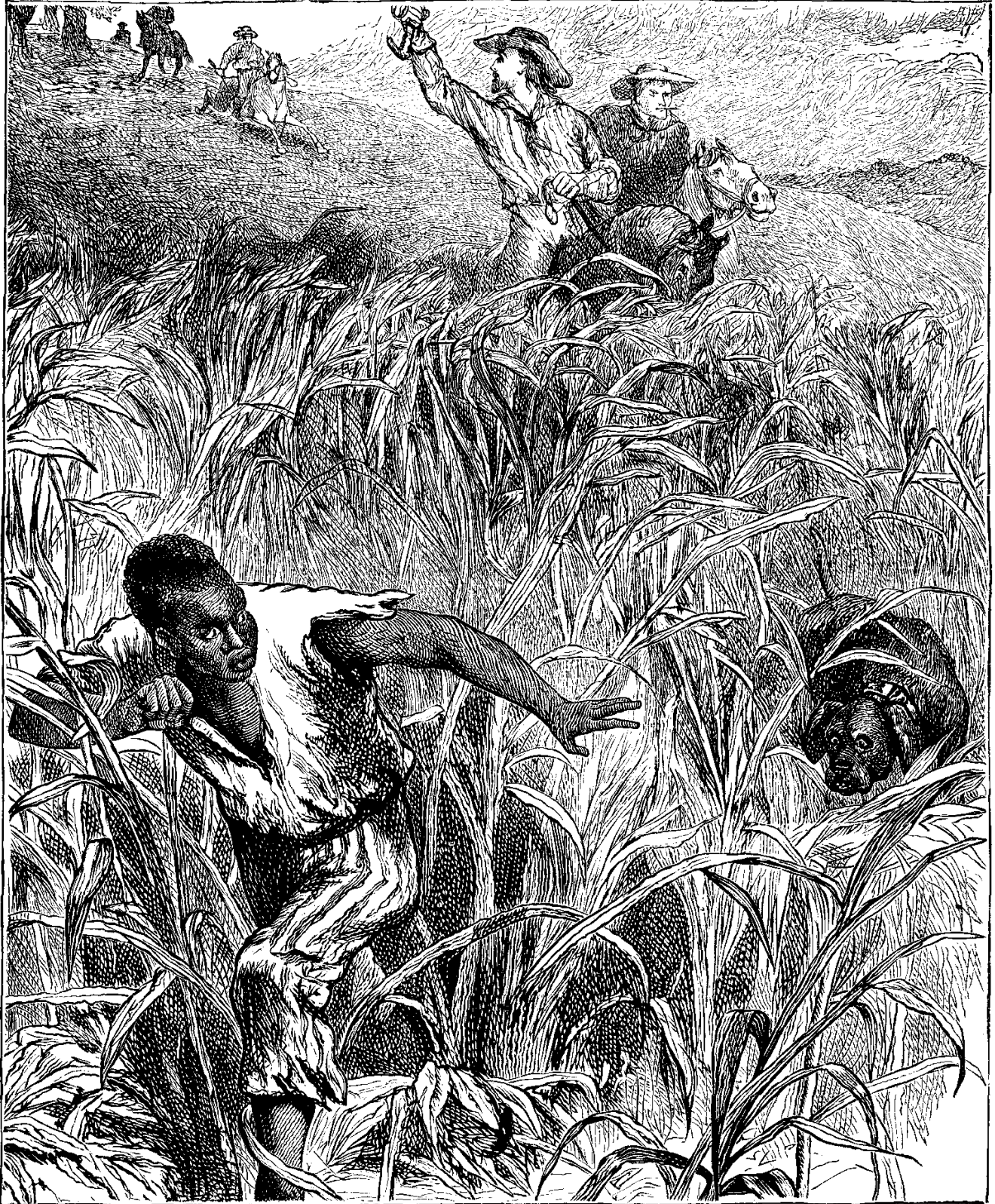
- 1.—What remarkable judge was called to his post by the desire of the Israelites? Mention a few brief facts connected with his appointment.
- 2.—State briefly what you know about Jephthah's daughter.
- 3.—Who were the Nazarites? Give references, and say if "Nazarite" is the same as "Nazarene."
- 4.—Name the three immediate successors of Jephthah.
- 5.—Who was Samson's father? To what tribe did he belong?
- 6.—Describe briefly the first display of Samson's extraordinary strength.
- 7.—Describe the circumstances immediately following and connected with this.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



A RUNAWAY SLAVE.

“MY LETTER.”

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,



FROM bondage and slavery, oftentimes cruel and barbarous, how many have at various times sought to escape, frequently without avail, and then only a worse condition as a result? Scripture tells us of one who had successfully accomplished his escape, and afterwards returned to the very master from whom he had fled.

It would seem that Onesimus, the slave of Philemon, had managed to free himself from his bondage, and reach Rome, where the aged apostle Paul was then awaiting his trial before the Emperor; and, dwelling in his own hired house, with the soldier that kept him, the apostle received all who came unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the goodness of God, Onesimus was brought under the sound of the gospel of the grace of God. The glad tidings for bond and free were proclaimed in his hearing, and faith was mixed with the preached word, and the runaway slave believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved.

The grace of God brought salvation even for him, and the apostle's heart, but above all the heart of God, rejoiced when Onesimus received it.

Paul, loving his new-born child in the faith, seems to have found him useful to him; but, learning, perhaps, from Onesimus whence he had come, and to whom he belonged, will not allow him to remain at Rome, but sends him back to Philemon, bearing, I suppose, the apostle's letter.

How tenderly he pleads with the master for the slave: “If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account: I, Paul, have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it.” How it reminds us of the glorious and blessed One, even Jesus the Son of God, who stood in the guilty sinner's place, and suffered in his stead. The sinner had wronged God, had dishonoured Him,

and owed a debt of sin which he could never pay; but the Son of God, in grace, charged Himself with the sinner's salvation, and, becoming surety, had the wrong-doing and sins of all who believe on Him put to His account. All their iniquities were caused to meet upon Him, and He bore them in His own body on the tree, setting the believer free from all charge healed by His stripes, to serve the God who in grace gave Him to die, and in righteousness raised Him from the dead.

Paul stands, as it were, surety for this converted slave, and yet reminds Philemon that he himself owes everything to the apostle.

With what mingled feelings would Onesimus approach Philemon's house. Little had he expected ever to return there willingly; but grace had altered all his plans, leading him to go back to his rightful master, by whom, I doubt not, he would be received as a brother beloved; for both could now rejoice in the same “so great salvation,” and both now, in their different positions, could seek to glorify that God who, in His grace, had set them free from the cruel slavery of sin.

All saved by Christ are the Lord's bondsmen; purchased at the infinite cost of His own precious blood, they are no longer their own; bought with a price, they are to glorify God in their bodies, seeking whatsoever they do in word or deed to do *all* in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.

Well may all such say,

“I could not work my soul to save,  
For that my Lord has done;  
But I should work like any slave,  
From love to God's dear Son.”

From such a Master, and such a service, surely none would seek to flee, but, delighting in doing His will, be found waiting their Lord from heaven.

May God give like precious faith to all my young readers.

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.

*JOHNNY'S CONFESSION.*

REAT was the joy in the farm-house when Johnny confessed with his mouth the Lord Jesus.

Both father and mother knew and loved the Saviour, and their thanks-

lost and undone, with a heart deceitful and wicked; but now he learned the love of God to such sinners as he, of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, and who suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring them to God, and that now He was risen,



JOHNNY'S CONFESSION.

givings, I doubt not, rose from full hearts that their boy, for whom they so often and so earnestly prayed, had at last found joy and peace in believing.

Some special meetings for children had been held in a tent two or three miles from his home, and Johnny had attended again and again, hearing the oft-told, oft-heard story, and had at last believed it.

Well, he had known that he was a sinner,

and seated at the right hand of God in glory.

Taking God at His word, and asking no questions, little Johnny believed the simple message, and reaching home, gladdened his mother's heart with the joyous news.

"I know I am whiter than snow now, mother, for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin"; and proceeded to tell how he had at last believed God's message of salvation through Christ.

Have you believed on Him in your heart, my young reader? If so, have you confessed Him with your lips? In Rom. x. it is written, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

"Jesus died upon the tree,  
Jesus rose triumphantly,  
Jesus only—perfect plea—  
Christ alone can save thee."

### A STORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

**M**ORE than three hundred years ago, in the town of Brentwood, there lived a family named Hunter; and a happy family it was, for the parents had trained their children to love the Lord Jesus, and to follow Him wherever He might lead them.

One of the sons, William by name, had been bound apprentice to a London tradesman, but having refused to receive the Communion at Mass, his master sent him home to his parents. He was then nineteen years of age.

Six weeks after his return to Brentwood, he chanced to see the chapel door open, and gladly entered, not from idle curiosity, but because chained to the desk was a Book that he loved and longed to read.

A few months before any one who chose might enter and read, but now all was changed. A new sovereign sat on Edward's throne, and terrible sufferings awaited the faithful followers of Christ.

William's study was suddenly interrupted by an officer of the Bishop's court, who asked severely: "William, why meddlest thou with the Scriptures?"

William answered, that he read for his own comfort; but that did not satisfy his questioner, who brought him to a neighbouring priest. To the priest's demands and persuasions young Hunter replied, that he meant to read the Bible as long as he lived. On further examination concerning certain

doctrines he was found to be what the priest called a "heretic." The humble apprentice was next taken before Justice Brown, who, finding him steadfast, sent him to Bishop Bonner in London.

So simply and fearlessly did he answer the questions put to him, that the Bishop began to take an interest in the lad, and thought it a pity that so young and promising a youth should die. After trying, therefore, what two days and nights in the stocks, and nine months in prison, would do for him, he called him and said kindly: "If thou wilt recant, I will make thee a free man in the city, and give thee forty pounds in good money, to set thee up in thine occupation; or, I will make thee a steward of my house, and set thee in office, for I like thee well; thou hast wit enough, and I will prefer thee if thou recant."

Here was a chance of getting on in the world! Few lads of nineteen could step so quickly from a prison to a place of trust in a Bishop's household.

What did William say?

Ah, dear young friends, what do *you* say when the world and its attractions are offered you at the expense of the honour of Christ? Listen to our young friend: "I thank you, my lord, for your great offers, but I cannot find it in my heart to turn from God for the love of the world; for I count all worldly things but loss and dung in respect of the love of Christ."

With angry words the Bishop dismissed him, and ordered him to his own town to be burned.

It was Saturday when he arrived at Brentwood, and his parents soon came to him, praying him not to recant and save his life but to remain firm to the end.

"Mother," said the youth, "for the little pain I have now, Christ will give me a crown of life. Should you not be glad of that?"

They remained with him till Monday, when the Sheriff came to fetch him away. Cheerfully he obeyed, and soon reached the place of burning. Here another temptation



awaited him. Queen Mary, herself, sent a letter, offering him life if he would recant.

"No," said William, "I will not recant, God willing." And going to the stake, he stood up against it. In a few moments the chain was made fast and the faggots were lighted.

Dark clouds had hung overhead during the morning, but there was light in the young martyr's heart.

"Son of God, shine on me," he prayed; and the sun in the heavens sent its rays through a rift in the clouds full on his upturned face. A little longer and he was where they have "no need of the sun or moon," with the One who had given Himself for him.

What made this youth willing to die? Nothing less than the love of Christ; and, dear young Christians, that same love is extended to *you*. The more we enter individually into the fact that the Son of God "loved *me*, and gave Himself for me," the more truly we shall be able to say, "I count all things *loss* for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord."

May we all have our eyes fixed on Christ, *then* our backs will be turned upon all the vain tinsel of the world. L. A. M. B.

#### SUDDEN DESTRUCTION.

**G**OD'S Word declares, "He, that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," and the sad end of the subject of this narrative is a proof of it. He had been coming to the Children's Meetings, on and off, for over four years, and had heard the simple, yet wonderful, story of God's love many, many times. Several evenings we spoke to him, after the others had gone, of the Saviour's love, and showed him, from God's Book, that he was a sinner. He simply laughed at it all, thinking that it was a nice thing for the heathen, but not for him.

God had given him a warning through the sudden death of three of our boys, but he was unmoved, untouched, and quite careless.

God was taking notice, and keeping a

record of all this; and the same God is keeping a record of all the times you have heard and refused His proffered mercy.

The night came when he heard for the last time. You too may be reading the message for the last time. Are you, like him, refusing it?

One day he was leaning over the side of a canal to wash a bottle, when he slipped, and was drowned ere help arrived; called into the presence of the One whose love and grace he had refused.

B—— was thirteen years old, and knew that, if he died unsaved, he would be unsaved for eternity. Think how he will bewail his refusal of that which is not to be found in the grave or in hell.

Now, my reader, how does it stand with you? Are you refusing, and thus hardening your heart? If so, be warned by B——'s end; for God may cut thee off without notice, and then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.

E. A. G.

#### "LIE BY TILL MORNING."

**T**HE danger of delay is solemnly shown out in the loss of the steamship *Central America*, whilst on a voyage from New York to San Francisco. When in mid-ocean she sprang a leak. A vessel, seeing her signals of distress, bore down with all haste to the rescue, and perceiving the danger was imminent, for the water was rapidly gaining upon the crew, and the ship settling down, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the *Central America* :—

"What is amiss?"

"We are in bad repair, and are going down. Lie by till morning," was the reply.

"Let me take your passengers on board now."

But it was night, and the commander of the *Central America* would not send the passengers off then, lest some might be lost in the darkness; and thinking they could keep afloat some time yet, replied, "Lie by till morning."

"You had better let me take them now," was the immediate answer.



"Lie by till morning," was again the trumpet reply.

An hour-and-a-half later her lights were missed. The *Central America*, with all on board, had sunk beneath the great waters.

Reader, beware! Be warned in time.

You are in danger, and you know it. You have heard of a Saviour, and intend to be saved *by-and-by*. You have no intention of spending eternity in the lake of fire, where the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever. You trust your own heart that ere long you will accept God's gracious offers; but I warn you, you are *settling down*.

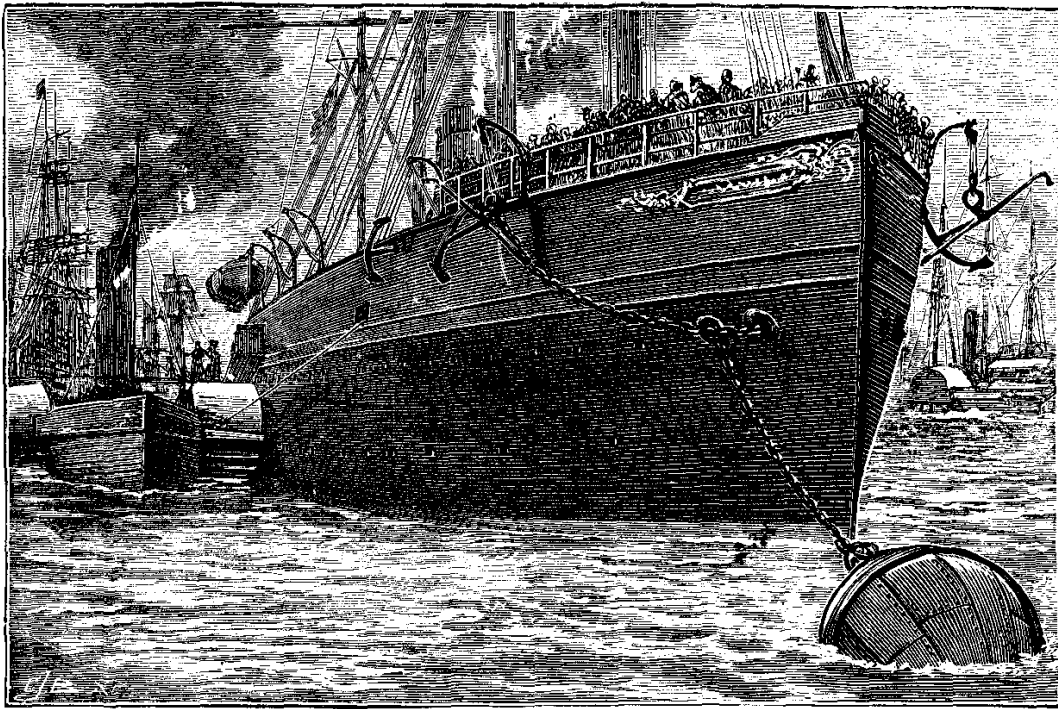
saying; and, like Felix, you are putting off salvation until a convenient season arrives. We never read that it ever arrived for him. A more convenient season may never arrive for you.

Make haste! Delay not! *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.

### "READY TO PARDON."



DURING the first few days of Queen Victoria's reign some sentences of a court martial were presented for her signature. One was for deser-



Nearer the eternal judgment now than ever you were before, but yet you delay. *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation. Why will ye die?

During that hour-and-a-half every man, woman, and child on board the *Central America* might have escaped. But no! through the folly of one *all* perished.

And *you* are imitating his madness. Like the slothful man, you say there is some lion in the way, some hindrance at present: some pleasure of sin, or care, or sorrow, prevents your present acceptance of God's faithful

tion. A soldier had been condemned to be shot, and his death-warrant was presented to the Queen for her signature. She read it, paused, and then asked the Duke of Wellington, "Have you nothing to say on behalf of this man?"

"Nothing; he has deserted three times," responded the Duke.

"Think again, your Grace," said the Queen.

Seeing Her Majesty so earnest about it, the Duke replied, "He is certainly a bad *soldier*, but there was somebody who spoke

as to his good character. He may be a good *man* for aught I know to the contrary."

"Thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed the youthful Queen, who immediately wrote "*Pardoned*" in large letters on the otherwise fatal page.

And God is **READY** to pardon the sinner, though nothing can be pleaded on the sinner's behalf—no merit, no goodness of any kind. None are good, no, not one. All have sinned; all are enemies in mind by wicked works, rebels against the authority and transgressors of the laws of God. And yet, though all this is true, and the sinner stands speechlessly guilty before Him, He is **READY** to pardon. (Neh. ix. 17.)

Besides that, He is **RIGHTEOUS** to pardon; for Christ has died, atonement has been made, God has been glorified by the work of Christ, and all who come with Christ as their only plea, His precious blood their only answer to the claims of God, find a frank, full and free forgiveness, and know their sins are forgiven them for *His* name's sake. And more than that, for, in virtue of His person and work, they are brought into the same place of acceptance and nearness in which the Beloved One is before God.

### "MIND WHERE YOU STEP, FATHER!"

**O**NE morning, in the winter of 1886, when the snow lay on the ground about two inches deep, a little boy was going with his father to a neighbouring village, about four miles distant from the town in which they lived, to see some friends, and to scatter the gospel tidings of God's great salvation.

Ascending a hill, the little son of eight, who was walking behind his father, said, "Mind where you step, father. I am coming behind, and am putting my feet right into your marks."

The father, turning to the little preacher, replied, "All right, my boy; that means a good deal, and has a word of caution to every father."

Little boys of eight, you can preach the truth to your fathers. You go, perhaps, to children's meetings sometimes, and hear many things about God, and His wonderful love to the world (John iii. 16). Now, remember what you hear, and carry the news away to others. The message that you carry may say, "Mind where you step," and those who hear may "mind."

But do you know what it is to be **SAVED**—**SAVED BY CHRIST**? The little fellow of whom I tell confessed the Lord on Christmas night last—that boy of eight knows the Lord, and has eternal life! Have you?

Jesus died, Jesus lives, and He wants all to believe in Him W.S.

### "MY BOOK."

**L**ITTLE Emmie was left in a room for a few minutes with a gentleman. Wishing to entertain him in her father's absence, she took up from the table his pocket Bible, and said, "Would you like to read a little from this—this is my father's Book, Mr. H——. I don't often see him reading any other."

Emmie grew up, and at twelve years of age found the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour; and then the Bible became *her* Book, as it had been her father's. From it she gained the guidance and direction she needed day by day. By it her heart was cheered in trouble, and her sorrow turned to joy. Through it she grew in grace, and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and when, as years passed on, she was to leave her earthly home, she said to her husband, "I'm going to my heavenly home now. I shall soon see Jesus. I have loved Him nearly all my life; now I am going to be for ever with Him."

Can you say, "It is my Book too—the Book of books to me"? Treasure its words and precepts more and more. Remember the words of the aged apostle Paul to his beloved child, Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." (2 Tim. iii. 15.)

**Messages to the Little Ones.****"JESUS LOVES LIZZIE."**

**L**IZZIE L— was a child of four-and-a-half years old. An evangelist visited her native town of C—, Scotland, and set up his canvas tent on the town links. Lizzie spent much of her time on these links with her little playmates, and when the "good man's show," as she called it, came, they all attended the children's service in the tent.

There the thought of *Jesus' love to her* came with a power as great as it was new. No words were so often on her lips now as, "Jesus loves Lizzie, mammy." In pure, childish joy she would, when, as she thought, alone and unobserved, clap her little hands, and say to herself, "Jesus loves little Lizzie." Sometimes she would be overheard telling her little baby brother, as if he should understand her, and enter into her joy, "Yes, Willie, Jesus loves little Lizzie."

It became more and more manifest that the Holy Spirit was the child's teacher, and love to Jesus filled her heart.

On the Lord's Day, seeing the people going to hear the Word of God, she went to her mother, eagerly asking that she might be dressed to go. None from that house had ever gone; but so earnestly did she press her mother to get her ready, that her mother promised when she got a new dress for her she would not only let her go, but would go with her.

Thinking over her lack of a new dress, and that such a thing should stand between her getting to a place where she could hear about *Jesus*, she said to her mother—"Well, mammy, father won't bring me a new dress, but *Jesus* is going to give me a dress."

"Did you tell her of these things?" we asked the mother some time after. "No, I did not," was the reply. "Who, then, spoke to her of them?" we asked. The mother did not know.

Wishing to know if the dear child knew anything of prayer, we asked, "Did Lizzie

pray?" "Oh yes," was the reply. "And even when she was so very ill with the croup in her wee throat, I did not wish to remind her of her prayer, lest the effort to pray should hurt her; but she herself remembered it, and prayed so sweetly."

Art thou a young worker in the Lord's vineyard? Then never consider any case hopeless, and no living person too ignorant or too young to be the subject of the saving change. Remember, that it is thine to sow the seed. 'Tis God's to give the increase.

Art thou a believer? Then let the truth that thrilled Lizzie's heart be more heartily and fully received by thee. The Lord Jesus loves thee.

Art thou still ignorant of His love? O, hear Him who says, "As I live . . . I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11). "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.)

Oh what love! To have provided such a Saviour; and now He offers Him to thee with all that He is. Is that not love?

"Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

**QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.**

- 1.—What is prayer?
- 2.—Give an account from the Bible of two instances in which prayer was *not* answered. Say *why*, and if you think the prayer was *heard*.
- 3.—Give two instances in which prayer *was* answered. And say *why*.  
(Describe fully each of the four cases, that they may be plain to any one who has never heard of them.)
- 4.—Write out the prayer that the Lord Jesus Christ taught to His disciples.

Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# SCATTERED SEED.

*"HE DIED FOR ME."*

**D**URING the disastrous war between the Northern and Southern states of America, a traveller, when visiting those scenes of desolation, entered what may be called a soldier's cemetery—the place where the slain had been buried after the battle of Chickamuga. The visitor's attention was arrested by a man planting flowers on one of its lonely and humble graves. He softly drew near, feeling that the scene was hallowed by such memorials of tender love.

"Is it a son that lies buried here?" kindly inquired the stranger.

"No," was the reply.

"A son-in-law?"

"No."

"A brother?"

"No."

"A relation?"

"No," was the still brief reply.

"Whose memory then, may I venture to ask, do you so sacredly cherish?"

Pausing a moment to give vent to his emotion, he gave the following account of the young volunteer whose memory and remains were so dear to him:—

"When the war broke out, I was drafted to join the army; no draft-money was given me, and, as I was unable to procure a substitute, I made up my mind to go. Just as I was leaving home to report myself for duty at the conscript camp, a young man, whom I had known, called on me, and offered to go in my stead. 'You have a large family,' he said, 'which your wife cannot support when you are gone. I am a single man, I have no one depending upon me, I will go for you.'

"He went. In the battle which was fought here, the dear, generous young man fell dangerously wounded. He died in the hospital, and was buried here. Ever since his death, it has been my desire to visit the

place of his interment; and, having saved sufficient money for the purpose, I arrived yesterday, and to-day found his grave."

Having concluded his touching story, he again bent over his grave, and, we doubt not, watered it with his tears.

The enquirer passed on, but his heart was too deeply affected with a sight such as he had never seen before, and such as he is not likely ever to see again, to go far away; he returned to look once more on that sacred spot. Not only was the volunteer's grave now garlanded with flowers, but a rough board was placed at the end of the turf, on which were carved these few, but touching and weighty words,

*"He died for Me."*

Nothing more, for nothing could be added without marring its perfectness.


We know not which to admire most—the grateful love, the refined taste, or the sublime sentiment of this remarkable poor man. It stands alone, we hesitate not to say, in its great idea, amongst all the epitaphs in the world. Surely he must have known Him who died, the sinner's Substitute, and the confession of faith which has long been on record, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

There is only one great original. But, oh! what a lesson, what an example, what a rebuke to me, to thee, my dear reader, to all mankind! The volunteer died, generously taking his poor neighbour's place, and saving him from the consequences of joining the Southern army. But the blessed Lord Jesus Christ died to save us from the consequences of sin—eternal misery. Not merely from poverty and suffering in this life, but from the torments of hell for ever, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

"One died for all," as the Scriptures plainly teach, though all will not be saved, "for all men have not faith." (2 Cor. v. 14; 1

Tim. ii. 5, 6 ; 2 Thess. iii. 2.) Who, then, can be guiltless if grateful honours are not shown to His Name? We are not asked to garland His tomb, or to inscribe our faith on His cross, but we are called upon to believe in His love, and in His dying in our stead. And faith will always make His love and His death as personal as Paul did: "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me";—not merely, He died for us, or them, but, "He died for me."

### "ONE DEAD."

" HERE was not a house where there was not one dead." (Exodus xii. 30.)

What a dreadful night was that of the Passover in Egypt!

One dead in every house! Did the arrow ever fly more fatally? or the shaft more destructively? Never before or since have such statistics of death been placed on record; and yet it was not all sorrow—there was death, and joy along with it.

One dead in every house! Yes, but, according to the Divine provision, where the lamb died the child lived; and, conversely, where the child died it is clear that the lamb had been disregarded.

The slain lamb, and its sprinkled blood, assured the life of the first-born; this provision, slighted and ignored, left the first-born exposed to judgment. One died in every house. Where the child died there was sorrow; where the lamb was valued there was joy.

The death of the lamb, and the sprinkling of its blood, made all secure. God Himself thus provided and declared. He said, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." The one concern of each inmate was carefully to see that the blood was sprinkled. All the rest he might leave with a faithful God. Take four different cases.

First: Here is a house where infidelity reigns; the Word of God and His provision are ignored; the lamb is not slain, its blood not sprinkled, nor its roasted flesh eaten. God

is dared to His face—a frequent occurrence. Well, the hour comes, the destroyer approaches, the sprinkled blood is absent, the arrow penetrates the proud walls of infidelity, and the first-born lies a corpse. Sudden, certain and summary vengeance!

Second: In another house we find a feast. The table is spread, the family assembled, the roasted flesh is eaten; all seems correct. But on the lintel and doorposts the blood of the lamb has never been sprinkled, and yet this, and not the observance of the feast, is the badge of safety. God looks for the blood. But this family rests upon its feast-keeping. How common! Their religious appearance is excellent, but there is, alas, that fatal aversion to the sprinkled blood, which stamps hopeless folly on the professor. The feast was right in its place, but the saving virtue lay in the sprinkled blood. It was not enough that the lamb was slain, but was its blood sprinkled? Again the fatal moment comes, and the first-born of this house shares the doom of the other.

Third: In this house the blood is sprinkled, and in it the feast is carefully observed, but, strange to say, the family are full of fear as to the result. They observe the feast, not as a ground of merit, but simply as a matter of childlike obedience, whilst they point to the sprinkled blood as their only hope of security. Then why those fears? Ah! their misgivings arise from their limited appreciation of that blood. How little they value God's provision, how meagre their feelings; and thus, unconsciously, they mingle their unsatisfactory state with the ground of their blessing. It is legality. They rely partly on their feelings and partly on the sprinkled blood, and hence—doubt and fear. But God says, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." Yes, *the blood* for security, and that alone; there faith reposes.

Well, the dread moment comes, as in other cases, but with a very different result! The destroyer sees the token, and passes away, whilst the prolonged life of the first-born is a happy rebuke to the unworthy

doubts of God's loved ones. God keeps to His Word under all circumstances, and is true to it in view of great faith or little faith.

Lastly : And this is just what it should be. The blood is sprinkled, the feast observed, and the family calmly happy. They accredit the Word of God : no dreary doubt perplexes their mind. God has spoken—they believe, they act, they move in faith's sweet assurance. They fear no more for the death of their child than the possibility of God being untrue. They leave all in His hand. The first-born lives ; the house rejoices.

Let us see in these pictures how careless infidelity has its day, and will have its doom, and along with it the religion that prefers its own methods to those God has enjoined, whilst the poor trembling soul, that repudiates personal merit, and depends on "the precious blood of Christ," together with faith that "sets to its seal that God is true," and marches on in the vigour and victory of His Spirit, will prove the verity of His grand "Passover," and the certainty of His saving grace.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Words shall not pass away."

J. W. S.

### THE PIGEON FLIER.



THE other day, in walking across a long grass-field, my attention was arrested by a man with a large square basket, which he carefully put down on the grass as soon as he entered the field. When he lifted the lid I saw a number of little compartments, each containing a *live bird*.

I stood watching him for a little while, and noticing the evident delight which he took in letting each bird loose, and the supreme satisfaction which it afforded him as each bird made an immense circle in the air, high over our heads, before it started in a direct line for home.

When the last bird had been let loose, I asked the man whether he knew where was the first mention of pigeons flying?

He said that he did not know how old

the sport was, but that he had flown them since he was twelve years of age, and that now he was sixty.

I said, "Did you ever read of pigeon-flying in the Bible?"

He replied that he could not read ; but appeared somewhat startled, and inclined to doubt as to there being anything approaching his favourite sport mentioned in the Word of God.

I opened the book at the fourteenth of Leviticus, and read slowly the following verses : "And he shall take to cleanse the house two birds, and cedar wood, and scarlet, and hyssop : and he shall kill the one of the birds in an earthen vessel over running water : and he shall take the cedar wood, and the hyssop, and the scarlet, and the living bird, and dip them in the blood of the slain bird, and in the running water, and sprinkle the house seven times : and he shall cleanse the house with the blood of the bird, and with the running water, and with the living bird, and with the cedar wood, and with the hyssop, and with the scarlet : but he shall let go the living bird out of the city into the open fields, and make an atonement for the house ; and it shall be clean."

The pigeon-flier listened with marked interest as I read these words, and looked eagerly at the place on the page where I pointed the verses out to him.

And now, dear reader, has this scripture a voice for you? Do you know what the word "*leprous*" means? Oh ! permit me to say, that if unconverted, like this poor pigeon-flier, it is your present state and condition. In the sight of God you are a moral leper. It matters not what your social standing may be, whether prince on the throne, or beggar from the dunghill ; like Naaman, you may be the captain of the host, a great man with your master, and honourable, and a mighty man in valour ; alas ! of you it must be said as of him, "*but he was a leper.*"

In your leprosy you can never enter heaven ; those pearly gates are for ever closed against thee. There shall in no wise

enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie. (Rev. xxi. 27.)

It is clear then that you must be cleansed from all sin before you can stand in His holy presence. And what will make you clean? Naught but the precious blood of Christ.

The two birds show the double aspect of the work of Christ; one must die, its blood must be shed and sprinkled, the house cleansed by the application of the blood; the other bird is let loose with the blood on its wings, soaring heavenward, identified with the other in its death. Christ died for our sins; He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us; and God raised Him from the dead for our justification.

May you by faith lay hold of that atoning work accomplished for you by the Lord Jesus Christ, when He, through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God.  
R. M. H.

#### *"IT WAS SCHOOLING FOR ME."*

**N**OT long ago I visited a dear old saint of God. She was strong in body, and sound in mind, though ninety-three years of age. In conversation, I said to her, "How long have you been converted?"

"When I was pretty young," she said, "but I didn't make much progress until I was eighty, for I was taken up with the world, and how to get my living, but now I have nothing to think about, only the Lord; and the blood of Jesus has washed away my sins, and I know it, and the Lord has made me know it. He has blessed me, and He does bless me; He gives me such blessings; and I am so happy. When I was about eighty I had one or two severe illnesses, and they were such a blessing to me, I wouldn't have missed them on any account; it was schooling for me—putting me to school—and I have been learning ever since."

Some one quoted to her that verse in 2 Tim. i. 7, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord"; and then, "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple"; and you wouldn't deny His testimony, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't, and I couldn't, I couldn't, I couldn't!"

Then she said, "I am so happy, I am ready to go in five minutes if He calls me. He might call any of us in five minutes, but I say me, because of my age."

And so we parted from this happy and praising old saint.

C. E. H.

#### *SHEEP AND GOATS.*

**I** SHOULD not be so presumptuous as to say I am saved until the day of judgment, when God will place 'the sheep on His right hand, and the goats on the left.' None can tell."

"I presume you refer to the judgment spoken of in Matthew xxv.?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then permit me to point out that, upon comparing this scripture with one which unquestionably speaks of the last judgment, in Rev. xx., you will perceive it does not point to the same time at all. In Matthew it is as the Son of Man, and King of Israel, that the Judge is presented, and living nations on this earth are before Him. In The Revelation the dead only, not the living, stand before a Great White Throne. The sinner is not described. In Matthew the judgment is given consequent upon the reception and treatment of the King's messengers—the Jews, His ambassadors to the heathen nations. In The Revelation man, raised from the dead in the body in which his sins were committed, is arraigned before the Judge. In Matthew some go into life eternal. In The Revelation all go, without exception, into the lake of fire."



*CONSECRATION OF THE PRIESTS.*

Read Exodus xxix. 1-26.



IN the first verse of this chapter you will notice we get God saying, I want a people to minister to Me. It starts with, "This is the thing that thou shalt do unto them to hallow them, to minister unto Me in the priest's office."

Now, it is a great thing for our souls to lay hold of this fact, that we can afford delight to the heart of God. Generally, we are thinking of what we can get from God—what He has to give us. We always come, in our need, to get something, but this verse tells us that God has a desire in His heart, and that is, to get His people near to Himself, in order that they may minister to Him—afford delight to His heart. I do not say that it is not a real joy to God to save us. It is. There is nothing that affords more delight to the heart of God, than just to take us up and save us from all our sins, and from all the judgment that is coming, and fit us for Himself. But if this satisfies us, it does not satisfy God. No; He says, I want a people to minister to Me—to afford delight to My heart. And in this chapter you get, first, the way God fits a person to minister to Him (that is in the early part of the chapter); secondly, in the middle of the chapter, the kind of ministry God delights in; and, thirdly, in the close, the occupations suited to those down here in this world who are ministering to God. It is the one chapter in the book of Exodus where we find God telling us how we can be fitted to approach to Him—how we can draw nigh to God. God wants to have us near to Himself, and there are certain things in us by nature that keep us at a distance. But what the grace of God has done is, to remove every trace of distance, and everything which would keep us at a distance.

In order to be a priest, and to offer priestly worship to God, the first thing is: you must belong to the priestly family. You never can talk of approach to God, or delight in

God, unless you belong to the priestly family. Those who approach in worship to God must be born of the right family—must be the children of God. This is the first thing. I want to get down to the very simplest elements, because if we do not get the foundation right, the superstructure is sure to be all wrong. And so the first thing is to know that you belong to the priestly family. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power (or privilege) to become the sons of God." (John i. 12.) By the reception of Christ you are brought into God's own family. And what a wonderful family it is! If you are in God's family, you are in the best family; you are in the largest family; and you have got all the best things of that family. For, the moment you are brought as a child into the family, all the privileges of that family belong to you.

So Moses was to take "Aaron and his sons."

The next thing (passing over for a moment what Moses put into their hands, for verses 2 and 3 are especially connected with the middle of the chapter) we read, in the fourth verse, is, "And Aaron and his sons thou shalt bring unto the door of the Tabernacle of the congregation, and shalt wash them with water." Here it is not washing them with blood, but with water. It is the removal of every trace of defilement, and everything that is unsuited to the eye of God. This is what they submit to—what God does with them. They have not a voice in these matters—God has His own way with them.

This is the way we get blessing. It is the grace of God which cleanses us and gives us eternal life, and brings us into God's family—removing every trace of everything that is unfit for His presence. Whenever water is spoken of, it is the cleansing power of the Word of God.

Do not confound the washing in the 4th verse of the 29th chapter with the washing in the 18th verse of the next chapter. There you get a washing which goes on from day to day, but in the 29th chapter it is a washing

that is never repeated. "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." This act which took place in the 4th verse was never repeated.

Now, have you got hold of this in your soul, that the way God has cleansed you is so perfect, that He has removed every trace of defilement from you, and He is never going to repeat that act? You must never go back to be washed in the blood of Christ over again.

I find people are mixing up what is in the next chapter, *i.e.*, the daily washing of their feet, with the washing all over. The point in the 29th chapter is God making us suitable for His own presence. In the next chapter it is God in His grace working in those whom He has made suitable for Himself, and showing them how to remove the daily defilement with which they come in contact. The 30th chapter shows us how to put into practice that for which we are fitted in the 29th chapter.

I dare say some of you, especially young Christians, find very often that you are not in a spirit of worship. You say, I want to delight in God; I do want to find my joy in Him, and yet practically I find my soul at a distance. Well, God loves us to be real, and it is of no use to appear to be what we are not. If we are not really at home with God we had better tell Him so, and find out what it is that hinders our being at home with Him.

God has fitted us for ever for His eye. He will never repeat that act; and if we get wrong what have we to do? Not go to be washed over again—not go to the blood again. But look at what it says about the laver of brass in the next chapter: "Thou shalt also make a laver of brass, and his foot also of brass, to wash withal: and thou shalt put it between the tabernacle of the congregation and the altar, and thou shalt put water therein. For Aaron and his sons shall wash their hands and their feet thereat. When they go into the Tabernacle of the congregation, they shall wash with water, that they die not; or when they come near

to the altar to minister, to burn offering made by fire unto the Lord: so shall they wash their hands and their feet, that they die not: and it shall be a statute for ever to them, even to him and to his seed throughout their generations." (30th chap. 18-21 ver.)

You see here Aaron and his sons were qualified as to their persons, and as to their families, but they were not suitable in their ways. Something in their ways wanted removing.

Now, what is it in your ways? There is something you are allowing that defiles your hands and your feet. It is some pleasure, or some sin, or some worldly thing that you are treasuring up in your soul, and which defiles you. It does not take away your privilege of approach, but it robs you of the joy of drawing near in your soul to God. Here is this positive word: "When they come near to the altar to minister . . . they shall wash their hands and their feet." In Corinthians you get: "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat." That is, he has to find out and judge for himself what it is in him that is hindering his approach to God. Are you conscious that you are allowing something you do not want God's eye to rest upon—that you are keeping something back from Him?

But not only has God removed everything that is unfit for Himself; He has also made us everything that is fit for Himself; for in the 5th and 6th verses we read: "And thou shalt take the garments, and put upon Aaron the coat, and the robe of the ephod, and the ephod, and the breastplate, and gird him with the curious girdle of the ephod. And thou shalt put the mitre upon his head, and put the holy crown upon the mitre."

Here we get a man who is not only cleared from all his guilt, but he is clothed from head to foot with those things which speak of Christ: robed in all the excellencies of the blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

And as God looks down to-day, that is what His eye sees on every believer: sins all gone for ever—fit for His presence—accepted in the beloved One, and clothed with all the

preciousness of what Christ is to God. This never changes.

Some one said to me the other day, "You say that before the eye of God every believer is seen in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and this standing never alters, and yet you say it is possible for such a person to commit a sin." On the one hand you get this fact stated that the believer is clean every whit, without a spot or a stain, and nothing can ever tarnish his place before God, and yet, as a matter of fact, there are Christians down here in this world who are committing sins. With the person to whom I have referred, the secret was, he had never understood the difference between the gold on the mercy seat and the linen on the outside of the tabernacle. There was gold on the mercy seat, upon which the blood was placed. And whose eye saw that? None but God's.

If you had gone inside the tabernacle you would have seen the mercy seat covered with gold. And on the great day of atonement the high priest brought in the blood, but, when he came in, the cloud of incense filled the place, and he put the blood before the eye of God, and God's eye rested upon that pure gold (the divine person of Christ) and upon the blood (the work of Christ), and upon these two unalterable things His eye could ever rest with perfect delight. So that on the mercy seat God saw nothing but that which spoke to Him of the perfection of the person and work of His beloved Son. Had you, however, gone outside the tabernacle, you would have seen the white linen, and a careless person coming up with his muddy garments, might have left a spot of mud on the white linen. It was outside, and contact with the world would defile it. So that, while the mercy seat would not be affected, the spotless linen would be defiled.

The believer in the Lord Jesus has two garments, one of *practical* righteousness (and that God would have each of us to be wearing), and one of *divine* righteousness, which can never be tarnished, and it is important to distinguish between the two. It

is to the garment of practical righteousness that the Lord refers in Rev. iii. 4, where He says, "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with Me in white: for they are worthy." Here it is the white linen on the outside of the tabernacle, the practical walk and ways of the believer in the world, and so Christ says, "They shall walk *with Me* in white." Everybody in heaven will walk in white, but these, He says, who sought to keep their garments unspotted when in the world shall walk with Me. But we must never confound the keeping of our garments unspotted with our place before the eye of God. The place of blessing God has brought us into in His beloved Son never alters. If we do not keep our garments undefiled we lose much blessing and joy, but we do not lose our place before God.

The question of righteousness God settles, and settles for ever. Every believer is in God's own righteousness, but yet your souls may not be enjoying the things of God, you may not know what it is to be brought consciously near to Him, or to minister to Him. If not, it all results from one of two things—either you have not realized the blessed place God has brought you into, or else you are allowing something in your walk and ways which is unsuited to God, and which is defiling your white garment.

After God has cleansed, clothed, and crowned Aaron and his sons, we read, "And thou shalt cause a bullock to be brought before the tabernacle of the congregation: and Aaron and his sons shall put their hands upon the head of the bullock. And thou shalt kill the bullock before the Lord, by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. And thou shalt take of the blood of the bullock, and put it upon the horns of the altar with thy finger, and pour all the blood beside the bottom of the altar. And thou shalt take all the fat that covereth the inwards, and the caul that is above the liver, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them, and burn them upon the altar. But the flesh of the bullock, and his skin, and

his dung, shalt thou burn with fire without the camp: it is a sin offering." (*vv.* 10-14.)

Here you find that the person who is washed and clothed is the very man God says I must get rid of. That bullock is God's picture of yourself.

Do you want to know what you are in yourself?

Look at that bullock. Look at its skin, its flesh, and its dung. The skin is that which is outside, and in the flesh and the dung you get what man would call the good and the bad. God says, "There is a picture of you—what can I do with you? Is there a single bit of good in you? Is there one thing that will do for Me?" And the answer is, "It must be 'burnt with fire' without the camp." I cannot bring one thing connected with myself, good, bad, or indifferent, to God; so that in this bullock we may see the thorough and complete judgment of God on me, outside and inside, good and bad.

Now, have you ever seen yourself thus entirely done away with in the death of the Lord Jesus Christ? Have you come to the point in your souls when you can say, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing." (*Rom. vii. 18.*)

Many Christians think that, when they are converted, their hearts will be full of good thoughts only, and that they will always be seeking the glory of God; whereas they discover all kinds of things in their hearts, and they get troubled and distressed, and get occupied with themselves, and try to mend themselves, becoming more and more unhappy, until they are brought down to this fact, that there is not one thing in them, good or bad, that will do for God.

As I said, the skin of the bullock represents all your outward ways, that which people can see, and many Christians are trying to keep up their ways, and keep up a good reputation, before men, but that will not do. God says, "Walk before Me."

*In our next we purpose considering the other part of the chapter.*

## Grains from the Seed Basket.

SELECTED BY R. D. E.

God is *with* Faith.

THE resurrection of Christ is the standing witness that the Christian's judgment is *past*, and that the world's judgment is *coming*.

I, I, I, is the central thought of every irritated heart.

A PERSON cannot have both Christ *and* the world. Alas! how many with one hand grip the world's hand, stained with the crucifixion of God's Son, *and* with the other would fain grasp the *once bleeding* hand of Jesus. Reader! may it be the language of your heart, "Christ for me."

THERE has one object been disclosed on earth, that might commend the place; but now 'tis gone,—Jesus is with the Father.

### BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 22.

- 1.—State the nature and origin of Micah's idolatry.
- 2.—What became of Gideon's sons?
- 3.—In what relation did Ruth stand to King David?
- 4.—What mention is made of her in the New Testament?
- 5.—Give the name of her husbands, brother-in-law, and father-in-law.
- 6.—Against what people was Samson raised up? Give first and last references to this people.
- 7.—Mention the principal acts in Samson's life which were directed against this enemy.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London, E.C.

# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



GOOD-BYE TO THE SWALLOWS.

*MY LETTER.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

**A**NOTHER harvest is passed, another summer is ended, and all around us there are tokens that autumn has arrived.

The swallows, and other migratory birds, now fast leaving our shores for warmer climes, remind us that winter will again be upon us; and remind us, too, of a moment when, at our Lord's call, all His loved ones will rise and leave this wintry scene of their sorrow, suffering and sin, for the joy and brightness of the glory-home, prepared for them by their Lord's own hands.

As we bid farewell to the fleeting birds, let us remember that long ere they visit these coasts for their summer outing, all who believe may be gone for ever, from the earth to the glory, to spend their eternal summer in the light and liberty of the Saviour's presence.

It is to many a saddening sight when the swallows are gathering before their final flight; but there is always their return to look forward to when again the spring arrives. And when the Lord's home-call to His loved ones has sounded, and all the redeemed in answer to it have risen to meet Him, there will be their return to expect, when, in company with their Lord, they come forth to reign.

What a moment, when the Saviour Himself, in His glory, awakens the sleeping bodies of His people, and changes the bodies of His living loved ones, and receives them all in the air to be for ever with Himself. Will *you* be there?

"If you trust the loving Saviour now,  
Who for sinners came to die,  
When He gathers His own in that bright home,  
Then you'll be there and I."

The Lord grant we all may be there

"To hear His voice,  
To see His face,  
And sing the glories of His grace."

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.

*MARY'S EAR-RINGS.*

**I**N a little town, in a mining district of Cornwall, an evangelist went to preach the Gospel; and the Lord blessed the Word to many precious souls.

In those parts, women and girls are employed in the mines, and great was the fun made by some of them about the preachings, and those who had been converted.

"Mary, will you go and see what it is like, and let us know on Monday morning?" said one of the girls to their ringleader.

"Agreed," she replied.

On the evening proposed, Mary went to obtain the desired amusement; but the words of the preacher so solemnized and impressed her that, on the following evening she was again there. Great was the anxiety created in the soul of this hitherto giddy girl as she listened to the earnest words of the preacher; and no rest did she know that night until, through faith, she was enabled to say "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.)

Monday morning came, and, as usual, Mary went to her daily toil. One thing weighed on her mind—how should she meet her companions, and give the promised description of the meeting?

"Has she been to the preaching?" asked one girl of another, in Mary's hearing.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And she's been converted," added a second.

"Nonsense," interrupted a third; "she hasn't been—look at her ear-rings."

This was Mary's opportunity to witness for Christ. Lifting one hand to her ear, she took out the ring, and laying it on the block before her, she raised the hammer and smashed it to pieces. In the same manner she treated the other.

Thus did the Lord graciously give her this opportunity to witness for Him.

"Them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed." (1 Sam. ii. 30.)



STORMY WITHOUT.

*THE STORM HUSHED.*

**O**NE night, after preaching in a country village on Mark iv. 37-41, I went up to an old woman, and said, "Do *you* know what it is for the Lord Jesus to say to your troubled soul, 'Peace, be still?'—to have the great calm?"

Tears came to her eyes as she answered, "No."

I put before her what the Lord Jesus had suffered, how He, now risen and in glory, ever the same, was inviting sinners to trust in Him.

"Will not you trust Him?"

"Yes, I will," said the old woman.

She looked away from herself to rest her soul on Him who died that we might live.

About a fortnight after, I was again there. It was a wild night; the wind was blowing fiercely in squalls, and the thick, black clouds above threatened a downpour every moment; but yet, the first one at the meeting was my old friend.

"Rough enough outside, is it not?" I said, as she came into the room.

"Yes, but it is nice to have the calm



inside," she answered, as her face lit up with joy. No anxious tears now; she had trusted the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, she knew her sins were washed away, her fears were gone; for she had listened to the Lord Jesus saying to her stormy heart, "Peace, be still," and she had the "great calm."

Dear reader, have you that great calm? or are all fears filling your heart? Think no more of *them*, but listen to the Saviour's voice, speaking peace. Your fears will go, the calm begin.

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

#### A STRANGE PULPIT.

**M**ANY years ago, when out-door preachers were not so numerous as they now are, an evangelist visited the little country town of P——, in order to proclaim there the glad tidings of the grace of God. He took his stand close by some cider stores, and chose for his pulpit an empty cask.

Mr. H——, the owner of the stores, was a man who did not love the Lord, and consequently did not appreciate those who spoke of Him. So, when some of his friends informed him of the novel account to which one of his cider casks had been turned, he quitted his house with the intention of upsetting the cask, and thus bringing the preaching to an untimely close.

As he drew near to the spot, something in the manner of the evangelist arrested his attention, and he paused to listen. Like many others, before and since, he came to scoff, but there remained to pray.

There and then Mr. H—— was converted; and on that very spot built a chapel, in which for many years he delighted to unfold the truths of salvation. The chapel still stands, and the adjoining cider-stores; but long ere this, Mr. H—— has departed to be with the Lord, whom he loved and faithfully served.

Dear reader, you may not be on the scoffer's road, as this man once was, nor on the despiser's road; but remember, if you

are on the *neglector's* road, it leads to the same terminus—hell.

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

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," are words which mean as much now as they did when Paul addressed them to the jailor of Philippi; but when the Lord Jesus has come and taken all those who love Him to be for ever with Himself, then vain will be the prayers for salvation.

"Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find me." (Prov. i. 28.)

#### COUNSEL FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

**E**T your portion, young friends! Some persons read the Scriptures, and seem to get nothing out of them.

It reminds me of a beautiful butterfly in my little garden the other day. It came over the hedge, and fluttered about, but nothing seemed to suit it; presently, however, there came a honey-bee, and buzzed round the garden; then darted into an open flower, and *sucked* and *sucked* till it got its portion, and then sped away satisfied.

Friends, you must be like the bee—get your portion.

"LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE."

**I** WISH He would not send the wind *to blow our hoops down*," said a little girl to her playmate one very windy day, as they each sought in vain to steer their wooden hoops along.

"No, Kathleen," said her little friend, "He sends the wind *to dry our clothes*."

It was her mother's "wash-day," and the clothes were nearly dry, therefore to her mind the wind was doing its work *well*.

There may be much to distress the mind, and depress the spirit, in "the day of adversity," but the happy remark of the little child reminds us that faith always puts the *best construction on that which God does*.

H. H.

## A TALK WITH MY CLASS.

Acts I.



HIS book of the Acts is most useful for us to read and study, because it tells us of the Lord Jesus going up again to heaven, and of what happened after He was gone. Many children often think how nice it would be if the Lord were still here, and they could go and speak to Him, or, like the poor woman, go and touch the hem of His garment, or for Him to come to them as He did to Jairus' little daughter; or, when there is a storm, to see Him draw near, and to hear Him say, "It is I, be not afraid." It would indeed be very blessed to see the Lord—this is what those who love Him are looking forward to—but "The Acts" tells us how people received blessing after the Lord had gone, and so we may learn there how we may receive it too.

There are four lessons taught us in this first chapter which we should especially remember.

The *first* is found in the Lord's last words to His disciples, given to us in the eighth verse. There He speaks of the coming of the Holy Spirit. This is indeed an important truth, for it is only by the Holy Spirit we can know or understand anything about the things of God. He it is who teaches. He dwells in the body of the believer (1 Cor. vi.), and gives him power to walk, witness, and worship.

The *second* lesson is—The Lord has returned to heaven.

If He were here on earth we should have our treasure and our hopes here too, and this He does not desire. The world does not love Him now any more than when it said, "We will not have Him," and cast Him out. The Lord Jesus has been rejected here, and now He is in heaven, and our place is there, and all our hopes are there too. Although we who are Christians are in the world, we are not of the world (John xvii. 16), but are here to please and serve Him. We belong to the place where He is.

The *third* lesson tells of the Lord's coming again.

We read that two men, in white apparel, told the disciples the Lord Jesus would come back again in the same way as that in which they had seen Him go; and this is the believer's hope. At any day the Lord may come from heaven with a shout, and take us away from this world to be with Him for ever. Would He take you? There will be many left behind. If you do not go in then with Christ to the marriage, before the door is shut, it will never open again to let you in. What would you do if you found that the Lord Jesus had come and left you behind. If you come to the Lord Jesus now by simple faith, you will be ready for His coming.

The *fourth* and last lesson is a very solemn one. We are told of the terrible end of the wicked Judas. Judas had often been with the Lord, had heard His words, and seen His miracles. No doubt many thought he was a disciple, but the Lord knew his heart. He had never really been converted, he only pretended to be a follower of the Lord, for he was a thief. As time passed he became still worse, and his heart more hardened, and he betrayed the Lord for thirty pieces of silver. Then, when it was too late, he repented, and went and hanged himself.

I tell you this sad story to warn you. You have, perhaps, Christian parents; you hear the gospel preached, and attend children's services, and so very often hear about these things. Some may even take you for a Christian, but if you have not yet really been converted you are in danger of becoming like Judas; for if you do not obey the voice of the Lord when He calls, you may get more and more hardened at last, and even become more wicked than those who have never heard the glad tidings. Be warned in time. The only way to be really blessed is to come to the Lord Jesus at once, owning your sin, and believing on His finished work.

\* \*

*"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."*

**H**ARRY, with some friends, was off for a holiday. For some time he had looked forward to that excursion. Like many others, he did not care to think of God, or the Lord Jesus Christ; he thought only of the place to which they were going, and of the enjoyment before them; and that without God.

When near Portsmouth station the train suddenly stopped; the signal was up, the line was not clear; but there was another reason—God was watching over Harry.

A servant of the Lord, living near to the railway, had had a board with the words, "Prepare to meet thy God" painted upon it, fixed to the wall of his house, so that passers by could read them.

The carriage in which Harry and his companions were, stopped just opposite the board; he read them again and again; it was God's message to him. He asked himself whether he was prepared to meet God.

Reader, are *you* prepared?

Harry had often heard the way of salvation. Yes, he knew all about Jesus dying on the cross—of God's love to this world; but he was afraid to meet God. For some days he tried to forget the solemn sentence, but no! he could not.

During that holiday they went out for a trip on the sea. A storm came on, the sea became rough, the wind raged around, the waves dashed against the cabin windows, the boat tossed up and down, and rolled from side to side. Harry thought, if they should perish, how could he meet God; what about all his sins? They troubled him now as never before. Prayers he knew could not save him: in a moment it might be too late.

The boat returned to land in safety, and Harry rejoined his friends; but now the one question ever before him was, what could put away his sins? He searched his Bible for the scriptures he had often repeated at school; and ere long, saw by faith that the blood of Jesus washed them all away. How precious was that word to him. "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." (Isa. i. 18.)

All, like Harry, are by nature unfit for God's holy presence, so Jesus "came to save that which was lost." (Matt. xviii. 11.)

What joy it was to Harry to find that Jesus had done all for him. He is prepared to meet God now! and is looking for Jesus to come, that he may go to that place prepared for all who trust Him. (John xiv. 1-6.)

My dear young friend, Are *you* prepared to meet Jesus? Should He come to-day, are you ready to meet Him? Will you be glad to see Him? H. W.

*A CHILD'S WISH.*

**A**T the close of a school-treat, a little girl had been watching the packing up of the cups, saucers, and jugs, and the remainder of the provisions into hampers, and just as the last one was about to be carried off to the brake, she said, in a very plaintive tone, "I wish school-treats would last for ever."

Many smiled at the little girl's remark, but one who heard it said to her, "We are looking forward to something better than school-treats; we are waiting for the pleasures at God's right hand, which last for evermore."

I wonder whether *you* are. Can *you* say that you are looking forward to the time when, with all those whose sins are washed away by the blood of Jesus, you will enjoy the pleasures which last 'for evermore' (Ps. xvi. 2).

*"I'VE FOUND JESUS."*

**A**NN C—— was naturally a very quiet girl, and one whom many people would have spoken of as being a good girl, yet for all that she lived the greater part of her life without Christ. For fifteen years, though she had heard of the Saviour, yet He was nothing to her. But one day a change came, uneasy thoughts came into her mind, and a desire to know she was saved. For some weeks she seemed

to get no nearer, although she regularly attended gospel preachings on Sunday evenings. Indeed, she seemed so slow in taking in the good news of free salvation that one Sunday a gentleman, who often spoke to her and was interested in her, said to her that he did not think she was really seeking the Saviour. This touched her, for she was in earnest; but quiet, undemonstrative natures are often misunderstood. When she got home she told her mother about it, and her mother said, "Well, Jesus is seeking you."

for "His name's sake," and that she was washed in the blood of Jesus.

Consumption shortly laid its hold upon her; but it had no power to shake her happiness or trust in Jesus. Very soon she was compelled to take to her bed, which she was never able to leave again. Looking at the clouds one day, she said, "Mother, if Jesus were just to peep behind that cloud, and call me, I should go to Him."

Her Sunday-school superintendent called, and found her looking so bright and happy



One day it was a holiday, and a school picnic had been arranged, to which Ann intended to go, but it rained so that they dared not venture, and some went to one place, and some to another. Ann decided to go to a Bible-reading at a private nouse. Several were there, and the principal speaker illustrated salvation as throwing off an old coat and getting an entirely new one put on.

On going home she put her arms round her mother, and said, "Mother, I've found Jesus, and I'm so happy."

She now knew that her sins were forgiven

that he said, "I never could quite tell before whether you were saved or not, you always kept it in so."

"Oh, but," she said, "I was."

During her illness she was so taken up with Jesus that every one could see it; and she forgot to think of herself, and so her joy and gladness all came out.

A friend asked her one day, "Do you think, if there were not another sinner on the earth, that Jesus died for you?"

"Yes," she said, "if there weren't another sinner, He died for me, for me alone."

A gentleman, staying in the town on a visit, said he went to see Ann for his own pleasure, it did him so much good; and he went every day.

At last the doctor gave her mother to understand that she would never be well again, and her mother thought she ought to tell her so.

"Ann," she said, "do you know what the doctor has been saying?"

"No; but I should like to."

"He thinks you will never be well again. Do you mind much?"

"I should have been glad, if it had been the Lord's will, to have got better, to have been able to work for you, mother, to pay you back for all you have done for me."

One day, soon after, she said, "Mother, when Jesus calls me just hold my hand till I'm gone, and then you can leave hold."

And just so it happened, for one morning her mother was sitting near her when she called, "Mother, come here; mother, I'm going." And so she passed peacefully away to be with her Saviour—that Saviour who now says to you, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

C. E. H.

### THE LAMB'S PERIL.



ORKSHIRE abounds in fine rivers flowing down beautifully wooded valleys. One of these rivers is called the Wharfe, and runs rapidly down Wharfedale.

One day a friend of mine was walking by the side of this river, when, in a meadow near Barden Tower, he was attracted by the sorrowful bleating of a little lamb which had evidently fallen over the bank, and become entangled in the river-washed roots of a tree. Its feet were in the water, and fixed so that it was impossible, of itself, even to get out. Without help the poor creature must have pined to death, or been drowned.

When my friend went down into the water to its aid, the lamb, in trying to get

away, became more than ever entangled. After it was rescued, and put on to the grass, it at once, with delight, ran across the meadow, bleating for its mother, as though to make known the good news in that direction first.

Does not the act of this kind friend picture to us the love of Jesus, Who saw *our helpless and lost condition*, and Who came down all the way from glory's heights to Calvary's depths of suffering, to save us from eternal woe, and fit us for endless joy? Yes, He saw the sad place we were in through sin, and came *where we were*, and had compassion. He was the Good Shepherd Who sought the wandering sheep, and laid down His life for them. His precious blood alone cleanses from all sin, shelters from all judgment, and brings nigh to God.

Now, just mark five things in the short history of that little lamb in Barden meadow: It was LOST, it was HELPLESS, it was FOUND, it was SAVED, it was MADE HAPPY.

God says *we are all lost and helpless*; but who can say, "*I am found, saved, and made happy*"?

Oh, if this is not the language of your heart, I beseech you, do not rest till it is. Do not try to get further from Him, but trust yourself to that Good Shepherd Who is so ready to save you, and Who will take such good care of you throughout all time and eternity.

J. N.

### QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.

- 1.—How many times do we read of the Lord Jesus Christ praying? Describe each time.
- 2.—Mention some of the *people* and *things* for whom we are told to pray.
- 3.—*When* are we to pray?
- 4.—Write a short passage that you will find in Matt. xviii., another in John xvi., and another in 1 John v., about prayer.

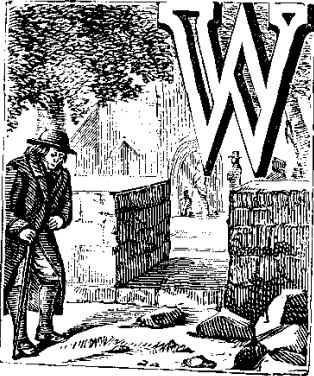
Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,

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25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

# SCATTERED SEED.

## THE WIDOW'S PRAYER ANSWERED.



WHEN Mrs. B— was left a widow, she had two sons to train—one an infant, the other six years old. She retired from the circle in which she had moved so long, and purchased a little cottage by the sea-side. Here she brought up her boys, and very early endeavoured to direct them to the Saviour. The widowed mother would often lead her children to the sandy beach, just as the setting sun was casting its declining rays upon the smooth blue waters. She would then talk to them of their father, who was taken from them, and whose grave was the mighty deep. With her finger she would write his name upon the sand, and, as the next wave obliterated every trace of the writing, would tell them that the hopes and joys of this world are equally transient.

When the eldest son had arrived at the age of twelve, he was seized with an incurable desire to go to sea. He had heard sailors talk of their long voyages, of visiting other climes and other countries, and his imagination pictured to him a thousand pleasures, a thousand new joys, could he also visit them. The remonstrances and entreaties of a tender mother and brother were all in vain. He at length wrung a reluctant consent from his mother, and receiving from her a Bible, a mother's blessing and prayers, he embarked on board a large brig. He promised his mother, as he gave a last parting look, that he would daily read his Bible, and as often commit himself to God in prayer.

A few tears and a few sighs escaped him as the shores of his native land faded from his

sight; for there were the cottage of his mother, and all the joys of his childhood. But all was novelty around him, and he soon forgot those pangs amidst other cares and other scenes. For some time he remembered his promise to his mother, and daily read his Bible; but the sneers of the wicked crew called his mind from reviewing the instructions of his pious mother, and he placed his Bible in the bottom of his chest, to slumber with his conscience.

During a severe storm, indeed, when it seemed destruction was yawning to receive every soul on board, he thought of his mother, his home and his promises; and in the anguish of his heart, resolved to mend should his life be spared. But when the storm had subsided, and the clear sun brought joy and gladness over the great waters, he forgot all his promises, and it seemed as if the last throb of conscience was stifled—no one of the crew could be more ready to scoff at those things which in his childhood and innocence he had been taught to love and revere; and some, while looking on the careless sailor, might have been ready to say, "All the instruction of his *infant years* has been in vain."

After an absence of several years, this youth found himself drawing near his native land. He had traversed the globe over, but during all this time he had neither written to his mother, nor heard from her. Though he had thrown off all restraint, and blunted the finer feelings of his nature, yet his bosom thrilled with pleasure at the thought of once more meeting his mother and brother. As the young sailor drew near the spot where he had spent his infant years, and ascended the last sloping hill which hid from his view the little stage on which he had acted his first scenes in the drama of life, all the events of his happier days were recalled to his mind, while fancy whispered deceitfully that hours equally agreeable would again be realized.

He drew near to the cottage of his mother—but found all still. Nothing was to be heard, save the gentle murmurs of the rippling waves, or the distant barking of some village dog. A solemnity seemed to be breathed around him; and as he rapped at his mother's door, his heart misgave him, though he knew not why. He knocked, but no one bade him enter. He called, but no answer was returned, save the echo of his own voice. It seemed like knocking at the door of a tomb. The nearest neighbour, hearing the noise, came and found the youth sitting and sobbing on the steps of the door. "Where?" cried he, with eagerness, "where are my mother and my brother? O, I hope they are not dead."

"If," said the stranger, "you inquire for Widow B——, I can only pity you. I have known her but a short time, but she was the best woman I ever knew. Her little boy died of a fever a year ago, and in consequence of fatigue in taking care of him, and anxiety for a long absent son at sea, the good widow died, and was buried yesterday."

"Oh!" exclaimed the youth, "have I stayed long enough to kill my mother?—wretch that I am! Show me the grave! I have a knife in my bundle—let me die with my poor broken-hearted mother!"

"Hold, my friend," said the astonished woman; "if you are the son of the widow, I have a letter for you, which she wrote a few days before she died, and desired you might receive it should you ever return."

They both turned from the cottage, and went to the house of the neighbour. A light being procured, the young man threw down his bundle, and read:—

"MY DEAREST ONLY SON,—When this reaches you I shall be no more. Your brother has gone before me, and I cannot but hope and believe he is in heaven. I had fondly hoped I should once more have seen you on the shores of mortality, but the hope is now relinquished. I have followed you by my prayers through all your wanderings, often when you little suspected, even in the

dark, cold nights of winter, have I knelt and pleaded for my lost son. There is but one thing which gives me pain at dying, and that is, my dear William, that I must leave you in this wicked world, as I fear, unreconciled to God. I am too low to say more—my glass is run. As you visit the sods which cover my dust, O remember too, that you must soon follow. Farewell, the last breath of your mother will be spent in praying for you, that we may meet above."

The young man's heart was melted on reading these few words from the mother whom he loved, and this letter was the means, in the hands of God, of bringing this youth to Himself. Thus did the seed sown in life's first years spring up and produce fruit, when the hand that sowed and the eye that watered were in the lonely village grave.

God has told us *He will* bless our labours: "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." But He has not told us *when* the blessing shall come. Let us take care that we leave nothing undone which we can do, looking to Him for strength and aid, and, having done all, leave results to Him who has said, "Your labour is not in vain in the Lord." A. J.

### THE SHEEP THAT KNOWS THE SHEPHERD.



LOOKING at some prize sheep the other day that were being got ready for the "Royal," the writer had a conversation with the shepherd.

"What fine sheep!"

"Yes, very."

"They appear very comfortable and happy."

"Oh, yes."

"They know you."

"Ah, that they do! Let 'em be at the show, and want feeding, and let me come anywhere near, they'll soon talk, and call out, 'Baa, baa.'"

"What! they know you as well as that?"

"Ah, sir, in a moment."

Reader, those sheep teach us all a lesson,



and remind us of other sheep, those spoken of in the 10th of John, where a Shepherd says, "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine." (v. 14.)

The prize sheep knew the shepherd because of what they received. He feeds them, and they cry for him when they are hungry. Do they get disappointed in their food? No; for they belong to an owner who is very careful over his sheep; that owner is the Prince of Wales.

Dear soul, there is One who is even a better master: that One is the Owner and Shepherd of all the sheep spoken of in the 10th of John. He is the sole Proprietor of the sheep—the Lord Jesus Christ, "the great Shepherd of the sheep." They follow Him, "for they know His voice."

What a faithful Shepherd He is! Oh, to know His voice so well that we will not follow "a stranger."

Perhaps my reader is not one of Christ's sheep, and does not know the voice of "the Good Shepherd." Well, if so, look! the door is open; NOW is your time; enter in. Read the 9th verse of the 10th of John: "I am the Door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." Saved! Enter in! The blessing is yours. Christ says, "If any man." Thank God, there is no entrance fee.

No, He knew you had "nothing to pay," so He presents His salvation without money and without price. How wide the invitation! "If *any man* enter in, he shall be saved." These sayings will never change, they are the words of Divine truth.

What a blessed assurance it is! Not, "hope to be," "may be," "perhaps," but, "*will be saved.*" Christ's words are always full and clear and definite. He says, "He shall be saved."

Now, dear reader, have YOU entered in? Take care lest, too late, too late, the door be shut. Shut for ever! Ten million years? Longer—much longer—"for ever": shut for ever.

Christ is the door: by Him "if any man enter in, he shall be saved." W. S.

### "I AM SAVED ALREADY."

**S**OME two years ago, I was travelling by rail in the South of England. The train was very full, and at every station numbers of passengers crowded in.

As I was looking on that busy, bustling throng, I was saddened at the thought of so many immortal souls travelling on, as with railway speed, to dark damnation; as gay and careless as if there were no God, no judgment, no heaven, no hell. Presently several new passengers came into our carriage, one of the number being a lady. I offered her a tract, but after looking at it, to my great surprise she gave it back, saying, "I am saved already. Give it to some one else."

We were together only five minutes, but in that short space we had time to speak together of the peerless worth of Jesus—of the infinite value of His precious blood, and to refresh one another's heart in that blessed One, our common possession, hope, and joy. Then she left me, bidding me farewell till we meet again in our common home of everlasting rest.

I had never seen her before, and most likely never shall see her again in this world; and yet when we met we were as knit together as if we had been intimate friends. Shall I tell you why? We were both SAVED. Each was a happy possessor of eternal life, of a new life in Christ the Saviour (John v. 24; Col. iii. 4).

What a wonderful thing for poor ruined creatures to be able to look up to heaven, and, with calm boldness and happy assurance, to say, "Thank God, I *am* saved. It is all peace, cloudless peace for me up there. Christ has made it, and He is now in the glory of God—the risen, heaven-honoured, though earth-rejected Man. The blessed Conqueror over death, Satan and hell, is now adorning the bright courts of glory, and that is the place I belong to."

Is this what *you* say, reader? Can *you*, like the lady, say, without a shadow of doubt, "I am saved *already*—I already belong to

that wonderful company of redeemed ones ; some now asleep in Jesus, waiting for the resurrection day ; others treading earth's pathway, as strangers and pilgrims. No longer am I a child of wrath even as others (Eph. ii. 3), but a child of God (Gal. iii. 26) ; a child of light (1 Thess. v. 5). My sins, which were many, are all forgiven. I am washed in His blood, redeemed, cleansed, sanctified, and just waiting to be taken to be for ever with that blessed One who has done it all. Through Him I am meet (*i.e.*, fit) to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in *light* (Col. i. 12), and brought into the scene where everything is light and love : the kingdom of the Son of His love " ?

Every believer is in present, living association with Christ in heavenly places. (Eph. ii. 6.) Oh, the matchless surpassing grace of God ! Oh, the unbounded, immeasurable, unsearchable love of Christ ! Worthy is He of the many crowns that adorn His peerless brow ! Worthy to be the theme of the everlasting praise of all His redeemed !

Beloved reader, I ask, Is He *your* Saviour ? Are *you* waiting for Him to come and take you to His Father's house to be with Him for ever ?

" Well," says many a one, " I hope so." And what makes you hope so ? " I do my best, and hope God will be merciful to me at the last."

This is the foundation many, many have built upon, and when the storm has come it has swept them away to destruction.

Reader, take care lest your history be summed up in these few awful words—Hoping to be saved, yet lost for ever. *Hoping* to go to heaven ? There is not a man that *hopes* to go to hell. Oh, the folly and wickedness of man's heart ! Hoping to go to heaven, to that place of unsullied light and purity, God's own dwelling-place, and yet covered from head to foot with the leprosy of sin ; hoping to sit at the marriage-feast of the Lamb, and sing His praises with the blood-bought throng, and yet Christless, and with a load of guilt and sins on his conscience. No, no ; you are entirely mistaken. It would be an

eternal blot on the very name of God if *you* could get there, wrapped up in those filthy rags of yours, which you call your good works. You would be a spot in that banquet of love. No, no ; in outer darkness is your place. (Matt. xxii. 11-14.) You have neither part nor lot in this matter. Remember, you who are treading the broad road of sin, pleasure and worldliness, you who are on the devil's highway to the lake of fire, the *way of Cain* (Jude 11), the way of unrighteousness and godlessness, remember that, " the expectation of the wicked shall perish " (Prov. x. 28 ; see also xi. 23).

If you want to know what *your* part shall be, read Ezek. xxxii. 17-32. There you will find yourself in the midst of a large and illustrious company of kings, princes, nobles, men of might, men of valour, warriors, who have " caused their terror in the land of the living." (v. 24.) They all travelled the same road out of this scene—the road you are on. They are *gone* now, and the Word of God marks them out, and you too, and all the unsaved ones that ever trod this earth since, as—THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE PIT. (v. 25.) Yes, they lie uncircumcised in their graves, their iniquities are upon their bones (v. 27), and by-and-by, at the voice of the Son of man, they will rise again, and stand in all their nakedness before the great white throne, to be judged according to their works, and then sink for ever into the fire that never shall be quenched. (Rev. xx. 11, 12 ; Mark ix. 43.)

This will be your portion too, Christless reader, if not saved in God's way ; that is, through Jesus Christ. (Rev. xxi. 8.) Yes, you shall die in your sins ; you shall be laid in the grave ; death shall feed on you (Ps. xlix. 14), and you shall rise again to shame and everlasting contempt. (Dan. xii. 2.) Louder and louder, as time rolls on, does the trumpet of warning sound in men's ears. Many there are that heed it not, and blindly, carelessly, wilfully, travel on to endless woe.

Reader, are *you* such a one ? Again I ask, Are you saved ALREADY ?

P. T.

**Grains from the Seed Basket.**

SELECTED BY R. D. E.

WHEN you come to Christ you get a Divine supply which is always in excess of the human need.

“I HAVE learnt,” said one of the martyrs, “that there is no *freedom* like that of the heart that has given up all for Christ; no *wisdom* like that learnt at His feet; no *poetry* like the calm foreseeing of the glory that shall be.”

It is the proper business and duty of *faith* to accept the decisions of *grace*. The question of speaking to souls is a question of personal love to the Lord Jesus Christ. Do not say, believer, that you have no gift for it. Do you love Christ? If so, you will never lose an opportunity of speaking a word for Him.

THE secret of the work of faith is, that Christ, and He alone, is faith's *object*. It knows no other.

THE Father's love and the Saviour's love are upon the believer, and he should have ever in his heart the joy of the Holy Ghost.

THE Gospel reveals the answer of God to my soul, that what I want I have in Christ,—forgiveness—righteousness—life—peace—glory.

GRACE is above all failure.

**CONSECRATION OF THE PRIESTS.**

Read Exodus xxix. 15-46.



WE have seen what the grace of God has done for us in removing everything that hindered our coming into His presence as worshippers, and the way in which He has perfectly fitted us for His presence. Then in the bullock we saw that there was nothing in us which was fit for God, and that we must be got rid of. And now we read of two rams (*vv.* 15-28). The first ram represents a whole Christ dedicated to God—wholly consecrated to God—it is a ram of consecration. This ram tells us of a Man who has been in this world, whose whole heart, soul, mind, desire and life was to do God's will. “I delight to do Thy will, O my God.” It is God saying, There is one Man that is wholly for me, and I want that whole ram burnt upon the altar. “It is a burnt offering unto the Lord: it is a sweet savour, an offering made by fire unto the Lord” (*v.* 18). A verse in the New Testament will explain this: “I do always those things that please Him” (John viii. 29).

He drew out the Father's delight in a fresh way when He went to the cross. Not only did God delight in the person of His Son, but He loved Him for something He did. The very life and death of the Lord Jesus drew out a fresh character of love from the Father's heart. God only can fully measure the whole-hearted consecration of the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, and He has found His whole delight in Him. “This is My beloved Son, in whom I have found My delight.” And so the first ram went up as a whole burnt offering upon the altar. Do you ever think of the delight of God's heart in His Son? I know of no more effectual cure for self-occupation than to have the affections engaged, the heart occupied, and the mind filled with an object outside oneself. If we have not something outside ourselves we must be taken up with the things that are down here, and we all know how the things that are seen often get a

larger place in our hearts than the things that are not seen. One of the things which are not seen by the world is God's delight in Christ, but we are called into fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ; that is, to think the same thoughts that they have respecting each other.

In the second ram (*v. 19*) we get something in which we can have a part in affording delight to God. The first ram is Christ Himself offered up to God; but in the other one (which is still a ram of consecration), the fact of Aaron and his sons putting their hands upon the head of the ram identified them with the offering. It is God telling us that we can afford Him the same delight; not the same measure of delight, but the same kind of delight as that which His beloved Son affords Him.

After Aaron and his sons have put their hands upon the head of the ram, we read: "Then shalt thou kill the ram, and take of his blood, and put it upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron, and upon the tip of the right ear of his sons, and upon the thumb of their right hand, and upon the great toe of their right foot, and sprinkle the blood upon the altar round about. And thou shalt take of the blood that is upon the altar, and of the anointing oil, and sprinkle it upon Aaron, and upon his garments, and upon his sons, and upon the garments of his sons with him: and he shall be hallowed, and his garments, and his sons, and his sons' garments with him." (*vv. 20, 21.*)

There is an expression in the first Epistle of Peter which tells us the meaning of this. It says we are sanctified "unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." That is, God has set us apart to obey just as Christ obeyed, and to carry the value of His precious blood with us through this world.

They were to carry the blood on the tip of their right ear, upon the thumb of their right hand, and upon the great toe of their right foot, and not only blood, but oil. Christ obeyed in the power of the Spirit of

God. "I delight," He says, "to do Thy will, O my God."

If we are doing anything in any other spirit we do not understand what Christian obedience is. Christian obedience is that I delight to do a thing because it is the delight of God that that thing should be done. It is not in order to work myself into the favour of God. Look at the Lord ministering to that poor woman in John iv. When the disciples come back, they say, How is it the Lord does not want anything to eat? "My meat," He says, "is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." He does not say, My meat is to minister to the need of this woman, but He knew that it was a real delight to the heart of God to minister blessing to that soul. Is that how you go to a person to speak to him about his soul? Do you go and say, It is such a joy to God's heart to give that person eternal life, that I long to go and tell him, so that heaven may rejoice? You would find, if you were in that spirit, that a very different thing would fill your soul to what very often fills it.

When you speak to a person, you think, Well, it is my duty. Christ never obeyed because it was His *duty*. It was His *delight* to do so; and what a thing it is to be able to say, I know I have been affording delight to the heart of God and to the Lord Jesus Christ by speaking to some perishing soul of His grace. Would you call that a hardship? Perhaps you say, I don't like to speak to people. Now, suppose you saw a man dying by the roadside, and you knew you had got something that would just meet his need, would you not like to go to him? But suppose you knew that in meeting the poor man's need you would be affording great delight to someone whom you loved; why, you would have a double motive. This is the way the blessed Lord went about as a minister of the Gospel. Now, supposing a person will not have your message. Do you say, It is no use speaking to that person, he will not have Christ? Did the apostle say that? No; he says,

"For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish: to the one we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life." (2 Cor. ii. 15-16.) Paul says, I know it is a joy to the heart of God to hear about His beloved Son, to hear His Name spoken of, and I am a sweet savour of Christ, carrying the blessed savour of the Name of Jesus.

But perhaps you say, How am I to carry out the obedience of Christ? Well, the blood of the ram was to be put on the thumb; that is, connected with your hand, what you do; also on the toe, which is connected with your foot, by which you walk; also on the ear, which is that by which you listen to the things that are going on in the world. The thumb, the toe, and the ear, all carried the blood, and not only the blood, but the oil. They were to carry the obedience of Christ in the power of the Holy Ghost where they went, in what they did, and what they listened to; and those three things are the practical hindrances to souls entering into what it is to be as Christ was in this world, because you cannot take His obedience with you into things that He could not go into. You will never ask, Is it a right thing or a wrong thing to go here and there? You will say, Will it minister Christ to me, and will it delight the heart of God for me to be in that place?

We now read that after the ram has been slain, "Thou shalt take of the ram the fat and the rump, and the fat that covereth the inwards, and the caul above the liver, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them, and the right shoulder; for it is a ram of consecration: and one loaf of bread, and one cake of oiled bread, and one wafer out of the basket of the unleavened bread that is before the Lord: and thou shalt put all in the hands of Aaron, and in the hands of his sons; and shalt wave them for a wave offering before the Lord." (vv. 22-24.)

It is as though God said, Hold out your hand, and I will fill it with Christ. He says, There is a basket, and I am going to put

into it that which speaks of the death of Christ as the consecrated One, and that which speaks of Christ in His life, so you get one loaf of bread, one cake of oiled bread, and one wafer of unleavened bread. The loaf of bread is the spotless humanity of Christ, that one Man who could be called "that holy thing." There was only one Man who answered to this one loaf of bread. He was the loaf of bread before He became the cake of oiled bread. For thirty years He was the loaf of bread, that pure spotless One, growing in favour with God and man. But then He became the cake of oiled bread; that is, in Jordan the Spirit came down out of heaven like a dove and abode upon Him, and from that moment He was anointed with the Holy Ghost (typified by the oil), He was filled with, led of, and in the power of the Holy Ghost. You never get Him after that apart from the Holy Ghost.

Then, the next thing is the wafer out of the basket of unleavened bread. This pictures the walk and ways of the Lord Jesus Christ, as separate from evil—there was not a taint of evil in Him. After the devil tempted Him, at the beginning of His ministry, we do not read of any personal attack of Satan until the end of His ministry. Satan came back to attack Him at the end of His ministry—"The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me."

It was as though the devil said, "I will go to Christ now at the beginning of His ministry, I will test Him in every possible way"; but Satan was completely foiled. So he left Him until the end of His path, when he says, "Christ has been touching those lepers, and coming into contact with all sorts of defilement—I will go to Him again." So he came, but had *nothing in Him*.

It is very often said that man's hands are so full he cannot think of anything else; and that is what God wants our hands to be, so full that we cannot think of anything else. Not full of business, or of family cares, but of Christ.

## MEPHIBOSHETH.

**H**AVE you ever thought what the character of God is? What idea have you of Him? Many have wrong thoughts of God, and think that He acts as men would act. Now, let us turn to Scripture, and see there what *God* is like. (2 Sam. ix.)

David is in the place of power. A natural man would have sought vengeance on the house of Saul, since Saul, when in power, had treated him so badly. How does David act? He says, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake." Now the word *Jonathan* means "the gift of God."

People have an idea that the work of Christ turned back God's heart towards men. *Our* hearts need reconciling to God, but God's heart never needed to be reconciled, it was ever towards man; but because man had sinned, the love of God could not flow out to him. The moment the work of Christ had met every claim of righteousness, love could righteously flow out in all its blessed fulness. The blessing of the sinner finds its source and origin in the heart of God.

Well, there is a poor, helpless cripple left of the house of Saul, but he is not much of a man, for he cannot walk. Oh! what joy it is to the heart of David to find some one he can bless. God has infinitely more joy in saving a soul, than the soul has in being saved.

Where is this cripple? He lives in the house of a stranger (Ammiel), in a place of *no pasture* (Lo-debar).

"Then king David sent, and fetched him." The blesser *sends* the blessing to the poor cripple. "The grace of God that *bringeth* salvation hath appeared" (Titus ii. 11), brought right down to our very doors. Mephibosheth does not argue about it, he receives the blessing.

The greatest place is the place of *giver*. We must have the *smaller* place of receivers. God must ever have the *greatest* place, *He* must *give*.

Mephibosheth *does* receive the blessing, and is brought to David. David said to him, "Mephibosheth." Ah, God knows your name, He does not need anyone to tell Him your name, He is a holy God, and you a poor lost sinner. But what does David say? "Fear not," said he, "for I will *surely* shew thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake . . . and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually." I will surely bless thee, God says. For how long? Continually. Think of those two words in verse 7: *surely*, *continually*. Whatever circumstances may arise, nothing can happen but *my blessing*. As long as I behave myself will He bless me? No, *continually*. Then may I go and do as I like? Oh, no, God will deal with you, punish you for your blessing, but He loves you all the time—He never ceases to love you and bless you *continually*. Is not this Luke xv.? Is the prodigal left in the kitchen with the servants? No, he is clothed, brought into the father's house, seated at the father's table, and feasted.



## BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 23.

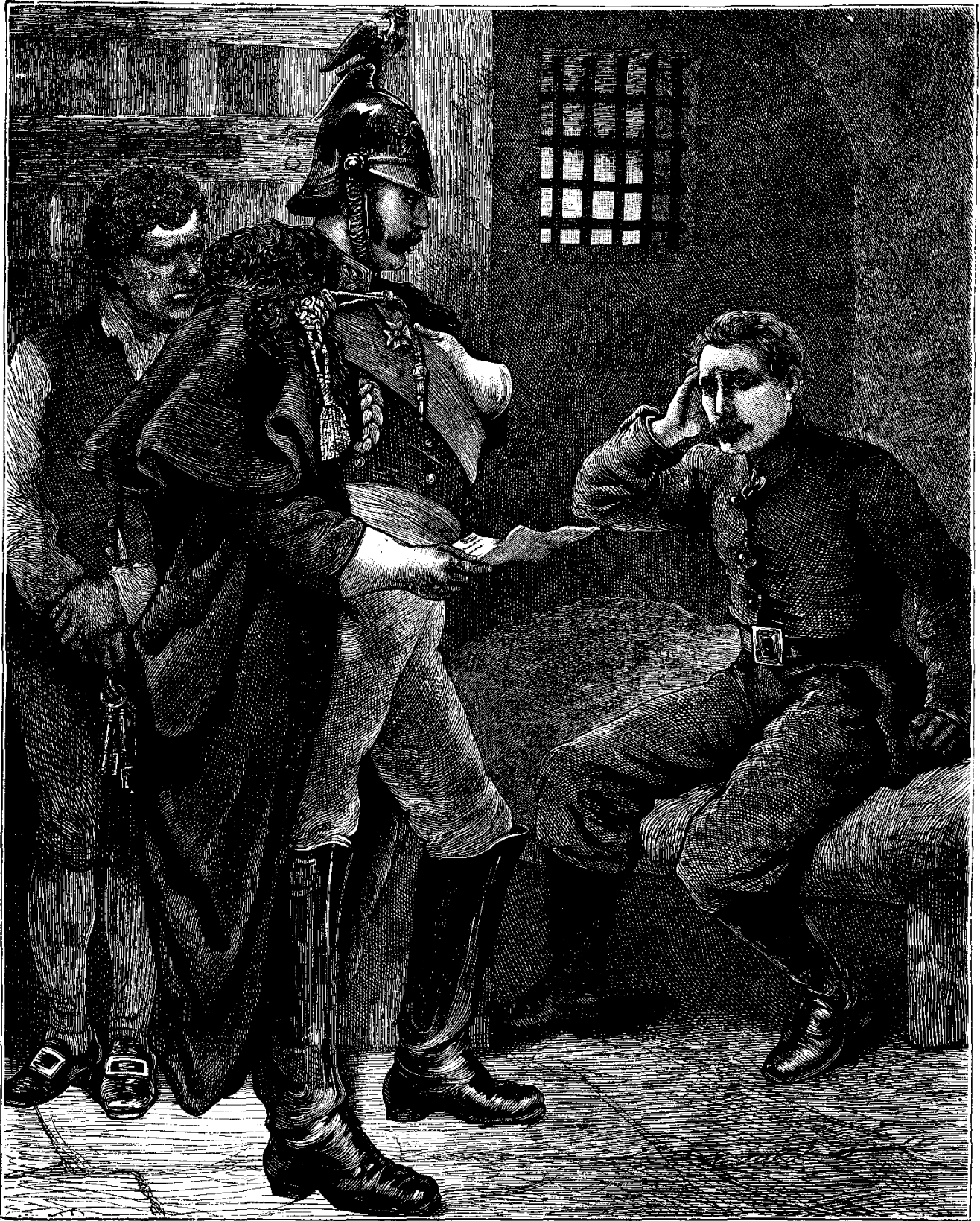
- 1.—Shew that Samuel could not have written the whole of the books bearing his name; and quote a verse shewing that it is more than probable that Nathan and Gad completed the books.
- 2.—How many times is Samuel referred to in the New Testament, and in what connections?
- 3.—His name is once mentioned in association with another servant of God, which shews what a distinguished place he held in God's estimation. Quote the verse in full.
- 4.—Give his parentage, and state what you know of his own children.
- 5.—A certain thing is said of *Elis*'s sons, after they were reprimanded by their father, which, taken in connection with a certain command in the book of Deuteronomy would go to shew they ought to have been stoned. Explain and give references.
- 6.—Give in full Hannah's song.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
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London. E.C.

# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



W. H. H. 1887

DELIVERED FROM DEATH.



### THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR AND THE NOBLEMAN.\*

**I**N the year 1825, a rich young Russian nobleman was suspected of having taken part in a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor Nicholas. He was arrested and thrown into prison at St. Petersburg. Naturally of a quick and violent temper, the injustice done to him aroused the deepest passions of his soul, and he spent that first long December night swearing, and stamping on the ground, alternately cursing the sovereign of his country, who had ordered his arrest, and the Sovereign of heaven, who had permitted it. Exhausted at last, he threw himself on his bed of straw, and remained there for hours in mournful silence. Thus eight wretched days passed slowly away.

On the evening of the ninth, a venerable Christian came to pray with and for him, and to entreat him to accept the invitation of the Saviour who says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matthew xi. 28.) The only answer was a scornful laugh. On leaving, however, the old man gave him a Bible, begging him to read it. But, as soon as the door was closed, the young nobleman kicked it into a corner, exclaiming, "I want nothing to do with the Word of a God who permits injustice;" and there the sacred book was left for days unnoticed. But time hung heavily; hours seemed days, and days months. To relieve his utter weariness, he took up the Bible, and opened it. The first verse that caught his eye impressed him deeply: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." (Psalm l. 15.) But he shut the book immediately, as if ashamed to have been affected by reading anything in the Bible. The next day he opened it again, and was soon surprised at the wisdom it evidently contained. He went through whole chapters, sometimes even learning them by heart, and at last became so much interested that he

often waited impatiently for daylight to read and study his Bible.

It was not long before he began to know something of the state of his own heart, and to see that, like every human heart, it was "desperately wicked" (Jeremiah xvii. 9). He began to feel that in the sight of God he was a sinner deserving eternal punishment. In his distress he fell upon his knees, crying out, "O Lord, save me, or I perish! O Lord, wash away my sins. Blot them out with the precious blood of Christ. For Jesus' sake, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner." His prayer was answered: and now, instead of complaining of injustice, he was mourning over his own sinfulness, and thinking of the love of Jesus. He asked to see the old Christian; and the joy of the good man may be imagined when, on entering the cell, he found the once enraged prisoner sitting with a quiet, happy countenance, rejoicing that Christ had now become his Saviour and Friend. "At first," he said, "I considered my imprisonment a great misfortune; but now I see why I was placed here, and I thank God for it. If I had continued in my prosperity, I should perhaps never have read this holy book which, by the grace of God, has led me to Jesus."

From that time the captive tranquilly awaited his trial, and soon the sentence of death was pronounced upon him. He listened to the verdict with calmness, asking only permission to write to his aunt and sister. The request was granted, and he sent them the following letter:—

"You have learned from the papers that I am sentenced to be hanged on the 15th of next February. Do not weep, but rejoice, for by the grace of God I am not afraid to die. 'I know whom I have believed.' The best moment of a Christian's life is his last, for then he is nearest heaven. Death to him is only passing from a world of sin and suffering to heaven, where the redeemed of the Lord will be happy for ever. There I will wait for you in that blessed land where there will be no more prisons, no more sorrow, no more sin. I wish I could see you once more

\* From *Illustrated Fly Leaves*, S. W. P. & Co.

on this side of the grave ; but as I cannot I cheerfully submit. My tears are falling while I write, yet I am happy and full of peace, thinking of the blessedness promised to all who believe in Christ. This happiness will be mine already when these lines reach you. May the Almighty God, whose presence I now enjoy so fully in my cell, and who has made me free in the midst of my chains, comfort you and be with you both unto the end !”

The writer of this account was in Russia at the time these events occurred, visiting this aunt and sister ; and the young nobleman, aware of the fact, added these few words to her, which may perhaps encourage those who are trying to save souls, but do not always see immediate results :—

“ My dear friend, you remember when you were last at my aunt’s house you spoke to me more than once about the salvation of my soul ; but I was young and careless, and did not listen to you. But Jesus has found means to change my hard heart. By His mercy I have been brought to believe in Him. My sins, though numberless, have, I trust, been blotted out by His most precious blood, and soon I expect to be in His presence for ever. Comfort those whom I love. Tell them it matters little when or how we die, whether on the gallows or in a prison, in a garret or a palace : the all-important thing is, to be sure of heaven by ‘*Looking unto Jesus.*’ ”

On the fatal day the principal rooms in the splendid mansion of the young nobleman’s aunt were draped in mourning, and we were all bowed down with grief ; yet while we wept we prayed and praised God, and He comforted us.

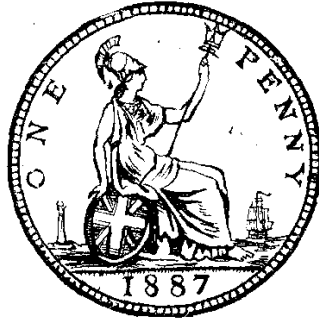
When the faithful minister left him upon the evening previous to the appointed day, the prisoner fell upon his knees, and in earnest prayer committed his soul to Christ, and then for a few hours quietly slept. Before the dawn of day he was aroused by voices in the passage, and steps evidently approaching his cell. “ They come early to take me to

the gallows,” he thought ; and though prepared to die, his heart beat faster. The door of the cell was thrown back, and a tall, noble form entered, which he distinctly recognized as that of the Emperor. A man had just been arrested, charged with a share in the conspiracy, and upon his person was found a letter which said :— “ We have done all we could to enroll W——, but in vain ; he declares he will remain true to his sovereign until death.”

The paper was immediately handed to Nicholas, and he had come himself to release him. “ A few hours more,” said the Emperor, “ and I should have lost in you one of my best friends. Forgive my unconscious error, and accept from me, in remembrance of this day, the rank of general in my army, and with it your castle, where I hope you may live to enjoy many happy years.”

The liberated young nobleman journeyed as rapidly as possible to the house of his aunt, where he found us all sitting in a room which was hung with deep folds of crape. When he began to speak, and tell us of the mercy of God to him, tears of joy and thankfulness ran down our cheeks. As he finished his account, he added, “ We have prayed to God in our distress, let us now bless Him for His goodness ; especially let us thank Him for having given His only begotten Son to be our Saviour, our Intercessor, our near Friend and Comforter in trouble.” And that prayer came from full and grateful hearts to God.

From that time W—— lived the life of a truly Christian man. His chief delight was to visit the poor and distressed, and bring them the consolation he had himself found in the Gospel. He built near his castle a large hospital and home for the sick and friendless, and went from bed to bed, and room to room, speaking to all of the love of Christ. His precious Bible, just as he had used it in his prison cell, was placed in a rich case, and kept in the best place in his parlour, that the treasured relic might remind him how God had rescued him, not only from prison, but from eternal death.



A NEW PENNY. (No. I.)



NEW penny! What lessons may it teach us?

Looking upon the one side, we find the Queen's head is represented crowned with a laurel wreath; and that around it is written, "Victoria D: G: Britt: Reg: F: D:"—Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of Britain, Defender of the faith. Now if we look up to heaven, "we see *Jesus*, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour, that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man. (Heb. ii. 9.)

When you look at the face of a penny, think of the One who suffered death for us; think of Him who *once* was crowned with thorns, but *now* with glory and honour. We can say, "Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of Britain;" but we cannot say, "Victoria, by the grace of God, *my* Saviour." She rules her people well, she desires their good; but she has not *died* for them. The Lord Jesus Christ *died* for His loved ones. He not only risked His life, but *laid it down* for them when they were sinners. He tasted death on Calvary's cross; but God has raised Him from the dead, and glorified Him now.

"Jesus, Thy head, once crowned with thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now;  
Heaven's brightest diadem adorns  
The mighty victor's brow."

The suffering victim when on the cross;  
He is the mighty victor now on the throne.

Can *you* say of Him, "Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, *my* Saviour"?

Turning to the other side, we find Britannia seated. In her hand she wields a trident sceptre. This may remind us how *grace* is reigning now. Look at Rom. v. 17, 21, and

you will find three sovereigns have reigned in the world: *death* reigned (v. 17), *sin* reigned (v. 21), now *grace* reigns, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

It is clear to every one that death has held sway here. We see the graves in the cemeteries and churchyards, the funerals passing along, all proving the presence of the great monarch, *death*.

Why did death ever come to the throne? Because *sin* entered. Sin reigned, so death came in and reigned, too. Sin and death are still in the world; but for the believer their power is gone. There was a moment when they were dethroned, and a new monarch was put in their place. *Sin* was judged, and the power of *death* destroyed at the cross of Christ.

Do you notice the cross upon the shield? That reminds us of the cross of Christ, which righteously ushered in the reign of grace.

The Lord Jesus Christ went to the cross, and died there; not for good men, but for the *ungodly*. There was shown God's righteousness; there His glory was upheld, and the sinner's need met. There we see how God hated sin, and loved the sinner.

Are you looking back to the cross of Calvary? Are you resting on the finished work of Christ? The cross is vacant now, the grave empty. The One who died is now in glory, and every sinner who believes on Him is saved for ever. When Christ died, and rose again, the reign of grace began.

What is grace? It is unmerited favour, the favour of God shown, not to those who deserved it, but to those who deserved it not.

There are five things about grace, which we find in this fifth of Romans: It is *God's* grace (v. 17), it is *rich* grace (v. 17), there is *abundance* of grace (v. 15), *Christ* is the gift of grace (v. 15), it is *everlasting* grace (v. 21).

The *ring* round the shield on our coin has neither beginning nor end: so the favour and love of God are for ever. The life which we have is *eternal* life. The home to which we are going is an *eternal* home, with the One who loved us and died for us.

"MY LETTER."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,



WAS in a strange land. The manners of nearly all around me were unlike those to which I had been accustomed. Their language, too, was different, and but little could I understand of all they said. The faces, the

bound for my home; and when the moorings were unloosed, and the vessel was speeding on, I rejoiced in this, that every moment brought me nearer to the loved ones whose welcome back I expected to receive.

The apostle Peter, writing to believers on the Lord Jesus Christ, says, "Dearly beloved, I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims." Born *from* heaven, they were bound



LEAVING HOME.

clothes, the buildings, the money, all were foreign, and there I was alone, without a relative, friend, or even acquaintance.

A day or two passed slowly away, and, bag in hand, I journeyed towards the pier, from which the steamboat was to start, bound for my native shore. I was a pilgrim now,

for heaven; only strangers on earth, and pilgrims towards heaven; they had been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and made the children of God, being born again by the Word of God, contained in the gospel which they had heard.

Once they had found their home, their

prospects, and their joys here on earth; but now all was changed, they were partakers of a heavenly calling—called by the God of all grace to His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, and now found themselves strangers in the very place where once their home had been.

Christ, who had suffered for them on the cross, was now in glory, and their hearts had been attracted to Himself, and as pilgrims they were pressing on to reach the place where He had gone. Their endeavour being not to get on in the world where their Lord had been spit upon, cast out, and crucified, but to get *out* of it, and to be with Himself for ever.

Reader, are you a stranger here? Are you a pilgrim pressing on? May God in His goodness give you to find your joys, your delights, and your home in the place where Christ sits at the right hand of God.

Your loving Friend,

THE EDITOR.

#### FAITH.



POOR woman, living in the Isle of W —, was left a widow. Being unable to procure sufficient work to support herself and her little ones, theirs seemed to be a very hard lot. She had, however, been led to put her trust in the Lord: not only for eternity, but also for time, and soon her faith was to be tested.

One night she was obliged to put her children to bed without any supper, for there was no food in the house. The next morning she proposed to them to take a walk to the top of the Golden Fort. Having ascended the hill, the children dispersed to play, leaving their mother reading her Bible.

As they were returning home, a lady passed, who asked the woman how she was, and then slipped a half-sovereign into her hand, and walked rapidly away. The poor mother had told no one but the Lord that she needed help, and she trusted Him to send it at the right time. Oh, that the Lord's people were more trustful, more confident that their Father was doing the best thing for them and with them. (Matt. vii. 11.)

"WHERE ART THOU?" (Genesis iii. 9.)

"WHERE IS HE?" (Matt. ii. 2.)

"WHERE art thou?" Oh, sinner, listen!

'Tis the still small voice of God;

Lovingly He seeks to find thee;

Bring thee to His own abode.

"Where art thou?" Oh, let Him show thee

Where thou art, and where He is—

How He stooped, that He might raise thee

To that dwelling-place of His.

"Where art thou?" Oh, son of Adam—

Cursed, and ruined by the fall—

If the Christ has not released thee,

Thou art still in Satan's thrall.

Still in "miry clay" imbedded,

Built on naught but sinking sand;

Still within the grossest darkness,

Still outside "Immanuel's land."

"Where is He?" The Man Christ Jesus?

Who Himself for sinners gave;

Laying by His kingly glory;

Came the perishing to save.

Where was He? Oh, wondrous story,

He was nailed to Calvary's tree;

Sinner, He was there in judgment!

In the place assigned to thee.

"Where is He?" The Cross is finished.

There behold an empty tomb.

Jesus Christ the Lord has risen,

Conq'ror over death and gloom:

Thronèd far above all heavens,

Now He ever lives to bless;

As of old, to win poor sinners

By His love and tenderness.

In this Covert from the Tempest

Hide thee, storm-tossed one, to-day;

To this Hiding-place from judgment

Hasten now, no more delay.

Gladly will the Saviour raise thee

To a place of blessedness;

Seat thee, with Himself, in glory,

There all fulness to possess."

## LITTLE GERTIE.

“**D**O you love Jesus?” I said, one day, to a pale and thin child in the New Road London Hospital. “Yes, I do,” she replied.

“But, does Jesus love you?”

“Yes, He does. I know Jesus loves *me*, because He died for *me*.” Her face brightened up, as she continued, “Please will you tell me about Jesus?” And, when I paused, she said, “Do tell me more.”

Dear reader, do *you* love Jesus? Do you want to know more about Him, or do you dread His name?

Gertrude was in a great deal of pain at the time I was speaking to her, but she said, “Jesus suffered much more pain than I ever have, didn’t He? and Jesus makes my pains better sometimes, when I ask Him to.”

After a little she said, “Please, do you know why Jesus made me ill? I know. Shall I tell you? When I was well I never thought about Jesus at all. I was always playing about, and having games; but since I have been ill, I have heard about Jesus, and love Him.”

Dear young reader, is it with *you* as it was with Gertrude? Are you so engrossed with your pleasures that you cannot spare time to think about the Lord Jesus Christ, the One who died for you? Or can *you* say, as Gertrude said, “He died for *me*.” E.M.T.

## ANY ONE THAT LIKES.

**I**N a little cottage on the high road an old woman lay dying. A little girl was sitting beside her bed, reading aloud the third chapter of John. She read on until she came to the sixteenth verse, when the old woman, who had been listening intently, stopped her. “Read that verse again,” she exclaimed. The child read again those wonderful words, “For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“Stop!” cried the old woman. “What

does ‘whosoever’ mean? Tell me what that word is.”

The child hesitated, and said she did not know; so the old woman continued in eager, tremulous tones, “I must know what ‘whosoever’ means. Go out into the road, and ask the very first person you meet what it means.”

The child ran down the stairs, and stood at the cottage gate, shading her eyes with her hand, as she looked up and down the road, but there was no one in sight. At last she noticed something coming, and as it drew nearer, she saw it was a man on horseback. She ran to meet him. Seeing the child running towards him, he reined in his horse. “Please sir,” she said, “can you tell me what ‘whosoever’ means?”

The gentleman was surprised at the strange question, and looking down at the little, eager, up-turned face, he asked her why she wanted to know; but she only repeated her question; so he replied, “It means *any one that likes*.”

Repeating to herself over and over the answer, “Any one that likes, any one that likes,” the little girl ran back to the cottage, and up the stairs to the room where the old woman lay dying. As she came in, the old woman raised herself, and looked towards her. “What is it? tell me quick,” she said. “He says it means ‘anyone that likes,’” replied the child. “Read the verse again, and put that in,” said the feeble voice.

The child took the Bible, and read slowly, “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that any one that likes to believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” The old woman clasped her trembling hands together, and with the tears rolling down her cheeks, she exclaimed with her weak, dying voice, “Thank God *I* like, thank God *I* like!”

Reader, do *you* “like” to believe in God’s Son? That is the only way of salvation. God offers eternal life to all who believe in the Lord Jesus. Will you take His free gift, and join that dying woman in thanking Him? E. C. D.

*AN OPENED DOOR.*

FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.



HOW hard the door is to open! The little people, whose pattering is heard on the stairs, reach the landing, and then, standing on tiptoe, use their little hands in the attempt to turn the handle of the door, oftentimes failing in the endeavour, and then, trying once more, only in vain, give up, and cry, "Open the door, please! Open the door, please!"

How many there are who seem to think the door of heaven is closed against them, and only to be opened by their earnest prayers. It is open already—open wide. Whosoever will may come. Jesus has died upon the cross of Calvary, and there is now forgiveness and salvation and glory for any who will come.

*SENT FORTH LACKING  
NOTHING.*

URING a Scripture lesson given to a class of children, not long since, the question was asked, "When the Lord Jesus sent out His disciples two and two into the world, as we have

just been reading, to preach this Gospel, and to work for Him, did He give them any directions? Did He, for instance, say anything to them about their luggage, about what they would have to take with them?"

"Oh! yes, Miss —, He did," promptly answered a bright little fellow, "the Lord Jesus told them that He would see that they had all they wanted, so they needn't trouble themselves about taking anything at all with them, and their clothes and boots would do."

The child stroked his own clothes down complacently as he spoke, evidently with a boy's thorough appreciation of the feeling of relief which it must have given to each of the disciples to hear that he might thus start off at once, just as he was, free from all encumbrances.

Oh! that all disciples of the Lord, in this our day, whether evangelists, or those serving in their own home circles, may drink more deeply into this child-like spirit, this true idea of service, entire dependence upon the One who sends them forth, and freedom from all that would distract the heart, or hinder the feet. If unencumbered with riches surely "the cares of this world," or "the lusts of other things" may prove to be an equally ensnaring and impeding burden. It is enough for every disciple that he be *as* His Master, who sought no accumulation of treasure for Himself on earth, but simply to do the will of Him that sent Him.

With this object in view, and this only, we shall find that what we have "will do," will suffice for our need, and, "looking off unto Jesus," happy lightness of step, and an unhindered walk, will be the result.

E. G.

## QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.

- 1.—Write the history of the Apostle Paul's shipwreck on his way to Italy.
- 2.—On what island was he cast? and how was he treated by its inhabitants?
- 3.—What is the island *now* called?

Replies to be addressed to—

E. B. C.,

Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.



# SCATTERED SEED.

"THERE MAY BE MERCY FOR YOU."

**A**MONG my first recollections is the image of my departed mother. We lived at the West, in what was then a howling wilderness, but is now a flourishing state. My father was a minister and a missionary, and my mother was in every way qualified to be his helper. My father was much from home, searching for the scattered sheep of Christ's flock, and could not do much towards forming my character. But my mother! She was everything to me. We lived in a log-house, and had but one large room, but there was a beautiful grove a little behind the house; and there, as early as I can remember anything, I can recollect that she took me by the hand, and caused me to kneel by her side, while she prayed aloud for my absent father and for me. At first I hardly understood it; but soon learnt that God, who dwelt far, far above those high trees, could hear her prayer, and was hearkening to her sweet voice. She used stately to lead me there, and always laid her right hand on my head while she prayed. A feeling of deep awe ran over me at these times. She never omitted this practice while she lived; and there it was that I first received distinct impressions of my own state, as well as of the character of God. She died when I was nine years old. During the most giddy and wicked period of my life I could never forget these impressions. The grove is cut down now, but the spot seems a hallowed spot still. Since the grove has been gone, and even since my mother's grave has become level with the surrounding ground, I have stood on this spot, and her meek image seemed to be before me, and her voice, tremulous with feeling, seemed to come again to my ears; and I have paused there in tears, charmed by a remembrance of her faithfulness and her love.

No legacy could she have left me half

so precious as this; nor could her features have been more vividly and accurately left upon canvas than they are upon my memory. Many years after my mother's death, I was in the heyday of youth, and in a course of sin truly dreadful: the restraints of conscience were broken, and there was little that could or did check me, EXCEPT MY EARLY EDUCATION. Do observe this, dear friends, EXCEPT MY EARLY EDUCATION! My mother had died when I was a mere child, and my father was too far off to influence me otherwise than by his prayers. I well remember many seasons of deep conviction of sin, but which my stubborn heart resisted or stifled. One night, at a ball (whither I went, as I should *then* have said, for rational and innocent amusement), my conscience was suddenly startled. I was introduced to a young lady who came from a distant section of the country. After the dance, in which we were partners, I entered into conversation with her respecting the place from which she came.

"She gave me many interesting particulars of the neighbourhood, and, among other things, mentioned the late illness of her father, and the many continued kindnesses and attentions of a Mr. B., a missionary, stating that he had been to see her father very frequently, and that she felt much attached to him. She knew not my name. I replied, that Mr. B., the missionary, *is my father*. She started as from an adder: 'Your father! he your father! What would he say if he knew you were here?'

"Had a dagger been thrust into me I could not have felt the wound more deeply; it spoiled the evening for me, it ruined my peace; it planted a thorn in my conscience which was not taken out till I had bowed to God with a broken heart. The giving and receiving of this reproof were both as it were involuntary, and showed that neither of our consciences could approve of the employment

of that evening, if allowed to speak out without restraint. A few days after the ball I was present at a communion service. At the table many of my near friends were found; the scene before me, and the thoughts of a future eternal separation, affected me greatly. The same day a very devoted Christian was accidentally thrown in my way. He began to address me on the subject of my salvation, without knowing anything about the previous state of my feelings. Then my heart began to rise with a strength of bitterness which I never knew before; I reproached him, pointing to the *inconsistencies* in the church—raved like a madman, and while my conscience was grinding me like a millstone, I still kept pouring out my invectives. He bore all with meekness, perfectly unmoved, and by his gentleness, held up a shield which caused every dart I threw to recoil upon myself. His Christian meekness was too much for me; I rose up in wrath, and left him. Had he given only one retort, shewn one angry feeling, it would have relieved me; but no, I could find no handle. I went out into the woods, smarting under the wounds which I had been giving myself; and when I could stand under it no longer, I returned, told my Christian friend my situation and feelings, asked his pardon, and begged his prayers. I had now been under deep convictions for more than three weeks; I could not pray; I could not feel sorry for sin, nor hate it, except as it would hurry me to irretrievable ruin. There seemed to be no mercy for me; the heavens were brass, the earth was iron, and I was fast preparing to look up and curse God. Perfectly sensible of my situation, perfectly convinced that I deserved *hell*, I could not feel regret or feel humbled.

“Every feeling of my soul was deeply awakened in enmity to the character and government of God. At length, after struggling with a terrified conscience, and the stirrings of the Spirit of God, *I determined to take my own life*. It was not the result of a paroxysm of despair, but the cool, deliberate determination of one who dares throw himself

upon the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler. After coming to this resolution, I selected my time and place. Not far from me was a considerable waterfall; thither I went one beautiful morning, fully resolved to *return no more*. The waters, dark and deep, gathered themselves together in a narrow channel, and after whirling themselves around several times, as if recoiling from the plunge, they rushed headlong over a time-worn rock, and fell forty feet or more into a large basin beneath. On that rock I placed myself, prepared to do the deed; I looked down into the great basin forty feet below me, and there the falling waters were boiling and foaming up, as if indignant at being thus cast down—fit emblem, I thought, of the helpless raging of the wicked in the world of despair. But I will now know the worst which God can inflict upon me: I will plunge in, and in five minutes I shall know what hell is—and what is to be my situation for eternity! I drew myself back to take the plunge—there was no faltering—no shaking of a single muscle—no sensation of fear. But just as I was in the act of leaping, the hand of Omnipotence seemed to be laid upon me. Every nerve seemed paralysed, and every bodily function appeared to fail. A cold shivering came over me, and I had not the strength of a child. I turned my face away; the beautiful sun was shining, and for the first time a voice, like that of my departed mother, seemed to say, ‘Perhaps there may be mercy for you.’ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘I will seek it till God takes my life.’ And there, on the very spot where I was about to consign soul and body over to endless misery,—there the mercy of God found me, and there the first ray of hope visited me. Oh! I can never think of this temptation without feeling that I have been near the pit, and that man, if left by God, will quickly destroy both body and soul.”

The writer of the foregoing afterwards resolved to give himself to missionary work amongst the heathen. He was ready to depart, had taken leave of his friends, and was on his way to the ship which was to

convey him to Africa. He arrived at Richmond on a Saturday evening, and intended to preach the next day; but about midnight he was seized with cholera, of which he was the first and only victim in that place; and after twelve hours passed in indescribable pain, he calmly and sweetly passed away to be with Christ.

How mysterious are the ways of God! He raises up mothers, and leads them to labour and to pray; and they go down to the grave without seeing any answer to their prayers and their tears. But long after they are gone the blessing is poured down.

You have seen, dear friends, in the history of this young man, that early culture had planted thoughts of eternity in his mind which he could not shake off; and an instrument was found, even in a *ball-room*, to remind him of neglected duties and present sins; in another hour, when conscience spoke, he remained as a spectator of the Lord's Supper, and all reckless and restless as sin had made him, he could not get quite away from his mother's God. Again, at another stage of his brief history, a faithful Christian friend speaks a word to him; and even, when about to leap, as it were, into hell, the imagined voice of a dead mother took away his daring, and brought him to the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind. Such are some of the agencies God uses to accomplish His purposes, thus illustrating Cowper's lines:—

“Deep in unfathomable mines of never failing skill,  
God treasures up His bright designs, and works  
His sovereign will.”

W. A.

#### IN A MOMENT—NO WARNING.

**L**EAVING the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on an evening in October, 1886, and getting a berth in a Pullman's sleeping-car by the limited express for a city in the North West, amid all the comforts of a well-appointed American railway service, it never entered the thoughts of the numerous passengers by the train that, ere we reached our destination, in a moment—without warning, our train

would be wrecked, and what was worse than this, that fire would do its devouring work in reducing to ashes not only all except one coach, but about twenty men and women with precious immortal souls.

But so it was, as we sped along in the middle of the night, when all were resting, the carriages with their living occupants rolling along so smoothly, no danger anticipated, suddenly all was changed into a scene of agony and horror beyond any power of language to tell. A very small thing led to the disaster: a point left open turned the train into a siding, resulting in the instant destruction of the greater part of of it; the fire from the engine ignited the carriages; the doors were fastened, and escape was impossible.

Think for a moment, my reader, of twenty men and women like ourselves—fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters—who had only a few hours before walked in liberty to their seats, finding themselves instantly pinioned as by a ruthless executioner's hand, and surrounded by flames that could only torture and devour, until death ended their misery. Think, dear friend, of the terrible agonizing wail of those sufferers, and none to help. This was the scene witnessed and participated in by the writer; awful reality! not soon forgotten. Some, however, were mercifully saved; and in such a scene it may be easily imagined what gratitude and thankfulness to God would fill the hearts of those who had escaped the destruction.

The Word of God reveals a far greater destruction awaiting those who are neglecting His great salvation. It is written (2 Thess i. verses 7, 8 and 9), “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.”

Any who believe God and His written Word may well use entreating terms of compassion, in seeking to awaken and to win

those who go on without taking heed to that voice that now speaks from heaven, beseeching rebel sinners to be reconciled to God ; to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ in this the day of salvation.

Unlike the railway destruction here related, where no warning was given, you cannot say that God has not many, many times warned you ; and He warns you yet again by this, and many other disasters, even more appalling, in this highly favoured country.

You may feel as to all your surroundings and circumstances as secure as the poor creatures did when commencing their journey, but who were so soon after burnt to death ; but remember it was a small thing that turned the train from a line of peace and safety to a siding of destruction ; and you may think the Word of God is a small thing, but oh, my friend, it will as certainly carry in peace and triumph, on its sure lines, all who confess the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust His precious blood, right into the heavenly terminus of the Father's house, as it will turn on to the siding of destruction and judgment, in the lake of fire, all who have not obeyed the gospel. E. P.

#### BIBLE BIOGRAPHIES.—No. 24.

- 1.—Mention what you consider to be the seven principal events in the life of Samuel.
- 2.—It is said of a certain people, that "the hand of the Lord was against them all the days of Samuel." Give the name of this people, and briefly describe the event related immediately before the above cited statement is made.
- 3.—Mention the various times in which prayer is either referred to, or offered, by Samuel, or others connected with him.
- 4.—Name the different public functions which we find Samuel performing.
- 5.—A New Testament allusion would go to show that he was the first of a line of prophets. Quote and explain.
- 6.—Wherein did he fail? Show that he was especially inexcusable in this particular failure.
- 7.—Name at least seven different places associated with his history.

Replies should be addressed—

E. B. C.,  
Care of W. H. Broom & Rouse,  
25, Paternoster Square,  
London. E.C.

#### DOING GOD SERVICE.

MANY eager feet are running,  
Hither, thither, to and fro,  
Hidden paths of duty shunning,  
Following where others go.  
Ever active, ever thinking  
Of their service for the Lord,  
But, if done for human notice,  
"Verily they *have* reward."

Work for God ! How can we know it ?  
It may *not* be as *we* think  
On the surface—but below it,  
In obscurity may sink,  
Hidden for a little season,  
Germs of love, long sown in hope,  
After patient, prayerful waiting,  
May spring up a fruitful crop.

Ponder o'er our Saviour's service,  
Grandest, highest, holiest work !  
Who can estimate its grandeur,  
Where no pride could ever lurk ?  
Yet to *men*, how small and trifling,  
Raising infants to His knee,  
Succouring the poor and outcast,  
Speaking words of sympathy.

"Binding up the broken-hearted"—  
Feeding hungry—drying tears !  
From all social circles parted,  
Working singly many years ;  
Spending days in seeking—saving,  
Nights in prayerful solitude,  
Never human honour craving,  
By His Father understood.

Lowly Saviour, we would follow  
*Only* as Thou leadest on,  
Lab'ring in Thy joyful sunshine,  
When *Thy* voice dost bid us run ;  
Or, if *love* our sun should darken,  
Just to concentrate its rays,  
Give us grace to pause and "hearken,"  
Then work on through sunless days.

Here we know not—but hereafter  
All results Thou wilt reveal,  
Weeping may be changed to laughter,  
When all things are true and real,  
In that grand divine discerning,  
Mysteries will glow with light,  
There in learning and *un*learning  
Each will know and own the right.

E. G.

*DEATH.*

**H**OW did he die? Was he prepared? Such are the questions constantly asked in connection with a death-bed; and in many minds the whole business of life seems to be to make a suited preparation for death; if only they can make a good exit from the world, the aim and end of many Christians seem to be attained.

In turning to the Word of God it is remarkable how little we find said about death. All the epistles are occupied with teaching a believer how to live. If a Christian knows how to live for his Lord and Master down here, rely upon it, should he pass through death, he will find what the Israelites found when they reached the passage of the Jordan, that death, symbolized by the water, had rolled very far off, and the only thing that met their gaze was that which set forth Christ—"the Ark of the Covenant"—which stood in the midst until all the people had passed over. So with the believer. Instead of its being a dark scene it is flooded with the brilliancy of the glory into which he enters; and, as the apostle Paul expresses it, it simply means departure to be with Christ, "which is far better."

The great leading idea in death is not annihilation or destruction, as some teach, but it always carries the thought of separation from God.

"Dying thou shalt die," was God's decree in connection with Adam. Adam did not cease to exist, but he was separated from the presence and companionship of the Lord God, who walked in the garden. Cast out, and the cherubim's sword defending the entrance, separation from God had begun.

Unrepentant man, thus separated from the earthly paradise, dying in his sins, his body is committed to the dust, but his soul goes to hades, the place of departed spirits, between which place and the paradise of God is an impassable gulf—an eternal separation. Instead of awaiting the resurrection of the just, he awaits the resurrection of the unjust, when his body will be united to his spirit, only to hear the sentence of eternal separa-

tion, when death and hades are cast into the lake of fire. (Rev. xx. 14.)

Man was separated from God at the fall; his soul is separated from his body at death, and every unsaved man will be eternally separated from God in the lake of fire.

Carefully consider this subject, and you will see that death does not mean cessation of existence, but moral and spiritual separation from God; first, in this world, where the grace of God may reach a soul; second, at a man's death, when his soul is separated from his body, in a place where the grace of God cannot reach him; and last, the final sentence that banishes him for ever from the presence of God, to endure the undying worm and unquenchable fire.

Now note the contrast in the case of the believer. He is reconciled to God by the death of His Son, united to Christ by the Holy Spirit, and his life is hid with Christ in God.

If he dies, his body, separated for a brief period from his spirit, will be reunited, and an eternity of nearness to Christ and the Father will be enjoyed in the power of the eternal Spirit. So that death is a friend to the believer, simply the cage door that opens to let the bird soar into its natural element. It is not the beginning of an existence, it is rather the removal of that which hinders the enjoyment of a life which has its source in God, who has reconciled us to Himself. It is an entrance into a scene where the three things—the world, the flesh, and the devil—which the Christian now finds a hindrance, have no place.

Were it not for the sorrowing hearts left behind in this world, a Christian's death-bed is for him the brightest moment, as he is about to possess unhindered enjoyment of the presence of Christ.

But there is no scripture of which I am aware that speaks of meetness for death, or preparation for death. There is meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, but the epistle to the Colossians shows clearly that meetness for heaven is one of the first blessings that God, in His grace, bestows upon the believer.

N.

*CONSECRATION OF THE PRIESTS.*

Read Exodus xxix. 22-46.



WE find that there are two things which the priests were to feed upon—the wave breast, and the heave shoulder.

We also find that there were three things the priest had to do every day, and a fourth on the seventh day. When he arose the first thing in the morning he was to offer the lamb (v. 39); to trim the lamps; and to burn the incense (*ch.* xxx. 7). He had to dress the lamps. It was as though God said: “You must remove everything that will hinder My having a light, so that if I want you to shine for Me, I want to have you quite ready to start with.” This was not done when they went to bed, but when they got up.

Now, we are lights in this world. The only light God has in the world to-day is from the Christian. God says, “I want you to shine.” You know what it is to have your lamp out, and find the wick so dirty that it will not burn. You put a light to it, but it won’t burn, and, in order to get a light, you are obliged to cleanse it. And so God wants us to get rid of all that is unsuited to Him, like the blacks on the wick of the lamp, so that He may be able to take us up, and let us shine for Him during the day. But the priest, when dressing the lamps, was to burn incense upon the altar; the two things thus teaching that we are to get rid of all the black things about us, but, at the same time, we are to realize that we are in all the sweet incense of Christ, in all His acceptance, before God. We shall never be able to go through real self-judgment apart from that, for, unless we see what we are to God in Christ, we shall be trying to mend ourselves. Do not let us, in the moment of the deepest self-judgment, ever weaken what the grace of God has done. I am not making light of self-judgment. It is an awful thing for a Christian to sin, but if we sin we have an Advocate with the Father; and, if the lamps have to be dressed

and trimmed, it must be done in the sense of what the grace of God has done for us, and of what we are to God.

The third thing the priest had to do was to offer the lamb every morning. It was a beautiful sight for God to look down upon every morning. He saw a priestly family; and He saw the smoke of the incense ascending up, and the one slain lamb. He saw that which spoke to Him of Christ, so that the priest started his day in communion with God (typically) about Christ and His work; and the soul now that starts the day with that makes a wonderful start. Trimmed lamps, ascending incense, and the slain lamb.

In the fortieth verse we read, “And with the one lamb a tenth deal of flour mingled with the fourth part of an hin of beaten oil; and the fourth part of an hin of wine for a drink offering.”

The quantities of wine and oil spoken of here are exactly equal. Wine is a symbol of joy; oil is a type of the Holy Ghost; and fine flour is a symbol of the perfection of the Person of Christ. That is, we get joy just in proportion as the Spirit ministers Christ to our souls; and we can never have any real joy through the reading of God’s Word apart from the ministry of the Holy Ghost.

But there was one thing which the priests had to do once a week only. (See Lev. xxiv. 5-9.) They brought the loaves, and put them on God’s table—spread them before God.

The loaves tell us of the whole of God’s people, one loaf for each tribe.

This came only once a week, but they never omitted it. This was the most wonderful day of all.

And it is our privilege now to look forward to the first day of the week, and say, “Well, I am a priest; I am fit to draw nigh. God has filled my hands with Christ, and I am going on the first day of the week to the Lord’s table, where are not twelve loaves, but one loaf, which tells me of every member of Christ’s body throughout the world, tells me that, though there are many members, yet

the body is one ; and that, just as every bit of that loaf is part of the loaf, so every true believer is a member of Christ's body on earth."

It is a wonderful thing to know that we not only belong to Christ, but that we are part of Christ. Your finger does not merely belong to your hand, but it is part of your hand, and thus part of your body. So really are we a part of Christ, that we are like a man going upstairs. He has got his head above the banisters, when someone upstairs calls to him, and he says, "I am here." His feet are still on the stairs, but his head is upstairs, and one step more and he will be there altogether. Now, Christ, our Head, is in heaven ; we are His members, with (so to speak) our feet on the stairs, and it needs only another step, and we shall be in the glory, because we are part and parcel of the One who is there already, that One who says, "Behold, I come quickly."

#### TEMPORARY OR ETERNAL PLEASURES!—WHICH?

**M**AN, shut out of the earthly paradise, is trying hard to be happy *without* God. At the present moment tens of thousands are eagerly seeking the pleasures of the world. There *are* the pleasures of sin ; Scripture speaks of them. (Heb. xi. 25.) But how long do they last? Only for "*a season.*" And what then? Ah! what then, ye gay worldlings? what then? *what then?* Then those who have so greedily drunk of the cup of the world's pleasures, shall drink its bitter dregs of dissatisfaction and disappointment. "The wages of sin is death"; and "After this the judgment." (Rom. vi. 23; Heb. ix. 27.) Alas! alas! how many are bartering their never-dying souls for the paltry, fleeting pleasures of a sinful world.

Wherever we turn, we see all kinds of efforts to afford men pleasure here ; pleasure without God ; the pleasures of sin. Satan will take good care to supply plenty of material to foster the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. He

knows how to attract fallen, guilty men, and to hide from them the love of God in the gift of His Son, and the impending doom of the ungodly and impenitent. The mass greedily swallow his gilded baits, verifying the Word of God, that men, in the last days, would be "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." (2 Tim. iii. 4.)

But, although men find their pleasure in sin, God finds no pleasure in man's death and judgment. He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked ; and judgment is His strange work. (Ezek. xxxiii. 11; Isa. xxviii. 21.)

Thousands, waking up in some measure to the folly of going on in sin, turn over a new leaf, and seek to meet the claims of God by a moral and religious life. But alas for all such! "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." (Rom. viii. 8.) "That which is born of the flesh is flesh" (Jno. iii. 6); and, do what you will with it, it remains flesh to the end. It cannot be improved.

But how blessed to know that there has been One in this world of sin of whom it is written, that He "pleased not Himself." (Rom. xv. 3.) And again, "I do always those things that please Him." (Jno. viii. 29) The voice of the Father, from the excellent glory, declared, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. xvii. 5.)

Yes, *Jesus* was, and is, the Father's delight. He, and He alone, was well-pleasing to God. All others have failed and sinned, and displeased Him in various ways ; but Jesus, the Son of His love, was ever His delight, perfect in His obedience, the Holy One. This is He who laid down His life for the glory of God, and the eternal salvation of poor sinners.

"When He cometh into the world, He saith, Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me. In burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin Thou hast had no pleasure. Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of Me,) to do Thy will, O God."



(Heb. x. 5-7.) Christ, "through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God," &c. (Heb. ix. 14.) And now, raised from the dead, He sits in the glory at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, a *Saviour for the guilty and the lost*.

Dear reader, will you continue to follow the pleasures of sin at the awful risk of being shut out of the glorious presence of God in the blackness of darkness for ever? or will you judge and acknowledge your sin before Him, believe on His Son, and share the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore? The gospel is very simple, if you will only be simple about it. You cannot have the pleasures of sin and the pleasures at God's right hand too. It must be one or the other. Which is it to be? "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Now is the time to be decided. To-morrow may be too late. You have your choice: *Temporary pleasures now*, and hell without them; or Christ as your precious Saviour *now*, and "*pleasures for evermore*." (Ps. xvi. 11.)

Receiving Christ as your Saviour now, by faith in His blessed Name, your sins will be all forgiven, and you will be saved. Refusing Him, you run the risk of being cut off at any moment in your sins, to reap the fruit of your folly in an eternity of woe.

E. H. C.

### REST.

"TAKE My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

'Tis the rest of a subject heart  
That beareth Christ's burden light,  
Its joy doth seek in His footsteps meek,  
And walks in His own smile bright.

Yea, the rest of a broken will,  
In lowly subjection now,  
That hath learned at last, in days now past,  
To its Father's will to bow.

'Tis the rest of a perfect love  
In a restless heart made known;  
The soul that lives in the rest *He* gives  
Will lean on that love alone.

Such a perfect, unchanging love,  
Such a peaceful, blessed rest,  
Divinely led, we pillow our head  
For ever on Jesu's breast.

### MEETNESS.

THE believer is perfectly fit for the presence of God, solely through that which Christ has done, and no good act or acts can possibly make him any more meet than he is. The work of the Lord Jesus Christ puts all his sins away, and the Word of God declares that the Father hath made him meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

Many make the mistake of an invalid who told me that the Lord had allowed her to lie on a sick bed to meeten her for heaven; and she supposed when she was meet she should go. Now we cannot too distinctly refuse such a statement as that. To accept it is to admit that several months or years of suffering can do that which is solely attributed to the work of Christ and the Father's grace. If a believer needs any thing whatever to give him fitness, then Christ has not wrought a complete salvation. But Christ *has* wrought a complete deliverance, and it is the Father's joy to bring forth the best robe, and array the prodigal after such a fashion that the Father's house is the only suited place for him.

The believer is "made meet" to start with. There is no fitness for God awaiting the believer in the future. He has it the instant he gets Christ.

Christ is his meetness. Christ is the best robe. The prodigal goes into the Father's presence in the shoes of another.

We cannot be too emphatic as to this. The work that fits the believer for God was done at the cross, and the moment he rests in the One who has done that work, all the value of it belongs to the believer.

My reader may ask, Are we not then to seek meetness? I emphatically reply, *Not meetness for heaven*; that is yours already, if a believer. But you are to seek to be "meet for the Master's use, and ready for every good work"; but that refers to our being ready, suited for Christ's service on earth, not Christ's presence in heaven. This should be the aim and end of every true child of God, to seek to be meet for earth, and suited for Christ's use here; and, instead of looking for death, to be waiting for Christ from heaven.

# *GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.*



“What do those stitches mean?”

*"MY LETTER."*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,



**W**HAT *do* those stitches mean?

How many a time, when grandmother has sat knitting, she has been watched by eager eyes, the little owner of which is wondering whatever all the different operations of "casting on," "seaming," "knitting together," "taking up," "slipping," "drawing through," and so on, can possibly be for.

Often I myself have looked up from my book, and followed the pins as they darted one towards the other, doing ceaseless, but harmless, battle, and to my untrained eyes it has seemed as though the work were aimless, and at times undone, for the pin now covered with stitches was soon bare again.

But I have satisfied myself with the thought, If I know not, the knitter knows. The purpose has been formed; some useful and comfortable article is to be made, and every stitch brings the work nearer completion.

And how like the Christian's path is this! Many of the Lord's dealings with His loved ones seem strange and unaccountable, or even useless and altogether wrong, but, as a paralytic once said, when converted on his bed of pain, "God makes no mistakes"; and *we know* that all things—yes, all the stitches—work together for good to them that love God.

When the little sock, or scarf, or cap, is finished, then the object of all the knitter's stitches can be clearly seen—that every stitch was needed, not one too many, and not one too few.

And ere long, when we, who by grace belong to our Lord Jesus Christ, reach the eternal glory to which God has called us, we shall look back and see how every sorrow, and trial, and difficulty into which His hand brought us, was for our lasting blessing, and for His own glory; and that He worked everything after the counsel of His own will.

"Known unto God are all His works";

and we may ever comfort ourselves, that, if *we* know not, *He* knows.

"With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted with His love.  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land."

May all who read "my letter" month by month meet in that glory to sing His praise.

Your loving Friend,  
THE EDITOR.

*TAKE THE BRAKE OFF.*

**A**TRAIN was going through a solitary part of the country when one of the cylinders of the engine broke.

The driver got down, and, with the materials he had at hand, began to mend it. To do this he had to get under the engine; so, to ensure that it should not move while he was there, he put on the brake.

His task completed, he took his place on the engine, turned on the steam, and expected it would move as before. It remained motionless.

He got down, overhauled his work, and tried again, putting on more steam. Still no progress.

"Have you taken off the brake?" asked a gentleman standing near.

Ah! there was the hindrance, the brake was still on. The driver removed it, and the engine steamed forward directly.

Thus it often is with young Christians. They have life; they are saved; they have the Holy Spirit within them, as power, but there is no progress, because the brake is on. Something here hinders them; something to which their hearts are clinging, and which they will not give up.

Young Christians, take away the brake, give up what hinders. Then, and not till then, will you truly advance in your Christian course, and grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

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## LOVE, LIFE, AND LIBERTY.

John xi. and xii.



THESE chapters tell us of a wonderful journey from a burial ground to a banqueting hall, in the course of which *love, life, and liberty* are strikingly displayed.

Now Jesus *loved* Martha (v. 5). How wonderful is the love of God! The circle of God's love is as large as the circle of man's need. John iii. 16 says that God loved the world, for the whole world had need. Does that word "world" take you in? There may be one of my readers in this circle of love, and he does not know it; he has never looked up and thought, "God loved *me*." If there were no *love* there could be no *life, no liberty*.

We begin with God's love, His so great love, which takes in you and me, and the whole great circle of need. Turn to Romans v. 8. *How* did God shew His love toward us? "In that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." It was our very need brought out *His love*. Again in Eph. ii. 4, 5. *When* did God love us? When we were dead in sins. That verse in Romans looks at us as alive in our sins, going on in rebellion against God, on the road that leads to hell; this verse sees us dead, with no power, unable to get out of the place of death.

When I was a boy there was not a thought in my mind, not one bit of love in my heart, towards God. I was *dead*. What did I need? *Life*. That is what Lazarus needed when he lay in the grave at Bethany. When he was dying he might have done something. He might have taken the medicine ordered by the doctor; but when he was dead, and could do nothing for himself, the Lord came and gave him life.

Turn to 1 John iv. 8. "*God is Love.*" In the first chapter of this epistle we read that *God is Light*. God always was *Light* and *Love*, and always will be, but here we read what He *is*; God *is* Light, God *is* Love. What searching of heart takes place in the

light! A burglar was taken to the police-station the other night, and was searched. His pockets were turned out, and his clothes examined, and the skeleton keys and house-breaking instruments he had upon him were found. The light shewed up everything. So the light searches us. We do not *like* to be searched, but we *must* be before we can be saved.

"God is Light" is told us before we read that He is Love. (1 John i. 5, iv 8.) We find in verse 9 *how* His love is shewn. "God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him." When we wanted *life*, God sent His Son from the glory, that we might get it. Those who are dead, as Lazarus was, need *life*, and *all* are either alive to God or dead in their sins. Dead! and they do not know it! They are indifferent to their condition, and go on carelessly like those two men in their canoe above the Niagara Falls. They were not paddling, but sitting still, drinking their champagne, but all the while drifting on quickly to destruction. Oh! let me tell you that those who *do* nothing, who are *neglecters* of God's great salvation, are dead in their sins, and are on their way to hell.

As those young men, in their canoe, were gliding down towards the fatal Falls, some people on the bank saw their danger, and shouted to them, shouted in earnest, but they only held up the wine-glass and *laughed*. Others farther down shouted to them again, but they were enjoying the motion of the boat, and heeded not the warning. Then one of them heard the noise of the cataract, and at once they began to paddle for the shore, but it was *too late*. The rushing stream carried them over the falls, and they were dashed on the rocks below. They were in earnest when it was too late, and you will be in earnest one day. God grant that it may be in time!

See how *love* and *life* are brought out in John iii. 16. *God loved* and *God gave*. God *so* loved the world that He gave His Son, His only One, His delight and joy, to *die*. Love delights in giving, and God *gave* His

Son. That is God's side ; our side is to believe on His Son. The one who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died on the cross for sinners, shall not perish, but has everlasting *life*. You say, "I do not know what everlasting life means." If I were to hold up my purse, and say, "Anyone who likes may have this purse," you would not know the value of it, or whether it contains copper, silver, gold, or bank-notes, but should you receive it, all that it contains would be yours. I may not know what eternal life means, but if I believe on the Son of God, I *have* it, and have all it means.

Christians who have received God's gift like to count up all the wonderful things it contains, but they have so much that they can never count all. I have been counting for twelve years, and have not come to the end yet—never shall come to the end of all that God has given me, so great was His gift. "Oh," you say, "who has that gift?" Every boy and girl who believes on the Son of God.

*God loved* - the world :

*God gave* - His Son.

*I believe* - - on His Son :

*I have* - - - everlasting life.

We have seen how *love* and *life* were displayed at the grave of Lazarus, now we come to *liberty*. The stone had been rolled away ; the voice of the Son of God, crying, "Lazarus, come forth," had given the dead man life ; but look at him, he is not at liberty, he is bound so tightly round with grave clothes. The Lord says, "Loose him, and let him go." He who had given him *life* gives him *liberty*.


There may be one reading this who has life, but no liberty, some one who says, "I would give anything to *know* that I am saved." I remember the time when I had not liberty, when I could not say my sins were forgiven, but that verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," set me free, and now I can look up in the presence of God, and say, "I know I am clean, and there is not one speck upon me."

The journey begun at the burial ground ends at the supper in John xii. They made a supper for the Lord. The Lord has made a supper for us, that great feast of salvation ; now it is our privilege to make a supper for Him. What supper can *we* make for the Lord? When in our rooms we thank and praise Him for what He has done, that is a supper for Him ; and when His people are together, and their hearts unite to praise Him, that is a supper for Him.

May God give you to enjoy His *love*, and to know what it is to have *life* and *liberty*, through the Lord Jesus Christ.

F.

### "NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD."

ASHING away past things? Nothing but the blood, sir—nothing but the blood ! "

"When did you learn that ? "

"Only last Sunday evening, but I'm too full to speak of it to-night, sir."

Such was the short conversation that took place at one of our London termini, between a Christian and one of the railway employes who was washing the time-bills off the boards, ready to put fresh ones up for another month.

Has the love of God filled your heart with joy unspeakable? Such joy as this the world cannot give ; it is found in Christ alone. He said to His disciples : "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."

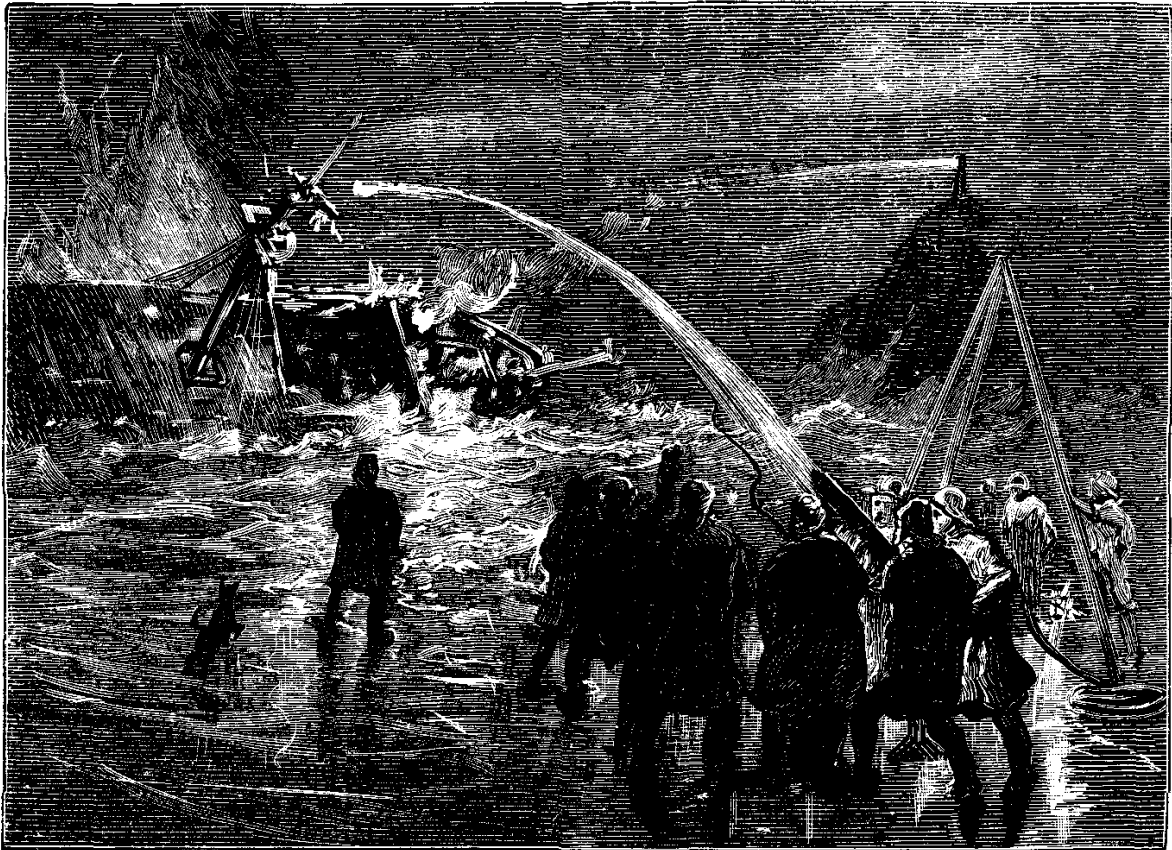
"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin."

"Nothing but the precious blood  
Can give lasting peace with God  
For the heart so dark, so stained with sin and guilt ;  
There is nothing can atone  
But the blood of Christ alone,  
Blood which Christ in love for guilty sinners spilt.

Trusting in that precious blood  
There is perfect peace with God ;  
Saved for glory, wondrous story,  
Saved thro' Jesus' precious blood."

A. C.

**A**cquaint **NOW** thyself with Him, and be at peace. Job xxii. 21.  
**B**ehold, **NOW** is the accepted time. 2 Cor. vi. 2.  
**C**ome; for all things are **NOW** ready. Luke xiv. 17.



SHOOTING THE LIFE-LINE.

“**NOW.**”

Five sailors were clinging to the broken mast of a wrecked ship in Dublin Bay. A rope was thrown to them. At the trumpet signal, “Now!” they were to loose their hold of the mast, and trust themselves to the rope. Four did so, and were hauled safe to shore. The fifth hesitated to let go, and was lost.

God’s “Now” is sounding in your ears,  
 O let it reach your heart;  
 From every trust but Christ alone,  
 He bids you part.

There is one hope, and only one  
 You can be saved, but how?  
 The rope hold fast, but quit the mast  
 At the trumpet signal, “NOW!”

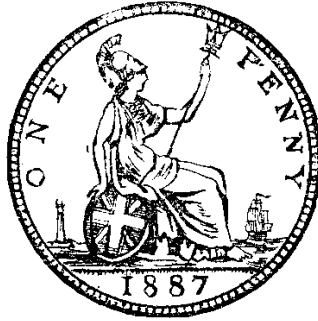
Your righteousness, as filthy rags,  
 Must all relinquished be,  
 And only Jesus’ precious death  
 Must be your plea.

Trust now the one provided rope,  
 Quit now the broken mast!  
 Before the hope of safety be  
 For ever past.

Fear not to trust His simple word,  
 So sweet, so tried, so true!  
 And you are safe for evermore,  
 Yes, even you!

(*Extracted.*)





### A NEW PENNY. (No. II.)



LAST month we saw what a penny can teach us of the Lord Jesus and His work. If we look more closely at the coin we may learn other lessons.

Britannia seated on the shield forms the central picture, on your left there is a *lighthouse*. Young Christians, you may all be like the lighthouse—in your homes, at school, among your friends. You are resting on the finished work of Christ; are you shining for Him? Can those around you see your lights burning? What would be the use of a lighthouse without the lights? If the Lord Jesus has set you as a lighthouse to give light to travellers crossing the sea of life, you must look to it that your lights are brightly burning. You have the oil in your lamps: see that no dust of this world hinders the rays from shining through the glasses! How easily does a Christian become soiled by the dust contracted in his daily life here! He cannot shine for Christ if there is a soil upon him. The glasses *must* be kept bright and polished if the lighthouse is to be of any use. How can a young Christian keep the glasses of his lighthouse bright? By not allowing *one* sin, however small in his own sight, to go unjudged. “If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. (1 John i. 9.)

It is the Word of God, applied to the heart and conscience of a believer, that washes away the soils of every-day life, so that the light can shine forth brightly into the darkness around. “Let your light *so* shine before men that they may see your good works; and glorify [not yourselves, but] your Father which is in heaven.” (Matt. v. 16.)

Who has the credit when the lights shine brightly from the Eddystone rock, the lighthouse, or the one who built it? The one who built it, surely, and the one who keeps it now in working order. So, when we have our lights burning, the Lord Jesus, who made us light bearers, and who keeps us, is glorified, and God our Father, to whom we belong, is glorified also. “Therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God’s.”

Look again at our coin, and on your right you will see a ship in full sail. Homeward-bound she is gladly crossing the waters which separate her from her own land. The Christian is like this homeward-bound vessel; he is crossing the sea of life, and knows well the harbour to which he is hastening. He can say, “Heaven is my home, and each day as it passes brings me nearer to it.”

What makes heaven *home* to us? Christ is there, the One who died and lives for us; and a Christian who is longing to see Him, whom not having seen, he loves, is like the ship on our penny, with sails full set for home.

Storms there will be, rough winds and heavy seas, but the ship cannot be lost, for the Lord Jesus has ensured a safe passage. He has not promised a smooth passage, but He has promised a *safe* one, for He “died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.” (1 Thess. v. 10.)

A homeward-bound vessel does not sail aimlessly hither and thither, but is steered straight for the port. May we know more what it is to keep our port in view, and the One who is there awaiting us; to be heaven-bound vessels, making a straight course homeward, and not to be carried about by every wind of doctrine.

Does our ship carry any cargo? Certainly, and the Christian should carry cargo too: a cargo of saved souls to bring to port with him; a cargo of good works, not good works *for* salvation, but because he *is* saved. It is a sad thing for a vessel to arrive *empty* at the port, a sadder thing still for a Christian to



travel *alone* to heaven. Let us each seek to win souls for Christ, and "be careful to maintain good works." (Titus iii. 8.)

We have still to notice the date on our penny. What is the date now? 2 Cor. vi. 2 will tell us: "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." That is the date now, dear reader, of the days in which we live, the accepted time! the day of salvation! It will not always be the day of salvation. Turn to Luke iv. 18, "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 brokenhearted, 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." These words tell us the date of the present time. If you look at Isa. lxi. 1, 2, you will find another date spoken of: "The day of vengeance of our God." The Lord Jesus did not read that, because the day of vengeance had not come then; it has not come yet, but it *will come*. *Now* it is "the day of salvation."

May you all come to the Lord Jesus now, that you may be, like the lighthouse, shining for Him, and, like the ship, making a straight course to heaven your home. I. F.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.



**W**HEN about eight years of age, I was one day playing with my brother, who was older than myself. We were floating little wooden boats in a tank of water at the back of our house. Presently one of our tiny vessels sailed to the farther side, and, in reaching over to it, my hand slipped from the ledge upon which I was leaning, and in I fell, head foremost. My head was now at the bottom of the water, while my feet were high up out of it. In such a position I must surely have been drowned had there been no help at hand. I could neither save, nor even help in any way to save, myself, but was entirely dependent upon the efforts of another.

At this point may I ask my reader a question, viz: Have *you* learnt that as regards your soul's salvation *you* are helpless, utterly unable to save, or to assist in saving, yourself, and that, on the contrary, efforts other than your own alone can be availing? When the children of Israel were upon the shores of the Red Sea they were in a terrible strait; there seemed to be nothing before them but destruction. However, they cried to the Lord, and He, through Moses, told them to "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." They knew their helplessness, obeyed, and were *all* delivered for ever out of the hands of their enemies.

My brother was alone, and not sufficiently strong to pull me out, so he pushed the rest of my body into the tank and then was able to get my head above water. Thus was my life saved, for, although only *partly* in the water, I should certainly have been drowned had he not pushed me right in.

In the book of Leviticus we read, in chapter xiii., that if a man had a leprous spot, or leprous spots, about him, he was to be pronounced unclean (see verses 3, 8, 20, 25 and 27); "but if the leprosy cover *all* the skin of him that hath the plague, from his head even to his foot, he shall be pronounced clean." See verses 12 and 13.

Many think that they are not *altogether* bad, and that God will put the good deeds against the bad, and forgive the doer of them, but in Romans iii. we read, that all the world is brought in "guilty before God," that "all have sinned." Then in chapter v. 8, the good news is told out, that "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," and that "when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

May the Lord give you, dear one, to see that you need salvation, that you are without strength, and that He gave His own dear Son for such as you; and may you now accept that blessed One as your Saviour, and thus become the present possessor of everlasting life. (John v. 24.)

G. R. O. W.

“ISN'T IT NICE?”



“ISN'T it nice? *My sins are all washed away in the blood of Jesus.*”

Such were the sweet and simple words uttered with great earnestness by my little girl as I entered the room.

Weak and suffering, she was now lying resting in the arm-chair, and evidently thinking of the precious Saviour. She sat up, and, with

a bright smile, told out to me her heart's trust in His precious blood.

“*Isn't it nice?*” Indeed it is, so nice—so real; such a happy thing for the young thus to confess their trust in Jesus.

What about my dear young friend who is reading these few simple lines? *Sins* we all have, whether we are young or old. *Sins*, few or many, if unforgiven, must shut out of heaven. Trust, then, in the precious Saviour—Jesus—who died on the cross for sinners, young and old. His precious blood was shed there for sinners.

Thus it was little E—— could say, “*Isn't it nice? My sins are all washed away in the blood of Jesus.*”

Can you say this? If not, why not? Why not now, young though you are, believe on Jesus as your very *own* Saviour? “His *blood* cleanseth from *all* sin.” Wait no longer; you are not too young to be saved; and JESUS is coming. Death, too, carries many young people into eternity every day.

Now, then, *trust simply in Him who died*, and you will find *how nice*, how very blessed a thing it is to be washed in Jesus' precious blood.

T. E. P.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

“GOOD-BYE; we shall meet again,” said a lady to her friend, as she took her seat opposite to me in the train.

I thought of the uncertainty of life, and of the Lord's coming, and presently said, “Your parting words to your friend set me thinking.”

“Did they?” she answered. “Why?”

“I was wondering if you were both saved; then, if the Lord were to come, you would meet Him in the air, and so be for ever with Him. But, suppose your friend only were saved, and the Lord were to come, you would never meet her again, for she would go to be for ever with the Lord, and you would be left behind for judgment. But if you are both unsaved, and the Lord should come now, you would meet at the great white throne, and be banished for ever to the lake of fire.” (Rev. xx. 14, 15.)

“Oh, I hope not,” she answered quickly, “I should not like to meet there.”

I repeated those blessed words of the Lord: “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” “He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God” (John iii. 16, 18); and said to her, “If you believe that, we shall meet again.”

Now, my dear young friends, where will be your meeting-place? Will it be with those in glory who have been washed in the precious blood of Christ, or with those who neglect or despise the great salvation, whose portion must be the lake of fire for ever? H. D.

QUESTIONS FOR THOSE UNDER 12.

- 1.—Mention all you can of the many things a Christian has to *hope* for. Give the verse of Scripture for each thing you name.
- 2.—What is his promised portion in this world?
- 3.—Whom *should* he be like now? Whom *will* he be like by-and-by?
- 4.—What is the *unbeliever's* hope?

Replies to be addressed to—

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